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THE WHITE FARM.

Now the Summer 's come back and the weather is warm,
I 'll buy a white house and I 'll start a white farm;
I 'll groom my white cows till they 're softer than silk
And give me great pails of the whitest of milk;
Enormous white horses shall stand in the stables,
And white fan-tail pigeons shall coo round the gables.
I 'll eat from white dishes with white shiny lids,
I 'll keep a white nanny with little white kids;
We 'll be all over-run with white mice and white rats,
And I 'll let my white terrier chase my white cats.
In a little white dairy I 'll make my cream-cheese,
And I 'll whitewash the trunks of the crab-apple trees.
There 'll be white woolly Southdowns in white-painted pens,
White geese and white turkeys and white cocks and hens,
Little white ponies with lovely white tails
Poking their heads over white paddock-rails,
White ducks on the pond and white pigs in the sty,
And the whitest white rabbits that money can buy;
And fifty years hence, if you look for me there,
You 'll find an old body with snowy white hair.







This is what we hoped to see at Little Shrimpton—



when we heard that two distinguished members of the Russian Ballet—



HAD TAKEN ROOMS AT THE GRAND HOTEL.



THIS IS WHAT WE ACTUALLY SAW.

THE INFLUENCE OF DANCING.



THE CHARLESTON AT CHISWICK.



THE TANGO AT TOOTING.



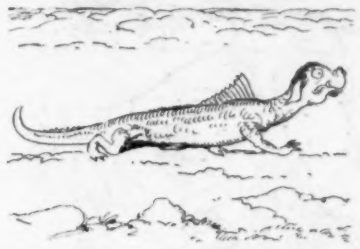
THERE WAS ONCE A LARGE AND UGLY BEAST—



WHO DESTROYED EVERY ENEMY WHO CAME—



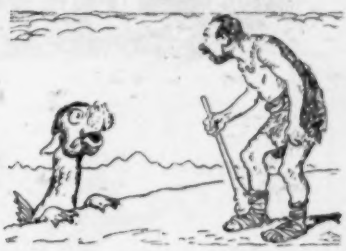
AGAINST HIM.



SO HE SAID, "FIE UPON THIS QUIET LIFE!" AND WENT—



TO SEEK AN ANTAGONIST WHO WOULD BE—



WORTHY OF HIM.



THEY FOUGHT—



AND THE LARGE AND UGLY BEAST PREVAILED.



"IS IT POSSIBLE," HE THOUGHT, "THAT I AM UNCONQUERABLE?"



NOW ABOUT THIS TIME THERE WAS A MICROBE (ENLARGED 5,000 TIMES).



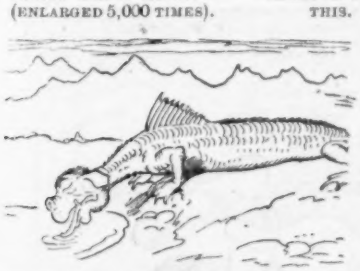
IT WAS EVEN SMALLER THAN THIS.

PERHAPS AS SMALL AS THIS—

OR EVEN THIS.



AND HE WENT TO HAVE A SWIM—



IN THE LAKE WHERE, AS IT HAPPENED, THE UGLY BEAST USUALLY DRANK.



AND—



THIS TIME—



THE LARGE—



UGLY—



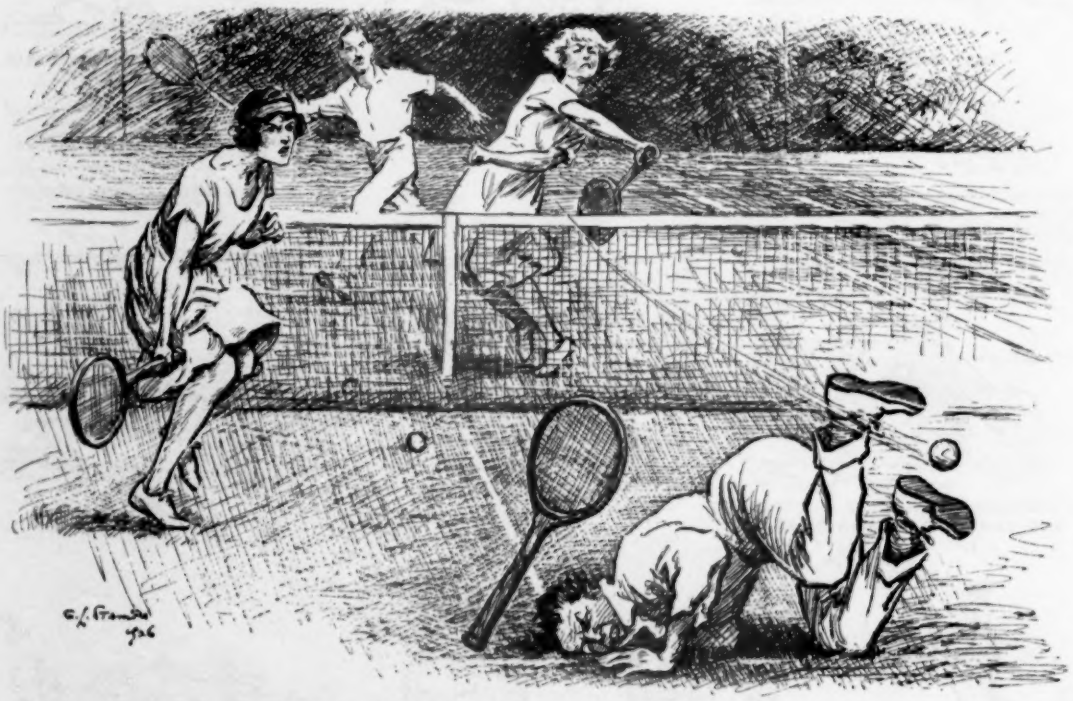
BEAST—



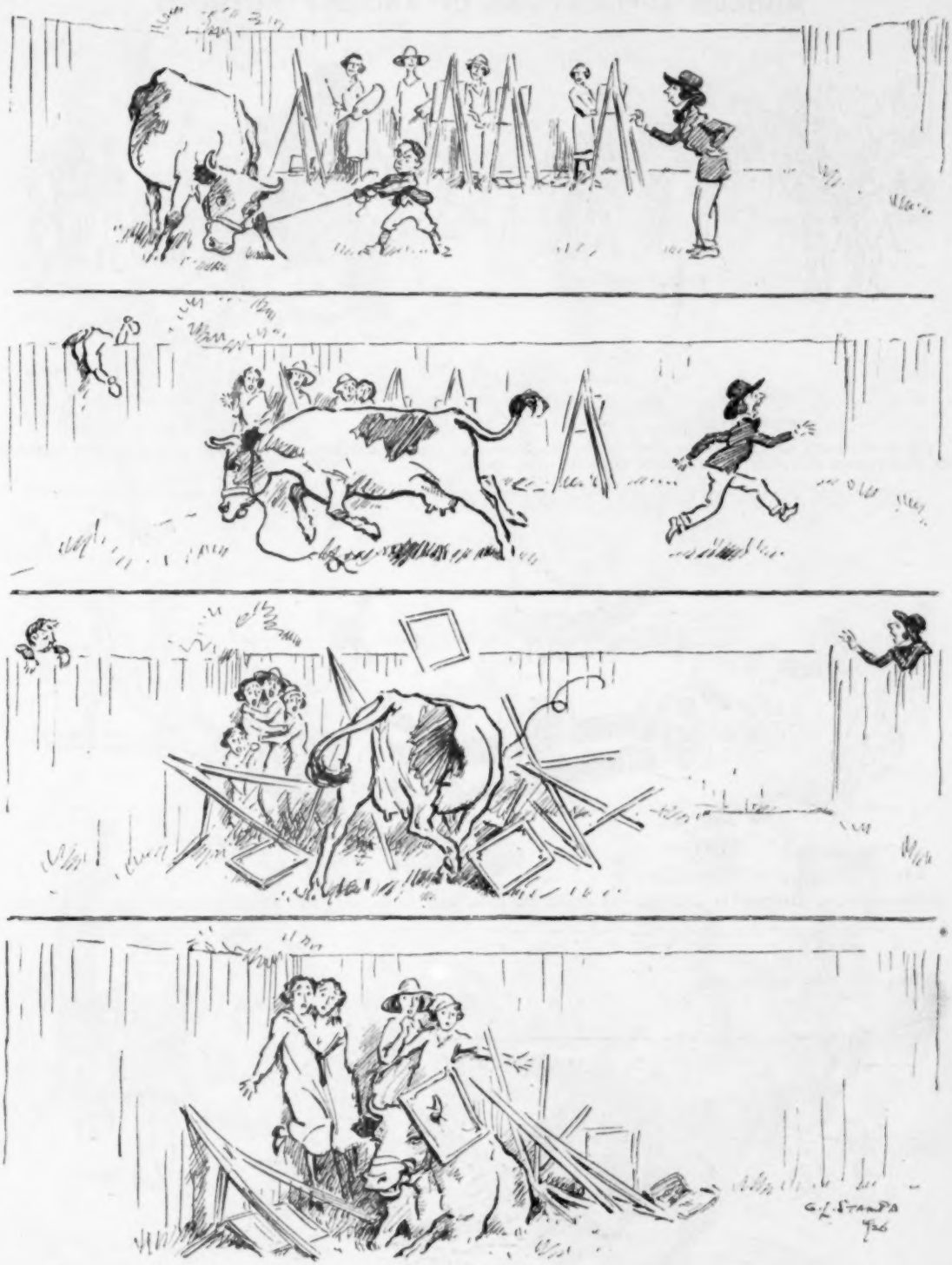
GOT THE WORST OF IT.



Hostess. "Look at Mr. Simpson—he 's running off with the fruit salad."
Host. "Must be a touch of sun. He 's usually quite honest."



She. "Yours, partner!"
He (politely). "N-not at all.—Y-you can have it."



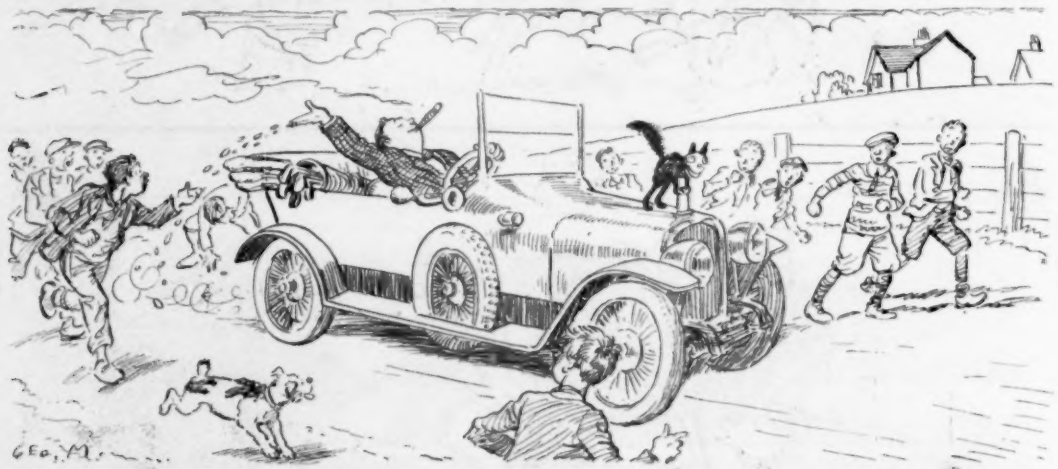
OUR OUTDOOR SKETCHING CLASS.

POSING THE MODEL.

MODERN APPLICATIONS OF ANCIENT METHODS



THE TOWN CLERK OF TWINKLETON JOUSTS WITH THE EDITOR OF *THE SPLASHINGSEA GAZETTE*, WHO PUBLISHED THE STATEMENT THAT TWINKLETON HAD ONLY TWO HOURS OF SUNSHINE LAST WEEK.



DISTRIBUTION OF LARGESSE BY A GENTLEMAN RETURNING FROM GOLF LINKS AFTER GIVING HIS OPPONENT A SEVERE BEATING.



PROUD HUSBAND COMPELLING A PERFECT STRANGER TO ADMIT THAT HIS LADY IS THE FAIREST EVER.



"I SAY—COULD YOU UMPIRE FOR US?"
"SURE. GOT A WHISTLE?"



Mistress. "YOUR MASTER IS SOMEWHAT UPSET THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE GIVEN HIM OUT L.B.W."
Butler. "I 'AD NO OPTION IN THE MATTER, MY LADY. I MIGHT 'AVE OVERLOOKED A LIMB OR TWO, BUT THE 'OLE BODY OVERLAPPED THE WICKET."



Chorus. "Hi! Stop that tent, please."



"Ah, thanks so much."



Fair Bather. "I THINK IT'S DISGUSTING THE WAY SOME OF THESE PEOPLE WALK ABOUT WITHOUT BATHING-WRAPS."



Aunt. "COME ALONG, DARLING. AUNTIE WILL TEACH YOU TO SWIM."
Niece. "FANK YOU, AUNTIE. I'VE BEEN TRYING, BUT IT'S SO DIFFICULT TO PUSH THE SEA ASIDE."

HOMŒOPATHY; OR, THE AFTER-DINNER DUOLOGUE.



"... IS THAT SO, MURIEL? ... ... OH, HAVE THEY, MURIEL? ... ... YES, VERY STRANGE, DEAR ...



... NO, DEAR ... ... YES, DEAR ... ... YES ... NO ... YES ...



... NO ... YES ... NO ... ... YES. AND DO *YOU* KNOW THAT THE BODY OF OLD SILAS MUGGRIDGE HAS BEEN FOUND IN THE SCULLERY AT NO. 15 IN A POOL OF BLOOD? ... THAT IRIS MAINWARING WENT OUT TO POST A LETTER AT 7.25 P.M. AND *NEVER RETURNED?* ...



THAT THE GROUNDSEL IN THE CAGE OF MADAME GRENADINE'S CANARY WAS FOUND TO CONTAIN THIRTY-FIVE PER CENT. OF GUN-COTTON, AND THAT INSPECTOR BEAGLE HAS JUST ARRESTED HORACE FEATHERSTONE?— WHAT—WHO ARE THEY ALL?— WHY, THE CHARACTERS IN THE BOOK I'M ATTEMPTING TO READ, OF COURSE."





THE BATHING-HUT.

MR. MARTELLO
Played on the 'cello;
His wood was good and his tone was mellow
And he showed remarkable powers.
He stood on the strand
Of old England,
And he cried to the King,
"I have thought of a thing!"
The King said, "What
Did you say you had got?"
And Mr. Martello
Replied with a bellow,
"The notion of making towers!"

Mr. Martello
Grew old and yellow,
No longer he played on the violoncello,
And they buried him under the dank yew;
But he dotted the shore
For miles or more
With dear little towers
Which are just like ours.
We like ours best,
And we call it "The Nest."
Oh, Mr. Martello,
Most wonderful fellow!
Mr. Martello, we thank you!

EVOE.



HOLIDAY-MAKERS OF HISTORY.



PTOLEMY I. DOES A LITTLE FISHING.



CALIGULA SPENDS A QUIET WEEK-END AT HIS BUNGALOW BY THE SEA.

HOLIDAY-MAKERS OF HISTORY.

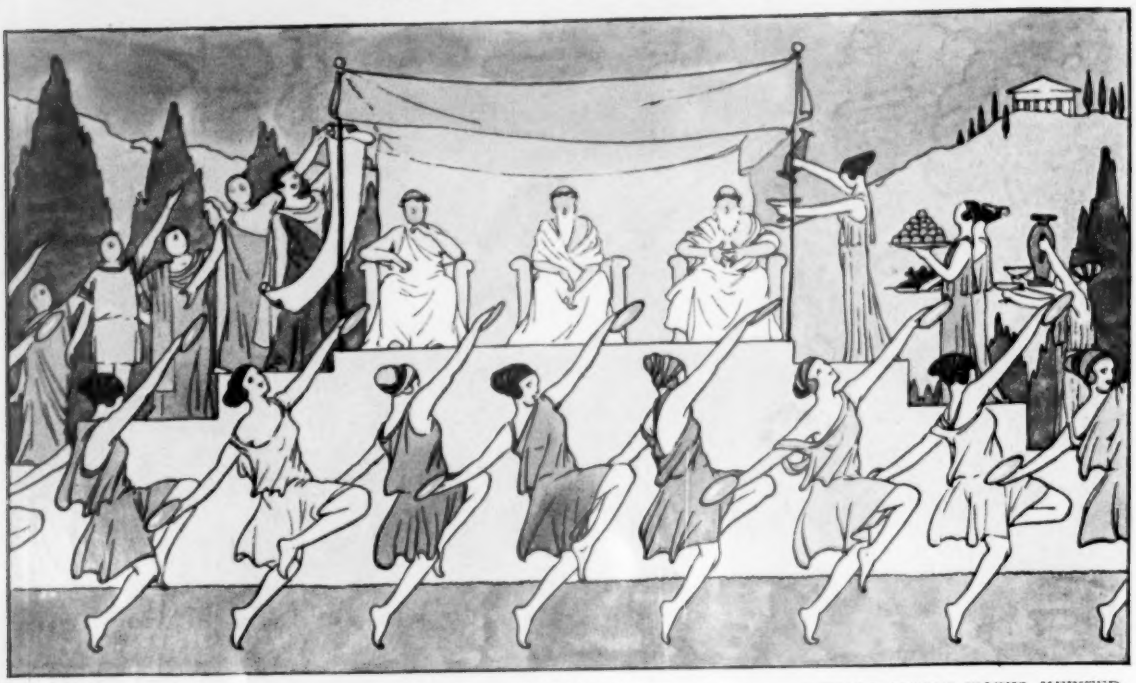


LOUIS XV. LIVES "THE SIMPLE LIFE" ON A FARM.



THE PRINCE REGENT ENJOYS A DAY'S MOUNTAINEERING.

DEGREES IN ENTERTAINMENT.



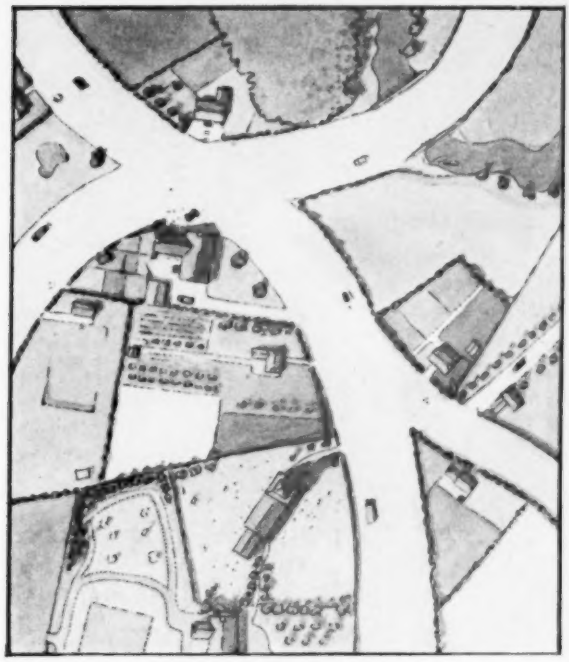
IN THE GREAT DAYS OF LEARNING THEY HAD THE PLEASING CUSTOM OF PROVIDING THOSE WHOSE WORKS MERITED ACADEMIC RECOGNITION WITH AN ENTERTAINMENT IN THEIR HONOUR.



IN THESE MORE PRACTICAL TIMES, HOWEVER, WE GIVE THEM HONORARY DEGREES, AND THUS MAKE THEM PROVIDE THE ENTERTAINMENT THEMSELVES.

THE AERIAL VIEWPOINT IN ART.

NOW THAT WE ARE NO LONGER TIED TO THE GROUND, SURELY IT IS TIME THAT PAINTERS GOT AWAY FROM THE COMMONPLACE VIEW OF THINGS AND INDULGED MORE IN THE ASPECT FROM THE AIR, WHICH IS, AS ONE CAN SEE—



("A SUNNY MORNING IN THE MIDLANDS")
SO VERY SUITABLE FOR LANDSCAPE—



("THE SECLUDED POOL")
SO EMINENTLY DESIRABLE IN THE CASE OF BATHING-PICTURES—



("THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS")
AND CLASSICAL COMPOSITIONS—



("SIR JOSEPH PABSNIP, MAYOR OF POGGLESWICK")
AND ABSOLUTELY INVALUABLE FOR PORTRAITURE.


THE WESTMINSTER FOLLIES"
CABARET TROUPE
A Sword Dance by Sir L. WORTHINGTON EVANS.
Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, Continental Patter Artiste.
STANLEY & RAMSAY, the World's greatest Back-chat Comedians.
Farm-yard Imitations and Clog Dance by Mr LLOYD GEORGE.
Balalaika Solo and Steppe Dance: Mr MAXTON.


"The Cop and the Vamp!"
A Night Club Idyll—starring
Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS.
NIGHT CLUB
Lord BIRKENHEAD
in an Oriental
Fantasy entitled
"A Whacking
White Cheroot."
Song "My little Red
Home in the West":
Mr. SAKLATVALA.
"It may be for years
or it may be
for ever!"
IRAQ
Humorous Interlude:
Sheik AMERY &
his Hobby-camel.
Mr. CHURCHILL in a
Dramatic Scena:
"It's your money I want!"
Bernard Partridge 1926

A QUESTION OF TEMPERAMENT.



SMITH ALWAYS HITS HIS BALL STRAIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE—



WHEREAS I AM LIKELY TO HIT IT ANYWHERE.



I DON'T ENVY HIM; HE THINKS OUR COURSE IS DULL—



BUT THEN HE ONLY KNOWS THE FAIRWAY.



I COULD SHOW HIM PLACES—

A QUESTION OF TEMPERAMENT.



—BITS OF NATURAL HISTORY—



AND WILD LIFE—



AND PEOPLE—



THAT HE KNOWS NOTHING OF.

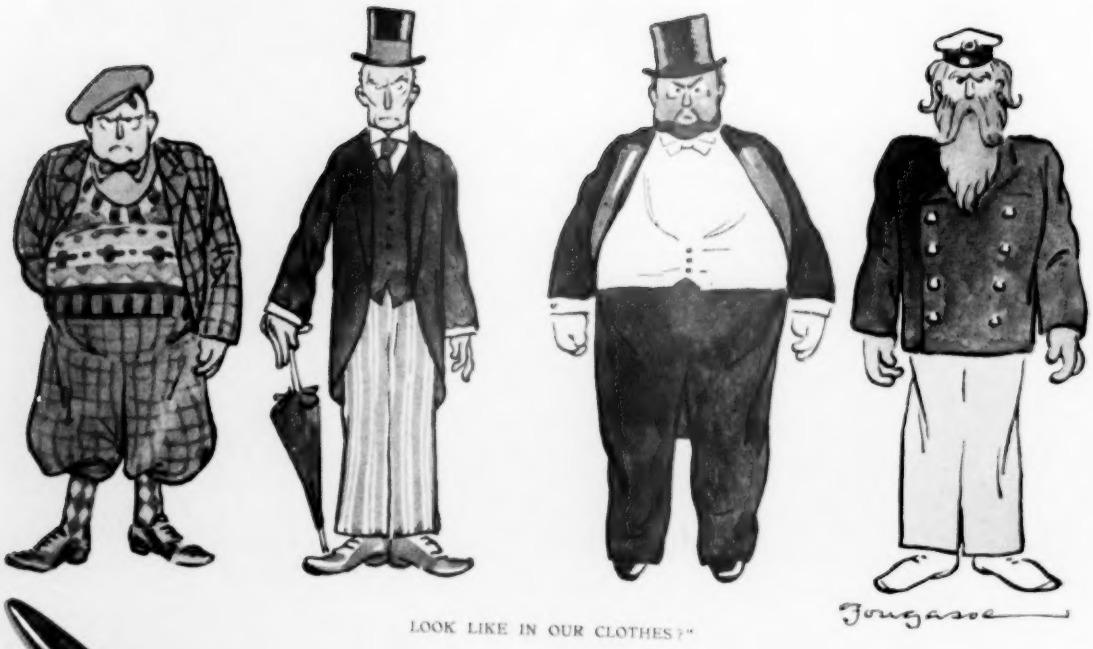


"DULL," INDEED!

FANCY DRESS AND THE ORIGINAL WEARERS.



"YES, I KNOW WE DO LOOK PRETTY CONSIDERABLE ASSES IN FANCY DRESS, BUT WHAT WOULD THE ORIGINAL WEARERS—



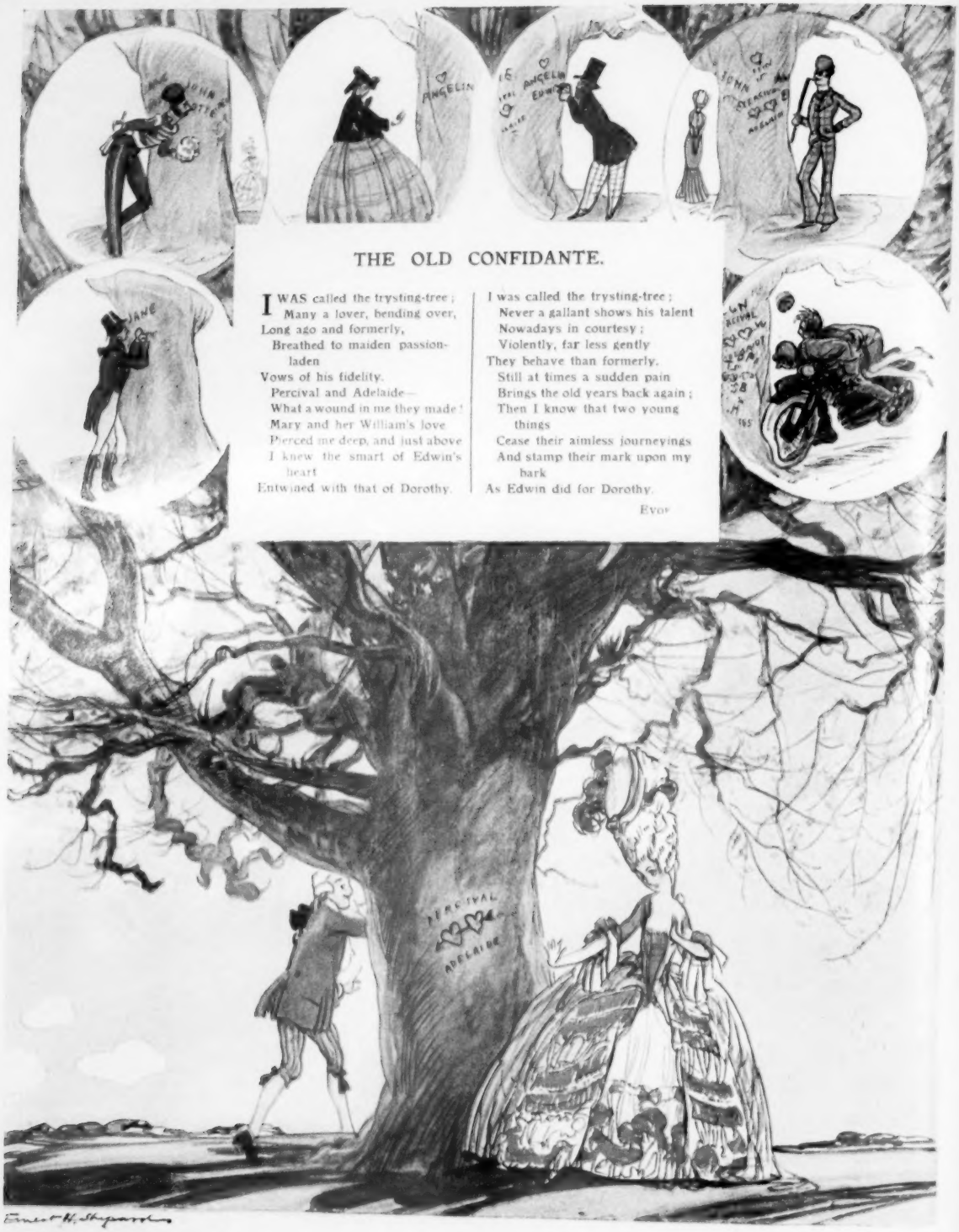
LOOK LIKE IN OUR CLOTHES?"



Derek (forty-eighth question). "MUMMY, HOW CAN YOU TELL QUICKSANDS?"
Harassed Parent. "OH—ER, YOU SEE, THEY'RE LIKE ORDINARY SANDS, ONLY QUICKER."



Loyal Fiancée. "ISN'T ROBERT JUST SPLENDID AT GETTING OUT OF THE WAY?"



THE OLD CONFIDANTE.

I WAS called the trysting-tree;
Many a lover, bending over,
Long ago and formerly,
Breathed to maiden passion-laden
Vows of his fidelity.
Percival and Adelaide—
What a wound in me they made!
Mary and her William's love
Pierced me deep, and just above
I knew the smart of Edwin's heart
Entwined with that of Dorothy.

I was called the trysting-tree;
Never a gallant shows his talent
Nowadays in courtesy;
Violently, far less gently
They behave than formerly.
Still at times a sudden pain
Brings the old years back again;
Then I know that two young things
Cease their aimless journeyings
And stamp their mark upon my bark
As Edwin did for Dorothy.

EVOE

BLUETOPIA.

(*With apologies to all sorts of people.*)

I.

When Mr. Packweed opened his eyes he saw stars. Dimly, as he lay groping in his mind for some tangible foot-hold, there came back to him certain loose and disconnected impressions of his past life—the aeroplane, the banked clouds below, the passing constellations, and then what had undoubtedly been a long and anxious descent, terminating with a quite unmistakable bump. . . .

And somewhere, somehow, he remembered Mrs. Packweed saying that she had a nice haddock for his supper . . .

"Haddock again?" he had replied—oh, but insufferably!

And now—where was he?

At this moment dawn broke over Bluetopia (for that was where he was)—not the haphazard, ill-regulated and unmethodical dawn that Mr. Packweed had known on Earth at Ealing Broadway, but a scientific instantaneous transition from absolute gloom to perfect radiance. . . .

As though someone had turned on the electric-light . . .

In this magical illumination Mr. Packweed now beheld a splendid Being, the most splendid Being that Mr. Packweed had ever beheld. He wore a long silky beard and a long cotton robe of a loose but obviously hygienic character. "Art-and-craftundies" was the thought which sprang to Mr. Packweed's mind. It was evident that the Being did not smoke.



"Mr. Packweed now beheld a splendid Being."

He regarded Mr. Packweed (who did) with pale-blue eyes and ill-concealed abhorrence.

"I am Ivory," said the Being. "What are you?"

"My name is Packweed," said that gentleman in apologetic tones.

"We have no weeds in Bluetopia," replied Ivory severely. "There were weeds once," he continued dreamily, "but we killed them all."

"How?" said Mr. Packweed curiously, thinking of his ten yards of lawn.

"By an act of mass-will. Resolutions were passed in the councils of our cities condemning weeds, and they died of shame."

"Very interesting," said Mr. Packweed. "But, talking of shame, I have had no breakfast, Mr. Ivory."

"You must first be cleansed," said Ivory kindly. "You smell of some foul herb which is unknown to me, and I suspect you have recently eaten flesh. Come—I will take you in my chariot to the City called Light."

Somehow or other our traveller then found himself sitting beside Mr. Ivory in a chariot or car which moved silently across the country-side without any apparent motive power, and indeed without wheels.

"We have abolished wheels," said Ivory shortly when Mr. Packweed mentioned this curious circumstance. "They injured the roads."

As the chariot sped swiftly along the broad white highway Mr. Ivory from time to time drew Mr. Packweed's attention to certain admirable features of the Bluetopian civilisation, and each new marvel increased the Englishman's disgust for the waste and inefficiency and ugliness of his own country. Everywhere was System—System, Service and Beauty. The telegraph-poles, unlike the dingy black eyesores on our English roads, were of beaten gold, Mr. Packweed noticed, carved into the likeness of young trees and small birds, and they were not upon the roads at all, but proceeded straight across country by the shortest route. The few houses passed, all of beautiful design, had no hideous chimneys spouting smoke, for, as Ivory explained, the Bluetopians ate no cooked food, and therefore required no fires, and without fires chimneys were found wholly unnecessary.

"But how do you keep yourselves warm?" asked Mr. Packweed.

"With the glow of righteousness," replied Mr. Ivory. "A Bluetopian has only to reflect for a few moments on his conduct during the past few days and a generous heat of satisfaction runs through him. Indeed, certain of our noblest citizens are obliged to avoid all thought of the past, or they become positively incandescent."

"Oh!" said Mr. Packweed.

"We have no earwigs," continued Ivory, warming a little. "No dandelions or chilblains, no dirt, no elephantiasis, dyspepsia or mumps——"

"And how is all this done?" said Mr. Packweed, thinking again of the blundering efforts of centuries of British Governments, the petty animosities, the waste, the confusion—oh, the *littleness* of it all!

"Science," said Mr. Ivory simply—"science and good-will. The earwigs used to creep into the sponges of the young. We abolished sponges. Children used to develop chilblains, as they do on your own planet. We abolished children."

"But the race!" gasped the Englishman. "Marriage! Love!"

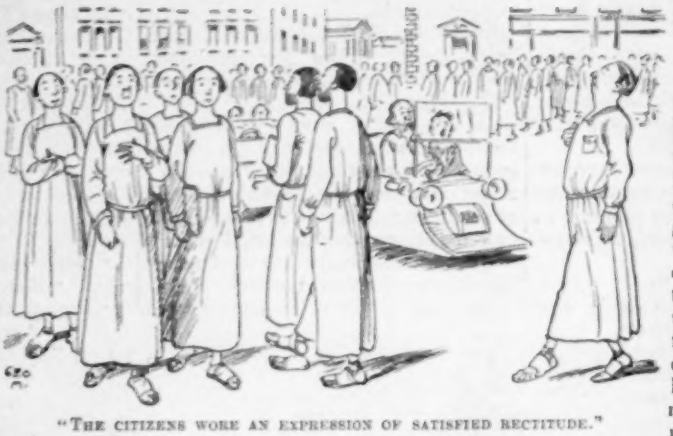
"The annual quota of new citizens is born full-grown each August by Act of Parliament. Eggs. We had already cut out the disordering and tedious activity called love. The marriage of true minds is still permitted, but this takes place over the telephone, and the offspring of such unions consist, of course, of pamphlets, ideas and scientific treatises. A family of more than three pamphlets is considered excessive and forbidden. Surplus treatises are killed at the full moon.

"Hundreds of years ago," continued Ivory, "we solved the problems of Civic Living. The secret is simple. We discovered that every Being would like to be doing someone else's job. We let him. So soon as a plumber becomes proficient at plumbing he is placed in the Parliament and given charge of Education or the Colonies. So soon as he has mastered these subjects we move him on to a College of Music or set him to learn carpentering. The organisation of our newspaper-offices is changed from week to week. Editors sell the papers in the streets, while committees of printers write the leading articles. Artists set the type and the business manager sweeps the floor. No person or post is considered to be more important than another, and we have gradually equalised all wages and salaries until now no one receives any. We have pushed the principle of equality so far that, as you see, we are all of the same height."

The chariot was now entering a walled city of fantastic beauty, and Mr. Packweed looked about him with interest. The shining streets were already thronged with the Bluetopians and their wheelless conveyances; but

Mr. Packweed noticed that there was no noise. And no banana-skins. No policemen. And no ill-tempered conversation between one driver and another. The traffic seemed to control itself, driving on both sides of the road.

The citizens had the same austere vegetarian beauty as those he had already seen, and all had the curious blue chins of men who will have to shave again if they are going out to dinner. All wore clothes of the same Art-and-Craft Undy style as Ivory. They also wore an expression of ovine beatitude and satisfied rectitude, looking decorously before them as they walked, like people who have just put a shilling in the poor-box.



"The citizens wore an expression of satisfied rectitude."

But Mr. Packweed, studying the appearance of this happy race, remarked a remarkable thing.

There was not a smile on any of their faces. . . .

II.

When Mr. Packweed had been disinfected and had feasted his fill on a grape-fruit and a few grains of barley soaked in water, he found himself alone with a not unattractive person of what he took to be the opposite sex, though her clothes were much the same as his own, which were now Bluetopian.

This person's name was Marble and, as appeared to be the habit of the Bluetopians, she immediately began to lecture him upon the imperfections of his own planet; for the Bluetopians are nothing if not boosters.

Marble told Mr. Packweed so much about the noble characters and customs of the Bluetopians that Mr. Packweed began to lose interest. Their science, their system, their spirit of service, their high-mindedness and hygiene—all of these became more and more offensive to Mr. Packweed. Nothing, it seemed, could go wrong in Bluetopia. Studs did not roll under chests of drawers, for there were no studs. The soap was never lost in the bath, but scientifically presented itself to the hand when wanted; while if a Bluetopian had so much as an unworthy thought a bell rang and the man was instantly destroyed. The very apples had no pips.

"I understand therefore," said Mr. Packweed at last, yawning so widely that not even the unimpeachable manners of a Bluetopian could prevent Marble from noticing it, "that everything in Bluetopia is just so—perfect."

"Just so," repeated Marble, with a simple, childlike, but somewhat Hampstead gaze.

"Then how is it," said the Englishman, "that in this country I never hear any laughter?"

"Laughter?" said Marble. "What is that?"

"Man," said Mr. Packweed, with a vague idea that he was quoting somebody, but not quite sure, "is the only animal that laughs and cries, for he alone is conscious of the distinction between things as they are and things as they ought to be."



"'Laughter?' said Marble. 'What is that?'"

"But here," said the simple, childlike but anæmic and frankly inhuman Marble in surprise, "everything *is* as it ought to be."

"Golly!" said Mr. Packweed, with a flash of revelation, "I see it all. In this country everything is perfect, and therefore it is impossible to laugh . . . Golly!" said Mr. Packweed again.

III.

After two weeks in Bluetopia Mr. Packweed had to confess to himself that he was rapidly drifting into a most unhealthy condition of nobility and goodness. Try how he would he could not cherish an ungenerous thought or commit an untidy action. On the fifth day, in a desperate effort at wickedness, he had asked Marble if he might kiss her, and she had replied, "What is that?"—which seemed to take a great deal of the spice out of the adventure. Then again, the Bluetopians had no sports or games, but were continually taking long walks over the hills, during which they discussed the Universe and such few scientific problems as remained for them to solve. Neither had they any theatres or concerts, being satisfied to listen to the music of the stars. Mr. Packweed had always loathed country walks and distrusted the Universe, but he felt that he might easily find himself being drawn into that kind of thing unless he took some corrective steps.

So on the seventeenth day he was to be seen before the Supreme Council, urging upon them the most strange proposal, that he should be allowed to prepare, institute and equip—what do you think?—a golf-course. "I urge this," he said, "on the best Bluetopian grounds, for this 'golf' of which I speak is no more than a country walk, but a country walk scientifically conducted. Moreover, no man who occupies himself with 'golf' can be suspected of any base personal motive or even of pursuing his own happiness. On the contrary, as you will see, it is, if anything, an ingenious method of self-mortification, and induces humility, faith, hope and indeed all the best virtues (with the possible exception of charity), while any man who expected to get any selfish satisfaction out of this 'golf' would qualify as the most optimistic Bluetopian of you all."

The Supreme Council, charmed by this description, immediately gave their

permission, stipulating only that on the Bluetopian principle of equality the holes should be all the same length.

A willing army of workers was placed at his disposal, and not many days later Mr. Packweed was to be seen standing proudly upon his first tee, surrounded by the wondering population of the City of Light, and preparing to drive.

"I shall now direct," he said, lapsing unconsciously into Bluetopianese, "this fair white ball towards yonder scarlet flag."

So saying he raised his driver, waggled, waggled and waggled yet again, and at long last drove. The ball hit the corner of the tee-box and, glancing off, struck the Lord President of Bluetopia in the pit of the stomach.

And a great shout of laughter went up from the multitude.

It was the first time for centuries that anything had gone wrong in Bluetopia; the first time that all those souls had witnessed a lapse from dignity or an incongruity between effort and result; the first time therefore that they had laughed.

Having laughed, they glanced at one another guiltily, but decided that on the whole they liked it.

Mr. Packweed proceeded with his round, passing zig-zag from rough to rough in his accustomed way, and he was followed by the entire population, laughing out loud (with the exception of the Lord High President).

At the end of his round the entire population joined the Club, eager to share in these heavenly and laughter-making disasters. The corruption of Bluetopia had begun.

For it was soon discovered that everybody else's misfortunes were funny, and that not only golf but many other enterprises could provide misfortunes and failures that were funny. All sorts of things were allowed, and finally encouraged, to go wrong; and the Bluetopians found that they had never been really happy before. Official banana-skins were left about the streets to encourage public mirth. Traffic jams were systematically arranged and periodical strikes made compulsory; and when all these more primitive amusements had been tried wages were introduced and scientifically varied, so that rich and poor might have the fun of laughing at each other.

The country was placed in charge of Government Departments whose proceedings were published. Thus Bluetopia became a complete muddle and contentment reigned everywhere.

And Love . . . Last of all Love, the most comic of human misfortunes, became legal, and indeed compulsory—marriages, babies, mothers-in-law and all. With this reform the last pretensions of Bluetopia to be a sane and orderly state departed. Mr. Packweed was made Lord High President, wore trousers again, and married Marble, who, after laughing several times, had become quite human. Meanwhile his courtship was regarded by the population as the best entertainment that had yet occurred. So much did it engross the attention of the people that they forgot all about Science and drifted steadily down-hill till they reached at last the condition of a third-class planet and became gloriously happy.

Which only shows the importance of golf.

A. P. H.



"THE BALL STRUCK THE LORD PRESIDENT IN THE PIT OF THE STOMACH."



"THE BEST ENTERTAINMENT THAT HAD YET OCCURRED."

TO THE CUCKOO.

In April come you will—
Accept, I pray,
In place of ode or roundelay
A poet's strictures,
Bad bird, whose every utterance
Some fraud recalls, brought home by CHANCE
In moving pictures.

In May you sing all day—
With minor thirds
Embarrassing more modest birds'
Attempts at wooing:
The throstle's flute, the finch's pipe,
The airy wing-drum of the snipe,
The cushat's cooing.

In June you change your tune—
With husky note,
Twin "cuck-cucks" stifled in your throat,
And "coos" *staccato*,
You fret the noontide's drowsing ease,
The murmuring rills, the whispering trees,
The bees' *legato*.

In July you prepare to fly—
Do sun-burnt swards
Evoke through memory's subtle chords
Your destination,
Dar-es-Salaam or Timbuctoo
Or wheresoever rogues like you
Drift on migration?

In August go you must—
Pray do not fail
To catch the first propitious gale
Fate may provide you.
Though others trick with dainty phrase
Their vernal burblings in your praise,
I can't abide you.

It is rumoured that as a counterblast to the banking departments at some of our big stores a bargain basement will be included in the new Bank of England.

An American star film-actress is said to be unmarried. But this is nothing unusual. It happens constantly to some of them.

With reference to Mr. JACK DEMPSEY'S next fight there is some talk of submitting it to arbitration.

A Scottish golfer has saved twenty-two persons from drowning. What's bogey?



Fisherman. "LOOK OUT, DONALD—HE 'LL HAVE ME IN."
Gillie. "AY, AY. (*Aside*) AH WINNA LET HIM GET YE BOTH."



Golfer. "WHAT AM I DOING WRONG NOW?"
Instructor. "STANDIN' TOO NEAR THE BALL—AFTER YOU 'VE HIT IT."



Owner. "My dear chap, it's quite all right. I'll tell you when she's goin' over."



Friend. "Now if you'd taken my advice and bought a motor-boat instead of this footlin' yacht this simply couldn't have happened."



OUR VILLAGE PAGEANT.

Villager (as Boadicea passes). "NOTE THE PRIMITIVE WAY THEY 'AD OF CARRYIN' THE SPARE WHEEL IN THEM DAYS."



BLASÉS.

THE MUSIC OF THE WAVES.



MAESTOSO.



ALLEGRETTO.



STACCATO.



CON AMORE.



TRANQUILLAMENTE.



ANDANTE TREMOLANDO.



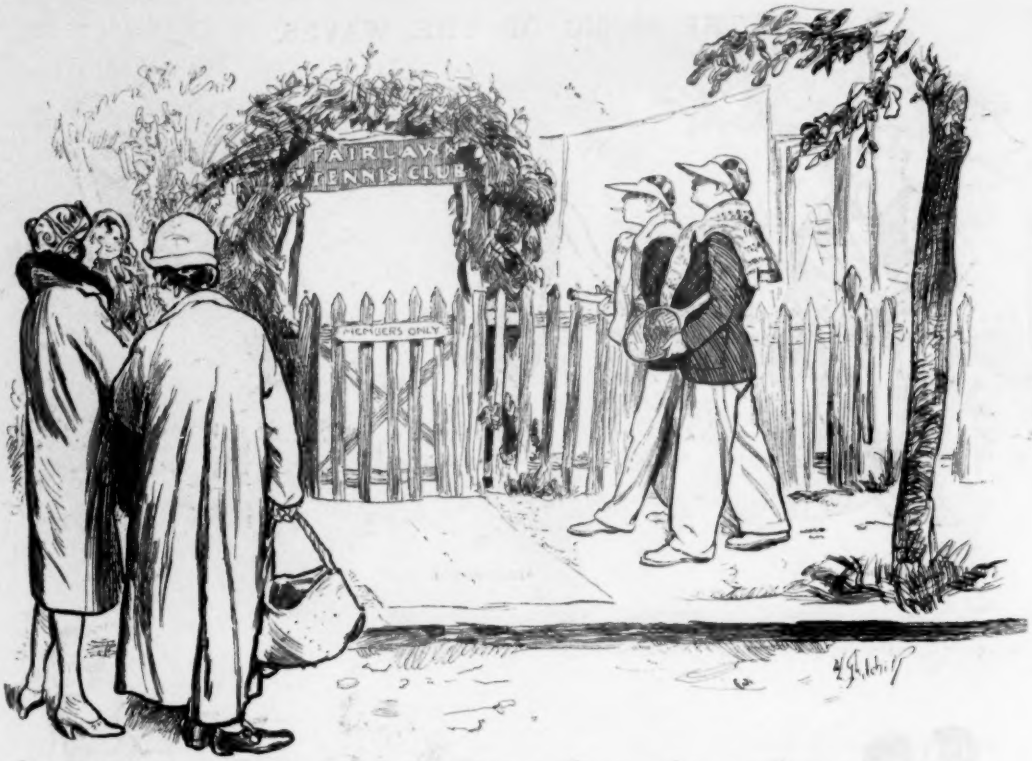
RISOLUTO.



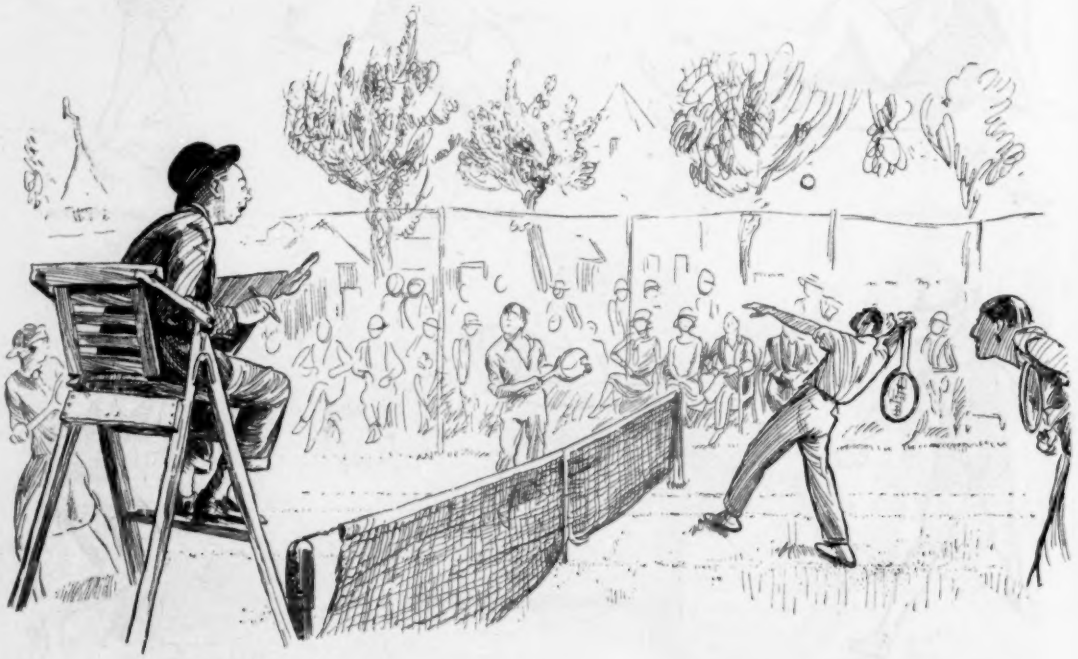
ALLEGRO IMPETUOSO.



FINALE.

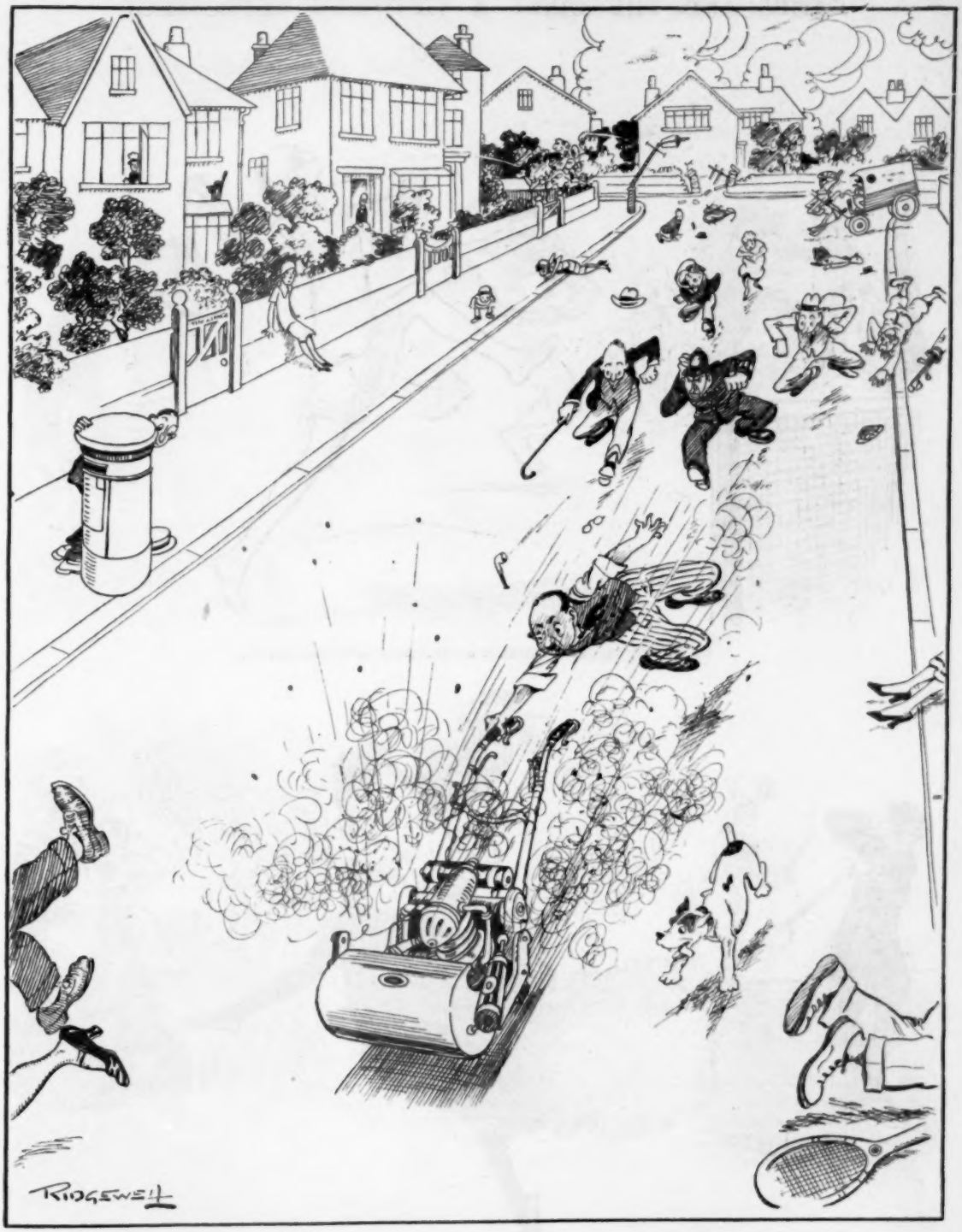


Mrs. 'Arris (who has never heard of the HELEN WILLS *Peak).* "JOCKEYS, DEARIE."



SCENE—*Suburban Tennis Tournament.*

Umpire (recruited haphazard). "STOP THE GAME A MOMENT, PLEASE. I'VE BROKEN THE POINT OF MY PENCIL."



WHEN MR. SMYTHE, OF "SUNNYBANK," INVESTED IN A MOTOR LAWN-MOWER IT WAS A PITY HE DIDN'T PAY MORE ATTENTION TO THE BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS.

GAMES AND THE GIRL: A VICTORIAN RETROSPECT.



OF COURSE WE THINK NOTHING OF THIS SORT OF THING TO-DAY.



BUT WHAT IF AMELIA HAD PLAYED THE SAME SORT OF GAME?—

GAMES AND THE GIRL: A VICTORIAN RETROSPECT.

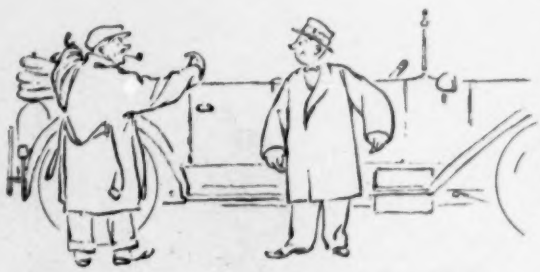


OR, SUPPOSING LUCY HAD GONE ALL OUT AT CROQUET—

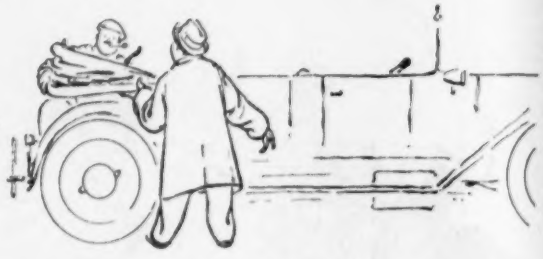


OR ANGELINA HAD BROKEN LOOSE AMONG THE TOXOPHILITES.

THE HELPER.



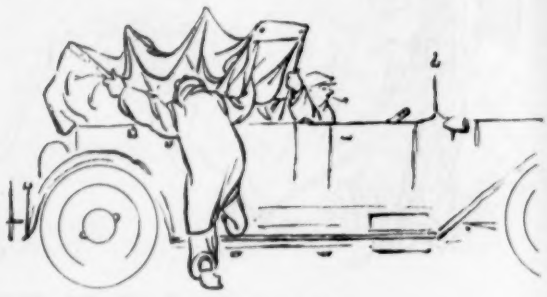
"I SAY, OLD BOY, WILL YOU LEND ME A—



HAND WITH THIS HOOD?



IT'S NO TROUBLE—



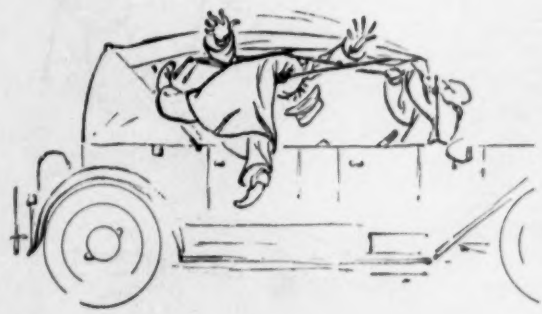
SO LONG AS—



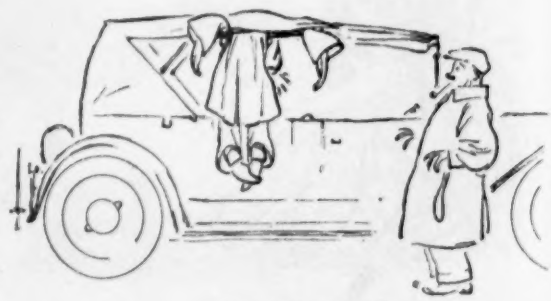
YOU WATCH—



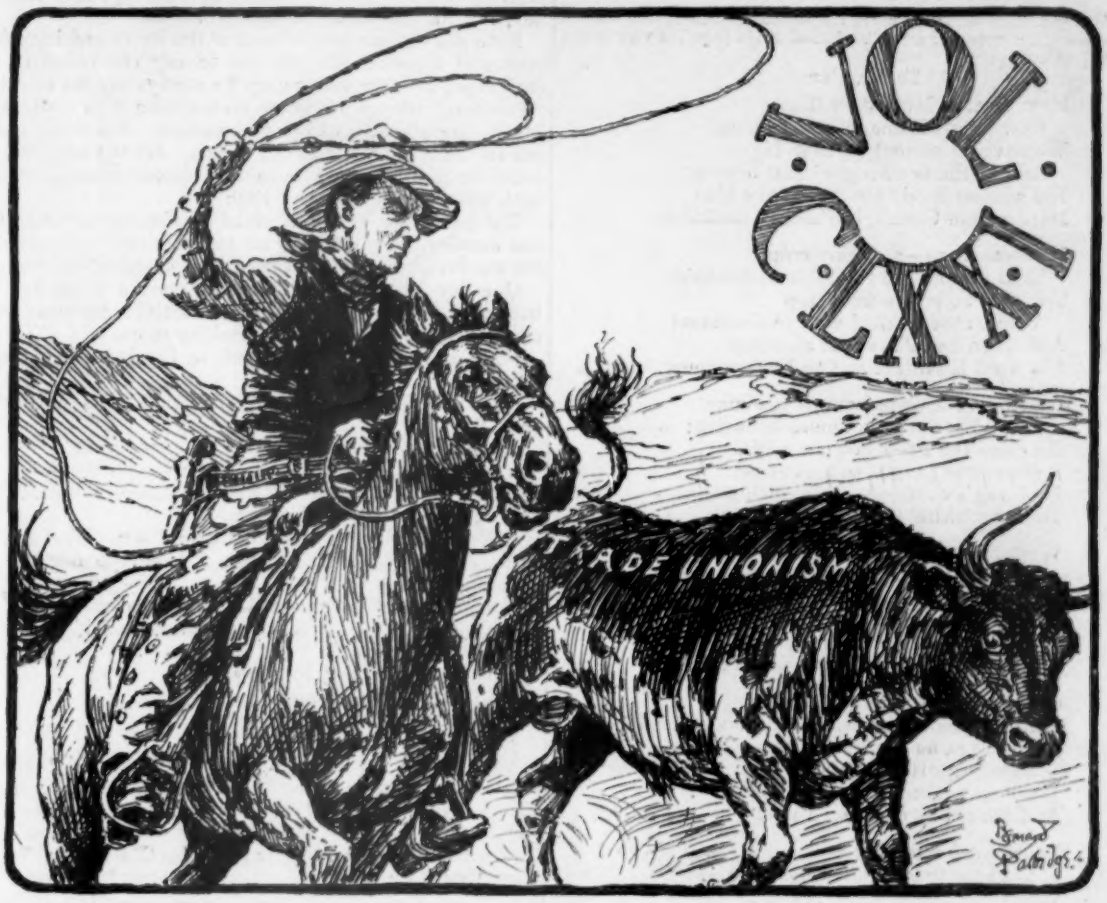
THAT YOUR—



FINGERS—



DON'T GET CAUGHT."



SHE-SHANTIES.

"I WOULDN'T BE TOO LADY-LIKE . . ."

I WOULDN'T be too lady-like in love if I were you.
I used to sit in this here park with somebody I knew,
And he was very fond of me, and I was fond of Joe,
And yet we got no forrarder in seven years or so.
Well, he'd sit thinking, "Do I dare?"
And I'd sit thinking, "Lord, he's slow!"
And so we both sat thinking there,
And then it would be time to go.
I only had to say, "Oh, Joe!"
And he'd have kissed me, that I know;
But could I do it? I could not.
And so he married Mabel Bott,
And all because I acted like a lady.

Some days we used to sit at home and talk about the rain;
I've always heard that perfect love made everything so plain;
They may be right—all I can say, I never found it so,
For Love is just about the biggest muddle that I know.
Well, dear, he loved me in his way,
And I was very fond of Joe,
But he was too afraid to say,
And I was too refined to show.
And just when things were shaping well
Mamma come in and broke the spell;
It broke his spirit in the end,
He went and found another friend—
And all because I acted like a lady.

I blame it on my mother, dear, who brought me up too well,
And told me when a girl was kissed a girl should ring the bell.
We women mustn't take the lead, but now and then you'll find
It's just as well to give a man a little push behind.
Well, he'd sit thinking, "Do I dare?"
And I'd sit thinking, "Go it, Joe!"
And so we just sat thinking there,
And then, it seemed, he had to go.
I only had to catch his eye,
And sigh a sort of sickly sigh;
But could I do it? I could not.
And so he married Mabel Bott,
And all because I acted like a lady. A. P. H.

"Mr. Kirkwood did his best to keep the kettle boiling by repeated declarations that he didn't care a button for anybody."—*Daily Paper.*

And if we thought that it would keep our kettle boiling without the use of coal we should not hesitate to say that we don't care a button for Mr. KIRKWOOD.

MUSSOLINI ON PULP.

[Among various economic measures recently passed by the Fascist Government, newspapers are to be limited to six pages, in view of the paucity of local pulp.]

To Mr. Punch.

How great is MUSSOLINI (Sig.)!
How happy Rome in her Colossus!
We have no portent quite so big
Among the demagogues that boss us;
His soaring headpiece strikes the blue
Harder than COOK'S, the miners' cockatoo.

He issues laws—a weekly crop
That shames the total tale of SOLON'S;
To crime he puts a final stop
Where others failed with semi-colons;
And when he talks about economy
His word is tantamount to Deuteronomy.

He swells the eight-hour day to nine
To make production more intensive;
He pares the Press down very fine
(Imported pulp is so expensive);
Each rag's confined—no gradual stages—
To just a pitiful half-dozen pages.

What if our journals thus were cut?
What if, with space for news so narrow,
A champion's fore-arm drive or putt,
An Eton boundary (or a Harrow),
With pressmen aching to extol 'em,
Had to be cooped within a paltry column?

Could we of Britain brook this rude
Knock to our sheets, and those who read 'em,
With the same Roman fortitude
That bears Il Duce's blow at Freedom?
If I have probed our race aright
And gauged its courage, I should say we might.

Four-paged was WINSTON'S own *Gazette;*
We bore those limits *aqua mente;*
And I could miss without regret
Much of our prints' superfluous plenty,
If only, Sir, of all the Press
Your shadow, where I lie, grows never less.

O. S.

"PASTORAL 8."

WE are on the telephone.

So probably are you; but I doubt if it is quite the same thing. To you I expect the telephone is an affair of no great moment; to us it is both intimate and vital. We live miles from anywhere; there is not even a telegraph-office in the village.

"Anything might happen," we said to each other in the old days, "cut off like this."

For years nothing did happen, and then three cottages caught fire. While the men were being fetched from the hayfields a boy on a push-bike was pedalling to the nearest town to summon the fire-engine.

It is quite a large town, but the fire-engine was not a motor one and had to be hitched on to the back of someone's furniture-van and trundled out to us "at a speed not exceeding ten miles an hour." When it arrived the cottages were burnt down.

"Something must be done," we said.

The result, ten months later, is our telephone.

Our exchange is a neighbouring village some miles off. It used to be our nearest telegraph-office, so we are well acquainted with the lady in charge. She has always been Mrs. Mead to us, and our names have always been used by her; but the telephone has altered all that.

Both she and we have a book of the words and have duly read and digested it. We are to say the name of the exchange; so when we ring up we always say, let us call it, "Pastoral," though we know all the time it is really Mrs. Mead; and she calls us by our numbers. She never has to ask for them; she knows our voices. No one who has not heard her can appreciate the mingled deference and authority with which Pastoral says "Eight."

The post-office and Mrs. Mead's living-room merge into one another, so when we "lift our receiver" (*vide* book of the words) we hear other voices than Pastoral's official one.

One day we asked for London. Such a thing had not happened before. Pastoral was startled; her soft voice came over the wire, but not speaking to us.

"My dear, Eight wants a call to London. What shall I do?"

"That be all right, Mother. You ring up Casterbridge; they 'll tell 'ee."

A pause, and then, "Can't hear un very well."

"Shake that black thing; that 'll make un better."

"So it do. Oh, they d' want the London number."

"Better ask Eight for it then."

"Wait a minute. I must write un down. Where be my pencil? Here 't is. Eight, can I have the number you want, please?"

We gave it, "Chelsea double three five seven nine."

"Chel—sea, two—three—five—seven—nine."

"No, *double* three."

A pause—then, very brightly:—

"Six—five—seven—nine."

"*No. Double three*—two threes."

"I said that, Eight; I said six."

"No, no, no. Just write down what I say, Mrs. Mead—Pastoral, I mean—and repeat it to Casterbridge. Double three—five—seven—nine."

"Very well, 'm."

We heard it done, and the pause for Casterbridge's reply, then Pastoral's voice again, very gentle and slow—"Eight! Casterbridge says it is three—three—five—seven—nine you want. And the book says replace your receiver for a trunk call and we will ring you. Please." Evidently the book did not say "please."

On another occasion we wanted to ring up the railway.

"Great Western Station, please," said I, forgetting our newness.

"Thank—you." Then, "Eight wants the Railway Station. I suppose I ring up Casterbridge, Dolly?"

"That 's right, I expect."

"Oh, they d' say I mustn't call them like that. I must always say the number. And Eight must too. I must tell her. She must look up numbers in the book before ringing, they d' say."

"Better tell her then, Mother."

"Who, Eight? No, you look un up, Dolly. I haven't got my glasses. Here is the book."

"What shall I look for?"

"Better try alphabetically."

A long pause—and at last:—

"You are through, Eight. And for future reference the number is one six."

Does your exchange talk to you like that?

More Unnatural History.

"Hear Dr. —— on this Sunday, 7.30 P.M in the sermon on 'The British Lion's Restless Brood'; or, 'Chickens Come Home to Roost.'"—*American Paper.*

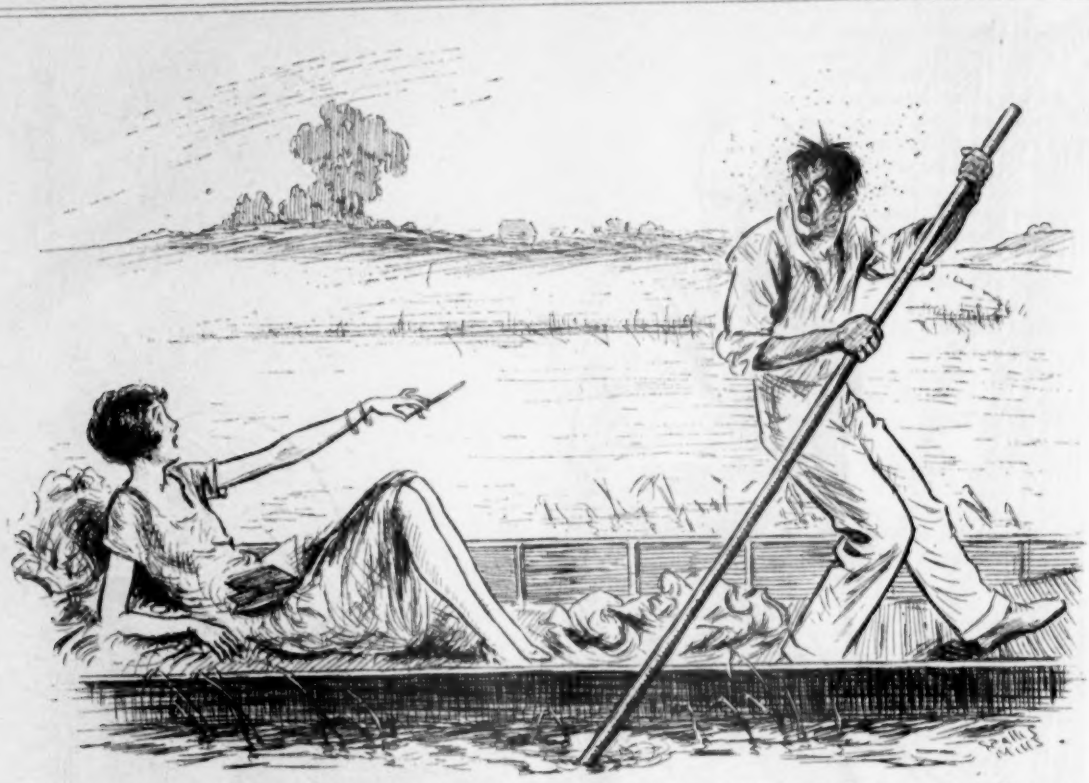


HIS LATEST MASTER'S VOICE.

THE FRENCH POODLE. "YOU KNOW I DON'T LIKE THIS STABILIZING STUNT. YOU TRIED TO MAKE ME DO IT ONCE BEFORE."

M. CAILLAUX. "AH! BUT I'VE GOT A BETTER WHIP THIS TIME."

[Shortly after joining the new French Ministry M. CAILLAUX publicly declared that nobody could undertake the portfolio of Finance "without having full control of the Government."]



Wife (to husband who is unaccustomed to punting but has been doing his best up-stream for the last hour or so). "DARLING, WE NEVER SENT THAT IMPORTANT WIRE TO AUNT JANE. DO YOU THINK THERE'S AN OFFICE HIGHER UP?"

CHARIVARIA.

A NORFOLK lady who has by means of spiritualism been in communication with a pet parrot which died two years ago says the bird is in heaven. Mr. COOK must not trust too much to this precedent.

* * *

A North of England newspaper refers to the miner as a man of peace. Mr. COOK will want to know who first started this scandal.

* * *

We can obtain no confirmation of the rumour that the pain in Mlle. LENGLEN'S arm which caused her retirement from the Lawn Tennis Championships was due to writer's cramp.

* * *

Mr. OLIVER BALDWIN, in *The Sunday Express*, has given instances of disaster averted by warnings received from a guardian angel. Yet his father often disregards those given by Lord BEAVERBROOK.

* * *

A film star has married a Prince. Her friends attribute her act to the influence of the movies.

* * *

In reporting the second Test match the Press refer to the home team as the better side. A curious pro-English element seems to be creeping into the sporting Press.

* * *

We see it stated that a Dean of St. Paul's was the first to discover how to bottle beer. Nothing like that has ever been done by the current Dean.

* * *

A lady who is a grandmother has postponed her attempt to swim the Channel till next year. This constitutes a record for grandmothers.

* * *

In view of the large number of people who will be swimming the Channel this season those intending to do so are advised to avoid the rush hours.

* * *

An American complains that it is difficult to get hot water at meals in London hotels. The thing is quite simple if he only knew. He should order a cup of tea.

* * *

Owing to foot-and-mouth disease the MINISTER OF HEALTH has forbidden the movement of animals in certain parts. The horse we put our money on the other day must have thought that he came under this restriction.

"What are we going to do with houseflies this summer?" asks a weekly paper. We don't know; Mr. COOK hasn't told us yet.

* * *

Travellers are warned against luggage thieves on railway platforms. A good plan is to label one's attaché-case "Not to be Stolen."

* * *

The West Ham Guardians have asked the Government for another four-hundred-and-twenty-five thousand pounds. We don't suppose there is any harm in asking.

* * *

It is officially announced that one-hundred-and-fifteen Metropolitan policemen were bitten by dogs last year. A fancier makes the suggestion that a slice of policeman now and then improves a dog's stamina.

* * *

A weekly paper says that rabbits are able to see behind as well as in front of them. That is why they make such admirable pedestrians.

* * *

A doctor remarks that many telephone operators cannot sleep at night. We too have been kept awake before now by a guilty conscience.

The Rome correspondent of a daily paper describes GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO as the greatest contemporary Italian poet. He will hardly take that lying down.

A gossip note reminds us that it was Lord BALFOUR who introduced golf into political circles. He incurred a grave responsibility.

At a meeting of the Pembrokeshire Agricultural Committee it was stated that Welsh eggs have a bad name. The name was not disclosed.

Mr. F. A. MITCHELL HEDGES reports in *The Daily Mail* that in the Caribbean Sea there are sharks sixty feet long and other terrible monsters. This will probably have the effect of deciding people to go to Thanet as usual.

A contemporary observes that it is no longer unfashionable to live north of the Park. This is great news for Golder's Green.

It is announced that in Mr. H. G. WELLS'S new novel prominent public people appear under their own names. This of course is nothing new in fiction; it often happens in the Press.

A man has been sent to prison for posing as a Test Match cricketer. It is realised that leniency with this type of impostor has in the past lost us the Ashes.

The present state of affairs in the Riff seems to be a Guerilla Peace.

The Zoo is said to have imported four hundred sea-horses from the Bay of Biscay. Can the Admiralty be intending to increase the establishment of the Horse Marines?

Captain WATERHOUSE, M.P., says that we import twenty million artificial teeth annually. It's horrible to think that the only things we can gnash at our American Debt are American teeth.

New mechanism at Lord's enables the score-board to be worked more quickly. This was found very useful during Mr. COLLINS' second innings and when HOBBS was in the nineties.

The Director of the Army canteens says that post-War soldiers buy buns instead of beer. The thin red line seems doomed to be a thing of the past.

Señorita LILI DE ALVAREZ may be a great player some day if she can only learn to have a nervous prostration at the right time.



PORTRAIT OF A PESSIMIST MAKING UP HIS INCOME-TAX PAPERS WHILE WAITING HIS TURN AT THE DENTIST'S.

Sir HENRY HADOW says that sarcasm is a form of disease. Rude ill-health, so to speak.

Our special avenue-explorer writes to ask whether we think an eight-hour day, each hour to consist of only fifty-two-and-a-half minutes, would be acceptable to the Miners' Federation.

Attention is drawn to the excessive number of motor smashes. It is thought that a maximum will have to be agreed upon.

These snake-skin shoes must make the Serpent sorry he ever spoke to EVE in the first place.

We are soon to have two separate radio programmes broadcast simultaneously. That will be one for each ear.

A new shirt for men is decorated with petals like a flower. We dread to think of a sentimental laundress playing "He loves me . . . he loves me not" with it.

Notice in poulterer's shop:—

"We are dropping our eggs for one week to 2/- per dozen."

Omelettes should be cheap that week.

POLO.

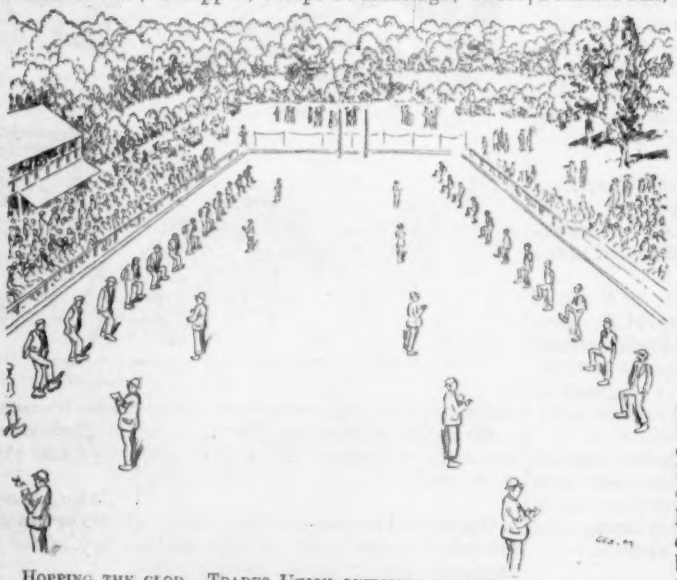
I HAVE never seen polo before, and I cannot say that I have seen it now, though I have spent sixty minutes looking at it. Polo is one of these invisible games. The "ground" is an enormous space some three hundred yards by two hundred, and the game is played at the far side of it. The far side, of course, may be at one side or the other, according to the position of the spectator. That is to say, if the spectator in an access of curiosity should transfer himself from side A to side B, the players move to side A and the game is continued there. Gazing through his field-glasses from the other side the spectator will see dimly a confused mass of horse-flesh and peerage scuffling in a corner. The precise nature of the scuffle is not at once clear, but gradually it takes shape as an equestrian butting-match. Butting in polo is called "bumping and boring." Now and then one of the peerage is bored beyond all self-control and, raising his mallet, strikes his pony or the pony of another peer under the chin. And now and then a small white ball emerges from the *mêlée*, one or two peers gallop after it, swing their mallets at the ball and miss it. The bell then rings and the dead horses are taken off the field. New horses are brought on and, for all one can tell, new peers, and the whole party proceed to the far side again.

During the butting-matches it is believed that the players use horrible language, for recently when two of them emerged from a *mêlée* one shouted very loudly to the other in the vicinity of the Royal Box, "Shut up, you something Dago!" And if one player can call another player a something Dago in front of the Royal Box Heaven knows what he may not call him in a secret scuffle at the far side.

When the dead horses are taken off an army of men march on to the ground and tread down the holes and abrasions in the turf. All these men have very large feet, and they are the last survivors of the ancient profession of clod-hoppers. By the rules of the Amalgamated Society of Clod-Hoppers and Turf-Trampers not more than six clods to the minute may be hopped, except at Ranelagh, where the Banbury Award applies for all turves over and above the minimum clod-datum under the 1920 Agreement, turf-time not allowed. Veterans behind me spoke contemptuously of the whole proceeding and recalled the palmy days when players had to hop their own clods between chukkas.



"THE GAME IS PLAYED AT THE FAR SIDE OF THE GROUND."



HOPPING THE CLOD. TRADES UNION OFFICIALS SUPERINTEND OPERATION TO PREVENT EXCESSIVE ZEAL.

Note.—In this picture the artist has found it necessary to reduce the dimension of the field considerably in order to emphasise the human interest.

LATER.—I have now had the advantage of reading the article on Polo in the Encyclopædia of Sport, and I realise that one or two of the finer points in the game I may have missed. The game, it seems, is very old, as old, at least, as the laws of the Medes and Persians, for there are polo-poems extant of the period of that piece of legislation. Indeed most probably the game began even earlier, with the Centaurs, for whom, of course, it must have been the one obvious recreation. But, though played in Persia some six hundred years B.C., it was not played in England till 1869, when one day "Chicken" HARTOPP (an officer in the 10th Hussars), lying back in a chair after luncheon reading *The Field*, exclaimed, "By Jove, this must be a good game!" and, requisitioning "chargers, some sticks with crooked ends and a billiard ball," three officers then played the first game. The first real match was played between the 9th Lancers and the 10th Hussars on Hounslow Heath, and, according to a contemporary newspaper account, "it was admitted by all who looked on that the game was more remarkable for the strength of the language used by the players than for anything else." So that the old traditions seem to be with us still.

With the advance of civilisation it has been found necessary to increase the size of the ball. "Chicken" HARTOPP might be able to hit a billiard-ball with a crooked stick, but the ball as used at present is the size of a pomegranate, and more often than not a modern peer misses that. However, nearly all of them can hit a horse at the first shot.

The horses, or ponies, as they are quaintly called by the peerage, are believed to be in favour of larger balls and smaller horses.

They are extraordinarily intelligent, and it is really they who manage and play the game. This is shown by the fact that horses who are blind even in one eye are not allowed to play at all (Rule 36); but there is no rule against myopic peers. A well-trained pony will run after the ball in such a way that the peer on its back will miss the ball with the least possible injury to the ponies of its own side, yet at the same time it will suggest to the spectator that the peer is directing its actions. A really good pony anticipates the movements of the other side, judges the flight of the ball and keeps an eye on the score; while old hands will whinny a protest when the other side takes the lead. The peers are duly appreciative of their ponies' powers and treat them very kindly. Rule 29, for example, expressly states, "*No player shall intentionally strike his pony with the head of his polo-stick.*" And though nothing is said about beating the creature with the butt-end this is seldom done in a first-class match.

Some quaint old customs attach to the Measurement of Ponies, about which there are eighteen rules. The Official Measurer measures the ponies to see how tall they are, and, if they are not too tall, ponies over five years old may be registered for life. The owner is then given a certificate which any Court of Law will admit as evidence that the pony in question is not a camel or a cow. But no pony may be registered for life between January 1st and March 31st unless at least two permanent corner incisor teeth are actually through the gum; and after April 1st a pony must have a *complete* mouth of permanent incisors to obtain a Life Certificate. Teeth are very important in these savage struggles, and as the older peers have very few permanent incisors the ponies are expected to fill the gaps. The younger peers, however, still do a little biting on their own.

Then, by Rule 6, "A pony shall not be measured if he appears to have been subjected to any improper treatment with a view to reduce his height . . ." This of course means gin. In the old days many a horse that weighed in successfully at not more than sixty-five hands was afterwards found to have been dieted since foalhood on gin and Vermouth, or even *crème de menthe*. The practice is a cruel one, for when a horse so treated is deprived of alcohol it shoots up suddenly, swells all round and becomes a cart-horse. It is also difficult to detect, for the owners are careful to bring their ponies to the measuring-box sober. The Official Measurer therefore can only judge by appearances, as indicated in the rule; but there are one or two signs by which the expert can generally distinguish a horse that drinks. A cloudy eye or a weak under-lip has sent many a pony away without a certificate.

That, I think, is about all I know of the subject. These brief notes will, I hope, help anyone who sees polo for the first time to a better understanding of the game than I obtained. The game is not mere butchery, as it will first appear to them, no mere homicide-on-horseback, as it has been quaintly described; nor is it simply an organised muddle, but is conducted throughout on scientific principles. In every game there are two sides, one of which is playing in one direction and one in the other. And though it is seldom clear to the spectator at any given moment which way which side is trying to go there is an honourable fiction that the players know. And nothing, after all, can be wholly valueless that keeps our peers from making speeches in the House of Lords.

A. P. H.



MYTHICAL ORIGIN OF POLO.



INTRODUCTION OF POLO INTO ENGLAND.

Addled?

"Guinea Foul Eggs for hatching, 7*s.* per 15 eggs."
Scots Paper.

"Unfurnished or Furnished, 2 large roofs; business people only."—*Local Paper.*

Our experience of business people is that they always want to get in on the ground-floor.

"Champion tree-felling competition will take place in Chopwell Wood."
Daily Paper.

There's more humour (of a quiet kind) in these tree-fellers than you might expect.

"Dr. Harley Street, appendicitis specialist, was summoned By wireless and rushed to Southampton last night to operate on . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

The new specialist, we understand, is collaterally related to Sir Wimpole Street.

PERFECTLY LOVELY TIMES.

XIX.—THE GREAT TEST.

Hubert Partington was showing his grit. I use the phrase metaphorically, but I might also use it in a perfectly literal sense. Hubert Partington had been sitting in the street all night, and it was a windy dusty street.

He was proposing to watch a Test Match between representative cricket elevens of England and Australia, and for this purpose he had taken up his position in the All Friday Night Queue. The long evening, enlivened by amateur entertainments, had worn itself away, to be succeeded by the chilly darkness of an English June. Hubert Partington had not slept a wink through those dreary hours; most of them he had spent in solving crossword puzzles by the light of an electric torch, and the first faint radiance of summer dawn found him still awake on his little camp-stool by the long high wall.

He ate a bun and sipped a few drops of whisky from his pocket flask. He took off his hat and re-combed his rather nicely waved hair. Then, with a determination of which perhaps only an Englishman is capable, he proceeded to shave. He was enabled to do this by the use of a patent safety razor, a small mirror and a mysterious kind of unguent called Smeerio, which he squeezed from a metal tube.

Avid newspaper reader that you are, you must often have seen references to the advantage of using Smeerio. Your eye has been caught by the line drawing of a graceful young man standing in a punt, at the end of which reclines the equally graceful figure of a young woman, shielding her head from the rays of the sun with a parasol. Thinking that here is some charming love idyll in progress, you eagerly read the words underneath and find that the two young things are speaking thus to one another:—

Dorothy. Why, Jack, you punt as perfectly as you look, and I cannot say more than that. What makes you so wonderfully young-looking? Your cheeks and chin are as charming as those of a child.

Jack. You flatter me, Dorothy. Nevertheless I must admit that my cheeks and chin are wonderfully smooth. I attribute the beauty of my complexion entirely to the use of Smeerio, which obviates the necessity for lather in shaving.

Dorothy. What exactly is Smeerio?

Jack. I thought everybody knew that. Smeerio is the only reliable patent cream on the market which, when lightly rubbed over the face, enables the shaver to remove even the heaviest beard more easily than any shaving-soap, and at the same time imparts a velvety texture to the surface of the skin, rendering it equivalent to alabaster.

Dorothy (*deeply interested*). And is it fearfully expensive?

Jack. Emphatically no. It only costs half-a-crown a tube, lasts a lifetime, and takes up less room in the week-end luggage than a curling-tong case.

Dorothy (*twirling her parasol*). How frightfully absorbing! Shall we go and look at the races now?

As he used his Smeerio Hubert Partington could not help thinking a little regretfully of that gay scene by the willows on the river-bank, for it was out of dogged self-respect rather than mere gallantry and an endeavour to appear beautiful in the eyes of the fair that he was now giving to his face that appearance of alabaster which provokes so much of our modern literary repartee.

The cheerless rite concluded, he bought a penny paper from an early newsvendor and began to study the prospects of the day's play as they appeared to the ordinary cricket correspondent, the special cricket correspondent and the two or three specially retained athletes of England and Australia, whose contributions between them seemed to fill every column, except for a few short paragraphs about the coal crisis and the best way of removing raspberry-stains from flowered-silk georgette. Having perused every word carefully Hubert Partington turned to thinking on his own past career, which had not been in all respects a successful one. A fair cricketer and all-round athlete himself, he had not made good in the sterner world of affairs. Half-hearted attempts to sell motor-cars on commission, a little journalism—his article on "Is England Dying?" had won compliments from the editor of a well-known Sunday paper—a few short-lived secretarial posts (from the last of which he had been dismissed because by some slight error he had begun a communication addressed on the envelope to the Halifax Chamber of Commerce with the inappropriate words: "MY DARLING OLD TOOTS")—these up to now had been his sole essays in the business world. Once he had even supposed himself to possess a genuine talent for poetry, but when his

> "Now——
> Here in my hands, and you,
> Red lips,
> And the infinite youness of you
> Stark in the light,
> Till the crushed nothingness of you
> brings nought . . .
> Pshaw!
> A creak on the stairs—
> It is day . . .
> Mee—e—yohek!
> Now the old dreariness begins again——"

was turned down by *The British Minerva*, he suddenly lost confidence in himself and gave up the fight.

Now he was once more out of a job. But before he looked out for a fresh one he meant to see this great thing through. He had put off an engagement to play mere hit-or-get-out cricket with his own suburban club, and had endured this great night-long vigil in order to see the great trial of sporting skill which in after-years he would be able to speak of to the grandsons and granddaughters who clustered at his knees. His knees just now, by the way, were uncommonly stiff. Hubert Partington yawned.

* * * * *

The sun shone brightly on the level sward. The white-robed figures had taken up their positions on the field. Play had begun.

Amongst all the eager watchers none was more eager than those who had endured the rigours of the night, and amongst them, for the first few moments, none more eager than Hubert Partington. But later—gradually—— How is one to account for it? Was it the heat of the sun, the unaccustomed fatigue, the errors of a not too rigidly disciplined life, the constant rhythmical run of the bowlers, the unaltering sound of bat stolidly meeting ball, the somewhat lethargic movement of the figures on the scoring board? Who shall say what it was? At any rate the sad fact must be narrated that after a time Hubert Partington felt a sudden violent prod in the ribs and opened his eyes with a start.

"Woz matter?" he said.

"Don't snore like that," said the man next to him; "you 're disturbing the out-field."

Hubert Partington braced himself to a big effort and sat resolutely upright.

Alas! it was all in vain. Very soon the resonant hum of his snores began to punctuate the game once more. He sank back on his seat. Compassionately his fellow-spectators permitted him to slumber on. Only when the long day wore to a close was he roused from unconsciousness a second time by a sharp blow in the back.

"Woz matter?" he quested again.

"It's all over. They 're going out now."

"Oh!" said Hubert Partington, blinking and looking at the score-board.

"Pretty certain to be a draw, I 'm afraid," continued his awakener.

Hubert Partington kept a stiff upper lip. He left the ground and went to the nearest restaurant he knew of to snatch a few bites of food. Then, camp-stool in hand, he wended his way back to the long high wall and took up his position in the All Sunday Queue.

EVOE.



Lady (discussing her husband). "GOODNESS ONLY KNOWS WHAT I 'VE SUFFERED IN SILENCE, MRS. SMITH."
Sympathetic Friend. "AH, I DESSAY, MRS. GREEN; NOT TO MENTION WHAT YOU 'VE A-SUFFERED OTHERWISE."

ANOTHER TRADE SLUMP.

[An American university has instituted a Chair of Plumbing and is encouraging its students to graduate in that branch of science.]

OTHERS may joy with heartfelt jubilation
To think, when "bursts" produce their wonted mess,
Henceforth a graduate in leak-location
Will come in answer to their S.O.S.,
And, blending something of the College manner
With all a Yankee's love of being slick,
Employ thereon a scientific spanner
And promptly do the trick.

But those who snatch a livelihood from humour
And work upon a well-established line
Will only see in this ill-omened rumour
A coming slump's indubitable sign;
Theirs will become a labour far from paying
When plumbers at some none too distant date
Discard their famous habit of mislaying
A hammer or a mate.

Mothers-in-law no longer win a snigger;
The henpecked husband jest has passed its prime;
Dead are the lodger wheezes once *de rigueur*
That lent a grace to children's pantomime;
These brought their meed of lucre ere their waning,
But, if the plumber changes, there will go
The only known example now remaining
Of ready-made *bons mots*.



Long-suffering Wife. "ANY OBJECTION TO ME 'AVING A FEW WINKLES, MISTER 'IGHBROW?"

NURSERY LORE.

THERE is an awful lot of gardening about just at present. Of all seasonal epidemic disorders it is probably the worst, but there are fortunately a few persons who are immune. I am one of them. I was inoculated early in life by the gift of a window-box and sixpennyworth of mixed seeds from a malevolent aunt, who was afterwards placed under restraint at her own request. A case of an ingrowing conscience reaching the brain, I imagine.

The effect of that early experience has never worn off, and I am able now to travel without danger in a compartment divided between aggressive clay-soilers and vindictive light-loamers, truculent herbaceous borderers and excitable bedders-out. In this I am fortunate. I have known cases of men, less strong-willed than I, slinking home one evening after a few days of such contagious company with carrot-seed in their pockets and straws in their hair.

Poor old Brown is one of the most recent victims and consequently one of the most virulent cases; that is the way with the disease—the first year is always the worst. And Brown used to be such a decent sort of chap too. He would listen for hours with the keenest interest to my golf theories—he doesn't play himself—and telling him in detail all about a particularly successful round used to be nearly as exhilarating as the game itself. Now that is all changed. Instead of being a really stimulating companion, Brown now talks. It is pitiful.

But I have hopes of Brown. In time, with judicious doses of discouragement, I may be able to cure him altogether. In fact I have already started.

In a way Angela was primarily responsible. She has taken to gardening as a dog takes to water—one big splash and in it up to the neck; and such is Angela's personal charm that I occasionally find myself in the position of an accessory before, after and sometimes even during the fact.

"I am going to grow a row of poplars along that fence," said Angela a couple of days ago.

"Splendid!" I said. "Are you going to grow them from seed?"

Mind you, I didn't really care, and for all I knew poplars might be things that grew from bulbs, like poppies and potatoes and so on, but I do try to take a friendly interest now and again. Marriage has its obligations.

"Don't be ridiculous," said Angela; "it would take years. I shall buy some young trees and transplant them."

I grew wary and my kindly interest vanished away. Something seemed to warn me.

"Don't you think seeds would be better?" I said. "You'd have all the fun of watching them grow and—er—watering them and so on. You can't water a great healthy tree, it looks so silly, and you know you love watering. Besides, seeds would be so much easier to get home," I added nervously.

But Angela wasn't listening.

"I think the sooner the better," she said. "So just get the car out and run along to the nursery-gardens and bring me half-a-dozen nice poplars about eight feet high. *Please.*"

I knew it. And I *do* so hate driving about looking like Birnam Wood on its way to Dunsinane. However there is no help for it when Angela says "Please" in that tone of voice, so I just went and started the car. We both started reluctantly; we radiated reluctance and black smoke all the way.

I pulled up at the gate of the nurseryman's and went in to find one of the nurses.

"I want half-a-dozen nice poplars about eight feet high," I said.

The nurse stared.

"What for?" he said.

"Oh, just a buttonhole," I said facetiously. But nurses have no sense of humour.

"Did you say poplars?" he asked.

"I did."

"When?"

"About five seconds ago."

The nurse looked a little dazed. My humour has that effect upon weak intellects.

"When do you want 'em?"

"Now," I said. "If you 'll wrap them up I 'll take them with me; they might get damaged in the post."

A look of tired disgust came over the face of the nurse.

"I suppose you know poplars are deciduous?" he said.

I didn't, but I wasn't going to admit it.

"Most deciduously—I mean decidedly. Why?"

"If you was to transplant 'em now they 'd die, that 's why. Don't you even know that much? Autumn 's the time for transplanting of deciduous trees."

"I 'm afraid I can't wait till then," I said, "but I might call back. Good-evening." And I left him still staring.

I didn't triumph over Angela; marriage has its limitations. The temptation was terrific, but I felt a better man for resisting it. And next morning I was rewarded.

"How 's the garden going, Brown?" asked Jones as the train started.

"Splendidly," said Brown, looking as agricultural as is possible for a man with a moustache like sandy soil and his eyes under glass. "I was thinking of putting in a few trees some time this week."

"Oh," said Jones, interested, "so was I. What sort of trees?"

"I was thinking of poplars," said Brown.

"That 's strange," said Jones; "so was I."

I looked up from my paper.

"I suppose you both know that poplars are deciduous?" I said.

"What 's that got to do with it?" asked Jones, staring.

"Well," I said, with a look of tired disgust, "if you knew anything about gardening you 'd know that the autumn is the only time for transplanting deciduous trees." And I returned to my paper.

Brown and Jones opened their own papers after that, but I don't think they were really reading—they were ruminating. But they didn't mention gardening again, and as we left the station Brown asked me how I was getting on with my iron clubs. L. DU G.



Hostess (placidly). "I ALWAYS THINK THAT ONE'S BEST FRIENDS ARE THOSE ONE GOES ON BEING FRIENDS WITH WITHOUT *EVER* MEETING THEM—DON'T YOU?"

"DIAMOND CHALLENGE SKULLS."
Headline in Daily Paper.

Hard nuts, these rowing men.

Pro-Consuls are Cheap To-day.

From a Jerusalem Circus programme:

"From Tuesday 15th June, 1926, at 9.30 p.m.
GRAND SOIRÉE OF GALA
His Excellency the Governor
SIR RONALD STORRS
will assist at this
EXTRAORDINARY PERFORMANCE.
Usual Prices."

From an article on the Australians:—

"It struck me that their bowling will be stronger than is generally anticipated. But, as the French say, we shall see."
South African Paper.

Or, as we English more delicately put it, *nous verrons.*

HOLIDAY HINTS FROM PARNASSUS.

AFTER a prolonged and wearisome correspondence with a seaside landlady, in which we had both reduced the English language to its severest and most businesslike terms, it occurred to me that the arranging of so joyous an event as the annual holiday should not be conducted as though the contracting parties were two long-established City firms. A literary note should be introduced. The sea and the country have been the inspiration of poets from time immemorial, and there is at the command of the letter-writer a wealth of material which, if wisely used, would introduce just that touch of the romantic that is now so regrettably absent.

For instance, we wish to make some inquiries of Mrs. Buttercombe, proprietress of the Belle Vue Hotel, three hundred feet above sea-level. We can get all the assistance we want from a well-known sonnet of WORDSWORTH'S.

Mrs. Buttercombe,
Belle Vue Hotel, Seacombe.

DEAR MADAM,—As you may have noticed, the world is too much with us. In getting and spending we lay waste our powers, late and soon, if you get my meaning. My doctor tells me that I need complete rest and change. For everything I am out of tune. I suffer from attacks of depression and am anxious to stand upon the pleasant lea of your mountain resort and to catch glimpses of what will make me less forlorn than this leaves me at present. Perhaps catch sight of Proteus rising from the sea (I suppose we can see the sea from your place?) and hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn, in a manner of speaking, that is. Kindly let me know by return of post your terms and whether you have any vacancies, for which I enclose stamped addressed envelope.

Yours in the bonds of poetry,
CUTHBERT CHUTTERBOTTLE.

Mr. MASEFIELD'S "Sea Fever" is ideal for fixing up a holiday on the Broads. We wish to engage a boat. Well, it should be done like this:—

Mr. Ephraim Thomas,
Broadside, Norfolk.

DEAR SIR,—I must go down to the sea again. To the lonely sea and the sky. This being the case I wish to engage a tall ship for a fortnight. Kindly see that she is fitted with a star suitable for steering. I am bringing with me as my companion a laughing fellow rover. So please make sure that there is accommodation for us both. We have not yet quite decided what route we shall take, but we shall set sail with the running tide, and the gull's way and the whale's way will be our direction. I hope that there will be no extra charge for this. We hope to have a quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick 's over. Nautically yours,

CUTHBERT CHUTTERBOTTLE.



Lady (to stout loafer near Park pond). "AND WHAT DO YOU DO FOR A LIVING?"

Loafer. "WELL, I MAKES A BIT IN THE WINTER TELLING PEOPLE IF THE ICE IS SAFE."

WORDSWORTH might again be pressed, however unwillingly, into the service of a provincial contemplating a metropolitan holiday and growing reminiscent about a previous trip to town.

The Manager,
Blank's Hotel, London.

SIR,—As I am desirous of renewing my acquaintance with your great city, will you kindly reserve accommodation for me for one week from the 18th inst.? Your hotel, I am told, is comfortable and congenial, and its proximity to the Thames specially commends it to me. I have the pleasantest recollections of a former visit to London and I well remember remarking to a friend who was with me at the time that earth had not anything to show more fair than a glimpse of the City we obtained one morning early from Westminster Bridge. It wore like a garment the beauty of the morning. Ships, towers, domes, theatres, etc., lay open, absolutely open, to the sky, and the air was quite smokeless and glittered brightly in the morning sunshine. I venture to say that never did the rising sun steep more beautifully and effectively valley, rock and hill. I took out my map and picked out the places of interest quite easily. A very deep calm such as I have rarely experienced enveloped me. Goodness me, the very houses seemed asleep and all that mighty heart was lying still!

Yours truly,
CUTHBERT CHUTTERBOTTLE.

P.S.—I trust you serve only English meat.

Mr. KIPLING may meet the needs of the returned wanderer who contemplates setting off on his travels again:—

Messrs. The Swift and Sure Travel Agency.

SIRS,—As an inquiry at the headquarters of the London General Omnibus Company has acquainted me with the fact that none of their vehicles ply between the Bank and Mandalay I should be glad if you would provide me with particulars of the sailings (if any) East of Suez. I am anxious to renew a friendship I made while on service with the infantry in the East, and to revisit some of the scenes associated with a tender and—I will not disguise the fact—romantic passage in my life. The temple bells, the old pagoda and in fact the East itself are continually (if I may use the expression) a-calling me, and it 's there that I would be. I sleep badly, and if I must see the dawn I would prefer the thundery kind that comes up out of China.

Trusting for an early reply,
Yours Orientally,
GUNGA CHUTTERBOTTLE.

P.S.—Can you tell me whether the fish still fly out there?

After a farewell presentation:—

"In reply Mr. —— said:—You probably know that in practically every European language there is a proverb to the effect that no man is a hearer to his own valour. How much less is it possible for a senior officer to be a hearer to his own subordinates."
Straits Paper.

We confess that we lend an ear more often to our discretion than to our valour.



Owner (suddenly appearing). "HULLO, YOUNG FELLAH, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"
Boy Scout. "PLEASE, DO ANY OF YOUR CLOCKS SAY IF IT'S GOING TO BE WET, SIR?"

MILITARY REALISM.

THE decision of the Italian Government, doubtless at the instigation of Signor MUSSOLINI, to make a reconstruction of the Battle of Lake Trasimene *in situ* the leading feature of the forthcoming Italian manœuvres has, we are glad to learn, not failed to produce a salutary and fruitful repercussion in British military circles.

It is now an open secret that the Battle of Hastings will be reconstructed at the autumn manœuvres. And it is a matter for great satisfaction that the War Office has decided to lend no countenance to the heresies of FREEMAN, whether in calling it the Battle of "Senlac" or maintaining that HAROLD built a palisade of solid timber round his troops.

The main features of the historic conflict will be reproduced with the utmost realism, subject to the substitution of tanks for WILLIAM'S heavy cavalry, aeroplanes for scouts, and rifles for bows, arblasts and Danish axes.

The assigning of the "star" parts in the engagement has been attended with considerable difficulties and has not yet been finally settled; but the military authorities, having a due regard to the spectacular and dramatic character of the entertainment, have wisely determined not to insist too rigorously on the selection of officers on the active list, but to include civilians who are likely to add lustre to the reconstruction.

They accordingly approached HAROLD, Lord ROTHERMERE, in the hope that he might be induced to assume the *rôle* of his gallant but unfortunate royal namesake. It may be noted that Hastings, as the crow flies, is little more than forty miles from the Isle of Thanet, the scene of Lord ROTHERMERE'S beneficent activities. But he reluctantly declined the offer on the ground that, while prepared to take off his hat to Duke WILLIAM in view of his Norman-French origin, it was too much to expect that he would consent to be shot through the eye while leading a forlorn resistance to the invader. Negotiations have accordingly been entered into with Mr. HAROLD COX, who, it is confidently hoped, will prove an efficient substitute.

For the part of Duke WILLIAM an admirable choice has been made in Mr. NORMAN, the Governor of the Bank of England. Mr. NORMAN, though now associated with high finance, served with distinction in the Boer War, where he gained the D.S.O. The *rôle* of ODO, the militant Bishop of Bayeux, who was second in command of the heavy cavalry, has not yet been filled up, possibly owing to the evil repute of one whose vast wealth was gained by extortion and robbery; but in view of his patronage of learning and his rebuilding of his cathedral it is to be hoped that some public-spirited architect—for choice, Sir REGINALD BLOMFIELD, with his military record in the Inns of Court Volunteers—may be found ready to step into the breach. The late M. CINQUEVALLI would have been an ideal representative of TAILLEFER, the minstrel juggler, but possibly Mr. DE GROOT, Mr. IRVING BERLIN or some leading saxophonist from the Savoy Orpheans may be secured.

In conclusion we welcome the wise determination of our War Lords not to employ umpires on this occasion, but to instruct the commanders so to conduct the operations as to preserve the utmost historical verisimilitude and yet to convey the impression of an indecisive result. In this way they hope to fulfil the double aim of (1) providing a brilliant spectacular exhibition, (2) emphasizing the truth enshrined in the words of the poet, "Saxon and Norman and Dane are we."



Excited small Girl (running from hen-house). "MUMMY! MUMMY! GUESS WHAT'S LAID AN EGG!"

ALL ON A GOLDEN MORNING.

ALL on a golden morning
(Alike in *urbs* and *rus*)
I found myself adorning
A blue-and-golden bus. . . .

The pageant of Great Britain
Spreads out before me here,
Which never can be written,
It is so blooming queer.

The newsvendors are yelling
Amidst the traffic blocks;
The summer air is smelling
Of roses and of stocks.

The river shines at Henley,
Strong limbs and shaven hair,
And all the men are menly
And all the maids are fair.

A bathe would be seraphic—
Confound this awful seat!—
The constant motor-traffic
Goes ant-like at my feet.

Two boys, with much debating
And a long piece of cord,
Are fishing down a grating
For some unknown reward.

Interminable printing
The busy roadway fills,
And half of it is hinting
At motion-picture thrills.

The horrid asphalt 's softened;
The hare lies in its form;
At Aldershot and Fovant
Our soldiers must be warm.

In Wales, no doubt, the organs
Peal loud with loyal glee
To celebrate Glamorgan's
Fifth cricket victory.

With tireless throats and hearty,
Meanwhile, at Westminster
The so-called Labour Party
Is shouting "Murderer!"

The traffic bleats and bustles,
The traffic stops and stands;
Policemen's bicep muscles
Are strong as iron bands.

His simple business minding,
With self-content superb,
A knife-grinder is grinding
With pedals on the kerb.

A man extremely dirty
Bends over me to ask
Selections for 3.30;
He savours of the cask.

Motors—and swift expresses—
And noise—and dust—and scent;
Rivers—hand-painted dresses—
And strawberries from Kent.

Solemn, their deep thoughts hiding,
Past posters praising jam,
Come eight Red Indians riding
A County Council tram.

EVOE.

Our Stylists.

"Wimbledon will be strangely flatulent without Mlle. Lenglen."—*Daily Paper.*

"Gregory bawled from the nursery end."
Provincial Paper.

Our youngest often does this, but we never write to the papers about it.

"At the morning service in —— Church yesterday, Mr. Robert —— sang in his own inimitable way that wonderful aria from Mendelelsohn's 'Eliza.'"—*Canadian Paper.*

We are unfamiliar with this sacred work and its composer.

The officials at Lord's were surprised last week at the appearance of a swarm of bees. They had expected the Hittites, but not the Hivites.

Beneath a picture:—

"Mr. Alan J. Cobham's seaplane on the slipway at Rochester, ready for the start of his 26,000 miles' flight to Australia and back this morning."—*Daily Paper.*

This must, we think, be a flight of imagination.



THE TEST QUESTION.

DISGUSTED MINER. "WHY DON'T THEY WORK LONGER HOURS?"



Excited small Girl (running from hen-house). "MUMMY! MUMMY! GUESS WHAT 'S LAID AN EGG!"

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THE TEST QUESTION.

DISGUSTED MINER. "WHY DON'T THEY WORK LONGER HOURS?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 28th.—The wall that precluded *Pyramus* from his *Thisbe* was not more formidable than that which debars the public from bluff KING HAL'S Newe Wyne Seller at Hampton Court. It will cost £315 to remove the obstacle and the COMMISSIONER OF WORKS simply hasn't got the money. It is admitted that the Seller, like all best sellers, would earn a handsome revenue if the curious public were permitted to quench its thirst or even feast its mere eye on the identical spot where the eighth HENRY gloried and drank deep, but the Office of Works does not borrow money even to back what Americans call a lead-pipe cinch.

Sir FREDRIC WISE wished to know how much the new buildings of the League of Nations at Geneva were going to cost. To anybody else the FOREIGN SECRETARY would have lightly answered "thirteen million francs," but Sir FREDRIC WISE is not to be disposed of as easily as that. He wants the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and Sir AUSTEN, knowing his man, replied carefully, "12,968,000 Swiss francs."

The Coal Mines Bill produced such an outburst of combustious fulmination off-stage when it was introduced that all present fully expected the Second Reading in the House to provide the scene of revolutionary carnage that Comrade COOK had assured us was spontaneously inevitable. In fact nothing happened, but whether this was to be ascribed to the almost passionate self-restraint of Mr. JACK JONES and friends or whether it was the drowsy syrup of Sir ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND'S measured oratory that medicined them to sweet sleep could not be guessed.

Mr. BATEY, however, refused to be lulled. I don't know whether the hon. Member is one of the Batey's Nabob Pickles which were a much-advertised delicacy in my youth, but at any rate he grew very hot in the mouth when the Minister quoted a pronouncement of "the former Lord Chancellor in the Labour Government" in favour of longer hours. The Member for Spennymoor, it seems, has no use for Lord HALDANE. "We did not want him," he declared; "he should have been in your party; he should never have been in ours." Thus the dread sentence of ostracism was pronounced. *H. M. G.*

The impression gained of the debate as a whole was that the bulk of the occupants of the Labour benches think their political ends can be gained by supporting Mr. COOK *à outrance*, and that they are an unmitigated nuisance to the members of their own party who want the coal dispute settled and believe they can bring the Government round to some if not all of their views as to the best way of doing it.



ONE PIT PONY STILL AT WORK.
COLONEL G. R. LANE-FOX.



OSTRACISED BY MR. BATEY.
LORD HALDANE.

There are, however, some Unionists who, while supporting the Coal Mines Bill because they think longer hours will have to be worked in the mines, are nevertheless convinced that the Government, which is inviting performance of a drastic kind from the miners, must require something more than promises from the mine-owners if there is to be a settlement. Mr. BRIGGS, the Unionist Member for the Blackley Division of Manchester, expressed himself strongly in this sense. There should be a fifty-per-cent. cut in directors' fees, he suggested, and the owners should voluntarily agree to take no profits until the men's wages are back to the 1924 standard.

Lastly one received the impression, chiefly from Sir JOHN SIMON, that either the Coal Commission's Report is extremely obscure in parts, or that persons on both sides of the House are too obfuscated with their own ideas to be able to read it intelligently. The LABOUR MINISTER declared in his speech that the Commission "disliked the alternative of longer hours, but had always left it quite explicitly open." Sir JOHN SIMON, following Mr. WALSH, declared that the Commission's Report was "dead against" longer hours. The actual fact appears to be that the Commission "preferred" lower wages to longer hours in the same sense that gentlemen prefer blondes.

Tuesday, June 29th.—Having come out of their trance on Monday night to discover that they had quiescently assisted at a rather dull debate on a measure whose importance they had overlooked, the forces of Labour mustered for sterner battle. Orders of the day called for a full-throated attack on Mr. BALDWIN as the crawling creature of the mine-owners. He was to be smitten hip and thigh and with every lung at command. One Labour Member interpreted this command so generously that he threatened to assault with his boot Colonel LANE-FOX, as courteous a gentleman as ever stepped, on account of some imagined insult.

The generalissimo of the day was Mr. WHEATLEY, that astute politician who has long been grooming himself for the leadership of his party when the day comes for it to advance over the supine bodies of its present leaders into the Promised Land of red and riotous extremism. Mr. WHEATLEY'S clever speech was a frontal attack on Mr. BALDWIN and an oblique but recognisable attack

on the men of his own party who want coal peace and not political strife.

As usual the Socialists overdid it and became a seething mob of incredible hooligans. They accused Mr. BALDWIN of influencing the Coal Commission and of bringing in the Coal Mines Bill for his personal gain, both of which childish but characteristically offensive suggestions Mr. BALDWIN easily disposed of.

The hubbub was undoubtedly premeditated, but the Labour back-benchers, unfortunately for their party's reputation, went far beyond the parts allotted to them. While the tumult and the shouting were at their height the SPEAKER suddenly observed that if hon. Members wished he would put the question. The shouts of "No!" from the more alert Labour Members were drowned in the continued bawlings of the rest, and the SPEAKER proceeded to put the question, the amendment being defeated by the handsome majority of 192.

Meanwhile the House of Lords gave a second reading to the Wild Birds Protection Bill, all unaware of the hullabaloo that was being kicked up by the wild birds in the adjoining chamber. The outstanding provision of the Bill, which codifies all existing Wild Birds Protection Acts, is that it prohibits bird's-nesting on Sundays. The thought that our feathered songsters can nest freely at least one day in the week will gladden the heart of every true nature-lover.

Wednesday, June 30th.—Question-time found Mr. GARRO JONES protesting that he "fails to get an answer to nine out of ten of questions he puts to Ministers." The fact is that Mr. GARRO JONES asks more irrelevant questions than all the rest of the Members put together, and that when, as occasionally happens, his leafy verbiage does conceal some rare fruit of sense, the luscious morsel is apt to be overlooked by all parties concerned.

The HOME SECRETARY brought a message from the KING announcing the continuance of the present state of emergency, and Mr. BUCHANAN seized the opportunity to announce that he had nothing but contempt for monarchs.

The debate in Committee on the Coal Mines Bill lost vitality through the decision of the Labour Party to have nothing but contempt for it. They withdrew their Amendments and declined to vote, leaving it to the Liberals to wage the unequal war. Captain WEDGWOOD BENN fired the first and only shot in the shape of an Amendment providing that on resolution by both Houses the operation of the Coal Mines Bill should be suspendable by Order in Council. It was a harmless proposal not likely to be of any practical value but useful at the moment as a party manœuvre, because the Government, by rejecting the Amendment as it did, was bound to give some colour to the charge that it really intends the Bill to be permanent.

Mr. MACDONALD explained why the Labour Party would not support the Amendment or otherwise have any truck with the Bill, but took occasion to rebuke, by implication, the unmannerly behaviour of some of his followers. A winged word or two the night before would have done more good. Still one was glad to hear, even belatedly, that



DISCIPLINE IN THE RANKS.
MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

the EX-PRIME MINISTER still believes in free speech.

Thursday, July 1st.—Lord GORELL, the Peer who never grew up, assailed the "cynical and servile proposal" of the Kensington Borough Council to shave off a strip of *Peter Pan's* country and add it to their justly famous High Street. The Earl of MEATH, Chairman of the Metropolitan Gardens Association, better known as the Man the Trees Loved, supported him.

The FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS was unsympathetic. Only one large tree, he explained, would be left outside the new park boundary, and they hoped that it would be possible to keep that standing. The widening of the High Street was being undertaken in the interests of public safety and under pressure from the Ministry of Transport and the police. Satisfied that there would still be plenty of trees left for himself and his noble friend to build Wendy Houses in, Lord GORELL withdrew his motion.

When the SPEAKER called on Mr. BRIDGEMAN to move the Third Reading of the Coal Mines Bill Mr. BATEY with a "curfew shall not ring to-night" expression declared that the Minister would not be allowed to move the Bill if the Third Reading was to be voted on that night. The SPEAKER thought otherwise and intimated that he was not going to be Batey'd with impunity. The hon. Member for SPENNYMOOR subsided, but Mr. JACK JONES, full of defiance or something of a similar character, took up the task of obstruction. "You are a murderer as well as him" (the PRIME MINISTER), he cried.

This double assassination of Ministers' characters and the King's English was too much for the House and Mr. JACK JONES was invited to withdraw the expression. He preferred to withdraw himself.

The more or less ineffectual debate, in which Mr. BALDWIN again outlined all the events and circumstances that had led the Government to bring in the Bill, then unwound its slow length, until, on the motion of Mr. CHURCHILL, the closure was applied and the Third Reading carried by 332 votes to 147.

QUINCE'S QUEST.

QUINCE'S QUEST is a game; just a game—like marbles or rugger. I don't suppose you know it really; in fact I don't think it's much played at the Public Schools, and there certainly isn't a "blue" for it. Quince's Quest (pronounced, I am given to understand, wrongly by the grown-ups as Princes' Quest) is called a Fairy Race Game and consists of a dice-box, a board with winding roads on it leading from the King's Palace to the Princess's Bower, and six Cardboard Princes—or five, if you don't count the one the puppy chewed. I don't know what has happened to the seventh prince, for I feel sure that no king can possibly have been so ignorant of fairy-tale customs as to have had anything but three or seven sons.

The six Princes are named "Red-Coat," "Blue-Coat," "Whitey," "Split-top" (who won his name in his spirited encounter with the puppy), "Staggers" (whose stand is not so steady as it might be), and "Measles" (whose coat-of-arms is a number of small red *fleurs-de-lys* on a white ground). Their quest is the Sleeping Beauty, and the road, numbered in squares, leads them through

an unending variety of Fairy Glens, Sorcerers' Palaces, Magic Cloaks, Charmed Swords, Rivers of Darkness, and so on, which either help or hinder the eager but harassed travellers, till at last they arrive at the Princess's Bower, square 200, where, if they haven't landed beforehand on the square containing the Magic Sickle, they wander round and round the Hedge of Roses till bedtime.

The journey is full of obstructive encounters. For instance, if you throw on the square marked Glass Mountain, you slip back to No. 60. If you throw on the Garden of Sleep, you wait (or sleep) for three turns. Sometimes you land on the Elfin Revels and have to turn aside and revel by going round-and-round a spiral while the other Princes hurry on; or at another point a chance encounter with a Wizard sends you back to the start. Lucky throws will bring you on to the Magic Boat, which carries you on past the Fiery Lake; or the Seven-League Boots, which take you without a pause to No. 121. There are many other similar hazards of the course which tend to make the Princes' journey an adventurous one.

The rules are all on the lid of the box; but in case you play I will give you a few of our own local by-laws, some of them specially framed to cope with Betty, a rough player if ever there was one. They have come into being either through precedent or usage, or else through unconstitutional maternal decree. I append the names of the original proposers of each rule:—

(1) No one may shake the dice-box longer than thirty seconds by Daddy's watch. (*Mother.*)

(2) Daddy is not to make that joke about the picture of the Fiery Lake—at least not so that the children can hear. (*Mother.*)

(3) No TOFFEE. (*Daddy, Mother and Uncle Percival, against strong opposition.*)

N.B.—This rule is most important. When toffee is allowed during a game the dice-box becomes increasingly difficult to pass from hand to hand without definite physical effort, the die itself sticks inside the box and has to be dug out with a pencil for each throw, and, if one side of the die becomes stickier than the others, the throws become the same for everyone and play tends to become monotonous. In this connection I have seen no fewer than seventeen sixes thrown in succession owing to a piece of the sweetmeat adhering to the "one." Also the Princes stick to the board and the die to the Princes, and once we shook up a square of toffee in the box instead of the die, which was on the under-side of Uncle Percival's sleeve all the while. No, no TOFFEE!

(4) Betty may add one extra to her throw if she can throw the die on the board instead of the floor and in such fashion that no Princes are upset. (*Daddy.*)

This rule not to include "Staggers." (*Betty's Amendment.*)

(5) All dice falling on the floor to be read by Daddy. (*Theresa, Constance and Betty.*)

(6) Uncle Percival is always to be Prince "Measles." (*Unanimous.*)

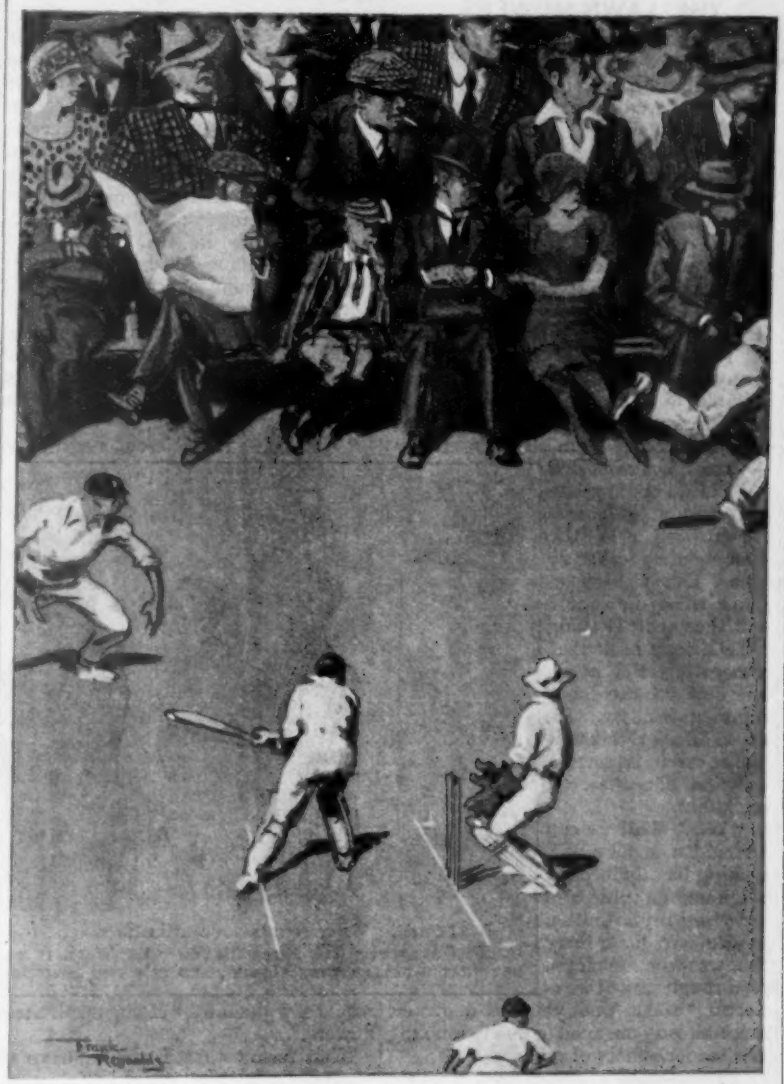
(7) Betty must not upset Theresa's Prince. (*Theresa.*)

(8) Betty must not upset Constance's Prince. (*Constance.*)

(9) Games must be finished. (*Daddy and Mother.*)

N.B.—This ordinance often leads to much underhand work. The children pay very little attention to the game, while the grown-ups shake feverishly for everyone and the Princes whizz round the board to the end in total disregard of danger.

Of course you can make other rules to suit local conditions, family peculiarities and so on; it is just a game, like marbles or rugger. Only much rougher than either. A. A.



BRIGHTER PHOTOGRAPHY.

MR. PUNCH'S APPARATUS IMPROVES ON THE PRESENT METHOD OF ANNIHILATING PERSPECTIVE.

THE LAWN-MOWERS.

Now that the summer is advancing I foresee that we shall soon be faced once more with the question of keeping down the lawn. And that means, I suppose, that the two amateur gardeners originally procured for this purpose will soon be allowed to emerge from their winter retirement in the basement and provide the usual interruptions to my morning's work.

Borotra and Lacoste are their names.

I must apologise to a friendly nation for thus taking in vain the two names last inscribed on the roll of fame down at Wimbledon. The fact is it has always been part of my duty to provide suitable appellations for the various domestic animals that begin to crowd our household. I am the *nomenclator* —as was ADAM in Eden —but I do not suppose that our first father was wrestling with the opening of a short story when EVE wanted to know what she should call that spotted thing with a long neck that was eating the palm-tree opposite the drawing-room window. He could afford to take his time over an important decision like that. I could not.

"What shall we call them?" asked Phyllis, coming hastily into my room one morning and directing my attention to the two little furry fellows who, enclosed in a rough ring of wire-netting about one yard in diameter, were already engaged in busily nibbling the tender shoots of grass.

I suppressed a groan, took a hasty glance out of the window and sat down again. It came to me suddenly: sometimes one is visited by an inspiration.

"Call them Borotra and Lacoste," I said, turning back to my work.

"Why?"

"Because they are something more than ordinary rabbits."

Phyllis puckered up her forehead in a vain attempt to remember.

"I seem to have heard the names," she said vaguely. "What do they do?"

And this from a lady who once played with me in the final of the Mixed Doubles at the Nazeley tournament! However, that is so long ago that we don't talk about it more than we can help.

This first arrangement for setting the pair to work, however, was not altogether satisfactory. Borotra in particular, who was the more athletic in build of the two, soon discovered that if he kept on jumping long enough he could get his fore-paws over the top of the wire. Then it was only a question of time before he got his body precariously balanced on the top and fell down the other side. Hardly a morning passed without my being called down hastily from my work to help catch Borotra before he had irretrievably damaged the flower-beds. Lacoste, of a less enterprising disposition, preferred to work by night, escaping from his hutch before we were out of bed. Susan would come into my room with the morning tea, and I could tell at once from the expression of her face that she had bad news.

"That there rabbit 's out again," she would say gloomily, "eating up all them flowers."



Hotel Guest. "WHAT SORT 'S YOUR BILLIARD TABLE?"
Hotel Proprietor (late Mercantile Marine). "WELL, IT 'S A BIT HOG-BACKED, BUT THAT 'S BETTER THAN SAGGIN', AND IT 'S THE SAME FOR ALL."

That meant that I should have to organise a hunt at once, half-dressed, before breakfast. And, let me tell you, it was no easy job to catch Lacoste. He was without the *joie de vivre* of his colleague perhaps, less swift in his dashes but decidedly more cunning, and with a certain dour obstinacy. His favourite spot was the stack of brushwood which Phyllis keeps, for some inscrutable reason of her own, down at the bottom of the garden. The dog would bolt him from that refuge eventually. Christina was the only one of the family who really enjoyed these early-morning expeditions, and pursued him joyfully with shrill yelpings over the beds, knocking over all our show-pieces of the season. It generally took us half-an-hour to an hour to catch one of the rabbits. When the two got loose together we had to mobilise the whole household.

This sort of thing could not be permitted to continue indefinitely. It began to look as though we should have no flowers left in the garden at all by the end of the London season. Besides, the wire-netting made ugly brown rings in the grass. And both Borotra and Lacoste were soon so much occupied with thoughts of escape into a larger life that they ceased to devote themselves with any steadiness to the work of lawn-mowing. They began to spend all their time in practising the high jump.

"Something has got to be done about this," I said to Phyllis, "or off they go to the nearest poulterer."

And, being an ingenious household, we devised several schemes for restraining their activities. Phyllis used to lay cloths or boards on the top of the wire cylinder, but they soon dealt with these.

"What we really want," she said, "is a wire cage, like what we had for the white mice. Only have it loose, so that they could roll it about over the lawn when they 'd eaten all the grass in one place." And for some time we actually tried to procure a sort of enclosed cylinder of wire netting so that, working amicably in concert, the pair might range by degrees over the whole expanse of lawn. But they did not seem to be stocked, even at the famous sixpenny shop that has recently come to the High Street.

Then I was once more visited with an inspiration.

"If I were you," I said one morning at a late breakfast—there had been a more than ordinarily protracted hunt after Lacoste, who had very nearly succeeded in getting over the wall into our neighbour's garden—"I should try tethering them out. Get a chain and collar attachment and a few iron pegs, so that you can shift them from time to time when you want them to keep down a new patch of grass."

And that very afternoon Phyllis went to the sixpenny shop (where they keep all manner of useful things in steel and leather) and bought two collars (smallest size) and two longish steel chains. I confess it used to cheer me last season, looking out of my window in the rare intervals of work, to see Borotra and Lacoste, pegged out at a reasonable distance from each other, trying in vain to



She. "WHO 'S YOUR BUTTERFLY-HUNTING FRIEND?"

He. "OLD SMITH. USED TO BE THE KEENEST FISHERMAN I EVER KNEW TILL HE READ EVERY BOOK PUBLISHED ON THE SUBJECT AND FOUND HE HAD BEEN CATCHING FISH IN ALL SORTS OF WAYS HE SHOULDN'T HAVE. THEN HE GAVE IT UP AND JOINED THE BUG-HUNTERS, AS THERE ARE NO PURISTS AMONG THEM."

discover some means of getting rid of those steel chains. The collars, I admit, did not last very long; they got through them after a day or two. But when I put an extra ring in the chain and clipped it round their necks they were done.

They will be coming out again now, I suspect, in a day or two. And no doubt all the time they have been down in the basement room during the winter they have been thinking out plans for beating me over those steel chains. Even towards the end of last autumn Lacoste contrived to get his chain off the peg once or twice, and I could see he was hoping, by circling round swiftly, to get it into a kink and perhaps break a link. Borotra, I think, hopes to effect his escape by hard struggling and scratching while I carry him out. But they are comparatively easy game now, if one is careful to put the chains on before taking them out. They get entangled in the vegetation.

But as lawn-mowers I often doubt whether they really pay their way.

"Thoroughly Experienced Nurse Wanted for family baby."—*Welsh Paper.*

The family child is father to the family man.

TO A WIRELESS MAST.

GAUNT pole that rises into upper air,
High o'er my clumps of holly and genista,
How my whole soul revolts to see thee there,
Bisecting what was once a high-class vista!
Not—oh, believe me—not from whim or choice
Would I maintain an object so appalling,
But lo! from thy slim apex comes the Voice
That nightly tells me "This is London calling."

And when industrial peace is wearing thin,
Or HOBBS and ROOT are making cricket history,
I seize my crystal set and listen-in,
Nor grudge thee ample credit for the mystery,
When, winged upon the ether overhead,
That silken Voice whose sweetness never varies
Bids me look under Uncle George's bed,
Or notes a cyclone crossing the Canaries.

Wherefore stand on, O eyesore unalloyed,
Seeing thou bearest that so potent cable
That snares all news, all knowledge, from the void
And drops it neatly on my study table;
Ay, and the Voice, that disembodied tongue,
That I so oft have sought in playful fancy
To add a face to, shall not go unsung
While I 've a voice to praise thy necromancy. ALGOL.

Another Headache for the Historian.

"Punctually at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon 400 little boys and girls marched out, laughing and chattering, from the Foundling Hospital, Guilford Street, W.C. The iron gates clanged and were locked behind them, and an unaccustomed stillness fell upon the place."—*Daily Paper.*

"The foundlings left the Foundling Hospital yesterday as quietly as a man shuts the door on his relinquished house after the furniture removers have gone. The grey old guardian of the gates unlocked them, threw them open, and when the foundlings had passed out closed them again. By all dramatic propriety he should have shut them with a clang. He did nothing of the sort."—*Another Daily Paper.*

AT THE PLAY.

"THERE'S NO FOOL" (GLOBE).

M. PIERRE WOLFF'S French play, translated and adapted by Mr. STANLEY BELL, unquestionably arrives at a sound



FAREWELL TO YOUTHFUL FOLLY.
Mme. Jacqueline Remon MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN.
Roger Farbrege . MR. BERTRAM WALLIS.

and sober moral by however dubious a route. That elderly amorist and widower, *Roger Farbrege*, has devoted his life, after (and no doubt before) an episodic marriage which has brought him a charming son, to the pursuit of Love. He has concocted an elaborate philosophy of illusion. Each adventure is always about to be more glorious and satisfying than the last because pursued with all the accumulated experience of its predecessors. But the years are passing, hair is whitening, the figure is not quite what it was; and as the particular goddess of the impending pursuit happens to be a widow of twenty-three a faint doubt assails our hitherto all-conquering *Don Juan*. There is indeed a foolish old duke of eighty misspent winters who is still at the old sport and scores his successes by dropping a match for each into a box. And the box contains just one hundred and eighty-two. But whatever such successes may be worth they have evidently not for many years been romances. And romance our friend must have: he is a hedonist of quality.

So that he approaches his fair young quarry with a new diffidence which, if he but knew it, has a new appeal, and the quest, supported by excellent manners and manner, resolute patience and the provision of little dinners, at which Yquem, Perrier-Jouet and a very special unnamed liqueur are consumed concurrently, and with but the faintest obbligato of food, looks like going well. At which point young *Georges*, a complete innocent just out of his teens, returns from abroad, and the fair young *Jacqueline* turns, without reserve apparently, from the elaborate father to the ingenuous son.

The intrigue must at all costs, of course, be concealed from the unfortunate *Roger*. The poor man perceives merely that his affair no longer moves. The little dinners are adroitly avoided. Excuses are sent breaking appointments. And when at last the truth bursts in upon him he half chokes his inconvenient offspring and throws him violently to the ground—an outbreak of jealous fury and wounded pride which is followed by remorse and a final sportsmanlike acceptance of the old truth that youth will be served. A moral of a sort, anyway.

Perhaps there was added a little bitterness to the cup by the fact that his long-suffering friend *Pascal*, a practising bachelor, had, in one of the rare intervals between *Roger's* confessions and self-regarding disquisitions, been discovered by a pretty young actress, *Madeleine Gerard*, who had offered her heart to him—in the sense in which hearts are offered in this environment, where nobody seems seriously to consider the outworn institution of marriage. But this is Paris, you understand.

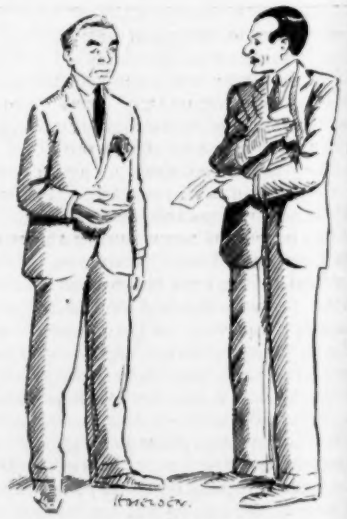
Mr. BERTRAM WALLIS chose to play his hero in perhaps rather a heavier mood than the best interests of the piece demanded, but on these chosen lines played it consistently and interestingly, avoiding any suggestion that he was just going to step forward and burst into song about it, if you know what I mean. Mr. MORTON SELTEN, as *Pascal*, lightened the business very successfully with his adroit ease of style and sense of comedy, and contrived to make the rare touches of sentiment fit into the character. He too had a philosophy—that the old ought to take what gifts the gods sent them without too anxious an inquiry as to their value, and I am sure didn't mistake the underlying motives of little *Madeleine Gerard*, who had failed on the stage and had no other visible means of support. Mr. LEONARD UPTON was a nice and obviously English boy in a supposed Gallic setting which made him a little unconvincing.

No solution of the fundamental and exceedingly difficult problem of presenting this essentially French affair as if the characters were indeed Frenchmen and not Englishmen was seriously attempted. The names were pronounced approximately (and variously) in the French manner (except, by the way, *Georges*, who was plain *George* throughout the play and even on the programme), but the adapter had tried to give an air of naturalness by a robust British idiom, and we inevitably received an impression of fellow-countrymen behaving in an unaccustomed manner.

I find Miss MARGARET BANNERMAN'S various heroines are inclined to be very much the same—all certainly extremely attractive to look at. She does not seem to me to bother much about variety of characterisation. There is no doubt a school of acting which definitely holds that the part must be made to fit the player, not the player the part—too comfortable a doctrine, I think, to be sound. I liked very much a little sketch by Miss MARTITA HUNT of a gentle, faithful and faded lady, one of *Roger's* old loves; and Miss DOROTHY DEBENHAM'S portrait of *Pascal's* young actress, *Madeleine*, was intelligently done. A play interesting in parts rather than as a whole, but so much more promising than the last production at this theatre that it deserves a run. It was well received. T.

"A HOUSE DIVIDED" (REGENT).

This play was, I take it, designed for the less sophisticated of our countrymen. The principal characters are the



RETURNED TO DRAWER.
John Hardress . . MR. LIONEL GADSDEN.
Mr. Calchin . . . MR. CHARLES KOOP.

noble business man, the foolish wife and the wicked moneylender.

John Hardress had for ten years been making a reputation as a brave getter but poor spender, and was generally



THE TEMPERAMENTAL URGE.

Small Boy. "I 'M GOING TO GET MY FEET WET TO-DAY."
Still Smaller Boy. "ARE YOU? WHY?"
Small Boy. "I DUNNO. JUST FEEL LIKE IT."

known as "*Stinge*" *Hardress*. But his acquaintance misjudged him. For these ten years he has been saving up to pay back to the defrauded investors in the Mary Vane Gold Mine their capital, with reasonable interest to date. It was, of course, his partner who had engineered this deplorable ramp. Innocent though he himself was, he had lost his nerve and fled the country. He had then been known as *John Harper*. His new and rather unenterprising *alias* of *Hardress* had perhaps been designed to avoid the necessity of re-marking his linen and despatch-case. And possibly he had been led by like motives of economy and convenience to keep the secret notes about the Mary Vane affair in a penny red note-book, in which over the name *Harper* he had written *Hardress*.

He had married a rabbit-brained person of gentle birth, the *Hon. Marjorie Garry*, to whom, of course, he had told nothing of his past and nothing of his frequent mysterious absences from home. When he gave her the keys of his deed-box to get out his cheque-book, she naturally drew the worst conclusions from the name Mary Vane, and also, with her usual incompetence, contrived to drop the fatal red note-book on the floor. It was of course picked up by the unpleasant person who, as *Calchin*, had won seven hundred pounds from *Mrs. Hardress* in her private gaming establishment in Belgravia and was pretending to have borrowed the money for her to pay this debt of honour from a *Mr. Fortescue* (himself), who was now pressing for immediate repayment, with interest, from an accommodation address in the City.

The resourceful rogue suggests that it will be quite simple to fend off the exacting moneylender for another month if she will just ask the young Yorkshire heiress whom she is chaperoning to write out, as a mere matter of form, a post-dated cheque for one thousand pounds made out to *James Fortescue*—a suggestion which these two guileless ladies duly carry out.

Imagine the *Hon. Marjorie's* surprise when, a month later, having forgotten all about the matter, she learns that *Mr. Fortescue* has presented his cheque, that the bank, owned by the heiress's uncle, refusing payment, has put the matter into the hands of the Public Prosecutor, and that she will probably get six months for fraud. As a matter of plain fact of course the least effective member of the Junior Bar could have got her off easily as a quarter-wit.

However (need we say?) it doesn't come to that. The moneylender has overreached himself with a lack of caution the attribution of which by our author constitutes a libel on the whole clan Fortescue, and has to surrender the returned cheque, which is the only evidence of the fraud. The *Hon. Marjorie*, by burning the little red book, which the ineffable *Calchin* has put into her hands with the idea of forcing her husband to pay up, shows herself to have a heart of gold, and honest *John Hardress* is left to console himself with the thought of this as some compensation for her wooden head.

The business didn't strike me as holding the mirror up to life. I think sundry repetitions and vaguenesses were due to players something less than word-perfect elaborately gagging their way back to mislaid cues. And it is fair to say that Mr. BERNARD MERIVALE'S play, beginning dully, improved as it developed. Miss MADGE MCINTOSH had little chance of arousing much interest in her imbecile heroine, and when her moment of anguished realisation came her outburst of passionate protest against impending fate was more strenuous than moving. Mr. LIONEL GADSDEN was a workmanlike *Hardress*. Mr. REGINALD DANCE was competent enough as the dour Yorkshire banker. The most satisfactory passage was a well-written scene between *Hardress's* young brother-in-law secretary and the heiress, which was well played by Mr RONALD SINCLAIR and Miss REBA INGLIS. And Miss JOAN HENLEY was effective in her short interpolation as the boy's sister. T.

It is announced in an evening paper that Mr. EDMUND DULAC contemplates giving a recital on the nose-flute. We understand that the orchestral accompaniment will be supplied by a small band of ear-trumpets.

A BOLSHEVIST PLEA.

IT is with reluctance that I propose any scheme that might interfere with the sacred rights or historical composure of St. James's Square, but I am the more emboldened to do so by the memory of the indignities it suffered—and I am sure gladly—during the War, when its green enclosure was filled with huts, known as the Washington Inn, so skilfully and thoughtfully arranged as to be built round the trunks of the trees rather than that woodmen should fail to spare them; while the statue of KING WILLIAM III. in the middle, with his charger's luxurious and magnificent tail, was lost to sight, although always to memory dear.

Recollecting St. James's necessary and so recent desecration, I have the less diffidence to drop my revolutionary project like a bomb from the blue.

Briefly it is this: that a footpath should be opened right across St. James's Square, thus enabling the wayfarer to walk in a straight line from Charles Street to King Street, or from King Street to Charles Street, instead of, as now, keeping to the railings all among the motor-cars and the cabs and the fumes of petrol.

Objection to this very humane improvement is certain to be urged. I know that. I know my St. James's inhabitants too well. But of course they have no case, really. No man who can sit down and see his Square turned into a parking centre, or a school for classes learning the names of motor-cars, as has happened here, can expect to be listened to when he complains that a narrow footpath bisecting the garden in the middle will be an eyesore and an outrage—two words which are as certain to be employed in the controversy as it is sure that the sun will rise to-morrow morning, even though, having done so, he again retires behind clouds for the rest of the day.

If St. James's Square were the abode of peace that it used to be, if it were select and retired and distinguished and blue-blooded once more, I should hesitate to ask for this very reasonable short-cut. But when its garden is deserted and its roadway has become a permanent puddle of black oil, what is the use of pretending that it is St. James's Square any longer?—I mean the St. James's Square that went to the making of the Duchess of LEEDS' earthly paradise:—

> "She shall have all that's fine and fair,
> And the best of silk and satin shall wear,
> And live in a coach to take the air,
> And have a house in St. James's Square."

Besides, how few private mansions are left! Lord ASTOR, the owner of Not-Swift-enough-and-far-from-Sure (as I know to my cost, having followed the jerky advice of *The Times*), has one of these mansions, it is true, but some of the most famous are now clubs, and there are even shops, or at any rate offices. The glory has departed. It is a mere appendage to the R.A.C., and if the householders can let their sacred Square become a garage they can hardly refuse my modest request.

All I ask is that when we want to go to CHRISTIE'S from the east or, having been to CHRISTIE'S, want to return eastwards, we should have the opportunity of walking along a woodland path, with the statue of WILLIAM III. in a circle in the midst, where perhaps a seat or two could be placed. One so rarely sees the St. James's Square residents making use of this enclosure that opposition from them would be churlish indeed; nor would they have from the windows, except in winter, too clear a sight of the vulgarians *en route*.

I say nothing at the moment of the charms of St. James's Street, thus made more easy of access; I say nothing of the additional ease with which those playgoers walking eastward will reach the Haymarket Theatre and His Majesty's Theatre, or those walking westward will attain to their constant desire, which is to see Miss GLADYS COOPER and Sir GERALD DU MAURIER and Mr. RONNIE SQUIRE in *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*; I do not even refer to a certain oyster-bar thus brought nearer, or to the advantage of London having still another green oasis to pass through or repose in. For the moment I am thinking chiefly of CHRISTIE'S.

To visit CHRISTIE'S is so indispensable a duty of all good Londoners, and all good foreigners and provincials sojourning in London, that everything possible should be done to help them. For CHRISTIE'S is like a National Gallery and Royal Academy in one, and far more fluid than either. It is the perpetual art exhibition of London, never uninteresting, often remarkable and always free. No nonsense about sixpence on this day and that, as at the National Gallery and the TATE; no humiliating turnstile to fight your way through; no officious fellow grabbing your walking-stick or refusing to take your word that you are a member of the National Art-Collections Fund. Everything made easy, and the only danger the old one (when a sale is in progress) of an involuntary gesture on your part being taken as a bid by Mr. LANCE HANNEN. Such is CHRISTIE'S; and, such being CHRISTIE'S, how important, how essential it is that we shou'd be able to get there with celerity and in comfort!

E. V. L.

PAN P.C.

[The Mouth-Organ Championship of Great Britain was recently carried off in a competition at Vauxhall by Mr. HAYWOOD, a London policeman, and *The Times* of July 1st consecrates a leading article to the event, the history of the instrument and its possibilities in the future.]

Robert, who our traffic guidest
With thy white and outstretched arm
And pedestrians providest
With escape from deadly harm—

On thy physical and moral
Virtues no one need dilate,
But thy latest, rarest laurel
I am moved to celebrate.

Wealth may serve the Fords or Morgans,
But it cannot buy the lip
Needed to control mouth-organs
And to win the championship.

Let who will the balalaïka
Cultivate in gay resorts,
Or the saxophone, and seek a
Stimulus in hoots and snorts;

Let mad modernists belabour
Gongs, or play the nasal flute,
Till th' exasperated neighbour
Hurls the contumelious boot;

Those who love the drum may thump it
Till the affronted heavens fall,
I prefer the tiny trumpet
Of the victor of Vauxhall.

Small it is, yet from its puny
Pipes, with amplifying gear,
Sounds can be produced more tuny
Than the lark to shepherd's ear,

Mollifying nerves that bristle,
Tempers that are short and sharp,
Better than the penny-whistle
Or the twanging jewish-harp.

Scorn not, then, O gentle reader,
This plebeian instrument,
But peruse *The Times's* leader
On its classical descent,

And the rich recital follow
Down from the Pandean pipe,
Down from Marsyas and Apollo
To the latest modern type;

Then salute in amplest measure
HAYWOOD, tuneful super-man,
Heir of the melodious treasure
Springing from the lips of Pan.

"A warning to householders to preserve water during the summer by being careful not to waste it was issued by the —— Water Committee this morning. All water must be husbanded while it was wet."—*Local Paper.*

We invariably try to keep it in this condition.



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

XX.—FIELD-MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

WHEN the above debouches on my view,
For joy of him I cannot keep my hat on,
Because no better fellow ever drew
From its proverbial lair the Marshal's baton.



Tramp. "WELL, THERE 'S SOMETHIN' TO BE SAID FOR NOT 'AVIN' A SUBURBAN RESIDENCE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

THE "nineties," that legendary last decade of the Victorian age, have been called yellow and they have been called naughty, but to Mr. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, who surveys them across an ocean and a generation, they are *The Romantic 90's* (PUTNAM). It is of course a natural epithet for one who doubled the parts of Narcissus and the seeker of the Golden Girl to use, but it is also very likely the right one. At any rate nobody is better qualified to know than Mr. LE GALLIENNE, for he was not only the period's most elegant ornament but, as reader to JOHN LANE, publisher-in-chief to its poets, he had a hand in making it what it was. As a matter of fact, however, he does not keep exclusively to the special connotations of his title. He tells us of evenings of talk at LANE's rooms in The Albany, and evenings of poetry at the "Cheshire Cheese." He gives us glimpses of WILDE in characteristic poses, of HENRY HARLAND, Gallic as only an American can be, of LIONEL JOHNSON, looking like a cherub and talking like an annotated anthology, of JOHN DAVIDSON in his poverty and pride. But he remembers the older gods who loomed in the literary firmament when first he came, an ardent provincial stripling, to try his luck in London town. "The world grows Lilliput," he wrote in a sonnet on the death of GLADSTONE, and, unlike some younger critics, he has kept his reverence (with just a touch of malice in it) for Brobdingnag. Some of his stories, of TENNYSON and HERBERT SPENCER for example, are only hearsay; but they are very good stories. He had the honour of knowing, and being snubbed by, MEREDITH; and he trod the well-worn way to the Pines and SWINBURNE. More than that, he tracked the poet to the "Rose and Crown" on Putney Common, and can tell us, on the unimpeachable authority of the barmaid, that it was no modest pint of bitter, as the story usually goes, which was consumed in that morning hour of emancipation, but a full bottle of Burgundy. It is a pleasant desultory book that Mr. LE GALLIENNE has written.

There is both charm and grandeur in Miss MARY JOHNSTON's new Colonial novel, and admirers of *By Order of the Company* and *The Old Dominion* will find the best of their expectations realised in *The Great Valley* (BUTTERWORTH). I am bound to admit that an excess of the old quality is sometimes perceptible; charm over-reaches itself into preciosity, and grandeur looks for a moment like ostentation. But take it from first to last the tale is a fine tale finely conceived and treated. It relates the fortunes of a Scots minister's family, pioneer settlers of a tract of eighteenth-century Virginia. *John Selkirk* has reared his six children in the graces as well as the pieties of life, a fact which is largely responsible for his ejectment from his Scots cure and for the happy adaptation of himself and his family to wider circumstances. Being poor, the *Selkirks* take up a holding in the Shenandoah Valley, immune, it is supposed, from Indian raids, but on the very limit of civilisation. For a time all goes well. *Elizabeth*, the simple and queenly daughter, marries the heir of a wealthy landowner, and the young couple lead an idyllic life still deeper in the backwoods. Then come tidings of European wrangles; French and English feuds react on Indian irredentists, and after an interval of growing terror—its fretting effect on the settlers is admirably shown—the storm bursts. *Elizabeth*, her daughter and an old servant are captured by the Indians during the sack of their homestead; and *Elizabeth's* fate, the fate of Andromache, among the Shawnees is the climax of the story. As usual Miss JOHNSTON has weighed the claims of chroni-

cler and psychologist to a nicety, and the development of her characters keeps harmonious pace with the issue of their adventures.

Whene'er you encounter the gentle
Jocko,
Think, as his antics you pause to
mock, O
Reader, 'twas only by Nature's whim
That you do not more closely resemble
him.
She *has* lavished some of the brains of
men on
The marmoset and the long-tailed
guenon,
And made you to smack, both in mind
and shape,
Of the hanuman and the Barbary ape.
It 's not surprising we all feel vain
Of the skill we exhibit with hand and
brain,
And the proper cure, since we 're all too
perky 's
To read this volume by R. M. YERKES,
Which shows us—the title is *Almost
Human*—
What a simulacrum of me and you, man,
Is the all-untaught but prehensile ape.
The book is published by JONATHAN
CAPE.

I have just read a remarkable tale. It is called *The Green Lacquer Pavilion* (COLLINS), by HELEN BEAUCLERK, a lady who to the best of my knowledge is a new-comer to the bookshelf and one who, though she has read her BARRIE, her MAX, her DE LA MARE and her DAVID GARNETT, owes nothing to any of her predecessors in Fancy Fair. In fact *The Green Pavilion* is the most pleasurably original thing that I have come across for a very long time, and I shall be greatly surprised if it does not at once place Miss BEAUCLERK (or is it Mrs.?) among the magicians. Here is a brief suggestion of the story. To Taveridge Hall, near Guildford, the seat of *Sir John* and *Lady Taveridge* (the former a fox-hunter, the latter a darling), come, on May 1st, 1710, the following guests from Town: *Mr. Valentine Clare*, a likeable young beau; *Mrs. Wynton*, "a famous fascinator"; *Lord Bedlow*, a pompous politician; his lady, "of respectable years" and unstaunched speech; *Mr. Gilvry*, a mystic, and *Miss Julie Cherrivale*, a very lovely girl. Adventure befalls them after dinner, for, while *Julie* plays to the company upon the harpsichord, an Eastern landscape and its small pavilion, portrayed upon a screen of gold-and-green lacquer, suddenly appear, real and life-size, to the sound of little bells, and *Mr. Clare* and *Julie*, followed by the rest of the party, cross the drawing-room and walk up the steps of the pavilion and so into a strange land. There—I have provided you with a programme; you must for yourselves see the play, and then, please, be as grateful as I am to Miss BEAUCLERK for her humour, the wealth of her imagination and her dignified mastery of words. *The Pavilion* is decorated by Mr. DULAC with nine delightful cuts.



American. "DO I LIKE DANCING THE CHARLESTON? B'LIEVE ME, HOSTESS, ST. VITUS IS MY PATRON SAINT."

It is rather hard luck on Mr. LEWIS BROWNE that the ugliest corner he has to turn in *The Story of the Jews* (CAPE) is exactly that part of the road with which the average reader is most familiar. I am bound to say that I think he has come to grief over the foundation of Christianity, and that he does not make matters better by discrediting Jewish worthies associated with the coming of CHRIST. DAVID is a robber chieftain, SOLOMON a brilliant fool, and ISAIAH a narrow patriot with "a shortened vision." Although no other authority than the Gospels exist for the Gospel story, the historian produces a variant of his own, in which the badgered and beclouded PILATE becomes a "quick, choleric official" responsible for the Crucifixion. Apart from this question-begging and a certain over-popularization of style, I found Mr. BROWNE's performance attractive. The first Semitic shepherds, who had, like our literary critics, a new god for every strip of desert they traversed, are admirably

handled; and the story of the Dispersion and its consequences is told with precision and sympathy. The rise of the Rabbis, the barricade of law and ritual they erected against outsiders, the part played by sacred books and mystical traditions, the Jews' activities as middlemen and agitators and the reprisals of slower wits and orthodox authority are all clearly indicated. Aspects of Jewish life I should like to have seen enlarged on are their magnificent domestic traditions and their contributions to art, science and civilisation in general. The Jew of Jews is apt to seem a trifle inhuman, and the only one of Mr. BROWNE's heroes who succeeded in touching my imagination was ABRAHAM BEN EZRA, a sage so unlucky that he boasted that if he turned shroud-maker mankind would cease to die.

Admirers of the breezy stories of "GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM" know by this time what to expect—his keen sense of character, his *penchant* for painting elderly, amiable and diplomatic gentlemen, his love for a touch of the farcical now and then in his comedy and his taste for young women of what might be called the "harmless minx" type. In *Goodly Pearls* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) we start work once more in the well-known Balkan state of Lystria, and here and there renew our acquaintance with old friends, notably with that remarkable character, *Miss Janet Church*, the terror of our foreign representatives. But the bulk of the story's action takes place in Queen's Clevely, a charming country parish with a delightful old parson, his brother (late our Minister Plenipotentiary at Csaka) and their sister *Barbara*. Into this Paradise the retiring diplomat has introduced one *Olga*, daughter of *Prince Taniskoff*; while at the same time his brother and sister have decided to engage an Irish curate—a curate with decided leanings towards Socialism and Anglo-Catholic views. In the Anglo-Catholics and the Social Reformers Canon HANNAY confesses in his preface that he recognises the two most spiritually active forces of our time. But you may be relieved to know that he also confesses his inability to shake off the bad habit of writing flippantly of serious things. What with the adventures of the *Taniskoff* jewels, and the activities of the Queen's Clevely troop of Boy Scouts under *Olga's* fostering care, and the shameless flirtations of that young lady herself, nobody is in the least likely to call *Goodly Pearls* a dull entertainment. And, taken in the right spirit, I suppose we may also concede that it conveys a lesson—of sorts.



Visitor. "BY JOVE, I LIKE THIS THING: THE SEA LOOKS QUITE WET. WHY, DAMMIT, IT *IS* WET!"

Humorous novels of undergraduate life are such a dreary business that the stoutest heart might quail before a book entitled *Patrick, Undergraduate* (STANLEY PAUL), with a picture of Trinity, Cambridge, on its wrapper. In Chapter IV., however, Mr. "ANTHONY ARMSTRONG" dispels the gathering gloom. *Patrick* leaves Cambridge for London and begins to search for a beautiful girl whose photograph he has seen and fallen in love with in an illustrated paper. Thereafter things move briskly and with as many laughs to the page as anyone has a right to expect. There is not much that is new either in the character of *Patrick*, a WODEHOUSE silly-ass with variations, or in the trouble that he makes for himself, but it is very good fooling. At first glance Mr. "ARMSTRONG'S" humour may seem to lack discrimination. He knows a good joke from a poor one, but I am not so sure that he does not think a poor joke better than none. Nevertheless he is quite definitely a humourist to be thankful for. His best is good enough for anybody, and there is, I gratefully admit, enough of it in *Patrick, Undergraduate*, to make a thoroughly amusing book.

The charm of *A History of Cricket* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) is immensely increased by the graceful style in which Mr. H. S. ALTHAM has written it. Modestly he calls it "one vast plagiarism," as indeed it had to be; but he is so good a plagiarist as to deserve the thanks of everyone who has the love of cricket in his blood. Tracing the game from its earliest beginnings he tells us that the first l.b.w. rule was passed because "one of the best hitters was so shabby as to put his leg in the way and take advantage of the bowlers." Some modern batsmen might remember that. Full justice to the bygone giants of the game is done, and I am glad of it, for such names as FULLER PILCH, WILLIAM CAFFYN, JOHN NYREN are vintage names; they have an incomparable savour. And equal justice is done to the modern men—from "W.G." onwards—who have made cricket history. Mr. ALTHAM's is a just and true record of a game of which Mr. ANDREW LANG wrote, "it is simply the most catholic and diffused, the most innocent, kindly and manly of popular pleasures."

The City in the Sea (HUTCHINSON) exhibits many of the qualities that have established Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE as a popular novelist, but it is not one of his most attractive stories. A town sunk some six or seven fathoms deep in the sea, among the Greek islands, was located by a small expedition of treasure-hunters and found to possess rich and ancient booty. Among the discoveries was a little marble Aphrodite, concerning which *Jacob Behrens*, art dealer and collector, said, "There is none other like her; beside her the Milo is a woman." That is the kind of trove which this party (including a girl) sailed from Poole Harbour to mark down and rescue from its watery grave. The reading public has the most profound confidence in Mr. STACPOOLE when his creations are either on the sea or surrounded by it, and here he is far indeed from betraying that trust. Where his tale lacks strength and savour is in the heart-to-heart scenes. *Bobby Lestrange* was a nice youth, but he was also ineffective, and I should have preferred a man whose discretion as a wooer was not so considerably the greater part of his valour.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Government of Bermuda are offering a prize for the best poem descriptive of the advantages of that island. The great difficulty seems to be in finding a rhyme to "bootlegger."

* * *

The Annual Congress of Cemetery Superintendents was held last week in Manchester. We are glad to know that the meeting passed off without any mafficking.

* * *

Several Roman camp sites at Blackheath are being levelled to make cricket pitches. Does MUSSOLINI know about this?

* * *

Last week America, the well-known Prohibitionist country, celebrated Independence Day.

* * *

Mr. J. C. SQUIRE has captained a cricket team composed entirely of literary men. Mr. CARR cannot hope to do quite as well as this. There will always be one or two men in the English eleven who don't write for the Press.

* * *

In this connection we are told that HOBBS becomes very cautious when approaching his thousandth word nowadays.

* * *

Wolves are blamed for the alarming spread of rabies in Russia. Our theory is that it originated in a wolf that had been bitten by a Bolshevist.

* * *

Dr. C. W. SALEEBY states that he belongs to no club and never enters smoking-rooms or bars. So much for the cruel rumour that he is the life and soul of the Athenæum.

* * *

A boy is being treated in a London hospital because he cannot stop smiling. Like everything else, castor-oil doesn't seem to be what it was.

* * *

MUSTAPHA KEMAL'S edict against the fez is reported to have caused serious losses to Czecho-Slovakian manufacturers. Circassian matrimonial agencies too are feeling the abolition of the harem.

* * *

At the Brotherhood Movement Congress at Cambridge a lady speaker declared that many ice-cream shops are nothing but gambling-dens for young people. We wish that she had uttered a word of warning about the dominosharps that infest our tea-shops.

* * *

Mrs. PHILIP SNOWDEN has confessed herself thoroughly ashamed of her former indifference towards the League of Nations. Geneva remains commendably calm.

* * *

All the cinemas in Warsaw have been closed because people are unwilling to pay the heavy tax. Locally it is regarded as monstrous to have to pay through the nose for an evening at the movies after a busy day's revolution.

* * *

A man has been fined at Willesden for using bad language in the hearing of members of a golf club. This raises the interesting question, How did the golfers know it was bad language?

* * *

We read of a machine that turns out 1,350 cigarettes a minute. This gives some idea of what our chain-smokers have to keep pace with.

* * *

The tendency to call it assurance, instead of insurance, is easily understood by anybody who has ever fallen into the clutches of a canvasser.

* * *

The latest novelty is a golf-ball which emits a musical sound. Its most popular melody is said to be "Mashie's in the cold, cold ground."

* * *

A number of saxophone players recently attended a Blackpool church in a body. It is believed that they wanted to make public repentance.

In NELSON'S days powder-monkeys wore pigtails. Now they mostly wear the Eton crop.

* * *

A man has been summoned for striking a railway porter. It serves him right, for passengers are particularly requested not to touch the porters when they're in motion.

* * *

A London grocer complained to a magistrate that one of his customers told him to go and eat coke. He shouldn't have told him to do that when we are faced with a fuel shortage.

* * *

It is the opinion of Dr. CHARLES GORE that ADAM and EVE never existed. In that case it would be interesting to know who first started raising CAIN.

* * *

In spite of the fact that a High Court judge has stated that he does not like dancing, no move has yet been made for the abolition of this pastime.

* * *

Children at Berwick-on-Tweed have revived the old sport of snail-racing. Local messenger boys love to stand and watch the competitors whizz by.

* * *

A military expert predicts that the next war will be fought by wireless. From what we heard the other night we had the impression that it had started.

* * *

"Actors and actresses enjoy playing their parts," says a writer. But many seem curiously reluctant to share their pleasure with the audience.

* * *

A Miss COTTLE has taken a letter from the LADY MAYORESS of London to the LADY PROVOST of Edinburgh by motor-cycle. People still seem chary of trusting their correspondence to the Post Office.

* * *

A man was reprimanded at a London Court for smiling. Nothing annoys a magistrate more than merriment going to waste because he can't think of a joke to fit it.



Candid Cuthbert. "I AIN'T WALKED FAR, MUM; I AIN'T VERY 'UNGRY, MUM; I DON'T WANT NO WORK, AND I AIN'T THE BLOKE WOT CALLED 'ERE LARST WEEK. NAH WOT ABART A TANNER TO PUT ON THE FAVORITE?"

"DO YOU KNOW THAT——

at Paul's Cross in 1848 Jane Shore, with a taper in one hand and arrayed in her 'kertell onelye,' did public penance?"—*Daily Paper.*

No, but we know what Mr. GLADSTONE said in 1483.

THE SOCIAL WHIRL.

ONE saw at once that it was almost as much as she could do to hold out her hand. I took it sympathetically.

"You are . . . utterly?" I murmured.

"Utterly," she agreed. "Utterly worn out. This perpetual whirl of the London season, this ceaseless rush of life to-day, is becoming altogether too much. Don't you find it simply frightful, the speed at which we all live?"

"I do indeed," I assured her earnestly, "and only this very afternoon I asked almost the same question, in almost the same words, of the driver of the taxi I had taken up Regent Street."

"What did he say?" she asked with a touch of curiosity.

"It is a degenerate age," I told her sadly. "He simply wasn't equal to it. One saw his lips move, his throat swell convulsively, but no words came. Then the policeman dropped his hand, because, I suppose, less prudent than MOSES, he had secured no one to hold it up for him, and we at once went on almost as much as a hundred yards without stopping."

"What I was referring to," she reminded me gravely, "was the social whirl—the endless daily round."

"I know," I said brightly. "At Westminster and Trafalgar Square. But if it does make you so giddy that you fall off your 'bus, they can always pick you up again next time round. It only shows that where there's a whirl there's a way."

"But not," she sighed, "a way of escape from the rush of the London season. One does feel one must have rest, peace, quiet, calm, one little moment now and again to oneself."

"It's simple enough," I told her. "You have your telephone taken away, and then you're almost safe."

"Don't you think," she asked musingly, "that it's better to muffle the bell with an old glove? Because then people can't ring you up but you can still ring them up? Only," she continued, with a touch of unusual indignation in her voice, "Tom won't. He says this world is a place of training and of discipline, and if you can face a 'phone on equal terms, you can face anything, anywhere, in this world or any other."

"If," I said with a hollow laugh. "But who can?"

"Tom," she answered.

I looked at her thoughtfully. "Do you have to say that," I asked, "because it's in the marriage service?"

"When people ring us up," she said, ignoring my suggestion as too frivolous, "Tom never tells them they've got the wrong number, because, first, they don't believe you and argue, and secondly they think it's your fault. So he just tells them he's the Income Tax, and then of course they ring off ever so quickly."

"I always thought," I agreed, a good deal impressed, "that Tom had in him some of the elements of greatness."

She smiled, not without pride. "But, after all," she went on slowly, "even 'phones have their advantages, for many a man says so much and so often to the 'phone that he has none of the same sort of words left for his family. But to return to my point. What does wear one out is the ceaseless demands upon one's time. Every year one finds there are more places where one simply has to show. Ascot, of course, one was always used to, but now it's quite necessary to go to Wimbledon as well."

"Unless, of course," I pointed out, "one happens to be a lady champion."

"And sometimes," she went on moodily, "three dinners the same evening."

"Which surely," I said with some satisfaction, "ought to mean the end of the present craze for the slim silhouette."

"I've told Tom," she went on, "that he simply must take me away somewhere where we can sit alone with our thoughts by the sea, far from all the world, just by our two selves, forgetting and forgotten."

"It'll be ideal," I agreed with enthusiasm. "What about Deauville?"

"Now, isn't that strange?" she cried. "That's the very place where Tom's booking rooms for us next month—at the Hotel Splendiferous. So I hope at any rate we shan't have too terribly dull a time."

I thought it likely. E. R. P.

LIVE FICTION.

[It is announced that Mr. WELLS's new novel contains amongst its characters actual living people under their own names.]

ONE sees here a hope of reanimating our exhausted fiction. Let us take, for instance, that fine old plot in which the duke is found dead in the library.

CHAPTER I.

A gay company had gathered in the billiard-room of Bulcaster Manor. Genially prodding Lord Birkenhead in the waistcoat with his cue, Mr. J. H. Thomas said, "How's that for potting the red, Freddy, my lad?"

"Jimmie," responded the noble earl, "as a potter of the Reds you're a wonder."

"Your lordship's jest," interposed Sir Hall Caine, "reminds me of an interesting episode in my forthcoming novel."

"This is a matter of intense interest to my friend," said Lord Birkenhead. "He deserves to hear it more than I do;" and he amiably propelled the eminent novelist into the arms of the N.U.R. champion and lit a cigar.

Just then a footman rushed into the room: "His Grace is dead in the library—stabbed in the back!"

Mademoiselle Lenglen fainted.

Lord Birkenhead lit another cigar.

"Attaboy!" cried Walter Hagen.

"Stabbed in the back!" said Mr. Lloyd George. "One wonders where Pringle is this evening."

"Far more likely," smiled Lady Oxford, "to be the work of some miscreant with party funds at his disposal."

Mr. Baldwin, shaking his head slowly, tapped out his pipe in the grate.

"I'd rather see a thousand dukes bleeding to death," cried Mr. Cook, "than that one single miner should work a second longer for a farthing less."

"I am sorry that Dr. Watson is not here," said Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, "but I am sure that in this emergency my friend Joynson-Hicks will not mind taking his place."

Sir William came smilingly forward.

Just then the door was again flung open and a lady's-maid rushed in: "Her Grace is dead in her boudoir—stabbed in the back!"

Mademoiselle Lenglen fainted again.

Lord Birkenhead lit two cigars.

"Bully!" cried Walter Hagen.

The brilliant group as if by one consent turned to consult Lord Balfour in this crisis.

"We must take these things as they come," remarked his lordship blandly.

A BIT THICK.

[Miss ETHEL DALE has been awarded the prize for the most perfect ankles in the United States. Their perfection is attributed to the fact that she neither dances nor plays games.]

Phyllis, the gods who grudge mankind
Uninterrupted peace of mind
Have given you the sort of looks
That don't occur except in books:
Eyes like the sea, a piquant nose,
A mouth that shames the budding rose,
A supple figure, round but slim,
A more than gracious nether limb,
And, last, a pair of perfect ankles—
At least, they were, and that's what rankles.

For when I see you in your rare way
Belting a snorter up the fairway,
Or banging aces down the alleys
With boundings lighter than the ballet's,
Or in the Charleston's mazy throes
Contorting agile knees and toes,
"That girl," I murmur with a sigh,
"Will have thick ankles by-and-by;
And she whose calves would else have shown
Shapely as Cytherea's own
Will fail to win the beauty prize
Owing to too much exercise." ALGOL.



A RED-LETTER DAY.

MR. J. H. THOMAS DEFEATS THE NO-CONFIDENCE TRICK.

[At the Weymouth Conference of the N.U.R. Mr. J. H. THOMAS, M.P., confounded the critics who demanded his resignation by producing a batch of letters showing that they were acting under Communist inspiration.]



Important Parishioner (to prospective curate). "LET ME SEE, MR. BOODLE, DID YOU SAY YOU WERE MARRIED?"
Rev. Gentleman. "NO—NOT AT ALL—I MEAN—NOTHING LIKE IT."

BEAUTÉ LIMITED.

Frances met me in Bond Street that afternoon and agreed to come to tea, but said she had an appointment first. "You may come with me, however, and wait," she conceded graciously and entered a doorway.

I followed her unsuspectingly and we were whirled up in a lift to the very expensive doorway of a firm called "Beauté Limited."

"You can wait in the ante-room," smiled Frances, and as I tottered to a chair she rapidly murmured to a girl in white something that sounded like "shingle-trim," and disappeared. I was left praying she would not be long and that I should be overlooked.

A stray man in a fashionable Beauty parlour is *not* overlooked. An efficient young lady spotted me almost at once and bore down on me.

"What can I do for you?" she said.

My face fell.

This gave me an idea. "I want my face lifted, please," I said.

She smiled. I smiled. The ice was broken.

"In reality," I went on, "I'm—er—just waiting for a young lady who is having her neck mown or something. I'm really not an *habitué* of Beauty bars, and——"

An attractive damsel in white, showing a lot of silk stocking, appeared across my line of vision and passed into a curtained doorway. I had a little difficulty in collecting my thoughts again.

"My particular style of beauty," I resumed at length, "is rugged but manly, though——"

Again my attention wandered as a second and more attractive damsel, showing even more silk stocking, passed across into the curtained doorway. When the last flicker of "Best Ladderless" had disappeared I found I was being asked a question.

"Would you like to see over the place?"

"Rather," I replied swiftly. "Can we go through that curtained doorway?"

"No, you can't," she returned firmly and led me in the opposite direction.

We arrived in a room which was principally mirrors, scent and fancy garters. I clutched my bowler-hat for comfort, feeling rather like a collier in a pantomime ballet.

Then a telephone-bell rang and my guide left me, saying she would send Miss Valerie to show me round. I sank on to a gorgeous silken divan and sat alone for a while in more than Oriental splendour, keeping my eyes firmly fixed on boxes of rouge-powder on a dressing-table.

It soon grew upon me that my ideas about rouge-powder had hitherto been rather circumscribed. I had always had a stupid impression that rouge-powder was always red. It isn't. Red is quite out of fashion. Rouge-powder varies from pale lemon to dark orange-brown—to suit anyone, I suppose, from an Esquimelle to a Zuluesse. There was even a bright blue rouge-powder, possibly for sultry days in Malaya.

Then Miss Valerie appeared. She was the second attractive damsel in white. I rose rapidly to my feet and as rapidly subsided again. Divans are difficult things to take off from. Miss Valerie got me up and led me to a machine in a corner which looked like a child's box of tortures. She touched buttons and unhooked things.

"This is the vibro-massage machine," she remarked, and produced a thing like a humming rolling-pin attached to the box by a cable. She lightly ran it up and down my waistcoat area.

"Reduces fat," she murmured, and I instantly began to feel as though I had had nothing to eat for days.

"And this is stronger," she went on, laying hold of another cable with a large silver bulb at the end, also vibrating rapidly. She applied it to my back. It *was* stronger. In fact it seemed like something between a concrete-breaker

and a pneumatic rivetter. My spine felt as though I had had two rounds of in-fighting with DEMPSEY.

She next took a glass-tube affair and held me by the wrist. I was by now as a child in her hands.

"This takes out wrinkles," she explained, and ran it over my palm, removing my line of life and half my head line.

Finally she produced a metal cup which jumped fiercely up and down at an incredible speed. Saying "This removes superfluous chins," she held it suddenly under my only one, and the impression of an afternoon with DEMPSEY became intensified.

When I came to she was putting the toys away. I caressed my face tenderly. That gadget certainly removed chins all right.

"Do you use these things yourself?" I asked boldly.

"Yes, rather," she replied, adding as an afterthought, "on other people."

I can see that any woman who goes in for beauty must be in pretty good fighting trim.

"Now I 'll show you the violet rays," she continued, and I was led into the next room, a broken man.

She took a long electric cable with a small glass bulb on the end, turned a switch, and the bulb was filled with beautiful purple light.

"This takes out skin-blemishes and warts," she began, thus destroying for ever all my romantic ideas about feminine beauty. She advanced the bulb to my nose and a large violet spark leapt out of me with a crackling sound.

"Did I do that, or you?" I asked, and she immediately pulled another out of the back of my neck.

"Look here—you mustn't," I remonstrated feebly. It all seemed rather familiar. Besides they were *my* sparks.

She took no notice but placed the thing at my ear and there was a deafening report. Before I could recover she had drawn an enormous one from my forehead. I didn't even know I had had it in me.

After that she put the bulb down and gave me a metal stick to hold. I took it without thinking what I was doing, and then suddenly realised she had connected the other end of it to the electric fluid. Probably I was now in direct communication with Lots Road Power Station. She moved a handle and vibrations began to run through me. I alternated rapidly in three phases.

Then she advanced a finger and touched my hand. Volts and things leapt between us. I was "live."

"One strokes the skin gently," she murmured, "and that drives out blemishes."

She stroked my hand, producing a prickly sensation.

It was at that moment, of course, that Frances chose to reappear. She just looked at Miss Valerie and there was more electricity in her glance than there was in all of me.

Then she came up and was about to say something, but unfortunately she touched me. There was a loud crackling sound; ampères and ohms and volts were all about us, and for a moment we were both outlined in blue fire.

Frances said she had forgotten another engagement and wouldn't come to tea after all. I don't think women realise how interested a man is in anything scientific.

We parted coldly, and I raised my bowler-hat at her with a last blue spark.

A. A.



Aged Veteran (watching slow bowler who is being treated with the utmost respect). "OH TO BE SIXTY AGAIN!"

"No, I can't think of nothing in favour of the excuse-me dance."—*Provincial Paper.*

Nor can't we about the objector's grammar.

"It is interesting to note the colleges which have provided the rival 'Varsities with their cricket Blues. Oxford have relied chiefly on Winchester, from whom they have had 78 up to the present time. Eton comes next with 68, and Harrow third with 48.

At Cambridge Eton head the list with 83 Blues. Harrow are second with 54, and Rugby third with twenty less."—*Evening Paper.*

Harrow College and Rugby College must buck up.

ROYAL AIR FORCE DISPLAY.

Hendon Aerodrome.

No. 99 Bombing Squadron was about to pass No. 58. But then, of course, it was riding on Handley Page Hyderabads, and you know what that means. It was terribly fast. The excitement was intense; every moment I felt certain that a stout sanguine-complexioned man next to me would have an apoplexy. Our hands were clenched, our glasses glued to our eyes. We thought of the money we had on No. 99 and held our breath. We could scarcely refrain from making encouraging motions with our hands, from shouting, from waving the favourite on with our hats and sticks.

"*Will* it pass No. 58? It will! It is! It has!" we say. "Hurroo!" We begin to breathe again.

Looking back at that paragraph, I feel that I have misled you a little. We were at Hendon Aerodrome, and No. 99 Bombing Squadron was, I fancy, at Farnborough. If it wasn't at Farnborough it was somewhere else in the weather report. It was the loud-speaker which gave us the news and kept us posted as to the competitors' positions in the race, which lasted a matter of six-and-a-half hours.

The handicap of No. 99 Squadron was not weight. This method is never employed, I believe, to level the speed of racing aeroplanes. No. 99 merely started last. While they dashed lightly round the southern parts of the English skies we, the spectators, watched them by faith alone.

It must indeed have occurred to everybody that the art of flying during the past twenty years or so has enormously outstripped the art of watching. There is no kind of display, I suppose, in which the spectator is placed in quite so humble, not to say so grovelling, an attitude. He may dress in his best and go proudly forth, his field-glasses slung behind him, escorting a lovely vision in semi-diaphanous attire. Once there, however, he is a mere land-grub inspecting the evolutions of butterflies.

Perhaps in deference to the business-like methods and deadly possibilities of the Royal Air Force I ought not to say butterflies, and their own fancy names, both for aircraft and engine, traverse a far wider field of zoology. Falcons and Condors and Jaguars they call their engines, and the pet-names of their machines are Siskin and Woodcock and Gamecock and Flycatcher and Grebe and Sprat and Hornbill and Boarhound. But undoubtedly the non-technical spectator, except for a matter of personal acquaintance here and there with some bird of prey or waterfowl, is left slightly at a loss. What, poor fellow, can he do? One can barrack effectively a stone-waller, but not a man of whose banking or stalling one slightly disapproves. One can cheer a great hitter, but not a man who is spinning head-over-heels in the air or twisting round and round like an artificial minnow in an ethereal pool. "Aerobatics" they call this business in the programme, and it would be hard to think of a better word.



THE R.A.F. AT HENDON.

THE "PADDOCK" RAILS IS THE PLACE TO KEEP COOL.

They are far beyond the reach of applause or hoots and groans. They rise with the utmost ease and in excellent formation, but before one can register one's admiration at Hendon they are half-way to Southampton, merely dropping a wireless word or two as to their whereabouts. One cannot even press round them and pat them admiringly on their return, as they taxi to the hangar. Even those who occupy themselves with stunts close at hand, instead of in the distant shires, are not to be gazed at for long without a crick in the back of the neck and something of the same kind of fatigue that comes of looking at pictures which have been badly skied. There is little doubt that the truly philosophical spectator at Hendon would have reconciled himself to this disability of the groundling and, however humiliating it might appear, adopted a sensible supine pose. It would have disadvantages of course.

"Did you see him do that, dear?"

"No, I'm afraid I missed that bit. A gentleman was just treading on the upper part of my face."

Perhaps some kind of super deck-chair could be invented which, unfolded, would give the correct angle for watching aerial manœuvres with comfort and ease. As it was, most of the spectators at Hendon, and there were a hundred thousand of them, I believe (when I was trying to get a little lemonade at the bar I thought there were a million), relied chiefly on shooting-sticks or the unaided rubber neck.

One could, however, with a little tactful persuasion, examine the animals in the paddock before they took the skies. Myself, I was most fascinated by a thing called a Night Bomber and Coastal Torpedo Land Plane, which had two Rolls-Royce Condor Three engines, and there's luxury for you. Not content with the handy little equipment it carried for destroying anything on earth and sea, it was fitted with a cosy armchair underneath, which, as the mechanic pointed out to me, had its back turned to the way the engine was going. This device protected the passenger from the very considerable draught which I believe an aeroplane makes when travelling at a hundred-and-fifty to two hundred miles an hour, or whatever it may be.

"Very jolly indeed," I said to him, "but I always like to travel facing, myself."

He pointed out, however, that the passenger in this case had to protect the tail of the craft with a machine-gun fastened in front of his chair; and I agreed that, that being so, it might be necessary to sacrifice mere sybaritic ease to utilitarian ends.

Pterodactyl, a kind of sawn-off moth, designed for aero-dynamic research, had also a good many admirers in the paddock, and so had Autogyro, with a kind of twiddly thing at the top, like a child's toy, which enables it to come down vertically on a lawn-tennis lawn, though not of course without interfering with the game.

When all these new and experimental types were buzzing round at once in the aerodrome, the gleam of upturned faces—for it was a very, very hot day—must have been a wonderfully brilliant spectacle from the air. Pterodactyl was ridden with magnificent skill.



THE R.A.F. AT HENDON.

THE COUPLE WHO WERE DETERMINED TO MISS NOTHING DURING THE LUNCHEON INTERVAL.

I also saw a demonstration of low bombing at a moving target—in this case a dummy tank—carried out by a Fighter Squadron. But I am a bit *blasé* about the low bombing of moving targets by aeroplane, as seen from outside the ring. I know that to get the real thrill one has to be part of the moving target oneself, and that it is the prone, and not the supine position, which then becomes popular amongst all ranks.

In conclusion I must lay particular stress on the efficiency of aeroplane propellers as ventilating fans, even on the very hottest and stuffiest summer days. There is no restaurant in London that has an apparatus capable of cooling the land-lubber's heated brow so efficiently as a Military Bomber buzzing off from the ground. Oh, yes, and yet one other thing. Towards the end of the afternoon a squadron of genuine birds got up and attempted to give an exact imitation of a flight of army planes as thus:—

. . . . .
. . . . .

I thought they made a wretched business of it. EVOE.

A RESTAURANT TRAGEDY.

I MET a man who told me this,
A story of frustrated bliss.

"From my first youth, which now is far,
I have been fond of caviare;

And all my soul sits up and begs
At the mere sight of plovers' eggs.

Either of these, no matter which,
Exalts me to the highest pitch;

While the great joy I 've longed to know
Is, both at one historic go.

But that, though it would be supreme,
Was but a wild and wondrous dream;

Like writing something grave and deep,
Or winning the Calcutta sweep.

Last night unthinking out I went
On pleasure and on dining bent,

Not hoping much, though, truth to tell,
My host was one who does you well.

And there upon the menu, there
At last I saw the glorious pair;

Each shining on me like a star,
Both plovers' eggs and caviare.

Then to my soul I said, 'My lad,
Make merry, for the world is glad.

This is your hour, for by my troth
At last we have not one, but both;

And, as so grand a chance is not
Apt to recur, we 'll take a lot.'

I raised the menu up to gloat;
What sudden horror through me smote?

What was it chilled me to the core?
One tiny word, the mean word 'or';

'*Or*' plovers' eggs; I don't know when
I felt so sick as I did then.

I know I neither moved nor spoke
For quite a time till I awoke,

To think that, though one felt upset,
Something remained to punish yet;

And found, too late, that everyone
Was tucking in and I had none."

That is the way his story ran;
I wot he was a greedy man.

DUM-DUM.

"Our Bulawayo correspondent wires that a campaign against unlicensed dogs in the Municipal Location has resulted in the destruction this year of 150 impounded and unclaimed native owners."—*South African Paper.*

A drastic method, but it ought to be effective.

RHYMES OF MY GARDEN.

THE STRAWBERRY.

THE strawberry 's a stately plant,
Deny it if you can. You can't.
Well may its leaves be proudly set
Upon the ducal coronet,
An honour which beyond dispute
Belongs to England's foremost fruit;
No other berry could support
So great a dignity at Court.
The goose, the logan and the cran
Intrigue, perchance, the common man;
The mul, the dew, the bil, the whortle
May serve your ordinary mortal;
But, frankly, they would ill adorn
The temples of the nobly born.

Myself I aim to cultivate
My strawberries in fitting state,
To tend them with respectful awe
And give them heaps and heaps of straw,
Sprinkling them briskly day by day
With dope to scare foul slugs away.
Stout nets are stretched on rows of sticks
To guard them from the thievish tricks
Of wanton birds whose tastes incline
Most strongly to resemble mine.

And then, when summer days are hot
(They sometimes are, though sometimes not),
My steps persistently are led
To that alluring leafy bed
Where in profusion well I know
Prime strawberries superbly grow,
Shapely and plump, a gracious sight
To tempt the jaded appetite.
My eyes aglow with hearty greed
I contemplate the luscious feed,
Then slowly sink towards the ground,
Making a gentle purring sound.

AT THE DENTIST'S.

I KNEW he would hurt me—hurt me horribly. The coward! Me totally without means of self-defence, he armed—armed to the teeth, may I say? No, I do not think I may say that. Pretend that I did not, please. For it is of a dentist that I speak.

I sat there in his waiting-room, knowing, as I say, that he would hurt me horribly. And all I had to distract me was a last November's *Switch* and a young lady who was sitting as far from me as possible and evincing the liveliest interest in a last October's *Prattler*. I thought she was pretty, but the light was not very good. And that sort of hat . . .

I dropped *The Switch* and she looked up quickly. Yes, distinctly pretty. She looked down again. I thought of the pain I was going to suffer. And then suddenly of the pain this poor girl was going to suffer too. Which shows how pretty she must really have been.

I moved restlessly. Almost I could hear that horrible drill whirring. It was unbearable. I must speak to her or scream.

"Would you like this *Switch*?" I asked. She thanked me prettily.

I never saw anyone more composed. It was really wonderful. It gave me courage. But it would give me more courage if I could lure her into conversation.

"Or there is a *Black and Gold Magazine* here of 1924," I said. "A particularly fine vintage, I believe."

She smiled and I hurried on.

"These papers in dentists' waiting-rooms are all supplied by one company, you know—the Dentists' Amalgamated Magazine and Newspaper Society, Limited. It is a very large concern. The shares are known on the Stock Exchange as 'Damns,' the initials of the company. They have vaults where they store the papers in a warm dry atmosphere till they are thoroughly matured. When they are issued, or rather released, they are most carefully censored. They take out all those which contain foolish jokes about dentists."

"Ah!" she said. An "Ah!" may be more eloquent than many after-dinner speeches. Then, "How do you know all this?" she asked.

Deception seemed singularly out of place with her; she had such frank eyes.

"Well, as a matter of fact I don't know it," I said. "I made it up so as to get into conversation with you."

She gave a low laugh. "I thought perhaps you had," she said.

"It was a good idea, wasn't it? But after all," I went on, "we have a mutual friend, have we not?"

"Have we? Who is that?"

"Mr. MacCorcoran, the dentist."

"Of course. He 's a dear, isn't he?"

Oh, happy MacCorcoran! An insane longing to be called a dear by her surged through me. Then indeed I should forget my apprehensions.

"I don't know that I should have called MacCorcoran a dear exactly," I said.

"He never hurts you if he can possibly help it."

"Then he never can help it with me. I say, you 're awfully brave."

"Me?" How much more charming this sounded than the more correct "I."

"Why do you think so?"

"You don't seem a bit nervous, and it 's pretty trying waiting to go into the torture-chamber."

She considered, her head on one side.

"You 're not very nervous yourself," she said.

"I am. I 'm in the devil of a—that is, no end of a funk."

"You haven't shown it up to now."

"Nor you, which is much more wonderful, you being a girl."

"I don't know about that."

"Well, perhaps not," I admitted. "But I admire bravery awfully, not being very brave myself. If you hadn't been here I believe I should have crept quietly away and gone home. But I thought with your example I couldn't, seeing you sitting there calmly studying the portraits of the people at last year's shooting-parties, reading from left to right. And when you began to talk to me——"

"I haven't talked much, have I?" she said.

I admitted that I had probably done most of the talking.

"But you talk now," I suggested.

She thought a minute. "The only subject I can think of is our mutual friend, Mr. MacCorcoran," she said. "He has some wonderful instruments, hasn't he? That little thing of his that bores into your very soul——"

"Don't!" I cried. "I can't stand it. My nerves aren't like yours, you know."

"Nerves? Ah, when by accident he penetrates to a nerve——"

"I say, do talk of something else."

"If you really. . . . But what shall I talk about?"

"Tell me about yourself."

"That is a rather large order. I don't know that much amusement could be extracted——"

"Not that word, please," I said.

"Sorry. That you would get much amusement from my life-story."

"Tell me of some of the other brave things you have done. There are heaps of them, no doubt."

She gave a little laugh. Had she not been so attractive I should perhaps have said "giggle," but with her it was certainly laughter.

"I can't remember ever doing anything particularly brave," she said.

"Till now," I said reverently.

And then the door opened and a girl singularly like her, but less pretty, came into the room.

"Here 's my sister," she said. Then to the sister, "Did he hurt you much?"

"Not much," was the answer. "I 'm sorry to have kept you so long. Was it awfully boring waiting?"

"Not at all."

I should have been entranced at this compliment, but what was this they were saying?

"Surely," I stammered—"surely—aren't you—going into the torture-chamber yourself at all?"

"Oh, no. I was only here with my sister. Good-bye. Thank you for your interesting conversation."

They were gone. I stood gazing after them, stupefied. The hall door slammed. I sank back into a chair and buried my head in my hands.



The Lady. "WHAT WOULD YOUR MOTHER THINK IF SHE SAW YOU SMOKING?"
The Boy. "WHAT WOULD YOUR HUSBAND THINK IF HE SAW YOU SPEAKING TO A STRANGE MAN?"

WHITE HATS.

THERE are white hats gleaming on the Brighton Road,
  There are pole-chains ringing over Richmond Hill,
There 's a high coach running with a trim top-load
  And a stout team pulling with a will;
You can hear the chink of harness and the whispering of bars
  And the cheery rhythmic hammer of the hoofs,
Where an artist swings his leaders through the raffle of the cars
  And a coach-horn echoes in the roofs.

Sunlight streaming and the white hats gleaming,
  And the cock-horse ready for the climb;
A few brave gentlemen putting back the clock,
A few gallant gentlemen bent on making mock
  Of the grim old tyrant, Time.

The terret-rings are shining where the reins run through;
  The coats are like a mirror on the chestnuts and the grey—
Leaders stepping daintily and wheelers stepping true,
  And a light hand letting them away;
Children in the villages that gather round to cheer,
  Women in the doorways at the coach-horn's call,
Dust above the roller-bolt and foam flying clear,
  And the white hats gleaming over all.

Grey dust drifting and the lead-bars lifting
  As the tall coach carries down the street;
A few brave gentlemen who nurse an ancient pride,
A few gallant gentlemen who will not be denied,
  And an artist on the high box-seat.

W. H. O.

THE "WORKERS."

Being the Presidential Address delivered by Miss Alice Egg at the Annual Rally of the Amalgamated Society of Actresses and So Forth, held at Brighton.

"COMRADES," said the President, "it is the custom at other Trade Union gatherings of this kind for a person previously unknown to the public to snatch a day's delirious publicity from the accident of his office by the delivery of some well-prepared abuse against all such other persons as hold opinions different from his own. Hitherto the Presidents of our Society have resisted this temptation. But something that happened to me yesterday has compelled me, Comrades, on this occasion, to speak out as others do, but with perhaps a better title. For I am still, as you know, a working and zealous member of my profession, while the Presidents of other Societies have generally arrived at that position by virtue of the fact that some twenty years ago they worked with their hands for a few years, after which by sheer lung-power they raised themselves to some secretarial post, and have never since played any part in the practical operations of their trade except to disturb it, to hinder it and, whenever possible, to bring it to a standstill.

"Now, yesterday, Comrades, I was travelling to the evening performance of '*Say When!*' (which, by the way, you all should see, particularly perhaps the Second Act, in which I have my moment)—I was travelling, I say, to the theatre by that plebeian stretch of the Underground Railway which circles the North-West of London. The train was crowded and stuffy, and at every station a number of manual workers entered the car in an acute condition of class-consciousness. And many of them, as usual upon that line, by various little actions and loud asides, took care to advertise to the rest of us that during the day they had positively been working with their hands. I stood under my strap as usual and took little notice. At Latimer Road a seat became vacant and I moved modestly towards it. But as I approached the seat a burly democrat in corduroys gave me a buffet in the back and, thrusting past me, sat down heavily. Choosing the part of dignity, I looked away as though I had never had the least intention of sitting in that seat. But, not content with his material triumph, the democrat said aggressively, 'I suppose *you* think I ought to give up this seat to you?'

"I replied, 'I hadn't thought anything about it.'

"He said loudly, 'Well, *I've* just finished my day's work,' and he rolled an imperial eye round the crowded car as if the rest of us had spent the day playing marbles.

"'Oh!' I said mildly. 'Well, I'm just half-way through mine,' for it was a *matinée* day.



"WHAT WON THE 3.30, MATE?"
"BLOWED IF I KNOW."
"BLODIFINO? MUST BE ONE O' THEM DAGO 'ORSES."

"'Oh,' he said, with a look not wholly chivalrous, 'this time of night! I know *your* sort of work.'

"It may not easily be believed, even in the year of Grace 1926 and the Consulate of COOK, but this conversation did in fact take place. Having no male escort I made no further remarks at the time, but I take this Presidential opportunity to reply to the democrat, as it would not have been lady-like for me to reply on the spot.

"'Comrade,' I would otherwise have said to him—'class-conscious, dunderheaded, deluded brother, you are a vile snob. And further it is my suspicion that you are a parasite. But, whatever you are, how dare you talk to me of *work?* From your clothes I take you to be in the building trade, and I have seen your industrious brothers at work—their ears attentively cocked for the stroke of noon or the afternoon hour of closure, their mouths busily denouncing the people who pay them, and their eyes laboriously counting the bricks for fear they should lay too many.

"'And while we are on this subject, Comrade, let us get rid of the idea that there is any particular value in the work that you do. Your precious leaders, by calling you the "proletariat" and feeding you on long words of Latin origin, have succeeded in persuading you that you are much more important than you are. They have even persuaded you that, as a manual labourer, you are the "creator of wealth." The creator! Ha! that's very funny. My dear but offensive brother, you have never created anything in your life—and you never will. For, pardon my saying so, it is impossible to create in the absence of a brain. No, no, let us have a little less of this canting tosh about the dignity of manual labour, Comrade. What you do has its own little importance, of course, but the plain truth is that you do it because you are not fit to do anything else. To-morrow, Comrade, as you lay your ration of bricks, instead of thinking, "What a fine fellow I am!" think rather, "What a fine fellow is the architect who could plan a house on paper!" or, "Would that I had a brain that could organise the building of a house!" I seem to see trembling upon your lips, Comrade—or no, it sticks out all over you—the observation, "I am as good as you are," and I hasten to reply that you are nothing of the sort. Again, it is no fault of yours or credit of mine, but you are not as good as I am in mind or in body: your manners are disgusting, your work is not so valuable, and you cannot even do that without shouting about it. The one thing you have that I have not is your silly "solidarity," and that, after all, is the distinctive habit of a flock of sheep.

"'Your solidarity, Comrade, means that, if one man makes a fool of himself, a million other men, from the best of motives, will surrender what intelligence they have and do the same. But in my profession, Comrade, we have shown, and recently, a more admirable form of solidarity. Your fatuous general strike, Comrade, whatever



Husband (to listening-in Wife). "WHAT'S THE MATTER, DEAR? IS IT BAD NEWS OR STRAVINSKY?"

else it failed to do, struck a mortal blow at many a theatre. And in many cases in the first week, a week in which our audiences were counted by tens instead of hundreds (since you, or your hooligan friends, were providing for nothing a more thrilling entertainment outside), the management would call us together and ask us to face the facts. They were anxious, for everyone's sake, to keep going. But, with expenses in hundreds, receipts in ones—hundreds lost at every performance—it couldn't be done. Still they would struggle on a little, at a sacrifice, if the company and staff would help. Would they (except the lowest paid) take half-salaries till profits returned—if they ever did? Authors and composers had already agreed.

"'And we, Comrade, agreed instantly. No murmurings and suspicions, no committee meetings, bluffing or bargaining. We knew the facts, we knew the request was reasonable, even generous, and, not being led by the nose by your comic COOKS or ridiculous DOBBIES, we were not ashamed to say so. For in our profession, Comrade, we have learned by hard experience that a little is better than nothing.

"'But here, you see, Comrade, is a little miniature of all industry—Capital and Brains, the craftsman, the manager, the manual labourer, author and call-boy, stage-hand and star, every grade of human activity, ready not merely to work together but to *make sacrifices together*, if only somehow they can keep their common enterprise alive till the good times come again. We know that we are in the same boat, and we act accordingly; and one thing we do not do is to rush violently in a body to the same side of the boat, and as she overturns congratulate ourselves upon our solidarity. And is there not here, O Comrade, O Chump, O much-befuddled Democrat, a lesson for the Coal Trade, and everybody in it? For everybody in it, but not least, I think, for your comic Mr. COOK?

"'As for you, Comrade, and your blather about "work," if you had to work for a week under our conditions you would bleat like a lamb for the rest of your days. *We* have no Unemployment Pay, no Free Education, no State Pensions, and no Poor Law allowance, and not much of a standard of living. All we have is the most overcrowded and the most uncertain trade in the world. No one encourages *us* to have children or looks after them if we do. I would like to see *you*, Comrade, a member of a Repertory Company—rehearsing the next week's play from eleven till five, and acting this week's from eight till eleven, week after week, a fifty-hour week, at three or four pounds a week. I would like to see *you* rehearsing for nothing for three or four weeks, rehearsing a play that may fail and finish in a fortnight, or, if it succeeds, be killed stone-dead by one of your sickening strikes.

"'We have no dole, Comrade, and not one spoon is held out to feed us; *we* have no subsidies or guaranteed audiences. And when we are at work, Comrade, we have to take orders and do things that we don't wholly enjoy; amazing as it may appear, Comrade, we are not allowed to "control" our industry; we have constantly to admit that our manager knows best, and quite infrequently is the call-boy allowed to interfere with the finances. What is even more surprising, he very seldom tries. Work! you blockhead. How dare you talk to me about work?

"'And now, perhaps, you will have the decency to offer me your seat. Not that I shall take it—you have probably been talking about work all day, and I 'm sure you are tired.'" A. P. H.

Our Generous Climate.

"Mr. —— kindly hauled tables and goods back from —— at a moment's notice when rain came on free of charge."

Parish Magazine.



Costumier. "NOW *THAT* IS A GOWN WHICH WOULD VERY SOON ADAPT ITSELF TO MODDOM'S—ER—*DISPOSITION.*"

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Mayfair Mansions.

HOSTESSES have been flogging their poor brains to think of something new that will attract the young non-stop set to their parties. The girls as well as the boys are saying now that private parties aren't worth while and are "too d——d slow for words." So, when Grace Chadborough was giving a big dance, she didn't ask any of the League of Jolly Juveniles, and let it be known that she particularly desired their absence. The ruse was successful. They turned up in force, and not only made things hum but roar. Grace hadn't counted on quite such hectic doings. They eschewed the ballroom, danced up and down the stairs and in the street, going quite long distances, and jazzing not only with each other but with passers-by, knocking at people's doors and inviting them to the Chadboroughs', and finally some of them in a high state of delight were brought back to Chadborough House by policemen.

Instead of the early-morning bacon-and-eggs and kippers that everyone's getting tired of, Grace's new idea was a row of real East-End stalls, with funny little saucers full of cockles and winkles and so on, with vinegar and pepper, and a real genuine coster at each stall, pearl buttons and all. They were absolute dears, and showed us quite *charmingly* how to manage the little saucers and put on the vinegar and pepper. Pixie Dashmore was so pleased with the best-looking of them that she asked him to dance, and he taught her the Whitechapel Walk and the New Cut Breather. She said afterwards that he was "the nicest thing she'd struck for a century," and quite gloried in his having told her she was "a bit of all right" and that he'd "jolly well like to take her on as his donah."

April Manœuvrer's wedding to Loppy Sideshire was quite a conventional affair, the only bright patch being the speech Rosebud Rushington-Foljambe made at the wedding feed. "Course we all know," she said, "that toasts and things are jolly well out at a binge of this kind. But my position here to-day is peculiar, for, if I hadn't scooted off from Loppy the day before we were to be married, there'd have been no wedding to-day. And so, dear hearts, it's rather particularly up to me to raise my glass and to ask you all to raise yours to Loppy and April. I won't say, 'May they live happy ever after!' for that sort of bilge is out of print and things are bound to go wonky sooner or later. But I wish them a jolly good blazing lil old time and lots of *et cetera*. Upstanding and with all the honours. Hip, hip!—and so on."

The rivalry between our two champion climbers, Mrs. Tinkeur-Tinkeur and Mrs. Smith-Green-Jones, is fiercer than ever this summer. Mrs. T.-T. sometimes secures the *ci-devant* Archduke Sigdolph for her parties, but Sigdolph has now been a "professional guest" in London for some three years, and Chatterton Soames says he's "getting a bit shop-soiled." Mrs. Smith-Green-Jones, on the other hand, has been able to rope in the new attraction, the Crown Prince Tirrilirri of the Antarctic Islands, an adorable creature four feet high, with a face that's a *complete* novelty and any amount of charm. All the tall statuesque women simply dote

on him, and when he dances with one of them his feet are a long, long way from the ground.

Then, again, Mrs. Smith-Green-Jones tried to hire the Tower of London for a garden party and *thé dansant*. Not to be outdone, Mrs. T.-T., who wants her daughter's approaching marriage to be in Westminster Abbey, has asked the authorities if the Abbey may be closed to the public for a week beforehand in order to rehearse the wedding! Miss Tinkeur-Tinkeur's *prétendu* is a nephew of Doddington, the big shipping man, and doesn't seem to have any name of his own. The T.-T. family always mention him as "a nephew of Sir Henry Doddington." Chatty Soames says he supposes the dear Dean, in marrying them, will have to say, "Nephew of Sir Henry Doddington, wilt thou have this woman?" and that the papers, after describing the wedding, will add, "Later, the Nephew and Niece of Sir Henry Doddington left for ——."

Limping is a good deal done just now, and one arm in a sling is liked. In the Park the other Sunday there were ever and ever so many people *qui clochaient* and had one arm and sometimes both out of action; and those who gazed upon them murmured, "The Borstal." *A propos*, a rather new note was struck at the Easthamptons' party lately. When the Borstal was going to be danced a little group of nurses in uniform and two surgeons in white overalls took up their position in the ballroom. Things didn't quite click, however, for both the surgeons were asked to dance and all the nurses, and when my poor dear old friend, Tots Uppingham, got hurt (a Borstal sprain and some really bad Borstal bruises) there was no one to see to her.

Went last night to the Trivial Theatre to see Dorothy Darlington in *What's It All About?* During the Second Act I'd quite a little thrill, and couldn't help saying aloud, "*Now* we know!"

"Forgive me for asking you, Madam," said the man sitting next me in the stalls, "what you can possibly have learnt from this play that you didn't know before—a play equally negligible in plot, character and dialogue?"

"My *dear* man," I said, "*don't* you see what Dorothy Darlington is carrying?"

Quoth he, "Something that looks like a green flattened coal-scuttle."

"Oh, but you can't help it. You're only a man. That's *absolutely* the new handbag! And, as you see, it matches her heels, her earrings, and her silk wig. We've all been on tiptoes to know what is *really* the new handbag. *Now* we know. Didn't you note the thrill that went through the house?"



Barber. "AND SHALL I TRIM THE LITTLE SIDE-PIECES, SIR?"
Canny Customer. "WOULD THAT BE INCLUDED IN THE HAIR-CUT, OR WOULD YE CHAIRGE ME FOR A BEARD-TRIM?"

In the Third Act there's another little gasp. The scene is a dance, and Dorothy Darlington shows a delicious model of the hankie-to-match-the-frock style. A man comes up to her and says, "I found this in the supper-room, Luscious One. Is it your hankie or your frock?" Dorothy looks herself over and answers, "Blowed if I know! But thanks horribly." The house simply rose at this incident, and I remarked to my neighbour, "Won't you give a hand even to *that*?"

He said he wouldn't.

"*Mon cher*," I told him, "you're too young and good-looking for such an attitude of mind. Your dinner has disagreed with you. Have a peptaloid;" and I took one from the back of my pendant and put it in his hand.

"I'll take it," he said, "but I won't *take* it. I'll keep it to remind me of a kind-hearted lady who wears medicinal jewellery and has no sense of dramatic values."

Rather a dear thing.



ETON *v.* HARROW: THE MAN OF THE MOMENT.

THE COURT.

Lalage went in golden lace,
And Daphne in crêpe de chine;
Marion went with a rose-pink face,
And Angela saw the QUEEN.

Cherry arrived, and oyster too,
And amber and cendré rose,
Diamanté and pervenche blue,
And a certain amount of hose.

Cicely's gown was pink romaine,
Or else it was mauve; and Ann
Was followed about by a silver train,
And Joan had an ostrich fan.

Taffeta came and white georgette
And silver and gold brocade,
And here and there was a marquisette
And here and there was a jade.

Apricot bowed, and moonlight bowed,
And ivory curtsied low;
Mother-of-pearl was lost in the crowd
Where the broidered roses grow.

Jean had a lamé underdress
When she drove to the Palace gate;
But Marjorie's didn't get into the Press
Because it was sent too late.

The dawn was there and the sunset came
And the sea in a purple mist,
And the phœnix flew like a feathered flame
Through opal and amethyst.

And a notice came to the cyclamen,
And the orchids had to come;
And the water-lily went home at ten
With the blue delphinium.

Diamond, sequin, crystal, pearl,
Feathers on shingled hair—
Cynthia *is* such a lovely girl,
And look at that chiffon there!

Lalage walked with perfect grace,
And Daphne in almond green;
Marion went with a rose-pink face,
And Angela saw the QUEEN.

EVOE.

MORE HOLIDAY HINTS.

IT is very annoying to find everything covered with dust on your return. A good way to obviate this, at any rate on the ground-floor, is to leave the bath-tap running.

It is extraordinary how many kind-hearted and well-meaning people leave the aspidistra to shift for itself while they are away. Thoughtlessness rather than cruelty is responsible for the fate of the thousands that wilt on their bamboo-stands while their owners, forgetting all about them, listen to the Pierrots on some distant strand. It cannot be too generally known that an aspidistra will live for some time without actual water if a loud-speaker is installed and left on in the vicinity of the plant so that encouragement may be derived from the weather forecasts. No one who has heard the pitiful bleating of an abandoned aspidistra will grudge the trifling outlay involved.

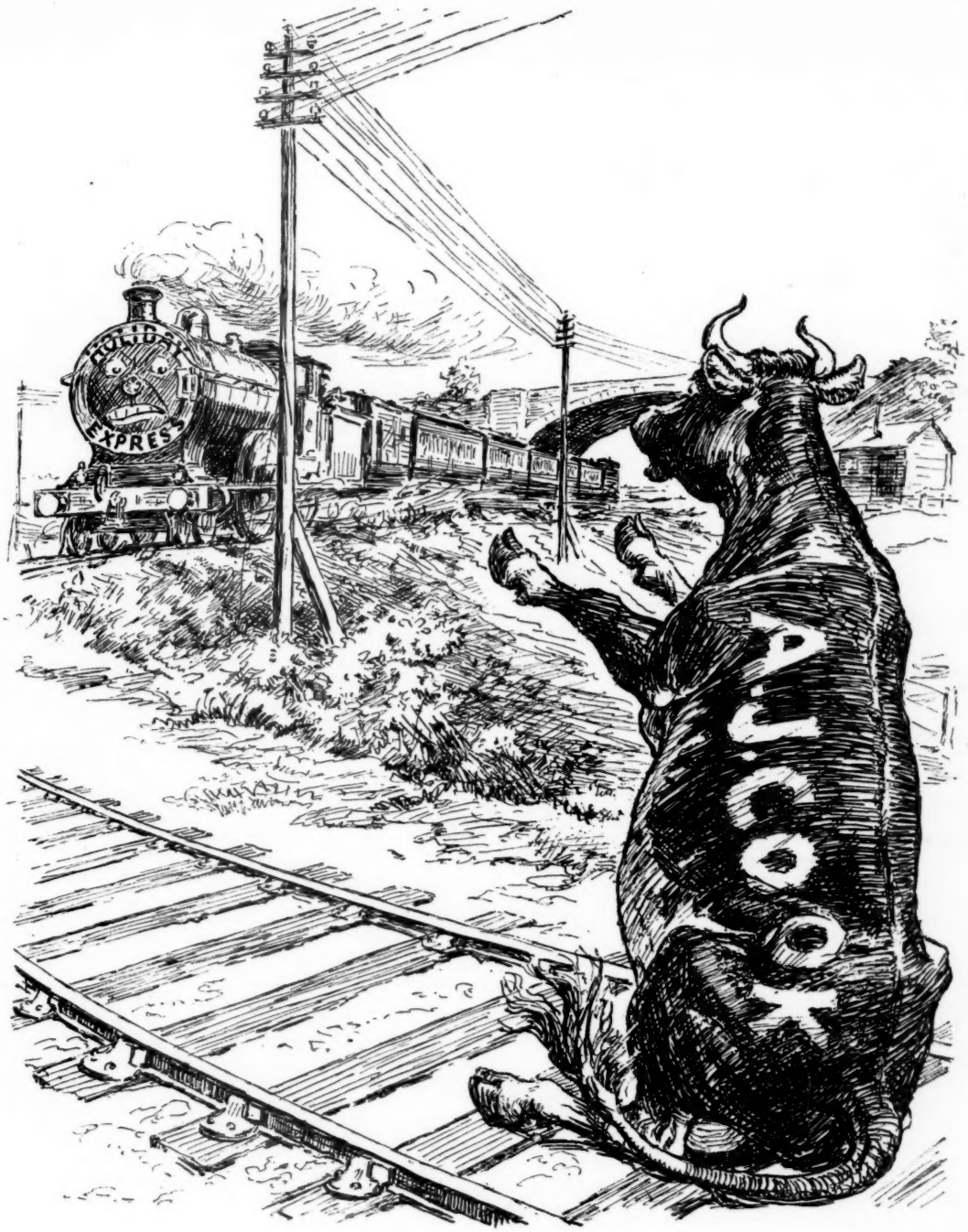
Moths lay eggs during the summer season and require a convenient *pied à terre* for this operation. A winter overcoat, a neck-fur or one of the best blankets should be left out, and nothing more need then be done for their comfort.

If you keep cats, dogs, monkeys or parrots the problem is more complicated, and can best be solved by your remaining at home.

Another Sex Problem.

"Lost, a brown Cockrel Spaniel (lady) dog.
Indian Paper.

"The stimulating action of a mustard plaster on the skin is well known. Precisely the same effect, in a minor degree, is produced in mouth and stomach when it is eaten."—*Daily Paper.*
This we rarely do.



SERVICE AS USUAL.

THE COW. "HI! I SAY! YOU CAN'T IGNORE ME!"
THE TRAIN. "OH, CAN'T I?" *(Does.)*

[The Railway Companies announce a return to normal services within a few days.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 5th.—The Coal Mines Bill, removed from the frenetic arena of the Commons to the rarefied atmosphere of the Upper Chamber, became a dull business. Peers expressed the view that a longer working day was the best solution from the miners' point of view. Not long ago Lord HALDANE held the same opinion, but now he declared that the eight-hour day commended itself only to the coal-owners, to whom the Government, in the teeth of the Coal Commission's advice, had ignominiously surrendered.

"Baa, baa! The black man's sheep hasn't any wool" was the burthen of a question by Mr. HUDSON, the Labour Member for Huddersfield, to which the SECRETARY FOR THE COLONIES replied that he had received an intimation to that effect from the Agricultural Director of Kenya. The House gathered that under the direction of Mr. Bo-Peep AMERY the Kenya "woolly" would soon come home bringing a tail of unparalleled fleeciness behind him.

There is a case somewhere in the *Law Reports* in which a learned judge of an older day lays it down that any consideration, "though it were only a titmouse," suffices to support a contract. Titmice, or at any rate chiff-chaffs, far from being symbolic of all things small and insignificant, have become in our day tremendous trifles, as was made clear by an answer to Sir W. DAVISON, who wanted to know if it was true that the HUDSON Memorial, like the song with the "horrible dooble ong-tong," had frightened the birds. Captain HACKING explained that, in spite of a difference of opinion among the birds as to the merits of the memorial, most of them had loyally accepted the decision of the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS. The minority, including the chiff-chaff, had moved to other parts of the park, but some warblers had taken up their summer abode in the sanctuary, "apparently on the advice of their parents."

It is a long LANE that has no returning. The House learned that the LANE pictures are to remain the property of the National Gallery, but will be lent to Dublin as soon as the law permits (in 1930), whether or not a special gallery is built for them

"By Dublin's fair Liffey
Where the waves are so whiffy."



"Baa-baa! black sheep,
What about your wool?"

MR. AMERY AND MR. HUDSON.



THE WESTPHALIA HAM.
MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN is establishing a great reputation as an abater of nuisances. Having sped the Smoke Abatement Bill on its clarifying course he looked about for new worlds to conquer and decided that he could not do better than abate the West Ham Guardians. Hostility to the Boards of Guardians (Default) Bill, as expressed by Mr. WHEATLEY and Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, sounded rather half-hearted. The LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, indeed, rather naïvely suggested that a Government with what one might call the West Ham mind could use the Bill to coerce responsible Guardians into giving relief on West Ham lines. The Second Reading passed by a big majority.

Then the House proceeded to consider the HOME SECRETARY'S motion for the continuance of the Emergency Regulations, and the Labour Party showed obvious relief at having something—and somebody—it could get its teeth into. Opposition, bellicose and reverberant, fastened on the suggestion that Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS was preparing, or at least threatening, to arrest Mr. COOK, and so pleased were the Labour back-benchers with the notion that they stayed out of bed until nearly 5 A.M. in order to describe Mr. COOK as the "greatest and most trusted leader in the history of Trades Unionism."

Tuesday, July 6th.—Startling revelations are not often made in the Lords, but Lord ROBERT CECIL'S intimation that after the Second Reading the Government would be in no hurry over the remaining stages of the Coal Mines Bill until the South Yorkshire mine-owners improved the "profoundly unsatisfactory" terms offered to the men on the eight-hour day basis, may be so described.

The Finance Bill was considered on report. Suggestions for the remission of taxation on tea, universities, raw film and other sources of revenue again rang impotently on the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S impervious rind. He deeply sympathised, but simply had to have the money, and was still getting it when the House adjourned at midnight. An hour on the Parliamentary day does

not mean a penny off what the taxpayer has to pay.

Wednesday, July 7th.—The Lords passed the Newcastle-on-Tyne Corporation Bill after eliminating a clause making it illegal for motors to pass on the near side of a tramcar while passengers are getting in and out of it. The present system of shouting "Fore!" and aiming at the brown will continue to play its allotted part in the moulding of our sturdy Northumbrians.

Having been informed by Lord GAINFORD that the South and West Yorkshire mine-owners had agreed to adhere to the 1924 ratio of proceeds to wages, the House of Lords passed the Coal Mines Bill through the Committee stage without further discussion.

All the world loves a lover, but the Passport Office goes further and helps to make love's young dream come true by issuing post-dated passports to "Mr. and Mrs." Lover when they desire to go honeymooning abroad. However, that there may be no miscarriage of felicity the precious document is entrusted to the officiating parson to be handed over after the ceremony. All this Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN gravely explained to Mr. DAY, the Labour Member for Southwark, though why he wanted to know, unless he is thinking of changing his name to Mr. Wedding Day, did not appear.

Captain HACKING regretted, in reply to Sir HARRY BRITTAIN, that there were no funds with which to erect a suitable memorial to SIMON DE MONTFORT, the "Father" of the House of Commons. Another Member thereupon reminded the House that Mr. GUY FAWKES, whose ideas on the subject of the House of Commons he declared to be "even sounder" than the great SIMON'S, was equally unhonoured.

Committee of Supply on the Supplementary Civil Service Estimates drew another outburst of indignant bellowings from the Labour back-benchers, who objected to a Supplementary Estimate of three millions for imports of coal. Mr. JACK JONES, with the same noble disregard for the miners' future that distinguishes Comrade COOK, urged the Government to get its coal from hell. Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY evidently imagined they were getting it from Hull, and waxed maudlin over the poor Hull trawlers who were short of coal while "another great Court," "great organised balls" and cabaret performances and night-clubs were going on in London. Mr. WHEATLEY observed, *à propos* of rather less than usual, that he "would find as many gentlemen among four hundred of the inhabitants of West Ham as among the party opposite."

There ensued a brief but lively debate on *The British Gazette*. Captain BENN, who has presumably been furnished by the HOME SECRETARY with the valuable file of *The Gazette* which he asked for on his return to the House, led the attack. He thought *The Gazette* was a vulgar, partisan, propaganderous and altogether disgraceful sheet. Mr. CHURCHILL happily replied that *The Gazette* had opened its columns to Lord OXFORD and Viscount GREY and would have opened them to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE also, but that his literary activities were already bespoken.



LORD CECIL'S QUICK CHANGE.
I.—JUPITER TONANS.
A BOLT FROM THE BLUE
(TUESDAY).



II.—ST. CECILIA.
HARMONY RESTORED
(WEDNESDAY).

Thursday, July 8th.—The words "Hear, hear," with which approval of political sentiments is traditionally indicated, are said to have been first used by a lady. Perhaps that is why there has been no accepted formula of dissent. Parliamentary reporters are compelled to indicate it by such terms as "noisy interruptions" or "derisive laughter" according as the views of the reporter and the dissenter happen to disagree or coincide.

The debates of the last few days have ended all this, and we may take it that from now on dissent will be formally indicated by the words "liar, murderer, dirty dog." Even the Olympian serenity of the House of Lords was disturbed yesterday by a demonstration of the modern preference of epithets to argument when its small but devoted band of Socialist comrades endeavoured by a well-sustained "filibuster" to hold up the Third Reading of the Coal Mines Bill. Lord SALISBURY eventually had to move the closure, though Lord ARNOLD shouted that he still had most convincing arguments to advance—he had to shout because his comrades from the Commons were bawling acrid "asides" from behind the Bar—and the Bill was passed.

The House of Commons spent much valuable time over the question of Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN'S directorship of the firm of HOSKINS AND SONS, LIMITED. The PRIME MINISTER explained that it was not one of the directorships that by usage Ministers were required to resign, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN explained that his connection with the company was merely that of a trustee for his family. That, one would suppose, would have ended the matter, but as both sides of the House seemed anxious to debate it further, the PRIME MINISTER readily agreed to give a day to a motion of Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON.

The appearance of BLACK ROD was the scene for further excitement. First Labour Members wanted to debate BLACK ROD'S admission, but the CHAIRMAN ruled it out of order. Then they wanted to debate a certain "assault" which was understood to have taken place outside earlier in the evening, but this was disposed of by the appearance of assailant and assailed linked in obvious amity and with all their angry passions drowned in the milk of human kindness. BLACK ROD went about his business imperturbably, and the Labour back-chat artistes transferred their street-corner patter act to the House of Lords. "*Bon soir*" chanted Mr. JACK JONES when the ancient formula of assent—"*Le Roy le veult*"—was recited. It was obvious that he, at any rate, had had a really enjoyable evening.



Stranger. "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT ISN'T YOUR COTTAGE RATHER CLOSE TO THE SEA FOR COMFORT?"
Native. "WELL, YOU SEE, SIR, FISHING 'S MY JOB, AND I HATES TO BE LATE IN THE MORNING."

BIOLOGY AND BENEVOLENCE.

In earlier years sagacious *Punch* the wondering world addressed,
Exhorting all, both great and small, to follow his behest
And, acting on the precept of old COLERIDGE (SAMUEL T.),
To be kind to every animal of high or low degree.

But nowadays so widely has our biologic lore
Extended its dominions beyond the bounds of yore
That kindness is not only due to beasts with legs or wings,
'Tis claimed by fish, plants, minerals and manufactured things.

For all have personality, and all of them have souls—
The parsnip and the cucumber, as well as mice and moles;
And, though its voice may sometimes fail to reach our human ears,
The meanest of boot-buttons may have thoughts too deep for tears.

Continue then to greet the hippopotamus with smiles,
To be courteous to the cobra, to be calm with crocodiles;
Refrain from branding buttercups as vegetable duds,
And remember, oh, remember! to be kind to collar-studs.

Don't blame the good door-scraper if, as you homeward go
In the dim and dusky twilight, you should chance to stub your toe;
And if you bump into a pump or trip upon a mat
Be sure to beg their pardon and politely raise your hat.

Speak fairly to your sleeve-links and be temperate with ties,
And on their strange vagaries look with indulgent eyes;
The bootlace serves you better if it is never cursed,
And braces, if you call them "Dear," are seldom known to burst.

Humour the tricksy teapot and be civil to its spout
If you desire the beverage to flow more freely out;
Be patient with the poker and be tender with the tongs,
And don't abuse a carving-fork for weakness of its prongs.

Don't beat the faithful aneroid because it points to rain,
But cheerfully remind it of the serious drought in Spain;
Don't blast the blameless golf-ball when to coverpoint it flies—
You were the actual culprit and you must apologise.

The humblest of utensils and the rarest precious stones
Are equally responsive when addressed in cordial tones;
It is only when affronted that opals vengeance wreak;
It is only when insulted that hot-water bottles leak.

In fine let us endeavour so to mollify our mood
That from the range of courtesy no object we exclude,
But resolutely take the true humanitarian pledge
Of kindness to the animal, the mineral and veg.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Alderman —— said the Council ought to be given the whole truth that there was sufficient coal in the city to last five weeks if nobody used it."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

Our Cynical Organists.

From a Church service-paper:—

"Evening—Subject, 'The Clothes we Wear at Worship.' Anthem, 'As pants the hart' (Spohr)."—*Provincial Paper.*



Boy from Town. "DO COWS GIVE MILK EVERY DAY, DAD?"
Father. "COURSE THEY DO."
Boy. "WHY DO THEY, DAD?"
Father. "WELL—ER—YOU SEE—IT 'S A KIND OF 'ABIT THEY GETS, DONCHERKNOW."

OUR GALLANT LITTLE ALLIES.

IT was what the special correspondents would call an animated meeting of our Supreme Council. Helen's chief complaint was that I did nothing to encourage the ladybirds. The ladybirds are, of course, our gallant little allies in the War of the Roses, but, unhappily, they possess certain other characteristics besides a devotion to the common cause. To put it in a dignified way, they lack the gift of a broad vision of the campaign.

Choosing that tone of strict moderation which we should always pursue in talking of our allies (until the war is over) I pointed out to Helen that it is disheartening to the Supreme Command to find that one's ladybirds have flown into the next garden where, presumably, the green-fly has a richer flavour.

Helen fell back on the last resort of a defeated debater. She produced a newspaper cutting. This told of the Ministry of Agriculture's plan of building boudoirs for sensitive ladybirds at Rothamsted, and Helen actually seemed to look on this as some kind of personal triumph. But since the ruin of "Lady Hillingdon" and "Madame Butterfly" and the failure of the new spray solution, "MORTALITY MIXTURE: KILLS AT SIGHT," she has been obsessed with the Ladybird Theory of modern garden warfare.

"The ladybirds at least would never turn a pink rose to yellow," said Helen. That was an unkind reference to the effect of Mortality Mixture on "Madame Edouard Herriot."

Just then the voices of the children called us to the garden.

We found Primrose and Harold dancing with the grave delight of the Arts League of Service people round "General Jacqueminot."

"Two such darlin' ladybirds have just come," announced Primrose. "They are going to live right on the top leaf of the General, and I think they are going to like him very much."

But Harold was an ancestral voice prophesying woe. "The garden next door is much, much bigger than ours," he said. "There is a real lily pond there, and all our other ladybirds have flown away."

Helen murmured something that sounded like Mortality Mixture.

"Do ladybirds build nests?" asked Primrose, peeping at the two members of the Allied Forces billeted on the General.

"I expect they do in the garden next door," said Helen, rather unfairly.

"The man next door," I retorted, "is quite capable of enticing ladybirds by false promises of asbestos homes for heroes."

Later in the evening, when all the garden was still, it was the spell-binder who lives next door—he of the lily pond—who fell to talking of rose pests.

"Ladybirds can't deal with a plague as big as that," he said contemptuously. "What you want is 'QUICKDEATH.'"

I looked up.

"QUICKDEATH," he repeated decisively. "Marvellous stuff. 'KILLS AT SIGHT.'"

"They all do," I observed. But he stooped down on the other side of his hedge and when he reappeared brought with him a small tin. He positively insisted that I should try the stuff.

I must confess a certain pagan ecstasy seizes me when I dip my rose-syringe into a new solution. I let rip with it. It gives me the glorious sense that at last I am mopping up the enemy with one of those broad sweeping movements that MARLBOROUGH managed so well.

In the subsequent retirement of my easy-chair I looked back with satisfaction on the picture of a hundred rose-trees dripping with the QUICKDEATH

solution. It was not until I caught sight of Helen's face as she entered the door that I realised with a pang I had forgotten about our allies who were defending the General Jacqueminot sector. Helen had been out on the stricken field, like EDITH after Hastings. She bore in two corpses. They were in the palm of her hand, and she looked horribly reproachful.

"MORTALITY MIXTURE?" she demanded.

"No."

"But it KILLS AT SIGHT?"

I had to admit it. I strove to propitiate Helen. "'They also served . . .'" I said. "Write them down as two devoted allies unfortunately killed by long-distance fire from a friendly syringe."

I hope the Ministry has better luck on the Rothamsted front.

SHE-SHANTIES.

WHY DOESN'T SHE COME?

WHY doesn't she come?
I know we said eight.
Or was it half-past?
That clock must be fast.
Why doesn't she come?
She 's ten minutes late.
I 'll sit by the door
And see her come in;
I 've bought her a rose,
I 've borrowed a pin.
I 'll be very severe,
I 'll tell her, "My dear,
You mustn't be late."
It 's a quarter-past eight.
Why doesn't she come?

Why doesn't she come?
This must be the place.
She couldn't forget,
Or is she upset?
Why doesn't she come?
Am I in disgrace?
Oh, well, if it 's that,
We were both in the wrong—
I 'll give her the rose
And say I was wrong.
I 'll give her a kiss
And tell her I 'm sorry—
"I 'm *terribly* sorry . . ."
Why doesn't she come?
Perhaps she is ill—
I fancied last night
Her eyes were too bright—
A feverish chill?
She 's lying in bed,
She 's light in the head!
She 's dying—she 's *dead!*
Why doesn't she come?

Why doesn't she come?
She 's tired of me—eh?
I 've noticed a change;
Last night she looked strange.
So this is the end?
Why couldn't she say?



Inveterate Reveller (apprehensively). "I SAY, KEEPER, B'TWEEN YOU AN' ME, WHAT 'S ALL THIS TALK 'BOUT PINKELEPHANTS?"

Well, never again!
She needn't explain.
I know who it is—
I know who it is!
I 've done with her now.
Why doesn't she come?
Why doesn't she come?
It 's nearly half-past.
Well, never again!
I 'll send her the rose,
I won't say a word,
Just send her the rose—
She 'd *laugh*, I suppose!
A flirt and a fraud!
I 'll travel abroad,
I 'll go to the East,
I 'll shoot a wild beast.
And now for a drink,
I 'll have a stiff drink—
A brandy, I think—
And drown myself in it.
I 'll shoot myself. . . Oh,
How I loved her!—"Hul-*lo!*
What? *Late?* Not a minute!"

A. P. H.

Our Pessimists.

"On July 12th a full winter service will be run on the G.W.R."—*West-Country Paper.*

Letter received by the Chairman of a Dental Hospital:—

"Having cracked my upper debentures will you please send me a list of your describers?"

Ought these capitalists to ask for charity?

In the hurdle-race at the A.A. Championship meeting:—

"Lord Burghley, for his part, was only half a year behind the winner."—*Daily Paper.*

It looks as if Lord BURGHLEY, like his famous ancestor in *his* part (in *The Critic*) had "nodded."

AT THE PLAY.

"COCK O' THE ROOST" (GARRICK).

THERE were really two Cocks o' the Roost—one, a full-sized bird, comparatively modest, that was already planted on the top perch; and the other, a bit of a bantam, intolerably cocksure and on the upward bound. The latter in the end defeats his rival in a battle for the love of the leading pullet.

One is familiar enough in American plays with the commercial hustler, but the type that brings the same self-assurance and the same get-there-quick methods to affairs of the heart is fortunately less common. At the start *Jerry Hayward* has just left his tedious employment in the firm of the millionaire *John Barron* for the sake of freedom and the chance of making a fortune by his own brains, in which he has a profound and inexhaustible belief. He announces, to all whom it may concern or not concern, that he has conceived a great truth—that fear is the cause of all failure. To banish fear, he has discovered, is the beginning of success. Nothing was said about the fear of God, which, by the way, is the beginning of wisdom.

He is regarded favourably by *Phyllis Dawn*, an uncommercial romantic; but her worldly mother has other views for her, and accepts *Barron's* invitation to join him with her daughter on his yacht, stay with him indefinitely at one of his palaces and entertain any friends of theirs that they can collect; for in his single-eyed pursuit of wealth he has made no friends of his own and acquired no mental or social resources.

The girl's father, a novelist of genius (we had to take the author's statement for this), has had to sacrifice his gifts and do detective pot-boilers for the sake of immediate cash to support his family in moderate luxury. This rather negligible creature could easily be left behind to toil at his serial through the killing heat of a New York summer while his wife and daughter are having the time of their lives on one of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence.

In their absence young *Hayward* takes him in hand, lets his house, transplants him to a cheap tenement flat and insists that with the money saved from his rent he must devote a year, free from serials, to the making of a masterpiece of fiction. He himself, for greater convenience in hustling, takes the next-door flat.

The scene moves to *Barron's* island, where incidentally we meet an old gentleman, *Sam Clarke*, who is greatly bored with his host's ignorance of billiards and other country-house amenities. His daughter *Clare*, an attractive flapper of the advanced school, has her glad eye upon *Barron's* millions, while *Barron* himself steadily conducts his siege of *Phyllis's* affections. Upon this company bursts the irrepressible *Jerry* with tidings of his intervention in *Dawn's* affairs. *Mrs. Dawn*, who fears that his appearance may ruin her designs for her daughter, extends to him the frozen mitt. When she learns of his operations she takes no interest in the chance they offer to her husband's alleged genius, but is merely outraged by the prospect of her own decline to a tenement flat.



The Mother-Hen (to her future Rooster-in-law). "YOU 'RE ALWAYS COCK-A-DOODLING IN THE WRONG PLACES."
Jerry Hayward . . . . MR. PERCY HUTCHISON.
Mrs. Dawn . . . . . MISS EVA MOORE.

Returning to New York she refuses to join her husband in his new quarters; and even *Phyllis*, upon whom her recent environment *de luxe* has done its insidious work, is infuriated by her lover's intrusion into matters which were no business of his, and announces her resolve to marry *Barron* out of hand.

For the moment the humiliation of the thruster nearly secures our sympathy. But he comes again. His recovery, however, is not due to his natural gift of resilience, but to a touch of domestic sentiment which melts the tough heart of *Mrs. Dawn*. Her husband has preserved an apron of hers, with pink silk insertions, as a souvenir of their early love. This breaks her, and, once she has it on again, she is capable of any sacrifice and proceeds to the kitchen to prepare a wedding collation. But *Barron* is to eat none of it, for *Phyllis*, by a process of revulsion too rapid for us to follow, throws herself into *Jerry's* arms. The ground is thus left free for the flapper *Clare* to pursue her forlorn millionaire, and we leave her in the act of ringing him up.

There is not much to it, as you see. It is one of those plays which would collapse from sheer inanition if it were not constantly sustained by somebody whose irritating business it is to keep things moving. Mr. PERCY HUTCHISON, who produced it—and himself in the part of *Jerry*—was clearly the man for the job. It is to the credit of his high spirits and boundless energy (though "boundless" is perhaps not quite the right word) that our feelings towards *Jerry's* self-assertion, at first hostile, took on a good-natured tolerance and in the end became almost friendly. But he never succeeded in making me understand his attraction for *Phyllis*.

Of the rest, who were little better than puppets put there for *Jerry* to shove about, Miss EVA MOORE, as *Mrs. Dawn*, played with her familiar ease of style; Mr. PAUL ARTHUR brought to his performance of the rather tame part of *Mr. Dawn* a pleasant old-world quality, and in the *rôle* of *Barron* Mr. JAMES CAREW made a rightly dull and inarticulate suitor. Lord LYVEDEN'S *Sam Clarke* showed a refreshing contempt, rare in America, for the merits of a host with nothing but his millions to recommend him. The character of *Phyllis*, apart from her peculiar taste for *Jerry*, was perhaps too commonplace for Miss CATHERINE LACEY to get much distinction out of it; but Miss JANE GRAHAME, a piquant figure, had a brighter chance with *Clare*, and took it.

The First Act went weakly till *Jerry* arrived to make things hum at any cost. The cost included some humour that was thin to the point of emaciation. But there was also some quite good stuff, as is bound to happen if you only talk long enough and fast enough. Perhaps I am not quite fair to Miss

RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG, who has wit, though it lacks discrimination. At her best she is excellent, and for that reason I hope, if not very confidently, that her rooster may have a long lease of his tenement perch.

O. S.

"A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY" (ROYALTY).

It is interesting to recall that TURGENEV the novelist thought little of TURGENEV the writer of plays. No doubt his dramatic work was too naturalistic, too untheatrical for the stage of his day. Nor could he foresee that his countryman TCHEHOV, and in some degree IBSEN, the Norwegian, would train his audiences for him. There seemed nothing strange or difficult for anyone of average intelligence and perceptions in the excellent production by Mr. MICHAEL SHERBROOKE of *A Month in the Country*. On the contrary, the clever characterisation, the skilful developments of the chosen situation, the adroit blending of the serious with the comic motives, shone clear through the veil of a not very heartening translation, revealing a beauty, a wit and a dramatic quality in no way inferior to the best of the TCHEHOV we have lately had presented to us. If anybody thinks this praise of the Russian naturalists is part of a highbrow (or a Bolshevist) conspiracy, let him make an experiment with this richly-decorated comedy and see if he is not both diverted and stimulated.

The scene is set in *Islaev's* comfortable country-house. *Islaev* is clearly much preoccupied with the management of his estate, and his wife, *Natalia*, has evidently been constantly in the company of her husband's friend, *Rakitin*. *Natalia* is a spoilt, wayward and over-emotional woman just entering her thirties; *Rakitin*, though a more than devoted friend, is a man of honour. Perhaps his scruples are not much to *Natalia's* liking. At any rate you can see that it pleases her to torment him; she is increasingly restless and perverse, while the man is suffering and suspicious. A young student (*Aleksiei*) has recently come into the household as tutor. He seems devoted to *Natalia's* ward, *Viera*, a girl of seventeen, and charmingly natural in his relations with her, while with the older woman he is desperately constrained and shy. As for *Viera*, she has given her heart with all the force of a young girl's first passion to the boy, who thinks of her as no more than a charming comrade.



A LESSON IN LOVE-MAKING.

Afanasi Ivanovich Bolshintsov . . MR. CRAIGHALL SHERRY.
Ignati Ilich Shpigelski . . . . . MR. MICHAEL SHERBROOKE.

Then we are shown by subtly inevitable stages the gradually unmasked passion of *Natalia* for the boy *Aleksiei*, her treachery towards her ward, and the growing jealousy and anger of *Rakitin*, who finally prevails upon *Aleksiei*, "as a man of honour," to leave the *Islaevs*. If *Rakitin* may not have the prize himself he can at least prevent a youthful rival being so favoured—a pleasantly cynical solution.

The supreme qualities of this fine play are the simplicity of the technique and the inevitability of the characterisation. A cast of players, almost all of them unknown to the London stage, made a distinguished thing of the whole. In justice to the author one ought to say that the play carried them to their artistic triumph rather than they the play; but their co-operation was extremely intelligent and effective.



UNREQUITED LOVE; OR, HOW HAPPY HE COULD BE WITH NEITHER.

Natalia Petrovna . . . . . MISS GILLIAN SCAIFE.
Viera Aleksandrovna . . . . . MISS NATALIE MOYA.
Aleksiei Nikolaevich Bieliaev . . . . MR. CHRISTOPHER OLDHAM.

Miss GILLIAN SCAIFE'S *Natalia* was full of life and variety, a clever sensitive performance. I did think, however, that the passages from mood to mood were sometimes a little too obviously studied and elaborate. Miss NATALIE MOYA brought a charming naturalness and a genuine depth of feeling to the part of the young girl *Viera*. Nor could the most exacting critic find any fault with Mr. BORIS RANEVSKY'S interpretation of the hypersensitive *Rakitin*. He was especially admirable in the quiet opening passages of the First Act. Mr. CHRISTOPHER OLDHAM'S *Aleksiei* could not have been bettered in his moods of

embarrassment with *Natalia* and easy comradeship with *Viera*; but I am inclined to think that he failed a little to convey the change that came over the boy when he realised that the *Natalia* whom he thought to be so far out of reach did indeed love him as he secretly loved her. We had a delightful performance from Miss BARBARA LISTOVA as the healthily sensual, laughing peasant-girl, *Katerina*. Mr. MICHAEL SHERBROOKE had a part entirely to his taste in the candid and shrewd buffoon of a doctor, *Shpigelski*. The scene between him and *Viera's* profoundly stupid suitor, *Bolshintsev* (Mr. CRAIGHALL SHERRY), was a piece of universal comedy admirably presented. The rest of the company most effectively supported the principals. Indeed a delightful evening's entertainment.

It is a great pity that this excellent production is only to be seen till the end of this week. But perhaps some perceptive *entrepreneur* will adopt it and find a theatre for it. Meanwhile Mr. "ANMER HALL" and his players deserve our gratitude. T.

BACON OR APPLES.

MISS DOROTHY DIX in a recent number of *The Star* has condemned the English breakfast—porridge followed by fried bacon and eggs and dry toast and marmalade—and praises the Continental meal, or better still a repast exclusively confined to a single apple. Mr. Punch, somewhat perturbed by these heretical tenets, has appealed to several leaders of public opinion, who with great courtesy have expressed their views on this subject and lent them an added weight by casting them in a versified form.

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD sends us this charming "Lossiemouth lyric":—

We're frugal in fare
At Eccleston Square,
But in general strikes
One eats what one likes.
Porridge with cream
Is a perfect dream,
And a steak of elk
Appeals to me,
Or a tasty whelk
Fresh from the sea.

Mr. CHESTERTON declares unhesitatingly for the British as opposed to the Continental breakfast:—

Bacon and eggs, bacon and eggs,
Steady the nerves and strengthen the legs.
Fish should be added to nourish the brain;
Coffee to stimulate and sustain.
Succulent scones and rolls and baps
Fill up the crevices and gaps.
So, built up on a solid base,
I'm ready to look the world in the face,
But not to compete in a Marathon race.

Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC'S contribution to the symposium reveals his singular capacity of swift transition from pathos to hearty merriment:—

In the lean years, the lean years,
When dividends are "passed,"
The mirthless margarine years,
The bravest men must fast;
But, when trade booms with whirring looms,
Like *Oliver* (not LODGE)
I'll ask for more, and, golly!
How I intend to stodge.

The DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S writes:—"Moderation is to be observed in all things, but I see no virtue in a breakfast of water-biscuits washed down with cocoa-nibs. My own regimen is best summed up in a slight perversion of some historic lines:—

Let those who will from nature's rill,
From pond or pump drink free;
But tea with ham and eggs and jam
Is good enough for me."

THE NOXIOUS NIGHTIE.

WE were all delighted that Celia had brought Bobbie back with her to stay with us; but we were just a little bit nervous, because he's only rising five, and had never before been away from home for a stockbroker's week-end.

However, any qualms of home-sickness Bobbie may have felt were overcome by the thought of the pyjamas to which he had recently been promoted, and which—to judge from his breathless descriptions—were virile in cut and complete with a real breast-pocket.

It was most unfortunate, then, that at the very hour when a child-guest's courage is at its lowest ebb—bed-time—it was discovered that the pyjamas had been omitted from Bobbie's suitcase. We broke the news to him by degrees while he had his supper. He took it bravely, and I was proud of him as a kinsman as I watched him persevering silently with his food while irrepressible tears were perilously near to splashing in his milk.

No doubt he would have done our breed less credit had he realised that in default of his pyjama suit he would have to wear a nightdress of our own little Nell. Celia came in with this garment while Bobbie was upstairs being bathed by the nurse. From any viewpoint it was a most repulsive thing in a little boy's eyes. Celia made a desperate attempt to mitigate its *lingerie* aspect by snipping off some fetching little knots and bows; but interwoven with the lace insertion of the yoke there was more baby-ribbon—and *pink* at that—which could not be rooted out, and furthermore there was a profusion of tucks and frills impossible to modify, besides some damning embroidery round the beastly elbow sleeves. I could see at a glance that we were in for trouble, for, if Bobbie had his share of the family grit, or mulishness, the women would never get that shameful thing on him short of putting him under chloroform.

I was right. Celia had not long gone upstairs before I heard a spasmodic drumming of heels and Bobbie's voice raised in hysterical screams of protest. Plainly, the mere sight of the nightie had unmanned him.

After some little time Celia returned, rather mortified. She cut an indiscreet slice of indigestible cake, rich with icing. A bribe!

"I don't know what we shall do," she said, as she went off with the cake. "Bobbie hates Nellie's nightdress, and says he would rather go to bed *raw*."

That was an hour ago. Upstairs the strife continues; outside there is the brooding inertia of the Sussex Weald on early-closing day. I know of nobody nearer than some friends at Bournemouth who might lend me manly nightwear of the right size. I wonder if it is any use ringing up the B.B.C.? Perhaps, if I could get hold of an uncle with a sympathetic knowledge of what children *at the listening-in end* are like, he might broadcast an S.O.S. for me for a small boy's pyjama suit, with practicable pocket.

THE PEACOCK.

Ai..oh! *Ai*..oh! *Ai*..oh!
I *will* get married to-day.
I pace the battlements hour by hour,
I poise on the peak of the central tower,
But there's never a sign from a lady's bower.
Ai..oh! *Ai*..oh! *Ai*..oh!

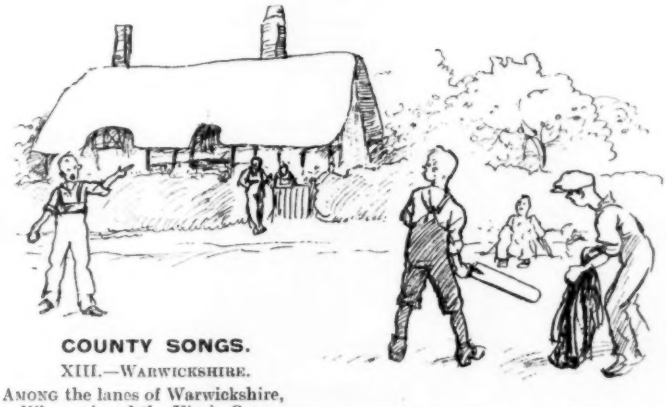
Ai..oh! *Ai*..oh! *Ai*..oh!
The eyes of Ind and far Cathay
Were spell-bound by my first display,
And never could tear themselves away.
Ai..oh! *Ai*..oh! *Ai*..oh!

Ai..oh! *Ai*..oh! *Ai*..oh!
A rajah jewelled *cap-à-pie*
Were dross beside a bird like me—
Wherever can those women be?
Ai..oh! *Ai*..oh! *Ai*..oh!

Ai..oh! *Ai*..oh! *Ai*..oh!
Observe the sway of my little aigrette
As I pick my way on the parapet—
Strange that I am not married yet.
Ai..oh! *Ai*..oh! *Ai*..oh!

Ai..oh! *Ai*..oh! *Ai*..oh!
Oh, well! I'll get married to-morrow.
But what shall I do for the rest of the day
If no fair lady comes my way?
I..know! *I*..know! *I*..know!
I'll preen my feathers and set my train
And start from the top of the tower again.





COUNTY SONGS.

XIII.—WARWICKSHIRE.

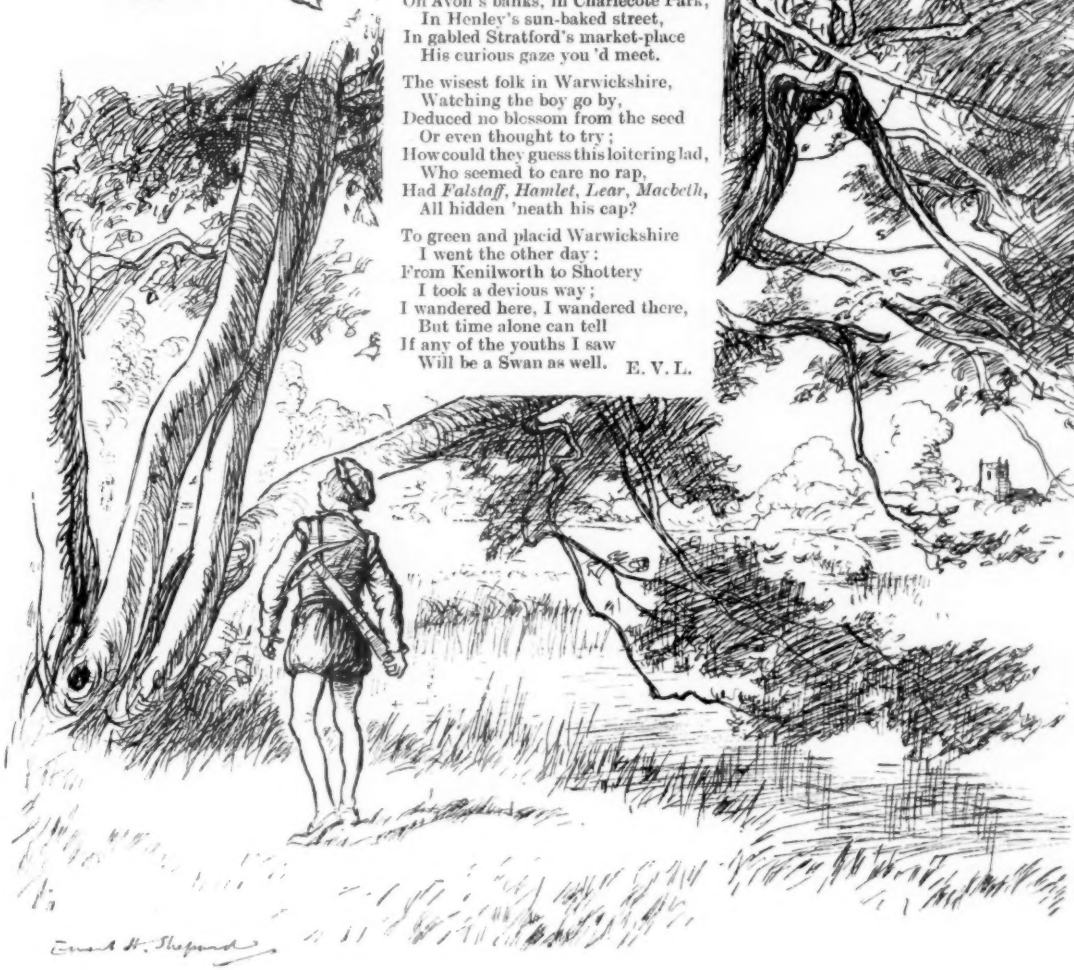
AMONG the lanes of Warwickshire,
When reigned the Virgin Queen,
A merry and observant boy
Might frequently be seen;
On Avon's banks, in Charlecote Park,
In Henley's sun-baked street,
In gabled Stratford's market-place
His curious gaze you 'd meet.

The wisest folk in Warwickshire,
Watching the boy go by,
Deduced no blossom from the seed
Or even thought to try;
How could they guess this loitering lad,
Who seemed to care no rap,
Had *Falstaff*, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*,
All hidden 'neath his cap?

To green and placid Warwickshire
I went the other day:
From Kenilworth to Shottery
I took a devious way;
I wandered here, I wandered there,
But time alone can tell
If any of the youths I saw
Will be a Swan as well.

E. V. L.







Serious Politician (after reading aloud long and carefully-composed letter he is sending to the Press). "WELL, WHAT D' YOU THINK OF IT?"

His Wife (in perfect good faith). "VERY NICE, DEAR; BUT ISN'T IT USUAL TO SAY AT THE END, 'I TRUST THE MATTER WILL BE TAKEN UP BY ABLER PENS THAN MINE'?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE practice of composing his novels in trilogies has a happy effect on Mr. STEPHEN MCKENNA—he has ample room and verge enough to develop interests other than amatory. *Saviours of Society* (BUTTERWORTH), the first volume of *The Realists*, is "a study of forces, personalities and atmosphere" largely political. A Tory Government is supposed to be in power, but its prestige is sapped by the machinations of men who neither possess ideals of their own nor profess those of other people. *Ambrose Sheridan*, newspaper magnate, is the chief of these "realists." Having governed the country through his press for a considerable time, he is at last given a political mission. If he succeeds he is to be admitted to the Cabinet. The orthodox hope is that he will fail. Unluckily for *Sheridan* his ambitions are crossed by his appetites; in particular by a passion, unbecoming in a married man, for *Auriol Otway*, particular star of his secretary and "trainer," *Max Hendry*. *Auriol* is presented as a model of virginal charm from the moment we first meet her brandishing a cocktail-shaker. She is distinctly averse from pairing off with *Sheridan* before he has managed to get himself divorced, and divorce is the last thing serviceable to *Sheridan's* career. In fact he is acutely faced with the choice between his portfolio and his mistress, when his wife comes forward with a workable plan for securing both. On this thrilling scene the first volume of *The Realists* ends. Apart from the *Sheridan-Otway* triangle, who are film figures, I found the whole of Mr. MCKENNA's new cast entertaining. And *Hendry*—though I am afraid he is being held in reserve as a co-respondent in *Sheridan* v. *Sheridan* (the second)—is a singularly honest and attractive portrait of a slow-developing Saxon hero.

By what sea-magic did the late HARRY FIENNES SPEED produce so admirable an unpremeditated work of art? His *Cruises in Small Yachts* (IMRAY, LAURIE, NORIE AND WILSON) is but a log, "written," as its author says, "simply as I followed the pencil pages of the salt-stained and blurred original," themselves composed in the pauses of hard boat-work. Yet the chronicle exhales so true a zest and a spirit so gay and gentle that the reader instantly becomes one with that delightful ship's company. Accompanied by his brother, Mr. LANCELOT SPEED, with whose work the readers of Mr. Punch are so pleasantly familiar, and afterwards by his wife, Mr. SPEED began his voyagings in 1878, when he sailed to Holland in the seven-ton cutter *Watersnake*. During the holidays of forty-seven years Mr. SPEED cruised in various craft, usually in roomy sailing canoes designed by himself, visiting the southern harbours, Dutch canals and French ports. Mrs. MAUDE SPEED, in the intervals of being "the Crew," achieved the excellent water-colour drawings which adorn the book; and the two brothers made the jolly little pen-and-ink sketches which also embellish its pages. All those worthy and humble souls who find complete happiness in messing about in small boats will find a peculiar fascination, as their fathers found before them, in

Mr. SPEED's log and in its continuation by Mrs. SPEED in this handsome new edition. Machinery or "bought wind," in the sailors' phrase, may infringe the peace of the waters; but the sea, as Mrs. SPEED says, remains ever the same, untamed and untameable. The book contains many invaluable wrinkles concerning the building, fitting and navigation of small craft, together with a great deal of useful information, illustrated by charts, as to landfalls and harbours.

The novel *Prem* gives proof throughout
By vivid statement and suggestion
That East is East beyond a doubt,
And West is West without a question;
And in what is—to me at least—
A wholly unfamiliar setting
It shows how East may prey on East,
With West unwittingly abetting.

The scene is India, and the theme
The Ganges valley and its farming,
Which, profitable once, would seem
Faced now with prospects quite alarming;
For there the native landlord yields
To none in methods of extortion
Which saddle scarcely fertile fields
With rentals out of all proportion.

The tale which H. K. GORDON tells
(And ARNOLD prints) presents the victim
Whom one of these small tyrants fells,
And all the legal wiles that tricked him;
And, as a view of Western rule
Twisted awry by Eastern cunning
To help the knave outwit the fool,
I find it literally stunning.

Following the useful precedent of Mr. ROBERT LYND ("Y. Y."), who turns up ROGET'S *Thesaurus* to find a suitable adjective for a Civil Servant (under "Imbecility"), I have just had recourse to that admirable volume (under "Panacea") to find a proper figure for Mr. LYND'S essays. Anything from "anodyne" to "elixir" would, I consider, fit *The Orange Tree* (METHUEN). Its twenty-seven flights of fancy, taken at suitable intervals, should prove a sovereign specific for the weary urban imagination. Not that they could be counted upon to work a cure. I believe the trouble would return if the little weekly dose were omitted. But there is no reason why it should be omitted while "Y. Y." is disposed to ring such captivating changes on humdrum and even slightly sordid themes. Given a library, he is prepared, he maintains, to face life cheerfully "in an ugly house in an ugly street in an ugly city." But, unlike CHARLES LAMB, whom in geniality he somewhat resembles, he does not really prefer town life. His essay on "The Country" is the best thing in his book; "but it is difficult," it concludes, "to estimate what things are better worth doing or knowing than other things." I find in this tendency to shirk estimations the factor which renders "Y.Y.'s" essays on the whole rather unsustaining. He uses his art as impartially as HANS ANDERSEN'S *Brownie* used the butterman's wife's tongue when he lent it in turns to every object in the shop. He condescends charmingly to the small and old-fashioned—"This Kitten," for example, and "The Bell-Ringer"—and two minutes afterwards he is all for a world of mechanical progress in which kittens and bell-ringers will be neither seen nor heard. As an essayist he embodies ST. THOMAS'S notion, "*Homo est quodam modo omnia*"—he even a little overdoes it.



The Elder (as young hypochondriac finishes catalogue of his maladies). "EVER HAD A TOUCH OF SENILE DECAY?"

In one of his essays the late MAURICE HEWLETT gave vent to his annoyance that people would persist in regarding him as a novelist rather than a poet. It was his own fault, no doubt, for writing such good novels. There are at least a hundred readers of fiction for every reader of poetry. But HEWLETT'S argument, too subtle perhaps for the general, was that his novels themselves were conceived as

poems and should be read as such. Mr. C. E. LAWRENCE might say the same. I do not know whether he has ever written in verse, but every novel of his which I have read has the true poetic note. *The Old Man's Wife* (MURRAY) certainly has—a sort of other-worldliness or glamour which gives the story a quality independent of plot or even of character-drawing. The plot indeed is rather crude. The old man, *Francis Yare*, the decadent last of a long line of yeomen, has married the daughter of his dead housekeeper, mainly, it seems, because he could not see what else to do with her. But he treats her as servant rather than wife and neglects her for his morbid dreams of the past. Then come two interlopers into the melancholy peace which surrounds the Lonely House, the sinister *Mrs. Rennols* and *Ann's* gallant sailor cousin, *Oliver*, the hero of the girl's childhood. Idyllic meetings follow between *Oliver* and *Ann*, driving *Francis* to the very insanity of jealousy, and at last to such cruelty that the girl goes off with her lover. On the very night of her departure *Yare* is found murdered and his wife is arrested. What the upshot is, and what *Mrs. Rennols's* connection with the tragedy, may be left for the reader to discover. He will do so soon enough, for the whole thing is rather too simple and obvious to make a good mystery story. Still, it has that touch of poetry, of "strangeness in the proportion," which BACON said went with "excellent beauty." That is a compensation for many shortcomings.

Readers who take up *With the Riff Kabyles* (ARROWSMITH) hoping, as I did, for a genuinely intimate account of that nearest but least known corner of Africa that has been so much before the public for the last year or two will probably share my sense of personal grievance. The author, Mr. BERND TERHORST, a German artist who has spent some little time in North Morocco, has a knack for alluring little chapter headings and a quick colourful pen for notes of African life as it meets the eye, but it is pretty clear that he has never penetrated much beyond the safety of walled cities. His sketches "Abslam's Tale of Terror," "The Beautiful Slave," "The Tombs of the Saints," and so on, are impressionist, or even post-impressionist, to a degree, and much more notable for the brightness of individual dabs of pigment than for any accuracy of drawing. Tetuan especially, where dirt, disease and cruelty lurk half-hidden behind every corner, with its tortuous shaded streets, its blank walls enclosing sun-washed flowery courtyards and its nearness to a desolation of desert mountains, has a certain quality of picturesqueness that the writer appreciates and does not fail to convey. Yet in all this there is nothing that is not familiar—and I was waiting to hear about the Riffs. Now that the redoubtable ABD-EL-KRIM has been compelled, contrary to cheerful prophecies, to surrender, reliable information as to his own fascinating bit of earth's surface may soon be forthcoming. In the meantime one prefers to turn to Mrs. ROSITA FORBES or Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM for any substantial grip of the realities of the case.



Muriel. "NUMBER ENGAGED, DO YOU SAY? THANK YOU. I'LL TRY THE CALL-BOX NEXT-DOOR."

There is something rather baffling about the quality of *Brown Smock* (WARNE), by Mr. C. R. ALLEN. Just as you have decided quite firmly that this story—how *Terry Hood*, infant prodigy of the piano, was befriended by *Hilda Croft*, a blind authoress of children's books, and made good as artist and as man—must be the work of a remarkably unsophisticated mind, some train of thought or turn of phrase convinces you that its sweetness and simplicity are largely deliberate. *Terry's* adoring love for *Lois Hanray* and her questionable connection with *Hermann Fricke*, the German composer, strike a deeper note, and the development of the hero's character almost entirely avoids the mawkishness which at first one feared to find in it. *Brown Smock* of the title is a rather beautiful creation, a spirit of childhood who haunts the fields around *Hilda Croft's* house, Sedgeway Manor, a laughing, tender, happy creature in sympathy with both pain and joy and perpetually at enmity with Pan, of whom Mr. ALLEN has a very poor opinion. *Brown Smock* plays a big part in *Terry's* life, and the "tune" of the book's sub-title, "The Tale of a Tune," is that "Sedgeway Sonata" which the young musician writes under its inspiration when *Lois* has failed him and only his art and the carrying on of *Hilda Croft's* work for children are left. There is a simple charm about the book.

The Island of Disaster (ALLEN AND UNWIN) is a tale of adventure and treasure-hunting, but it is something more than that, and my difficulty is that, if I give even a hint about its variation from staple tales of this kind, I shall be robbing you of quite half the pleasure Mr. MICHAEL LEWIS has so skilfully prepared for his readers. Let me therefore take refuge in reticence and merely say that a murder had been committed on the shore of a lonely Hebridean island, and that a man had been hanged for the crime. "Was he the right man?" is one of the questions you will find yourself asking again and again. Farther than that I refuse to go, except to say that Mr. LEWIS is a master thrill-monger and that the excellent *Hobbs* (who, I think, found a place in *The Brand of the Beast*) can keep up his end against the most hefty and cunning opponents.

Is Zat Zoo?

Dr. SALEEBY at Child Welfare Conference:—

"We have never had such healthy animals at the Zoo as we have at the present time. Animals have lived through the winter which have never before survived a winter in the gardens."—*Evening Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

IT may be well to point out that Mr. STORER CLOUSTON's new book entitled *The Lunatic in Charge* has nothing to do with the coal strike.

* * *

It is reported that both Test teams recently visited a revue. The glance to leg is of course the mainstay of modern batting.

* * *

A first-class cricketer has been fined for driving a motor-car at excessive speed. Those who have only seen them on the cricket field have no idea how our first-class cricketers can hustle.

* * *

Sir JAGADIS BOSE declares that trees and plants give signs of disliking the proximity of certain people. Our aspidistra is markedly stand-offish with the income-tax collector.

* * *

The same authority has stated that plants can see the waves of wireless messages. There must be terrific excitement in the cabbage-patch when a talk on slugs comes through.

* * *

As the extension of the Wild Birds Protection Act will have the effect of stopping the sale of plovers' eggs, it is expected that epicures all over the country will organise a Hunger March.

* * *

A scientist asserts that plants have intelligence. But almost any housewife can make a fool of the gooseberry.

* * *

Many char-à-banc parties picnic in meadows by the roadside. Later in the season a demand is expected for conducted tours of the bottlefields.

* * *

In consequence of Signor MUSSOLINI's order for the restriction of the size of newspapers, editors are beating their scissors into pruning-shears.

* * *

In parts of the East the native headgear is to be discarded and replaced by a washable hat. Sheiks are nervous, fearing that this ablutionary idea may be extended.

* * *

A correspondent writes to *The Evening News* to say that on June 27th, 1903, he heard a skylark singing at 2 17 A.M. We fear he has left it much too late for anything to be done about it.

There is an increasing tendency for men to wear corsets, we read. They probably take the view that one of the sexes should wear them.

* * *

"What Germany needs is Prohibition," says a New York surgeon. Well, America has a lot of it she isn't using just now.

* * *

Tax-collectors recently attended a dinner in Glasgow. One of the musical items was "A Lament in Schedule D."

* * *

An evening paper recommends that "cotton fabrics should be torn, not cut." Our laundry has forestalled this advice.

* * *

A famous weather expert is now taking his holidays at a South Coast resort. He should be easily recognised by his Wellington boots, flannel trousers, cricket-shirt, mackintosh and straw-hat fitted with a gutter and a lightning-conductor.

* * *

A golf-course for ex-service men has been started. The first dozen members are said to have already dug themselves in.

* * *

Canon J. T. HARTLEY says that lawn-tennis fifty years ago was much the same as it is to-day. Of course the chop stroke on the shift-key of the typewriter hadn't been invented.



Heavy-weight Boxer (indignantly). "LOOK 'ERE—IF YOU TREAD ON MY FOOT AGAIN, I—I'LL *PUNCH YOUR HEAD!*"

Mr. KIPLING says that fiction developed when a man told tales about a woman. When a woman told them, of course they were simply fact.

* * *

An A.A. scout was charged recently for warning motorists that the police were active farther along the road. Very soon the only way to lure a driver into a speed-trap will be to bait it with a pedestrian.

* * *

According to a paragraph in *The Daily Express* Mr. BALDWIN has appeared in public wearing a top-hat and smoking a pipe. Yet he must have known it would get to Lord BEAVERBROOK's ears.

* * *

Pink is said to be in favour with brides just now. A delicate shade is known as "crushed bridegroom."

* * *

Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC's yacht went aground the other day. There is no truth however in the rumour that in order to refloat her he was obliged to jettison some of his ideas.

* * *

A policeman practising for a swimming-race has been stung by a jellyfish. We can only account for this by the fact that he was not in uniform.

* * *

A lawn-tennis expert wonders why ladies don't play in bathing costume. The reason is of course that it is considered too cumbersome.

* * *

Troedrhwfuwch mountain has been moving again. A section of Welsh opinion is now inclined to attribute this to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's renewed declaration of faith in his Land policy.

* * *

A large number of men were recently arrested in a police raid on a Glasgow gambling den. Suspicion had been aroused in the neighbourhood by the banging of saxpences.

* * *

A naturalist, writing in a daily paper, points out that to keep a porpoise as a pet could easily cost two hundred pounds a year at the fishmonger's. This decides us to stick to silkworms.

* * *

It is stated in a contemporary that Mr. J. H. THOMAS's son is to be Sir ALFRED BUTT's son's fag at Rugby. We trust relations between employer and employed will be harmonious.

OF "HEAT-WAVES."

WHEN I was very young and small,
We never used this term at all.
At summer's zenith we did not
Express surprise that it was hot;
But, when the sun shone in the blue,
Thought it a natural thing to do,
And simply basked on sands or heather
Calling it seasonable weather.

But now the stuntsmen make a stir
If two or three fine days occur;
It constitutes their leading topic,
And, treating England as a tropic,
The Press announces to the nation
Its hourly state of perspiration.

To me it seems a little queer,
Since heat-waves happen every year,
That every year we make pretence
That in our whole experience,
Who dwell inside a frigid zone,
Never has such a thing been known.
So, when the sun's hot eye is bared,
It always finds us unprepared.
If we would [illegible] allay his beam
In Thames's [illegible]st convenient stream,
The County Council's dear old women
See that we have no baths to swim in.
After the sweltering office-desk, oh
How we should love to dine *al fresco!*
No British restaurant has heard
Of any fancy so absurd.
In stuffy rooms we stew and grill
Where jazzers make us hotter still,
Merely to look at, and the blare
Of saxophones enflames the air.

As for our clothes, Convention bucks
When we would go about in ducks,
Hinting that raiment white and cool
Suggests a too exotic school,
And holding tight this sacred creed—
"Our staple wear is stodgy tweed."

In fact the sole device I meet
For coping with these waves of heat
Is Woman's dress that courts the breeze,
A tissue of transparencies;
And even this was not designed
For weather of the sultry kind,
But she has worn the self-same stuff
All winter, being very tough. O. S.

The Housing Question.

"If you want a house or a room, use the small classified columns of The Advertiser."
South African Paper.

Judging, however, by the leading case of ST. SIMEON STYLITES this class of accommodation is extremely exiguous.

"Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, declared that the Government was tired of the present Government."—*Weekly Paper.*

We doubt this; but we are prepared to believe that after the events of the last few weeks the Opposition Leader is sick of the Opposition.

TO-DAY'S NEWS.

IT has long been the fashion with some journals to print extracts from their issues of a hundred years ago. Mr. Punch, who, like Mr. BALDWIN, prefers to look forward, presents an extract from the news summary of *The Times*, of July 21, 1936. As follows:—

HOME.—A final report is issued by the Joint Committee of Owners and Trade Unions which has been investigating British trade. The report states that British trade has disappeared. The Owners say that this is because the Unions strike first, last, and all the time, and the Unions say it is because the Owners want to make a living, whereas no Owner has any right to make a living (*p. 11*).

Mr. A. J. COOK, addressing a meeting of allotment-holders at Welwyn Garden City yesterday, said "not a pen., not a min." He had had to abbreviate his famous saying of the last ten years, to save breath and newspaper space. The coal "lock-out" had now entered on its five hundred and thirty-second week, or was it its five hundred and thirty-third? and the miners' leaders stood just where they did, in fact further back than they did. They would meet nobody and discuss nothing. Not only the PRIME MINISTER, but all Cabinet Ministers were liars. In fact the only non-liars were miners' leaders (*p. 11*).

The last British miner emigrated to the Ruhr yesterday. He was given an impressive send-off by the local Stone-Breakers' Union on embarkation at Harwich (*p. 12*).

POLITICS.—Mr. CHURCHILL, speaking at the People's Palace on Saturday, said that the events of the past few years had confounded the evil prophets of 1926. The Betting Tax was now almost the entire revenue of the country. The betting industry had developed fabulously, beyond the dreams of the wildest optimist. The whole population could now be divided into two classes, punters and bookies. (Cheers.) Britain, always a leader, now led the world in betting (*p. 10*).

Lord BIRKENHEAD, speaking at a mothers' meeting at West Ham on Saturday night, said he was afraid that there were elements here which liked Russian gold, and plenty of it. The Government would have to do something about it, but he was not going to say what (*p. 10*).

FOREIGN.—M. BRIAND formed his one-hundred and twenty-fifth Cabinet yesterday, after difficult negotiations with the Extreme Right and the Extreme Left and the Radical-Socialist-Asthmatics of the Middle Centre. M. SACHA GUITRY is to be Finance Minister, and "Pertinax" has accepted the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. The franc, after touching 2005 to the £, recovered to 1996.50 (*p. 14*).

There was a revolution in Poland yesterday and Marshal Sopesudski assumed power as Dictator. All is quiet at Warsaw, except for batteries of machine-guns and squadrons of tanks patrolling the streets and firing in all directions (*p. 13*).

There was a revolution in Greece yesterday and General Tryptogopoulis assumed power as Dictator and started dictating at once. Calm reigns at Athens except for periodical bombing attacks by air squadrons controlled by the Government before last (*p. 13*).

There was a revolution at Lisbon on Saturday, and General Oliveira de Corno de Boy took office as President. The new President sent a telegram to the Foreign Office assuring H.M. Government that new Portugal would remain faithful to its old allies. Lisbon is tranquil except for steady bombardment of the Presidential Palace by warships in the Tagus (*p. 13*).

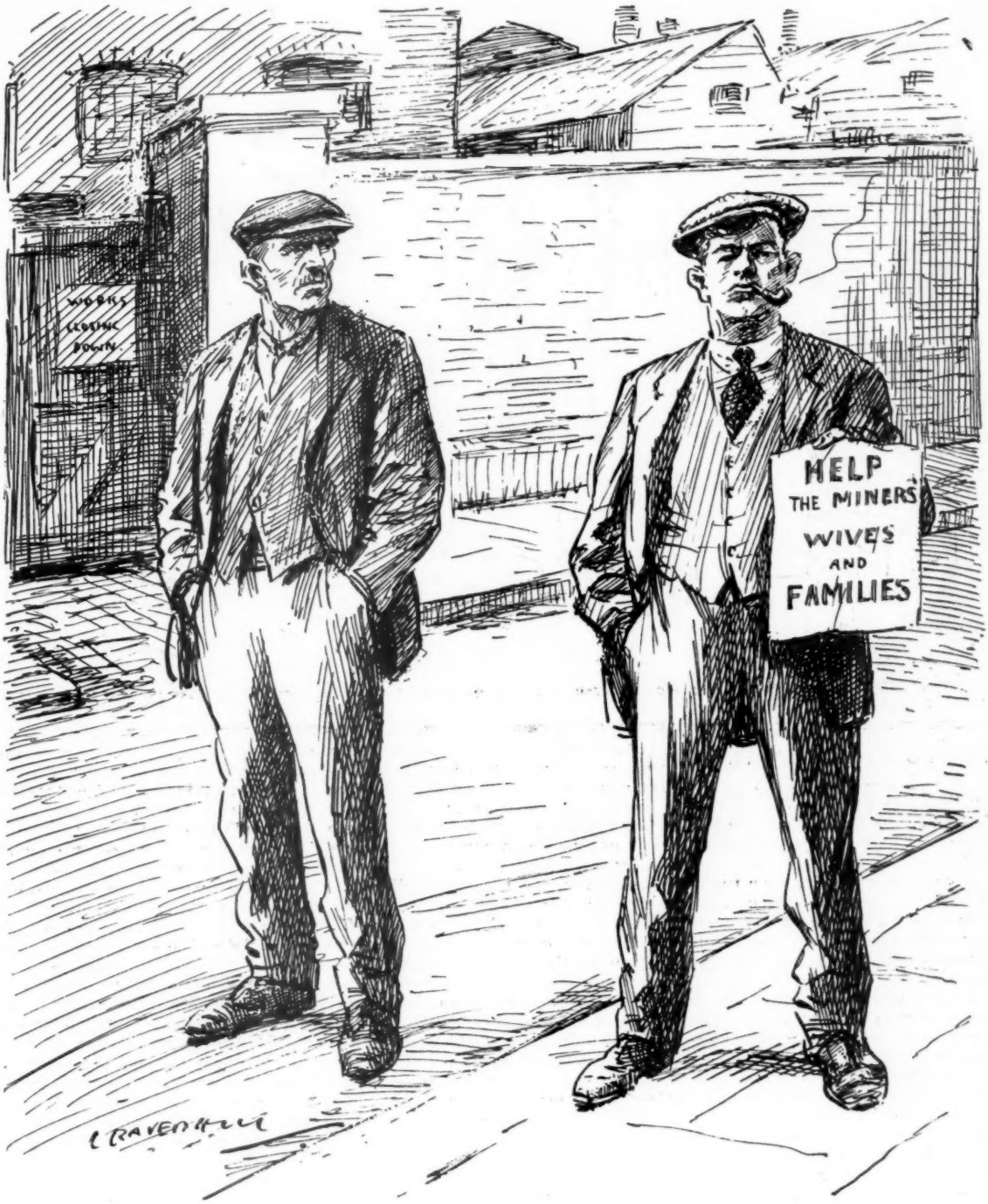
The Directorate at Madrid issued on Saturday a *pronunciamiento* stating that the smoothing out of the ripples on the Riff by the Spanish steam-roller is proceeding according to plan. Hardly a ripple remains on the Riff, or a Riffian either (*p. 13*).

The Foreign Secretary issued a statement yesterday to the effect that the European situation was never clearer. There was not a cloud on the horizon which had not burst. Those Englishmen who still had beds to sleep in might sleep in them for good (*p. 9*).

SPORT.—Mr. Billy Brown, of the Bowery G.C., U.S.A., played an exhibition round on St. Andrews old course on Saturday, doing the eighteen holes in an even fifty. He used the new magnetic ball, an American H.E. driver and a Pittsburg putter. He went round in twenty-five minutes, flying from tees to putting-greens in a Baby Poussin with a 990 H.P. Jumbo engine (*p. 6*).

A spirited water-polo match was played on Saturday at Hurlingham between the Duke of Ollapodrida's team of Tritons and Rear-Admiral Hodehouse's team of Porpoises. The Tritons won by 13 goals to 3, the Porpoises being a little unhandy in getting their punts athwart the goal (*p. 6*).

Miss Vivienne Tronglon arrived at Wimbledon two days late for the second round of the Ladies' Singles. It appears that, owing to an attack of nervous debility, her sixth racquet had become unstrung. It is believed that this constitutes a "record" in the history of championship lawn-tennis (*p. 7*).



THE REAL VICTIMS.

WORKER (*thrown out of employment through coal strike, to miner*). "I HAVEN'T SAID MUCH SO FAR; BUT I'VE GOT A WIFE AND FAMILY TO SUPPORT THE SAME AS YOU, AND I'M BEGINNING TO FIND YOU A BIT OF A NUISANCE."



Nervous little Man. "I SAY, OLD THING, I WOULDN'T LAUGH QUITE SO LOUD. HALF THE ROOM LOOKS AS IF IT MIGHT HAVE DONE IT."

PERFECTLY LOVELY TIMES.

XX.—THE EXEAT.

"ANYHOW," said the Bronco-Buster gleefully, "we haven't got the juicéd jolly old nuisance of a jolly old Sunday walk."

She was standing apart on the kerb with the Sub-prefect as she spoke. They were both of them dressed unimpeachably in white serge frocks and had green ribbons round their hats. Everybody else was in croc.

Exactly what the duties of the Sub-prefect were in the scholastic polity had never been made known, but the self-appointed task of the Bronco-Buster had something to do with the ropes of dressing-gowns and leaping from bed to bed in the dorm. And the Sub-prefect, so far from frowning upon these activities, appeared to be the Principal Mustang. Neither of them, of course, would have been allowed to be standing there like that, grinning at the others, if the car had not just arrived, with the Bronco-Buster's parents in it, to take them out for the day. It had been seen some distance away coming along the Front; "and the driving is like the driving of Ma-ma, the wife of Pa-pa, for she driveth cautiously," the Bronco-Buster had said, for she was always making dreadful jokes of that kind, causing the Sub-prefect to say, "Oh, *Clare!*" But she had not spoken in this way to Authority, before whom she was always deferential, not to say shy.

Giggling, the two accomplices got into the car and embraced the dog, which they had already cast for the future *rôle* of a wild boar, and were taken up the spiral road towards the downs. The mist had lain on the sea all the morning, and from the middle of it came long agonised booms. But the Bronco-Buster and the Sub-prefect, their attention being called to this, proved to be quite uninterested in seascapes or maritime adventure. Their conversation was of a severely technical kind. How, for instance, Daphne Robertson, in jumping on to a bed, had knocked the whole of the bottom of it out and gone through on to the floor.

"Is Daphne Robertson a very big girl?"

"Oh, no!" with shrieks of amused indignation.

"She must be a very heavy girl, then?"

"Oh, *no*, she isn't. She's very thin and very small, but she jumps very hard."

A somewhat baffling vision of Daphne Robertson in the act of levitation was presented to the mind.

The garden of the cottage on the down was glittering in sunlight, which had fought successfully all the morning against the sea-fog, and it was full of the scent of euonymus and lavender and pinks and in the long grass there were red poppies innumerable, so that it might have seemed to be a good place to romp in or even to sit down in quietly and make flower dolls. But the Bronco-Buster and the Sub-prefect, whatever their grandmothers might have felt about it, had other ideas. When they had put on their faded apple-green overalls instead of the Sunday white, they ran all over the house, and selected what might have appeared to be the least attractive part of it on an extremely hot morning in July.

"May we have the airing cupboard for a cave?" they implored, and, crouching in that dark stuffiness, spent an hour of thrilling drama until it was time for lunch.

When you go out to lunch on Sunday, of course the interest lies mainly in its

not being beef, and in being allowed to leave things on the side of the plate, which you can't do at school because Miss So-and-So reports you (except Joan Simpson, whom she favours), and also in having what you like more than once. In the case of the Sub-prefect this was tomatoes, because (she said) she was so fond of the pips, and the soft part of the pastry without the hard crust at the edges. But afterwards, of course, there were strawberries. As a special treat the two plates of strawberries were taken back to be eaten in the airing cupboard, out of which for several moments proceeded the steady click of the two cave-women's spoons. Then they came downstairs again, exhibiting perfectly polished platters, and piously announced, "We've washed them ourselves."

But when they were taxed instantly with being wicked little animals they were obliged to confess that they had done all the cleaning with their tongues.

Sitting down now upon the grass of the lawn, bobbed and shingled, a pleasing picture against the background of flowers, they began to play Snap and Double Dummy Whist, accusing each other in shrill but not unfriendly tones of cheating as almost every card was played.

After that it was time to proceed to the nearest point on the beach and picnic under the chalk cliff near the coastguard's hut. Inconsolable for a time because they had neither buckets nor shrimping nets, the Bronco-Buster and the Sub-prefect had to be appeased by the prospect of making puddings of chalk and sand, which seemed to offer fair chances of messiness and rivalry in handiwork combined. Only tense drama was lacking, and this a happy thought of the Bronco-Buster's was able to supply. When the two of them had eaten more sugar cakes than a mere outsider might have thought possible, and had each drunk two cups of lukewarm and very milky tea, they rolled up their sleeves, took off their shoes and their long white socks, and began to get to work.

The crumbling of the Seven Sisters provides plenty of cooking material if you mash about the chalk lumps in empty jam-pots with a stick. You can make London milk, ordinary milk, cream, or, if you mix lots of shingle with it, a peculiarly nasty-looking and sticky kind of pie. But after about an hour of this delicious joy the Bronco-Buster and the Sub-prefect, who had now strayed some distance away, seemed strangely quiet. Then the Bronco-Buster came running, terrified, with quick gasps.

"Come, come at once!" she cried, "Pam's frightfully ill. I don't know what's the matter with her."

A hasty rush had to be made round a cliff buttress, and there indeed was the Sub-prefect lying motionless on her back with every appearance of distress. Had a loose piece of rock fallen? Was it the cake? The rosy brown of her small face was changed to a dead-white pallor. Her blue eyes were closed.

There was a moment of awful suspense . . .

The Sub-prefect, shouting with laughter, leapt up and dashed lightly away. Her face and neck had been carefully smeared all over by the Bronco-Buster with pieces of moistened chalk.

An hour later, cleansed and in their right minds, the faded overalls exchanged for Sabbatical white serge, they were delivered into captivity again.

"No jolly old Scripture prep.," said the Bronco-Buster, as they kissed affectionate good-byes. EVOE.



FRONTIER TROUBLES AT OLYMPIA.

INFIDEL SAPPERS, WITH DEVIL-BRIDGE, CREATE A SCARE AMONG THE FAITHFUL (TOMMIES ALL).

"Lord Oxford has excommunicated Mr. Lloyd George."—*Provincial Paper.*

Boss locutus est.



Punctilious Relative. "BUT IF YOU 'VE NO WISH TO ENCOURAGE THE YOUNG MAN IS IT RIGHT TO LET HIM CONTINUALLY SEND YOU SUCH LOVELY FLOWERS?"

Young Lady. "QUITE ALL RIGHT, AUNTIE. I NEVER SMELL 'EM."

OUR YACHT.

I.—CAPTAIN AND CREW.

IT is Percival's and mine, and its name is *The Merry Widow*. So far it hasn't looked very merry, but already it has nearly made Mrs. Percival a widow. We were not frightfully good yachtsmen when we started, even though we did know how to wear yachting caps and stick our hands in our side-pockets with the thumbs out in front. Now, however, after four days we are quite good; we can even stand up and study other craft that pass us on the Norfolk rivers with a critical and even supercilious gaze, instead of crouching down with a harassed look and an eye on the boom. And as for sailing we can show a clean dinghy to any craft on the river.

Percival, who is experienced, told me when I started that there were three things I, a novice, should infallibly do on the first day:—

(1) Go aground on a lee shore.
(2) Get hit on the head by the boom.
(3) Fall off the boat into the water.

He was quite right about (1) and (2), but (3) I did not do. I am not very proud about it, though, because the only reason I didn't was that I had already run aground on the lee shore when I got hit on the head by the boom, and therefore, instead of falling off the boat into the water, I merely fell on to the lee shore. And anyway I did them all on the second day.

Percival also said—though I suspect him of making it up—that one cannot consider oneself a yachtsman till one has done all three of these things about six times. Percival says, Yes, he considers himself a yachtsman. I consider myself by now a skilled yachtsman. But I wish that yachts, like the Stock Exchange, could now and then have a rubber boom. It wouldn't hurt so much.

During the time that Percival is not asleep and I am neither in the water nor unconscious from concussion, I think we get on fairly well. Except in "tacking." I have a feeling that we don't "tack" in quite the right way. At present we do it as follows:—

We get on board at one of the banks and somebody holds the stern anchor cable while we hoist the sails. When he can't hold on any longer he lets go. When he lets go we charge across the river at tremendous speed. Arrived at the other side, I push the sharp end of the ship out of the mud with the pole thing called a "quant" which they supply with the boat to help you to "tack" with, and we dash back once more. I wait ready with the "quant" pole, and, if I haven't been thrown ashore by the impact, I push the sharp end round again.

We thus thrash back and forth about thirty times and then discover, just as we think we must be reaching the next village, that we have left behind us on shore the fresh-water jar or else the bottled beer. If it is the latter it is serious; but no harm is done because at the next "tack" whoever has suddenly landed from the sharp end walks back along the bank to where we started from—a matter of some fifteen yards—and gets it.

There is another thing we are frankly not good at, and that is bridges. Bridges on the Norfolk rivers are of two kinds—the kind that pivots round on a central pier and allows you to pass through on either side, and the kind that you have to stop and put down your mast for. These latter are the principal means of livelihood of men in tugs with ropes, men on shore with ropes, and men in row-boats with ropes, who rush out, shouting contradictory advice and throwing festoons of ropes all over you, just in time to save you drifting up against the bridge with your mast.

We had an unusual experience yesterday over one of these bridges—the kind that pivots on a central pier—and we have not yet decided whose fault it was.

The Merry Widow approached, with Captain Percival and Crew Apple in a harried condition and shouting vigor-

ously because the man who swings the bridge had not yet noticed the yacht's arrival. We were almost on it when it started to open, and we found we had unluckily chosen that side which swung out against us.

Captain Percival at this critical time was controlling the tiller with his spinal column and the main-sheet with a slip-knot on the left ankle, while Crew Apple was holding the jib-sheet with both knees and a running bowline over the right shoulder. Despite this we missed the small opening which was all that offered itself at the moment, and our mast struck the slowly-moving bridge with a crash. To the accompaniment of the rattling of empty beer bottles in the starboard lockers and two Primus stoves and a score of sardine tins in the port bunk, we heeled over. With masterly yachtsmanship Captain Percival shifted the tiller two vertebræ up his spine and drew in the main-sheet with his knee. Crew Apple assisted by passing the boom from port to starboard with his forehead. But the yacht heeled over still more as the opening bridge pushed us about, and we apparently began to sail backwards, so we lay in the bottom and prayed.

After five exciting minutes Captain Percival sent Crew Apple on deck to report. Crew Apple joyfully reported that, first, we were still in the river; second, he could see the bridge fifteen yards off on the starboard bow; and, third, it was wide open.

Captain Percival thereupon sprang to the tiller, gave Crew Apple his half of the sheet, charged at the opening and sailed through in triumph. Men shouted strange encouragement at us as we passed through, and we concluded that they didn't often see really good yachting. Then we sailed for several miles through the eternal sameness of Broadland scenery and finally tied up for the night at a pub.

Here, however, we were astounded to find it was the same one at which we had spent the previous night. With the help of two maps and everybody in the bar we eventually unravelled the mystery. It appears that the slowly-opening bridge had caught us and pivoted us across to the other side of the central pier, whence we had drifted through the bridge, stern foremost, while we lay in the bottom. When I was sent up to report we were already through without knowing it, and then, still not knowing what we were doing, we had negotiated it back again. No wonder men had shouted strange encouragement at us, though if only Percival . . .

But, as I said, we haven't yet decided whose fault it was. A. A.



Lady. "WHAT A DEAR LITTLE GUN! WHAT DOES IT SHOOT?"
Shopman. "SLUGS, MADAM."
Lady. "I THINK I MUST HAVE ONE. MY GARDEN 'S OVER-RUN WITH THEM."

ANNE AND REGINA.

[MISS ANNE TEMPLE and MISS REGINA MALONE, two young American college students, neither of whom is more than twenty-two, discuss the question, "Is Youth Deteriorating?" in the current number of *The Forum*.]

Two ladies, whose united ages
Pan out at less than forty-five,
Have canvassed in *The Forum's* pages
A subject that is much alive:
Is youth in morals, mien and dress
Worse than the youth of long ago?
Miss TEMPLE (ANNE) pronounces "Yes,"
But Miss MALONE (REGINA) "No."

Revolt, as neither of them doubts,
Is deeply rooted in the young,
Who cast aside like winter's clouts
The creed to which their parents clung;
To ANNE, however, they appeal
Like ostriches but lately plucked.
While brave REGINA by their zeal
For Freedom is immensely bucked.

The arguments, the *pros* and *cons*,
Are posed with admirable skill
Worthy of dialectic dons
Who ply the philosophic quill;
ANNE dwells upon the wild stampede
Of youth without a guide or goal;
REGINA bids us rather heed
Its high unconquerable soul.

The disputants are wondrous frank;
They 've got the latest jargon pat
(We, like America, have to thank
FREUD and his votaries for that);
But, as their names and views I scan,
I wonder, while I watch the fray,
What would poor old REGINA ANNE
Think of the damsels of to-day!

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE (AGAIN).

IN the bright and buoyant infancy of the British race a long tunnel was bored through the earth to contain an electrified system of railway trains. It ran from Charing Cross at one end and, forking at Camden Town, reached two places called Highgate and Golders Green, as a glance at the little map which follows will make clear:—



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The system endured for some time, and proved, I believe, a moderate success. Then the gay irresponsible persons who control the destinies of the Underground world began to try to be funny. First of all they extended one arm of the V—that which proceeded to Golders Green—into the remoter and more rustic parts of Middlesex, thus:—

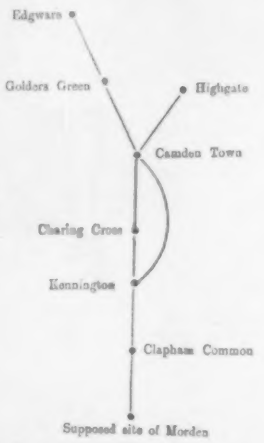


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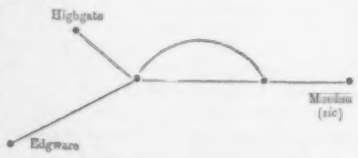
Still bubbling over with a sense of fun, the Directors of the Underground Railway now began to run "through" trains, which whiffled wildly past the dwellers in the nearer suburbs, embittering their tempers, ruffling their whiskers and removing their hats. It was now possible, nay, probable, to descend into the dungeons of the Tube and wait for ten minutes before getting a strap for Charing Cross. The time could be spent in reading house-agents' notices of the beauties and social amenities of Hendon and Edgware. Many, so weak is the human race, made use of this rare privilege, not knowing that the Directors of the Underground still had another exquisite sally of humour up their sleeve.

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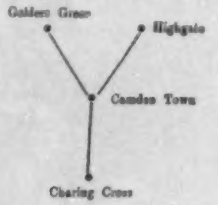
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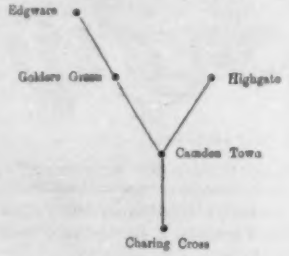
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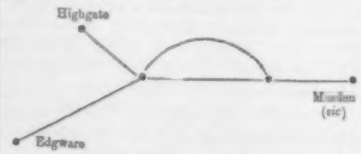
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SUBURBAN SCENES.

VIII.—THE KINGFISHER.

THIS morning, in London, within the six-mile limit, I saw a kingfisher. It was six o'clock in the morning and I was in evening dress. But I still maintain that I saw the kingfisher. And one of the gentlemen with me saw the kingfisher too. George saw two kingfishers. It sped past the bottom of my garden, flying close to the water; there was a flash of blue, and it disappeared towards Chiswick Eyot. A neighbour, a Civil servant, told me years ago that he had seen a kingfisher at Hammersmith, and now I know that he spoke the truth. But what was he doing up at six o'clock in the morning?

On the other hand, what is anybody doing in bed at six o'clock on a morning like that? When I saw the kingfisher I felt that our conduct in staying up all night was entirely justified. I felt very ethereal and good, and George said he felt quite extraordinarily ethereal. So we began again to discuss the question of going to bed. George said he wouldn't go to bed, because he wanted to see another extraordinarily ethereal kingfisher, and I said if he didn't go to bed soon he would probably see a flying-fox, if not worse. So we sat on the wall and a great heron flapped up the river, and we discussed herons and the dawn.

George said he thought the dawn was an extraordinary thing, because everybody says it is quite the best thing that ever happens; yet not only does nobody ever see it, but when a man takes the trouble to stay up all night and see the dawn, so far from his getting any credit for it, his neighbours are certain to make remarks and things are said in the comic papers; while if a man makes a habit of seeing the dawn he loses caste in all directions. George said he felt wounded about this, but he still felt ethereal; and then we saw seven swans. So I told George about the swan which attacked me when I was rowing in the *Crab*, and flew after me hissing with its beak stretched out, and how I repelled it with moral suasion and a boat-hook, and George said I had told him about that before.

Then I said it was an extraordinary thing that people should spend so much time and money on going away from London and searching for variety and adventure at Deauville and the South Seas when they could have twenty-four hours packed with drama at Hammersmith without squandering a halfpenny. For say what you like about the suburbs, I said, we may not have much money but we do see life. Take the last twenty-four hours, I said, since the last time we were in bed. In the afternoon we had a most extraordinary yacht-race, the sort of yacht-race that Cowes will never see if it has seventeen Jubilees. Yacht-races at Hammersmith have always a certain spice, because of the bunkers on the course—well, steamers and barges, and tugs and ladies' eights, and motor-boats and things. But what made this race so extraordinary was that a rowing-club was holding a regatta over the same course at the same time. And rowing-boats have to keep out of the way of sailing-boats, but sailing-boats ought to keep out of the way of rowing-boats when the rowing-boats are racing. But when they are both racing they just collide and use terrible language.



Rustic (to angler as big fish gets away). "WILL 'EE WANT ANY WITNESSES, SURR?"

There were racing eights, and racing fours and racing scullers, and we had eleven yachts, and they must have had a thousand boats, and there were generally eight-races and four-races going on at the same time, it seemed. So we tacked up and down the river, colliding with them all, upsetting the scullers, picking them up and explaining that it was all their fault. And after that we would dump them on the bank and continue the yacht-race. And all the time we shouted remarks to other yachts about the handicapping system, which of course is monstrous.

But what pleased me most was what happened to my rival, Mr. Giles, who somehow managed to sneak ahead of me, and has of course much too big a handicap, and generally beats the *Seamew* through sheer favouritism. Well, as he was stealing unscrupulously towards the goal on the starboard tack, with the *Seamew* not far behind, there was a great shouting on the bank, and up came a single-sculling race with little coloured flags, sculling like mad. So I shouted, and Mr. Giles shouted, and the people on the bank shouted and waved their megaphones, and one of the scullers with a little green flag ran plump into Mr. Giles's ridiculous boat end-on.

By superior navigation I sailed clean through the sculling-race (not without a few words on all sides), and passed Mr. Giles, just mentioning over my shoulder that he ought to be more careful. I also said something about his handicap, and he said that when he had taken the sculler home and put him to bed he would catch me up again, which did not seem to be funny. What *was* funny was that the sharp point, or bow, of the sculler's boat, skiff or "tooth-pick" turned out to be firmly embedded in Mr. Giles's boat, and nothing they could do could get it out. So they somehow waddled to the shore and summoned a passing motor-boat. The motor-boat hitched itself on to the sculling-boat and steamed ahead, and, after a good deal of manœuvring and a great deal of advice from the bank and some really lamentable remarks from Mr. Giles, the sculling-boat was extracted like a tooth. And then you see—what was so terribly funny—the water came in through the hole into Mr. Giles's absurd boat, and Mr. Giles came back to the club in a sinking condition. Oh, dear, how I laughed!

So you see what I mean about Cowes?

Well, after that I didn't seem to remember what happened next quite, so to speak. But George said he was sure there was a party somewhere because he felt so ethereal. And towards midnight I know I rang for a taxi because some absurd creature had said something about going; but when I went to the front-door there was the most adorable policeman standing on the doorstep, shining his lantern at the window where the noise came from, and wanting to know why the front-door was open. Well, I said it was very serious and he 'd better come in and ask somebody about it.



FOR THE TOP OF THE PIANO.

THE WEDDING GROUP.

The first thing he looked at was the book-shelf in the dining-room, and he said, "Yes, Sir, I always have a look at the books. My life should have been wrapped up with books by rights. My father was a book-shelf maker, and his father before him, but circumstances drove me into the Army and I went to India. Yes, Sir, you've beat me, Sir; there's more books here than ever I had, and I had ninety-eight when I was in India. But there it is, Sir, we can't all choose our lives, can we?"

It made me feel rather TCHEHOV and depressed to think of this charming man confined in the police force and yearning after literature.

But just then the taxi came and I asked him to wait just two minutes because the people were just coming. But the extraordinary thing was that nobody went near the taxi-man for two hours-and-a-half, so he stood there ticking till the dawn and simply loved it. For just at that moment we all got into the boats and plunged into the river Thames on the Surrey side. It was unfortunate that so many people were in evening dress, but nearly everybody took theirs off. The water was as hot as Honolulu, and a heron flew up and down overhead, croaking, which George said embarrassed him because he had no university costume. George was a little tiresome about his university costume because he said that several interesting points of law arose out of his not having a university costume, for, in the first place, is it illegal to bathe in the dark in London without a university costume? and in the second place, when the river police came along in a boat, George ran up the bank and made a long speech to them about his university costume, because he said they were in territorial waters and he was in Surrey so it had nothing to do with them; and when a policeman came along the towing-path he stood in the shallows and made a long speech to him to explain that the policeman was on land and had no jurisdiction over the water. And, what was so extraordinarily unnecessary, he told all the policemen he addressed that the party was in charge of Mr. Haddock, and gave them my address very loudly several times. Then everybody stood about in boiled shirts in the dawn carefully adjusting white ties with mud on them as if they were just starting out for a party, which struck me as humorous. Then we rowed home in circles; and there was the taxi-man still beaming.

So that's how I saw the kingfisher.

A. P. H.

Our Pugilistic Freaks.

From a boxing report:—

"—— is head and shoulders above any other man of his height in this country."

"At St. —— Church, Sergt. Charles ——, of the Embrocation Staff, R.A.S.C., to Miss ——, youngest daughter, etc."—*Local Paper.*

R.A.S.C. is an obvious misprint for R.A.M.C. The bride was first attracted, we understand, by her swain's lovely liniments.

SUMMER IN ARCADY.

I.—ARCADIA COTTAGE.

"I SAY," said Angela, coming abruptly into my study one June morning, "what about the summer?"

I looked up from an article which, inspired by the weather, I was writing about the habits of the Eskimos.

"What about it?" I said. "It hasn't started, has it? Because if I'm missing any of it——" And I laid down my pen to show that I was ready for any midsummer madness.

"Oh, no," said Angela. "At least I don't think so," she added as a handful of hailstones rattled against the window-pane. "But it will, you know."

"Well," I said judicially, "conceding that rather debatable point, what about it? Because I'm rather busy just now on an important piece of research connected with my article. It comes in the section 'Nose-warmers, the Eskimo habit of not casting until May be out.'"

"How wise of them!" said Angela, shivering. "What do they do the rest of the year?"

"They rub their noses with snow."

"I prefer powder," said Angela. "Which reminds me," she added inconsequently, "I came to talk about the summer."

Why it should so remind her I have no idea, but I realised that I must put the Eskimos back into cold-storage for a while.

"We can now give you our undivided attention," I said, leaning back in my chair. "If you have anything to say about the English summer which has not already been said, we shall be pleased to hear it. I hope it's respectable," I added.

"Respectable?"

"No bad language or deplorable adjectives."

"Oh, no. I'm talking about the summer we haven't had yet."

"Do you refer to next year's or that of the year after?"

"This year's, of course," said Angela. She perched herself upon the arm of my chair.

"The summer will soon be here," she said.

"Are you speaking with the tongues of men or of angels?" I asked.

"Don't interrupt," said Angela. "You must approach this summer in a proper spirit."

"I shall approach it in a mackintosh," I said.

"What I mean is this," she continued; "we haven't yet decided what we are going to do with it."

"We haven't yet decided whether we're going to have one at all," I pointed out.

"We'll take that for granted," said Angela.

I shut my eyes and tried to take for granted that we were going to have a summer this year.

"There," I said—"I have taken the most beautiful summer for granted. All drowsy, hot, bee-haunted days, with butterflies and sleepy cows standing in lush meadows and——"



"'I WANT A COTTAGE IN ARCADY,' I SAID."

"Never mind that," said Angela, who is deplorably prosaic in her mind. "What are we going to do with it when we get it?"

"First of all," I said, "we will try to believe that it is real. After that——"

"I mean, where are we going to spend it?"

The conversation seemed to be taking a practical turn and I felt furtively in my pocket. I had two half-crowns, a lucky farthing, a key and a couple of buttons.

"If we go for a week to stay with Aunt Martha," I suggested tentatively.

"Rubbish," said Angela with decision. "We're going to have a real holiday this year. The only point is where. I don't think we'll go on the Continent."

"I don't think we will," I said. I had just been trying the edges of the half-crowns with my thumb-nail, and one of them had failed to qualify, reducing my available capital by two-and-fivepence.

"There's yachting," said Angela.

"There is," I admitted, idly applying the same test to the buttons and discovering to my surprise and delight that one of them was a shilling. I began to take a more optimistic view of things.

"What do you suggest?" said Angela.

I looked at her and smiled.

"What have you decided?"

Angela laughed.

"A cottage," she said. "A cottage in the country for the whole jolly summer."

"I see. Summer in Arcady."

"Yes," said Angela.

* * * *

I spent the evening looking through the advertisements in various daily and weekly papers. But somehow their thoughts ran on "imposing lounge halls, with winged staircases" (whatever that may mean), and "14 bed 5 receptn rms," and things like that. They didn't appear to be interested in the requirements of people in our position at all.

But it was up to me to see this thing through. After all, I am a man, and Angela would naturally expect me to be efficient about it. I called on an agent.

"I want a cottage in Arcady," I said.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said the agent.

"Something," I continued, "where the bees murmur from dewy morn to an equally dewy eve. Not *too* dewy, of course," I added, thinking of my rheumatism. "And if you could throw in a few cows standing knee-deep in lush grass——"

The agent looked nervously at his typist.

"I'm afraid we can't," he said. "We have no cottages in the suburb you mention. The second door on the right will take you back into the street. *Good* morning."

Somehow I didn't seem to have much luck with the agents. None of them appeared even to begin to understand my requirements, and one practically threatened to send for the police when I told him about the butterflies.

"I'm sorry, Angela," I said when I got home again. "But I don't seem



Umpire (after answering vociferous appeal in the negative). "THAT'S WHAT YE GET FUR SHOUTIN'!"

to be able to find that cottage. I think this must be the close season for cottages, or there 's a building crisis on in Arcady or something——"

"Oh, but you shouldn't have bothered," said Angela. "I 've arranged all that."

I gasped.

"Tell me," I said. "Will the bees murmur?"

"You will hardly be able to hear yourself think for them," said Angela.

"And will there be cows standing knee-deep in lush grass?"

"Bags of them," said Angela. "And the grass is the lushiest you ever saw."

"What 's it called?" I asked.

"Arcadia Cottage," said Angela.

I closed my eyes in dreamy blissful anticipation.

"It 'll do," I said. L. DU G.

"HEAT AFFECTS HORSES AT NEWMARKET.
EQUATOR BEATEN."
Evening Paper.

The tropics, in fact, were not in it.

"Dr. —— receives a knighthood, though he has spent nearly all his life in Sheffield."
Liverpool Paper.

We don't approve of these municipal jealousies.

TRAVELLER'S JOY.

THERE 's a high corner
Where the road turns
Under the hazels,
And there a man learns
When the sun blazes
Or when eve is cool
CAUTION and CROSS ROADS,
And DANGER and SCHOOL.

There 's an old farmhouse
Of weathered brick,
Round about cluster
The byre and the rick,
And high on the roof-tree
There gleams like a star
The best kind of petrol
To use for your car.

The elm-trees are leafy,
The hedge is a bower,
And SLOW DOWN FOR MARTLEY
To eight miles an hour;
High stand the poppies
That drowse in the field,
The bends are all hairpin,
The DRIVES are CONCEALED.

Wrought-iron gateways
And parkland go by,
CATTLE and STEEP HILL
Astonish the eye;
Low the convolvulus
Droops her white cup,
TAR-SPRAYING, STEAM ROLLER,
ROAD TAKEN UP.

You may travel through England
On highway and lane,
And turn back at Scotland
And drive through again;
Wherever you wander
You 'll find there 's no stint
Of capital letters
And beautiful print. EVOE.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

From the report of a learned society:—

"The item £1,631 Centenary Entertainment will not occur again in the near future."

From a concert notice:—

"It is enough to say that Mr.—— sang with infinite variety, in a voice in which strength never married sweetness."—*Japanese Paper.*

Preferring, no doubt, to remain solo.

From a Test match report:—

"Andrews was out before getting a good sight of the bill."—*Sunday Paper.*

We are often tempted to try this manœuvre when dining at certain restaurants. But that, of course, would not be cricket.



Husband. "HERE'S THE SUMMER HALF GONE AND WE'VE NOT WON A TEST MATCH. THANK GOODNESS WE'VE STILL GOT MANCHESTER AND THE OVAL."
Long-suffering Wife. "HEAVENS! ARE THERE TWO MORE?"

ANOTHER VITAL MATCH.

VICTORY AT MANCHESTER MAY GIVE ENGLAND THE "ASHES."

[With acknowledgments to Mr. M. A. NOBLE'S expert views, as published on the eve of the last Test match in an article headed:—

A VITAL MATCH.

VICTORY AT LEEDS MAY GIVE ENGLAND THE "ASHES."]

As the Test series consists of five matches and three have been already played it will be readily seen that only two remain to be played. As we draw nearer to the end without any match having been brought to a decision the interest in this great conflict tends, if possible, to increase.

If Australia wins the match at Manchester she will only need to draw the fifth match in order to win the rubber. The same may be said of England. If, on the other hand, the Manchester match is drawn, everything will depend upon the result of the Oval match.

Provided the wicket is perfect and the weather remains good throughout the Manchester match, experience drawn from the last two encounters goes to show that another draw is not improbable.

If, on the other hand, heavy rain falls overnight followed by a hot drying sun, much will depend upon the toss. At the same time it must be remembered that a captain who wins the toss and puts the other side in always runs a certain risk, as indeed was demonstrated in the Leeds match. In taking this risk I consider that CARR was justified by everything except the actual result.

Again, the match may be begun under good weather conditions, which may change on the second day. This possibility introduces that element of chance which is a main factor in the uncertainty of the game.

In the event of the result turning upon the Oval match there will be an extra day's play, which should materially reduce the probability of a draw.

As I write, the Australian team has not yet been chosen for the Manchester match, but I think it may be taken for granted that MACARTNEY and BARDSLEY will be among the selected; and there are others, sound batsmen and bowlers, who can hardly be left out.

For the English team, HOBBS, SUTCLIFFE and TATE seem to be indicated as certainties. But I am diffident about appearing to intrude in a matter which concerns the authorities.

I am safe however in saying, with regard to both teams, that, when it comes to choosing the eleventh or twelfth representative (not more than eleven are ultimately included), it may be necessary to weigh very carefully the claims of a man who is a good batsman but an indifferent bowler against those of another who is a good bowler but an indifferent batsman.

In this choice much will rightly be made to depend upon the condition of the ground on the opening day. Of course the state of the wicket may be modified on the second or third day, but it will then be too late to make a change in the team.

O. S.



THE PASSER-BY.

MR. CHURCHILL (*to M. Caillaux*). "JUMP UP, MATE; THE OLD MOKE'LL MANAGE SOMEHOW."

UNCLE SAM (*a realist*). "VERY TOUCHING. I'VE HEARD THAT THIS KIND OF FELLOW-FEELING MAY OFTEN BE FOUND AMONG THE POOR."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 12th.—Time was when the suggestion that Russia was equipping and training the Afghanistan army would have given us a bad attack of what the late Duke of ARGYLL called "Mervousness." To-day Earl WINTERTON'S reply to Sir W. DAVISON, that the situation was being carefully watched, seemed quite adequate.

The New Eloquence still has the House of Commons in its grip. Having called attention to an open-air collection meeting at Leytonstone "on behalf of the miners' children," of which a quarter of the collection (of £1 12*s.*) was appropriated for propaganda and another quarter for the organisers of the collection, Major KINDERSLEY asked if the money coming from Russia was distributed in similar proportions—a question which so irritated Mr. WILL THORNE, for some reason or other, that he promptly charged the hon. and gallant gentleman with having a mind like a London County Council sewer. At the SPEAKER'S bidding he withdrew the remark; announcing, however, that if the words used were unparliamentary according to Standing Orders he was sorry for Standing Orders. It would be interesting to know what Members would *not* be allowed to say to one another under Standing Orders drawn up by the Member for Plaistow.

The SPEAKER, at the instance of Major COLFOX, deplored the discourtesy shown on Thursday last to BLACK ROD by Labour Members and described it as a gross indignity to himself and to the House as a whole. Later Major COLFOX wished the SPEAKER to apologise publicly to the Lords for the unmannerly behaviour of Labour Members in their Lordships' House, but the SPEAKER evidently thought this would be carrying the matter too far. Mr. LAWSON seemed to want to blame it on their Lordships, but was promptly called to order, the SPEAKER'S last word being that the House must mind its own affairs.

Followed the debate which, though nominally a demand for a general inquiry, was actually an attempt to vilify Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN for retaining his directorship of a private company which had contracts with the Government. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had previously explained that it was a family concern, that he took no active part in the affairs of the company and knew nothing about its contracts, and that his position in regard to it was fully revealed to his colleagues in the various Ministries he had served in.

Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON'S speech consisted chiefly of alternate innuendos and assertions that no innuendos were intended. Mr. BALDWIN reduced the case for the motion *ad absurdum* and declared that, while there might be some ground for a reinvestigation of the existing practice of permitting Cabinet Ministers to retain directorships in private companies, he would not accept the present motion, which was merely part of an intensive mud-slinging campaign.

It remained for Lord HUGH CECIL, however, in a speech supporting his amendment, to reduce not merely the arguments but the Labour Party in general and "UNCLE ARTHUR" in particular to absurdities. So wittily and cleverly did he do it that the victims laughed in spite of themselves and listened with good-natured interest to an attack that, more clumsily conceived, would have been received with clamorous and insensate jibberings. When he likened Mr. HENDERSON to a small boy saying "damn" for the first time the House roared approval. It was like a clever scoutmaster giving a lecture on the higher morality to a troop of East-End wolfcubs. The motion was heavily defeated.



Scoutmaster (Lord HUGH CECIL) to Scout (Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON). "I OBJECT TO YOUR THROWING MUD; BUT I OBJECT STILL MORE TO YOUR INEFFICIENT WAY OF DOING IT."

Tuesday, July 13th.—The House of Lords discussed the disturbances created on the previous Thursday by Members of the House of Commons at the Bar of their Lordships' House, decided that the SPEAKER had covered the ground thoroughly in his remarks on the previous day, and intimated that if it occurred again drastic action by both Houses would result. Parliament has before this gone so far as to imprison violators of its privileges in its own cellars, but it is doubtful whether, with the thermometer at its present altitude, this would prove a sufficient deterrent.

Their Lordships, in Committee on the Wild Birds' Protection Act, turned to the more important question of plovers' eggs. It hurts Lord BUCKMASTER to see baskets of these dainties exposed for sale to gratify the gluttony of the rich. An amendment fully protecting the lapwing all the year round was duly accepted.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER admitted to Sir J. NALL that certain imported cider with an alcoholic content exceeding that of beer entered the country without paying any sort of duty. He regretted that his proposals for taxation for the current year had already been laid before the House. Inquiries by various Members as to where this stimulating beverage could be obtained elicited no satisfactory response.

At any other time the CHANCELLOR'S answer to Mr. DAY, that the Government would not consider introducing legislation for the taxation of cats, might have been met with at least a mew of approval, but the mind of the House was on something else. M. CAILLAUX had been and gone and the question was, what had his visit cost us? Mr. CHURCHILL explained that the total sum payable remains the same as already agreed, but the annual instalment will not reach its maximum of £12,500,000 until 1930. France may also re-open the whole agreement if Germany fails in the payment of her reparations. Mr. SNOWDEN seemed anxious for an opportunity to debate the settlement, but it is unlikely that the House will want to do anything that might encourage M. CAILLAUX to return to the steadily diminishing charge.

The Ministry of Health vote enabled Mr. MACQUISTEN (clothed to suit his argument) to contrast the wisdom of the modern maiden "mid nodings on," or very nearly, with the foolishness of ordinary males, who in tropical weather "go about sweltering." The House was so affected by the news that sleepy sickness was on the wane that it

could hardly wait till eleven o'clock to go home to bed.

Wednesday, July 14th.—"To closure or not to closure" was the problem that tore at the vitals of the House of Lords to-day on the motion of Earl RUSSELL, who claimed that as far as the House of Lords went no such operation was recognised. The LORD CHANCELLOR agreed that there was no Standing Order providing for the closure and no precedent for producing one, as it were, out of his hat, but he urged that the Labour Lords had introduced a snake into their midst in the form of a filibuster, and it behoved them to show that they were equal to the occasion by evolving from their inner consciousness a new mongoose.

Lord ULLSWATER who, as former Speaker of the House of Commons, knows a lot about precedents and closures and a bit (according to his own admission) about organised obstruction, thought that if they were going to make the closure a precedent, as they would if Viscount FITZALAN'S amendment to the motion were adopted, they should have a properly drawn and carefully considered Standing Order. The one sensation of the debate was the accusation, levelled against Lord BANBURY and not denied, that he had heard the call of the wild, or rather of the wild men from the House of Commons, and had himself become so lost to all sense of decorum as to bellow "Divide" from behind the Bar.

The House of Commons, with Mr. AMERY as its spokesman, paid a brief but glowing tribute to a great Englishwoman, Miss GERTRUDE BELL. Her premature death, attributable to too zealous a devotion to duty over a long period of years in a trying climate, had not come, Mr. AMERY declared, before she had seen her life's objective, the stability and prosperity of the Iraq State, well on its way to fruition.

The mock debate in the House conducted by irreverent Transatlantics, in the course of which one of the mock debaters, in place of such Parliamentary phrases as "liar," "murderer," etc., had shouted "Attaboy" or some other uncouth expletive at his mock adversary, was pronounced by the SPEAKER to be a figment. Strangers had however occupied the sacred seats and he hoped it would not occur again.

The House turned to Supply and discussed such things as the telephone (ignoring, however, Mr. THURTLE'S profound query as to whether Americans are any happier for having seventeen to our one), broadcasting, gyratory traffic and Waterloo Bridge. Points of the debate were that the B.B.C. is to become "nationalised," that Colonel ASHLEY does not like the word "gyratory," possibly because the "guy" has been unduly accented, and Mr.



"In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest."
LORD BUCKMASTER.

AMMON wants the POSTMASTER-GENERAL to "stimulate" the cash-on-delivery system, presumably by making free sample deliveries to likely patrons.

Thursday, July 15th.—Lord DE LA WARR'S plea that, if they lived in West



"Take the question of clothing——"
MR. MACQUISTEN.
Inset: Solar topee as worn on Terrace.

Ham, they would have done as West Ham Guardians do, merely strengthened the House of Lords' determination to pass the Defaulting Guardians Bill with all speed. This done they turned to the Disposal of Churches (Metropolitan) Measure, which the Bishop of LONDON moved should be presented for the Royal Assent. Lord CRAWFORD pooh-poohed (if one can be said to pooh-pooh a prelate) the BISHOP'S assertion that this was not a Bill for the wholesale demolition of City churches. "Not a stone off; not a penny on" was his slogan. These churches were old landmarks of historic interest and architectural beauty. Was it a reason for pulling some of them down that they were only fifty feet apart? As well complain that there were too many pictures in the National Gallery, too many statues in the British Museum or too many banks in Lombard Street. So moving was his appeal that the debate was adjourned till Monday.

In the Commons Mr. BALDWIN outlined the agenda of the Imperial Conference which will open on October 5th. Mr. T. WILLIAMS besought him to remember that the Governments of Great Britain and Australia did not represent the majority of the electors. "That does not prevent them from being Governments," retorted the PRIME MINISTER drily.

Fundamental cleavages of opinion occasionally show through Socialism's superficially united front. Colonel DAY asked the HOME SECRETARY if he would consider compelling young women who go to night clubs as instructresses or dancing partners to register under The Theatrical Employees' Registration Act. "Will the HOME SECRETARY consider the introduction of legislation to register, license and tax all people who want to register other people?" supplemented Colonel WEDGWOOD. Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS found himself in complete agreement in principle with this suggestion.

The House again debated the tax on imported wrapping-paper and the Betting Tax as amended. The amendment, which gives a slight advantage in the amount of tax to wagers made on the course, was not seriously contested, and even Mr. SNOWDEN in support of his amendment was content to advance as his main argument that the Evangelical members of the Cabinet were opposed to the Tax. The Report stage of the Finance Bill was concluded.

"Like the Assyrians of old, but with masks instead of the cohorts described by Byron, a number of men in broad daylight descended on the town of Bunclody, Co. Wexford, and took away a considerable amount of cash."
Irish Paper.

Just for curiosity we should like to know how our contemporary visualises a cohort.



LESSER-KNOWN SIGHTS OF LONDON.

IN THE CELLARS OF THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM. STUFFING A GIRAFFE.

ORNITHOLOGY WITHOUT TEARS.

(A new and concise Guide to some of the commoner British Birds.)

ALL you who would study the species called *Avis*,
Who long to distinguish the Merle and the Mavis,
With diligence note what hereunder is written,
And learn all about them, the Birds of our Britain.

The Thrush is arresting because he has lots
Of surprisingly large and conspicuous spots;
Apparently snails are the dish of his choice—
He finds, I suppose, that they strengthen the voice.

The Blackbird, to judge by his fearful to-do,
Spends most of his life in a permanent stew;
You 'll notice indeed, if you see him near by,
He *has* got a silly hysterical eye.

The Starling has charms, which how little avail!
His appearance is ruined through lack of a tail;
Admire his bright sheen, his melodious twaddle,
And doubly deplore that unfortunate waddle.

The Robin, with widely-known waistcoat of red,
Complacent, self-centred, extremely well-fed,
Remains unaware of a certain vulgarity
In such an ubiquitous cheap popularity.

The elegant Chaffinch has white on his wings
And cleverly runs down the scale when he sings;
His colours are varied—preponderant, pink;
At times he will loudly ejaculate "Chink."

The Wren you may know by his tail perpendicular;
On its set, you will see, he is highly particular;
Loudly he sings from diminutive bill
And finishes up with a powerful trill.

Be he Long-tailed, Great, Blue—any kind whatsoever—
The Tit is a darling, so cute and so clever;
The vulgar would call him a regular cough-drop;
He hangs upside down and refuses to off-drop.

The tidy small Stonechat on commons is seen;
His little white collar is spotlessly clean;
His habits are fussy, his song very plain,
He sits on a furze-bush without any pain.

The Greenfinch you 'll like; though he does run to beak
He is quite a nice colour and far from a freak;
That droning of his, to be sure, is a pity—
We can but suppose he considers it pretty.

(To be continued.)

Our Connoisseurs.

"I managed to get a preliminary peep at some of the exquisite Louis XV. Aubusson tapestry chairs, which are over four hundred years old."—*Evening Paper.*

"Police-Sergeant —— stated that while he was in charge of a control the defendant cycled through it, turned round some distance off, and warned oncoming cars, with the result that they crawled through the control, jeered at the police, and ironically raised their hats to them."—*Morning Paper.*

In similar circumstances our car merely shakes her bonnet and *never* jeers.

A MATTER OF INCHES.

PSYCHOLOGISTS are a queer set, but they sometimes hit on a truth, and I go all the way with them when they say that we are riding for a fall if we refuse to recognise the limitations of our own temperaments. Take for example the case of poor Samuel Steevens.

In the society of Market Hedingham my friend Steevens had a definite if not very distinguished place. He was the husband of Mrs. Steevens and the owner of a pedigree wolf-hound, and in neither capacity could you ignore him, for both Mrs. Steevens and the dog were fond of him, and you could neither speak to the one nor stroke the other without having to say in a very few minutes, "Oh, hello, Steevens! I didn't see you were there; how are you?" That was where we put Steevens and that was where he would have "stayed put" if he had had any sense, or if the Wilkinsons had given their dinner-party on any other evening in the year.

Steevens was always dining out, not because he liked it, but because we all liked his wife, and whatever you may do in London we don't ask wives out to dinner in Market Hedingham without their husbands. On the evening of the Wilkinsons' dinner-party Steevens had dressed and was sitting in the library waiting impatiently for his wife and, for want of a better occupation, glancing through the pages of his morning newspaper. As he did so he caught sight of the words "Market Hedingham" and at once found himself reading a paragraph which to a resident like himself was simply astounding. He had in fact to read it through several times to be sure he was not dreaming, and by the time he was satisfied Mrs. Steevens had come downstairs and was waiting impatiently in the hall.

His natural impulse as he followed her into the car was to tell her what he had found, but they had first to decide which of them it was who had kept the other waiting, and long before that point was settled he had made up his mind to keep his news to himself. Just for once they would have to talk to *him* at the Wilkinsons', not to his wife.

Up to a point the dinner was exactly like all the dinners Samuel Steevens had sat through for a year or more. His partner asked him whether "Cæsar" had won any more prizes lately, and he had said not for a long time, and then after a long silence she asked him suddenly how Cæsar was and whether he had won any more prizes lately, and before he could answer she said, "Oh, I asked you that just now, didn't I? How foolish of me!" Another profound silence.

He knew what was coming next. The lady on the other side of him would turn round and say, "Well, Mr. Steevens, how is Cæsar? Has he been winning any more prizes lately?"



Indignant Lady. "'GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES'—YES, AND BLONDES PREFER GENTLEMEN."

He decided not to wait for it. Disregarding our local rule for formal dinner-parties, which decrees that you must not make conversation general before the sweets course, he cleared his throat loudly and said across the table:—

"Well, Mrs. Wilkinson, what do you think of Market Hedingham as a racing centre?"

Everyone stopped talking and gazed at him in astonishment, and at last a voice said, "Get on with it, Samuel; you can't leave it there, you know."

"Oh, but haven't you heard?" said Steevens. No one had heard.

He could hardly believe it possible. At the most he had hoped, by introducing the subject, to lead the conversation for a time; it was barely credible that he possessed a priceless piece of exclusive information; but evidently it was so, and he would make the most of it.

"Do you mean that we are going to have races here, Mr. Steevens?" said his hostess. "Do tell us; this is positively thrilling."

"Yes, Mrs. Wilkinson, we are going to have a race-course up on the Downs here behind the town. I understand that they are starting work on the stands at once and that they hope to have the first meeting there in the summer of next year."

"Where did you get this from, Steevens?" said someone, inevitably.

"I'm afraid," replied Steevens impressively, "I'm not at liberty to—er—divulge the name of my informant; but you can absolutely rely on the truth of it. It should be in the papers in a day or two. In fact I was rather surprised not to find anything there this morning." (Oh, Samuel!)

"This is most interesting," said Mr. Cox, bank-manager and local historian. "There used to be racing here in the past, and you can still see evidences of it on the Downs near the Beacon. The stands were accidentally burned down about seventy years ago and were not rebuilt. I understand the course had never paid its way, as it was rather off the beaten track; but I suppose they think that with our modern means of transit they can make it successful."

Everyone felt that this was in some sort a corroboration and Steevens grew almost light-headed with it.

"I suppose you can't tell us exactly in what week the meeting will be?" said Mrs. Wilkinson. "I was thinking we might be able to let our houses."

"I'm afraid I can't exactly, Mrs. Wilkinson, but I understand it will be some time in August."

"Really, Mrs. Steevens," said Wilkinson admiringly, "your husband is immense. Where does he get his racing news from? Is it week-ends at Knowsley, or does he hang with grooms and porters on the bridge?"

"Don't ask me," she replied gaily. "This is all news to me. I shall have to talk to him when we get home. I don't like this double-life business."

And so throughout the evening. It was a triumph for Steevens. Even



Husband (to Modiste). "ER—PARDON. WHAT COLOUR DID MADEMOISELLE SAY THAT WAS?"
Mademoiselle. "ELEPHANT GREY."
Husband. "AH, YES—THAT 'S IT—GREY!"

when conversation had shifted, reluctantly, to other matters he was still in the middle of the picture, and appeal was at once made to him if a rumour had to be confirmed. And Cæsar might never have been born.

Going home in the car he had perforce to tell his wife of the deception he had practised, and she laughed heartily. "Good for you, old thing," she said, "as long as you 're absolutely sure about it."

"Oh, that 's all right," he said. "I 'll show it you when we get in. It 's among the 'Items of News in Brief,' I think."

* * * * *

He was not quite right, but very nearly. It was not among the items of news in brief, but an inch or two below them, under the heading, "From our Columns of One Hundred Years Ago."

So once more Samuel Steevens is the husband of Mrs. Steevens and the owner of an exceptionally fine pedigree wolfhound of the name of Cæsar.

A LONG-FELT WANT IN THE ARMY.

THE recent Army Estimates were so full of economies, some effected and some in store, that it will come as a surprise to many to learn that the authorities have actually decided to form a totally new branch of the service. The function of this as yet unborn corps will be to attend to all the correspondence. Its representatives will be attached to every unit and headquarters. All returns, reports, documents, files, reasons in writing, reminders and hasteners will pass between them. The combatant officers will take no part in the war on the paper front. They will be expected to occupy themselves out-of-doors.

It is not yet certain whether the name of the corps is to be "The Royal Corps of Army Clerks" or "The Royal Army Clerical Corps." It has been pointed out that the Army Chaplains' Department has a prior claim to the latter title, but I understand that negotiations are in progress and that the matter is likely to be cleared up before very long.

Junior officers will probably be delighted at this stroke of fortune, but it is possible that the seniors, who have spent so much of their service in filling up forms and in amending their copies of the official publications, may view the innovation with some concern.

The members of the new corps will of course be subject to military discipline. A training manual in three handy volumes and four quarto sheets of amendments is being brought out to guide them in the discharge of their duties. The illustrations in Volume i. are a striking feature, and, after studying them carefully, no one should have any difficulty in assuming such rudimentary positions as "Sit at ease," "Sit easy," or "On the desk and off," without any further instruction.

Volume ii. consists of regulations for carrying out the periodical inspections

of personnel and material. This volume has been particularly carefully edited. With the exception of *dictionary*, *nib* and *typewriter* every item given in the index is also treated in detail on the appropriate page. The omission of *typewriter* is regrettable, as differences of opinion are certain to occur when machines are laid out for Commanding Officers' inspection. Are figs. to be on the right and caps. on the left, or *vice versâ*? This point might well be included as an addendum in the next volume of amendments.

Volume iii. is undoubtedly the one which will attract the most attention. It is a complete guide to official correspondence and will be of great interest, not only to those who have to use it, but also to those who for years have employed the words and phrases contained therein without having any idea as to their meaning. Thus, under "RETURNS" we find: "The headings IMMEDIATE, PRESSING and URGENT on a letter call for no particular action on the part of the addressee, but any letter headed VERY URGENT INDEED should be replied to in the course of the same financial year. Any of the following expressions may be introduced into the text for euphony:—*early*, *forthwith*, *at once*, *without delay*, *by return*, *as soon as possible*, or *in due course*. None of these affects the meaning in any way, except *in due course*, which is employed only when no reply is really expected at all. Letters which do not contain specific questions are to be answered by (*a*) NOTED, or (*b*) ERROR REGRETTED, or by a combination of the two. Civil or un-military expressions, like *kindly* or *at your earliest convenience*, are to be avoided.

"Can you now say how this matter stands, please?" is given as a useful formula for reviving an apparently lifeless correspondence. The following invaluable device is printed in red ink and is only to be used in cases of extreme urgency by persons with no fewer than twenty years' service: "Detach and burn the one essential letter on the file. Then return the remainder with a covering letter stating that this correspondence would appear to be incomplete."

Why was there no *vade mecum* of this sort in *my* day?

Fierce competition for service in the new corps is anticipated. The badge is to be a Fool's Cap with proper margin; or, a Quarter-master (serjeant) with supporters a messenger (passant, regardant) and a pencil (salient). The heraldic label will be glutinous on one side only, for the sake of economy. The motto is to be "*Currente calamo*," and the Regimental March will be an adaptation of SCHUBERT'S "Hark! Hark! the Clerk."

AT THE PLAY.

"DISTINGUISHED VILLA" (LITTLE).

MISS KATE O'BRIEN'S *Distinguished Villa*—a first play—is a considerable



THE PRIMROSE PATH OF DALLIANCE.
John Morris . . . . . MR. WILLIAM STACK.

achievement in itself, and of even greater promise. It is only gradually that we recognise, as we look at the aspidistra-haunted sitting-room of the *Hemworths* in The Avenue, Brixton, and go on laughing at the snobberies, pretentiousness, petty tyrannies and self-complacency of the egregious *Mabel Hemworth*, that the business is working itself out to tragic-ends—a device which, consciously or unconsciously adopted, heightens the effect of the catastrophe when it comes.



A DISTINGUISHED VILLAIN.
Alec Webberley . . . . MR. HENRY HOARE.
Gwendoline Tupman . MISS GILLIAN LIND.

Little *Natty Hemworth*, slave of the ledger and the eternal 8.45 to Ludgate Hill, is just one of those entirely decent, friendly, faithful, lovable little men that ought to have been allowed to choose at leisure as friendly and simple a mate. As anyone can see, he has been carried off and more or less forcibly married by the efficient *Mabel*. That was eleven years ago, and no doubt he thought he was the prime mover in the affair. He still admires his wife tremendously, taking her always at her own valuation, attributing, under her constant instruction, any unsatisfactorinesses in their relationship to his own shortcomings or to her much-stressed poor health—a weapon which she uses with a mercilessness which only the *Mabels* know how to exploit to their convenience and advantage. The little man, an impenitent idealist, has kept alive his romance against every discouragement. Occasionally a cloud of black misery descends upon him. He doubts the fundamental article of faith, the essential loveliness of Distinguished Villa, and if he gave himself half a chance would doubt the infallibility of his *Mabel*.

And then *Frances*, a girl from another world, comes to lodge with the *Hemworths*. Here at close quarters he sees tolerance, culture, a real understanding and sympathy, an adventurous spirit. "Don't you *ever* want to go out and get drunk, Natty?" is put forth as a viewpoint rather than a suggestion. And the little man falls deeply in love, never getting any farther than perpetual thoughtfulness and service, and, in a moment of extreme misery, desperately kissing the cushion on which the dear friendly head had rested. Here he has a criterion by which to judge the hitherto sacrosanct *Mabel*. But the little man's mind moves slowly. His loyalty still survives.

And meanwhile *Frances* is meeting her own adventure. The rough, downright "spoiled poet," *John*, is engaged to *Mabel's* pretty sister *Gwen*. It is not long before he turns from her prettiness and cinema-clouded mind to the real woman into whose company he is thrown and who obviously is drawn to him, while *Frances's* persistently rejected suitor *Alec* turns in easy consolation to *Gwen*, who is by no means the innocent child that her elder sister, sure of her own infallible method of bringing up a perfect little Brixton lady, assumes.

It would spoil the pleasure of the playgoer to explain how the seeming trifle of *Natty*, in one of his black moods, not feeling able to accompany his wife to the church whist-drive, and

what followed this rash refusal, reveals the deep-rooted meanness and malice of *Mabel Hemworth*. This is all admirably worked out by the author. Less satisfactory is the development of the secondary theme. It is not at all in the character of *John* that he should be in a position to have *Gwen's* expected child by *Alec* plausibly fathered on him. It destroys the point of his beautiful romantic wooing of *Frances*. He was not designed, I feel sure, by his creator as a light-o'-love. Too obviously this arises out of the young dramatist's desire to make a well-knit plot at all costs.

Plays are usually no better than their weaker parts, but there is a quality about *Distinguished Villa* which carries it over this fundamental defect of characterisation. It is also a little difficult to believe that the *Mabel* whose essential rottenness and cruelty is so bitterly exposed in the final scene should have been able to impose on even so uncritical a fellow as little *Natty* the legend of her worthiness; or to make the by no means uncritical *Frances* tolerant of her stupid snobberies; though no doubt it is the author's intention to show that it is only to her helpless victim that the worst of her is shown.

Miss UNA O'CONNOR gave a really superb rendering of this part. Few actresses can so empty themselves of their own personalities and assume so completely the disguise of the allotted character. Here was an extraordinarily competent piece of acting.

Miss GILLIAN LIND was really moving in the scene in which she makes her rejected appeal to her heartless lover, *Alec*—a passage full of difficulty for the young actress. And very subtly from the beginning she conveyed to us that she was not so ingenuous a person as her sister assumed her to be. An excellent performance.

Miss CLARE HARRIS, subject to difficulties of the author's making, built up the part of *Frances* with considerable skill.

Mr. IVOR BARNARD, who had accomplished the heroic feat of learning (or nearly learning) his part in three short days, suffered inevitably from the strain of such accomplishment and dragged the action by occasionally fumbling after his words. But even under such handicaps the sorry little *Natty* emerged a lovable and a tragic figure. I liked too Mr. WILLIAM STACK's half-strangled eloquence and controlled passion. This thoughtful actor always repays study of his careful detail.

Mr. HENRY HOARE, as the almost unbelievably despicable cad, *Alec*, did what he could to be as offensive as the situation demanded.

A play, in short, whose defects are far outweighed by its qualities of observation, humour and pathos, by its sense of situation and its bold and varied characterisation. T.



THE CONFESSIONS OF A DISSOLUTE BRIXTONIAN.
Natty Hemworth . . . . . MR. IVOR BARNARD.
Mabel Hemworth . . . . . MISS UNA O'CONNOR.

THE COMPLEAT CHAUFFEUR.

He taketh the wrong turning.

* * *

He always asketh the way of the wrong people first.

* * *

When he at last findeth one who knoweth, he forgetteth the direction given to him and is forced to ask again.

* * *

He is incapable of seeing either sign-posts or the names of inns and shops.

* * *

He hateth nothing so much as going back.

* * *

He hath a private life of his own, which is resented, as that of other servants is not.

When late he never lacketh an excuse of the kind that you cannot investigate.

* * *

He recognizeth the second time no road that he hath travelled on before.

* * *

He taketh a commission on everything that he buyeth for the car.

* * *

He taketh the wrong turning.

* * *

When there are the most beautiful views he rusheth at fullest speed. He forgetteth nothing so quickly as your expressed wish to go slow.

* * *

Although he always hath a racing edition under the seat, he is unable to read a map.

* * *

He hath a friend who can effect repairs, or supply this and that, cheaper than anyone else.

* * *

His car is the last to be found by the commissionaire after the theatre.

* * *

He is always ready to sleep, either on the box or, if his employer is lenient and weak, inside the car.

* * *

He taketh the wrong turning.

* * *

He knoweth of other cars better than the one he is driving for you which you ought to consider buying.

* * *

Like a certain kind of match, he is striking only on the box. When he descendeth he diminisheth and becometh less than ordinary. Knowing this, if you give him a letter to post just across the road, he driveth to do it.

* * *

He taketh for errands twice the time that anyone else even on foot would need. This is partly because he loitereth and gossipeth and perhaps drinketh, and partly because chauffeurs are the last people to receive attention in shops.

* * *

He is unconscious of bumps on a bad road.

* * *

He taketh the wrong turning.

* * *

His wife complaineth that chauffeurs make bad husbands. Because, she saith, they have no hours; they are

spoiled by their masters, made much of by their masters' friends and in servants' halls, and are of no definite class. In short, because they are chauffeurs.

* * *

He useth your petrol for all his own affairs.

* * *

He hath a special liking for roads where there are tram-rails.

* * *

Leisurely at all other times, he becometh a demon for speed when he cleaneth the car.

* * *

He refuseth to give notice, and such is your dislike of change and your fear for the future that you do not give it to him, considering endurance the better part.

* * *

His shortcomings make you think with envy of the Blanks' James, the Dashes' William and the Asterisks' Robert; but if you could wean any of them away they would be just the same.

* * *

He taketh the wrong turning.

E. V. L.

The Return of the Dog Days.

"London and other regions barked yesterday in the hottest weather for nearly 12 months."
Daily Paper.

Extremes Meet.

"MARVEL OF NEW FACE FOR BOY.
Grafting Feet of Surgeon."
Sunday Paper.

"Do not the French call the ladybird 'La bête de la bon Dieu'?"—*Evening Paper.*

The answer is in the negative.

"His inclination was to rest for the moment on the spurs of the day."
Daily Paper Feuilleton.

It sounds rather uncomfortable.

It is reported that the DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S has conveyed to Mr. EPSTEIN an urgent request for a replica of his *Rima*, to be set up in front of the Cathedral as a solution of the pigeon problem.

"The T.U.C. General Council has established its own Central Labour College at Easton Lodge, near Dunmow, Essex, which the Countess of Warwick has given to the Sovialist Party."—*Daily Paper.*

An obvious misprint, but whether for Sovietist or Jovialist we don't know.

From a report of the PRIME MINISTER'S address on History:—

"I don't know whether the attempt has been made to 'break in' a student on Stubbs, whom I think people would find osideseM iSVNvim fxz!: do shrdlu cmfwy cmfw extraordinarily difficult to read as a start."—*Scots Paper.*

If that is a fair specimen of STUBBS'S style we agree with Mr. BALDWIN.

SHE-SHANTIES.

'TWAS AT THE PICTURES . . .

'Twas at the pictures, child, we met,
Your father and your mother;
The drama's name I now forget,
But it was like another.

The Viscount had too much to drink,
And so his plot miscarried,
And at the end I rather think
Two citizens were married.

But at the opening of the play,
By Fortune's wise design—
It was an accident, I say—
A little hand met mine.

My fingers round that little hand
Unconsciously were twisted;
I do not say that it was planned,
But it was not resisted.

I held the hand. The hand was hot;
I could not see her face,
But in the dark I gazed at what
I took to be the place.

From shock to shock, from sin to sin
The fatal film proceeded;
I cannot say I drank it in,
I rather doubt if she did.

In vain did pure domestics flout
The base but high-born brute;
Their honour might be up the spout,
We did not care a hoot.

For, while those clammy palms we clutched,
By stealthy slow degrees
We moved an inch or two and touched
Each other with our knees.

No poet makes a special point
Of any human knee,
But in that plain prosaic joint
Was high romance for me.

Thus hand in hand and toe to toe,
Reel after reel we sat;
You are not old enough to know
The ecstasy of that.

A touch of cramp about the shins
Was all that troubled me;
Your mother tells me she had pins
And needles in the knee.

But our twin spirits rose above
Mere bodily distress;
And if you ask me "Is this Love?"
The answer, child, is "Yes."

And when the film was finished quite
It made my bosom swell
To find that by electric light
I loved her just as well.

For women, son, are seldom quite
As worthy of remark
Beneath a strong electric light
As they are in the dark.

But this was not the present case,
And it was bliss to see
A form as fetching and a face
Magnetic as her knee.

And still twice weekly we enjoy
The pictures, grave and gross;
We don't hold hands so much, my boy,
Our knees are not so close;

But now and then, for Auld Lang Syne,
Or frenzied by the play,
Your mother slips her hand in mine,
To my intense dismay.

And then, though at my time of life
It seems a trifle odd,
I move my knee and give my wife
A sentimental prod.

Well, such is Love and such is Fate,
And such is Marriage too;
And such will happen, soon or late,
Unhappy youth, to you.

And, though most learned men have strained
To work the matter out,
No mortal man has yet explained
What it is all about.

And I don't know why mortals try;
But, if with vulgar chaff
You hear some Philistine decry
The cinematograph,

Think then, my son, of your papa,
And take the kindly view,
For had there been no cinema
There might have been no you.

A. P. H.

MONOTROPES.

(After a well-known model.)

PASTORAL.

My old friend the bulbous-nosed shepherd was fond of telling his dreams, dreams that came to him at night in his frowsty cabin on the downs during the lambing season. He dreamed of Parisian salons and rose-red bull-fights.

THE GOLDFISH.

When we loved each other he watched us with a shrill and sinister eye. I diluted the water in his bowl with absinthe and he died, malign to the end. In delirium I see him still.

RODENT AND BASILISCUS.

The paramour of the mauve rat is the blue Basilisk. They meet only at the feast of Tin Tabernacles at Timgad.

JAZZ.

Ineffable pink-and-yellow coruscations squealing saxophones macabre martinis manhattans blind blind but many lights occipital bump and diachylon legs legs legs amen selah telos finalmente the long road home yellow coach five pink fishes ho Kurios Diabolos Konx Ompax Minx Sphinx and so to bed.

"Punt, cheap, going down, no further use for same."—*Advt. in Cambridge Paper.*

We always prefer punts that float.



LILIAN BAYLIS, M.A., OXON. (HON.)

When good VICTORIA occupied the scene,
Her loyal subjects sang, "God Save the Queen!"
So now our prayer (and may it still prevail) is,
"God Save Old Vic!"—including LILIAN BAYLIS.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—XXI.



Very nervous Youth. "I SAY, CAN I HAVE NUMBER SEVEN, PLEASE?"
Girl. "AFRAID YOU CAN'T—IT'S MY LUCKY NUMBER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

PROFESSOR LEACOCK still continues during the intervals of communicating the dismal science to his students of McGill University to make fun out of the follies of two continents. He rains shrewd blows on the outliners, the bland providers of short cuts to culture, in his Outlines of SHAKESPEARE, of Evolution ("particularly adapted for the schools of Tennessee"), of Astronomy and Relativity. In "Brotherly Love among the Nations" he is chiefly concerned to rag the fool traveller who sums up a country after a few days' stay, and the headliners of our newspapers who always provide this jester with much of his material. His account of the Mother of Parliaments is not so unlike an average session in the present House of Commons as for her honour we could wish it to be. One of his most successful and novel jests is his account of the new Attaboy language, including the translation of passages of GIBBON and MACAULAY into Attaboy as thus: "A Roman matron of imposing appearance and striking countenance stepped forth before the hesitating citizens"—"A pre-war blonde who was evidently a real peach skipped out in front of the bunch," and so forth. And he has succeeded in getting some really new fun out of the crossword puzzle—ingenious fellow! It would not be true to say that *Winnowed Wisdom* (LANE) is always at the top of the genial professor's form. That is largely because he has set himself such a high standard. We also now know his general point of view, his "reactions," so that jokes good in themselves and new enough in fact come with a certain suggestion of familiarity. It is some consolation to us that, whatever pleasure he seems to get and give out of laughing at Englishmen, he gets and gives more by laughing at Americans. But there is no malice in him. The victims who happen to be capable of seeing the joke should always be able to laugh with him. I forgot to mention and commend a diverting preface, in the authentic Leacockian vein, to and about the average man.

What pleases me most about Mr. E. I. ROBSON's wayfaring volume on South-Western France is the spirited way in which it rises to small occasions. Anyone I feel might have scored a success in writing about the Loire *châteaux*, whether as fortresses and dungeons of the unpleasanter kings of France, like Loches, or playthings, like Chambord, of the more prodigal ones. But although Mr. ROBSON does the *châteaux* very well, especially the minor gems unapproachable by charabanc, he is at his best on the less-vaunted glories of his district—the old provinces of Touraine, Poitou, Aunis and a strip of Saintonge. This disposition of territory is of course familiar, for it obtained when English conquerors and claimants played a notable part in the history of France. Loches belonged to the PLANTAGENETS, Blois came our way with ELEANOR OF AQUITAINE, Chinon saw JOAN OF ARC propose our overthrow, and La Rochelle—once also ELEANOR's and ours—appealed for our aid, in verse, as late as 1627. But Mr. ROBSON does not exhaust himself in erudition. He discusses green oysters at the Ile d'Oléron, wine-processes and horses at Saumur and sardine-boats at Royan, and gives a delectable list of the inns where he fared best and an entire chapter on Poitevin farmhouse plenishing. At Saintes he saw a modern play in a Roman arena and the solemn civic opening of a new post-office (baptized with champagne) on two consecutive days. His illustrator, Mr. J. R. E. HOWARD, is pleasantly sympathetic in chalk, and excellently reproduced; and, if the true method of sight-seeing be, as Mr. ROBSON suggests, "to study a little before and very much afterwards," I can unreservedly recommend *A Wayfarer on the Loire* (METHUEN) both as *hors d'œuvre* and dessert.

Win your way past a sophisticated prelude—necessary to establish a contrast and introduce a hero—and you will find Mr. SINCLAIR LEWIS's *Mantrap* (CAPE) as genial, passionate and primitive a yarn as BRET HARTE himself could have spun. It relates the adventures of *Ralph Prescott*, New York solicitor, on the Manitoba-Saskatchewan border, a region of jackpine and poplar, creek and rapid, wigwam and log-cabin, bannock, bacon and unlimited moonshine. Into this paradise the middle-aged lawyer is inducted by his acquaintance, *E. Wesson Westbury* of "Twinkletoe Stockings"; a "real he-man" who has planned a temporary return to nature with two freight canoes, an out-board motor, tents, sleeping-bags, petrol, frying-pans and four ministering Redskins. Discovering that *Westbury* possesses to the nth "the schoolmaster's art of making sport compulsory and laborious and pious and dreadful," *Prescott* takes the first chance of cutting his cable, a chance that sees him established, for as long as he chooses to grace their spare bed in the porch, with *Joe Easter*, trader, and *Alverna* his wife. Mr. SINCLAIR LEWIS may have brought off more spectacular operations, but so far as I know he has written nothing more intimate and entertaining than his account of the three-cornered *ménage* at Mantrap Landing, Lac Qui Rêve, its well-wishers and detractors. *Joe* the backwoods *King Arthur*, great-hearted and *gauche; Alverna* the married manicure-girl, a "flighty, worthless and altogether gallant" *Guinevere; Prescott* the involuntary and consciously ridiculous *Lancelot;* the trappers, provincial police and factors on whom *Alverna* lavishes her "come-hitherly" eyes; the Scots storekeeper *McGavity*, *Joe's* rival, and *Mrs. McGavity*, self-deputed censor of *Joe's* wife—all know their places in the story and all adorn them. The sun of the three chief characters sets a little sadly, but there is a memorable afterglow.

COURTESY.



Exceptional Motor-cyclist. "SORRY!"



Polite Gentleman. "PRAY DON'T MENTION IT"

Here's *Fugleman the Foxhound*, draft from THE BODLEY HEAD,
With Major HARDING COX to "put him on,"
And, since the Major 's M.F.H., it scarcely need be said
That he does it like a job he 's keen upon;
We find his hero as a whelp, we see him walked, and soon
As a winner at the Puppy Show he 's found;
We see him cub, we see him kill and grow to call the tune
And lead the pack—the Hunt's most trusted hound.

Now were this all I 'd never have a captious word to say,
But the author, scorning safety, goes a burst,
And mixes sport with sentiment and sex, and, well-a-day,
I like him best adhering to his first;
And, if he tells a love-tale here at all, the one he tells
Should have—or so I feel—the simplest plot,
The happy-ever-after kind that ends with wedding bells;
In fact I 'm for convention—he is not.

Then I 've met within his covers *Morgan Woodd*, a mystery man,
Who can talk the tongues of creatures great and small;
He 's a cross between ST. FRANCIS and the piping pagan Pan,
And I 've failed to make the fellow out at all;
Yet the fact remains in any case that *Fugleman* 's the thing,
And *Fugleman* is shown in such a style,
With such nose and pace and courage, with such fashion, fire and fling,
That you 'll find this book about him worth your while.

There is not a vestige in *Hangman's House* (SAMPSON LOW) of the national cynicism or self-criticism into which, in the words of a Minister of the Free State Government, the Irish have been stampeded by the discovery that they are no better than other races. Mr. DONN BYRNE, as he tells us in his preface, has written a story of Ireland for

Irishmen, and claims for it, not without good grounds, that it is the last traditional Irish novel. It is not, however, about the Ireland of to-day or even yesterday. Internal evidence fixes the date some twenty-four years ago; the story is at once a eulogy of and elegy on the glories and virtues of that romantic Ireland which Mr. YEATS has pronounced "dead and gone;" and a more passionate and full-blooded swan-song it would be hard to imagine. *Lord Glenmalure*, the renegade patriot turned hanging judge, who dies with the words of a rebel song on his lips; *Dermot McDermot*, the hero, whose magnanimity to his despicable rival borders on monstrosity; *Connaught O'Brien*, the gambling, racing, swearing, cigarette-smoking but, of course, adorable heroine, and half-a-dozen other characters are conceived and developed in a style which not merely out-LEVERS LEVER but reduces "OUIDA" and Sir HALL CAINE to the level of bland Victorian placidity. Here is melodrama *in excelsis*, bravura confined to top-notes; Mr. BYRNE seldom fails to "screw his divine theorbo six notes higher" than anyone else. I like him when he lets himself go about horses and hounds or the beauties of the Irish landscape, but in his portraiture of human nature and in his dialogue he subjects us to such an intense bombardment of contrasts and surprises as occasionally to suggest burlesque. Personally I felt after perusal of the book rather like the "Hebrew child" in the *Bab Ballads*, who, "though at first amused," in the end "grew awful riled and busted into tears."

Mr. "BENNET COPPLESTONE," the author of *Dead Men's Tales* (BLACKWOOD), is, here and elsewhere, so lively and well-informed a writer on naval history that it is a pity to find him in one or two of his principal chapters infected with the rather unpleasing modern taste for belittling and besmirching the great names of the past. That belated justice should be done to the memory of Sir JOHN HAWKINS, whose dealings in "black ivory" have undoubtedly been allowed unduly to overshadow his real greatness as sailor and administrator, is all to the good; but it could surely be done quite as well without the accompaniment of an iconoclastic attack upon the memory of Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, who, according to the author, was "a savage ruffian with the mind of a mean man," and whose statue has not the smallest right to its place on Plymouth Hoe. Moreover, he succeeds—no doubt unintentionally—in conveying an impression that his respect for HAWKINS is largely based upon the fact that he belonged to "what we should now call an old county family." Whatever DRAKE'S faults—and they were admittedly not few—it was to his credit that he learned his trade in a hard school. The names of Admiral BENBOW, of Sir CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL, of Sir CHRISTOPHER MYNGS and of Captain JAMES COOK are sufficient proof, if any were needed, of the fact that the "hawse-hole" officer has played an honourable part in our sea history. When he is on less debatable ground Mr. "COPPLESTONE'S" chapters are wholly delightful—notably those dealing with the boat voyage of "Bounty" BLIGH, with the heroic tale of the *Mary* and her company in Hudson's Bay, and with the romantic yarn of DICK PEEKE of Tavistock.

Mr. EDGAR WALLACE seems to be getting careless. He is of course a master of the crime story, and in construction his later tales are as slick and businesslike as ever, but his efforts to achieve plausibility grow lamentably half-hearted. In *The Terrible People* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) he has almost given up the struggle. These "terrible" ones are a gang of criminals who set themselves to avenge, by a series of murders, the death of one of their number who has been brought to justice. They behaved so foolishly that if they had had any existence outside Mr. WALLACE'S brain they would have been laid by the heels in less than a week. I find it difficult to believe in murders which are brought off exactly according to schedule, on particular dates of which the police have been given at least a month's notice. Nor is it credible that Scotland Yard would allow itself to be baffled or even seriously incommoded by the conspirators' habit of conducting their telephone conversations in the Danish language. And once at least Mr. WALLACE makes a slip on a point of detail, a fact which I only record because I have hitherto found him accurate. I remind him then that postmen do not put registered packages into the letter-box. However, its faults notwithstanding, the book does hold the attention, and if you read it in the right spirit you will be sure to enjoy it. Mr. WALLACE, after all, is never dull.



Bricklayer's Wife (to impatient husband). "FOR GOODNESS' SAKE PUT IT DOWN! IT ISN'T A BRICK."

The story to which the alluring title of *Free Drinks* (CASSELL) has been given possesses the rather rare and wholly admirable distinction of becoming more amusing as it runs its course. Mr. JOHN MACKWORTH is a clever conjurer who produces many little surprises from his well-stocked sleeve. Rogues and robbers, and lovers both of the fully-fledged and calf variety, figure prominently in this comedy, but *Professor Meiklejohn*, who invented synthetic whisky, dominates the stage whenever he sets foot upon it. His astuteness is tempered by an absent-mindedness that is curiously appealing, and I conceived a strong affection for him. His synthetic whisky was a failure, but I hope that Mr. MACKWORTH will allow the inventor to continue a career that promises quiet amusement in a noisy world.

During the coming weeks I prophesy that *Told at Monte Carlo* (MILLS AND BOON) will find its way to many a beach. For your enjoyment of the eight tales to which Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON has given this title no perturbing mental effort is demanded, and yet in each one there is a quality that holds the attention. Do not imagine that they are merely gossamer trifles to be blown at once from the memory. Indeed, tragedy lurks in some of them, though not of the brand that pierces the vitals. My favourites are "The Galatea Man" (for its unusualness), "Venusberg" and "Miss Seven" (for their ingenuity) and "Black Incense." But the whole collection is emphatically to be commended.

CHARIVARIA.

SIR THOMAS INSKIP says that Englishmen must save England, as they have done in the past. It 's far too expensive to let Americans do it.

* * *

When going on holidays it is advisable to leave one's valuables at the bank, says a weekly paper. We have asked our bank manager to be kind to our overdraft and to feed it occasionally.

* * *

After running three miles a man jumped from the cliffs near Calais and was picked up two miles out at sea. This we believe is the first attempt to jump the Channel.

* * *

Last week a first-class cricketer was married before play began. This is much more sensible than having a wedding interval.

* * *

It is stated in a daily paper that one of the rectors of the City Church of St. Olaf, which is in course of demolition, was the father of a well-known actress. We fear, however, that this disclosure is too late to save the church.

* * *

As we go to press, the franc is worth about a penny, but it isn't safe to offer one to M. HERRIOT for his thoughts.

* * *

A correspondent writes to *The Daily Express* to point out what he regards as London's nuisances. He says nothing about those who write to the Press.

* * *

A North of England man has been charged with attempting to shoot his landlord. He shouldn't have done that, for there is a growing impression that landlords have feelings just like human beings.

* * *

At a recent carnival there was a race for waiters. It is not known in what year the first of the competitors is expected to arrive at the tape.

* * *

Dr. MILLER, of Dundee, said at the British Medical Association Conference that it is almost impossible to prevent young men in Scotland from taking an appointment at an unreasonably low salary. This, of course, is due to their fear that if they had more they might spend it.

According to a gossip-writer Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has decided not to visit Russia this year. One theory is that his idea is to annoy Sir ALFRED MOND.

* * *

A Frenchman is attempting to prove that ADAM was a Frenchman. Judging by the swiftness of his fall, he might have been their first Premier.

* * *

There is a rumour that EPSTEIN's bust of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD is to be put into the House of Commons to scare his unruly followers.

* * *

Now that a home for retired actors and actresses has been opened it is hoped that something will be done for retired audiences.

* * *

The Bishop of RIPON says that nothing helps a man so much as to feel that he is wanted. Scotland Yard ought to be very helpful.

* * *

Speaking of a plague of beetles, the Medical Officer of Health at Trethomas said that a good way of trapping them was to leave a bowl of beer out at night. A better way is to drink the beer, and then you won't care whether they 're beetles or not.

* * *

A bride and bridegroom in London have gone through the marriage ceremony three times in one day. They thus become one another's own property.

* * *

The decision of a United States judge that sea-captains have no power to perform marriages is regarded as reducing the perils of ocean travel.

* * *

Mr. NOEL COWARD is reported to have been playing lawn-tennis at Le Touquet in a red tam-o'shanter. Our feeling is that allowance should be made for his youth.

* * *

Perhaps this Welsh mountain which keeps moving has heard that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is a prophet, and has got the idea that he is a new MAHOMET.

* * *

Scotland Yard has issued a reminder that the regulation that people must not stand in buses except during the rush hours, which was relaxed during the general strike, is still in force. There is a strong movement in favour of having the rush hours extended.

* * *

According to a weekly journal, two persons playing dominos ten hours a day and making four moves a minute, could continue for a hundred and eighteen thousand years without exhausting all the combinations of the game. The difficulty is, of course, to find two persons who can spare so much time.

* * *

It is suggested that the Communists will present each one of the "comrades" who have been in prison with a medal. Serve them right.

* * *

A sixteen-year-old caddie has been summoned for using bad language. It isn't every youth who has mastered the game at that age.

* * *



Tactful Boat-owner (to novice). "SORRY I CAN'T LET YOU HAVE THE SKIFF, SIR, 'COS IT 'S BESPOKE; BUT THIS HERE 'S MORE THE SORT O' BOAT FOR A GENT LIKE YOU—SOMETHING YOU CAN USE THEM MUSCLES O' YOURS ON."

Hastings magistrates have decided that ice-cream is not a meal. A small boy of our acquaintance is of the opinion that if properly handled it could easily be made one.

* * *

A party of spiritualists are going to Egypt to get in touch with the spirit of JEREMIAH. What 's the matter with Dean INGE?

* * *

"The female mosquito," says a nature writer, "stings fair people most." Gentlemen mosquitos prefer brunettes.

From a list of books on education:—

"THE HOMEMAKER. Trained by Kitchen-garden Methods."

And very good methods too.

"Strudwick, being caught at slip, after batting five hours and-a-half, were all out at ten minutes to one for 294."—*Evening Paper.*

Well done, STRUDDY—all of him!

PITY THE POOR BOWLER.

THE papers have been quite lively of late on the subject of cricket reform. Some of the brightest brains in the country have been writing about it, and no doubt the M.C.C. authorities are much gratified. They will be more than gratified when they read this; they will be grateful. It goes to the root of the matter and is full of helpful suggestions.

The great trouble is that the batsman nowadays *will* play with his pads, and the bowler hasn't got a fair chance. To settle this it has been proposed by a friend of mine that a new law should be made somewhat in this form:—

> If in the opinion of the umpire a batsman defends his wicket with his legs when he should have employed his bat for the purpose, his pads shall be taken from him and he can jolly well get on without any.

The only weak point about this is that it still leaves the dog one bite; the batsman will at least be able to keep one fatal ball out of his wicket. It would be better to abolish pads altogether, except for the wicket-keeper, poor devil. There would be some fun in that and cricket would be worth watching if only for the batsman's agility and pretty footwork. It might even approximate the cricket-field to the Russian ballet, as players would probably have to wear tights, to show that they had nothing on underneath. Moreover, the chance of a couple of undefended legs to sling at might restore the fast bowler to the land. That would be good sport and attractive to the onlooker; there are one or two men I know of that I'd go some way to see batting under these conditions.

One thing is clear: if we don't abolish the pads we ought to abolish the bat. A man has no right to have it both ways; if he insists on playing with his legs, let him kick.

But a batsman without a bat may be considered too revolutionary. In that event we come to the suggestion of another friend of mine, who would make him play with the back of his bat, which is rounded, instead of the face, which is flat. A very good idea too. I suppose the bat would have to have two backs, so to speak, in which case it would seem better to go the whole hog and make the thing round. A bowler with a slight leg-break would like that; and, on the principle that you might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, it would undoubtedly quicken up the batting.

There is nothing new in the proposal to make the target larger by adding a stump or increasing its height. Instead, I have conceived the brainy thought of retaining the ordinary wicket, but having two of them at each end, about a couple of yards apart. The batsman, pads and all, could stand where he chose, and the bowler, whose crease would of course be six feet wider than now, could within his limits bowl from where *he* chose.

This, I believe, is the finest suggestion for brightening cricket that has ever been made. Leg-before wouldn't matter; if the batsman got in front of one wicket, he'd leave the other naked to his enemies. As for stodginess, it wouldn't exist; the man would be dancing about like a dragon-fly. And you'd be putting a new ocular strain on him. He would have to deduce from the bowler's aspect which of the two wickets he was going for, and the bowler would acquire the trick of looking at one while really he was loosing off at the other.

There is an alternative to this in my proposal to keep the one wicket as it now is, but to have two bowlers bowling simultaneously. This is the sort of thing that appeals to the imagination. What variety of attack! You could turn on two right-hand, two left, or one of each; round the wicket, over the wicket, or both; two fast, two slow, or mixed; leg and off break, or two of a kind; a googly and a swerver (either way).

I haven't half finished the possibilities of this admirable brain-wave, but you can do that for yourselves. I confess it would come a bit rough on the man behind the stumps, but one can't think of everything. The main point is to freshen up the batsman. And it would do that.

But there is one other thing I ought to mention. I have often felt that bowlers should wear beards. A. G. STEEL has described the terror aroused by W. G.'s beard as he and it rushed up to the wicket, and I remember, when I was small, being yorked by a black beard; it engaged the eye and was the cause of dismay. There was a man too in those days—I knew him well—who had a long fair beard and, like the fellow in *Love's Labour's Lost*, was a "very good bowler." In an insane hour he whittled his beard down to a pair of innocuous mutton-chops. Believe me or not, he was never the same bowler afterwards, and he never played for Kent, which was his great ambition.

The beards need not be real. A selection could be carried by the umpires, any of which could be shipped and unshipped at will. I recommend black myself, but that may be a complex due to the disaster in my early youth. I don't suggest that a bowler need stick to one, but he shouldn't be allowed to change during an over. DUM-DUM.

THE DOOM OF BOBBING.

["To be the plaything of passion, the plaything of the superficial flashing allurements of life, the plaything of the paste diamond of experience, may look all very well for the hour and the day, but in the end it is nothing. You can bob about in the beautiful little wavelets that dash and foam on the margin of the sea, and the sun can flash upon you and the children can enjoy your bobbing, but in an hour you are a wreck on the sand.

"You are doomed; your faith is in the sand, not the harbour, and the life which is a success is not the life that is spent on the bobbing margin of existence, but the life that keeps on the high seas and the deep waters."—*Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD at the Crystal Palace on July 21st.*]

THOUGH only an idle observer,
I've studied, O RAMSAY, your screed
Wherein with prophetical fervour
You show us the way to succeed—
Not by futile and indolent fooling
Or aiming at pleasure or pelf,
But by curbing and schooling and ruling
One's frivolous self.

To pose as the plaything of passion
May serve very well for a day,
But the flashing allurements of fashion
Soon fall into endless decay;
Like gems which the jewellers muster
For folk of inferior taste,
Mock diamonds lacking in lustre,
Mere creatures of paste.

You may "bob" in the "wavelets" entrancing
That foam on the marge of the sea,
But the life that 's devoted to dancing
And bobbing and waves is *n. e.*;
You must seek, O my sons and my daughters,
If anxious to shine at your job,
High seas and deep perilous waters
Where no one can bob.

So, shunning the shears of the barber
And banning the lure of the beach,
You shall gain the delectable harbour,
The glorious goal you shall reach;
But never forget, after scaling
The fortress of Fame, to look back
And thank for his unction unfailing
Chadbandian MAC.

We are maddened by murderous mentors,
By truculent Tories oppressed;
We are deafened by stertorous stentors
Determined to starve the distressed;
Then, oh! let us gratefully render
Our homage in lyrical vein
To a leader whose heart is as tender
And soft as his brain.

History from the Bench.

"The Stipendiary said it was like Martin Luther when he came to London and said it would be a glorious place to sack."
Provincial Paper.

"—— Ch., where Rev. G. —— is in the 136th year of his ministry, is considering schemes for the alteration . . . of church and Sunday School."—*Religious Weekly.*

Well, it's never too late to mend.

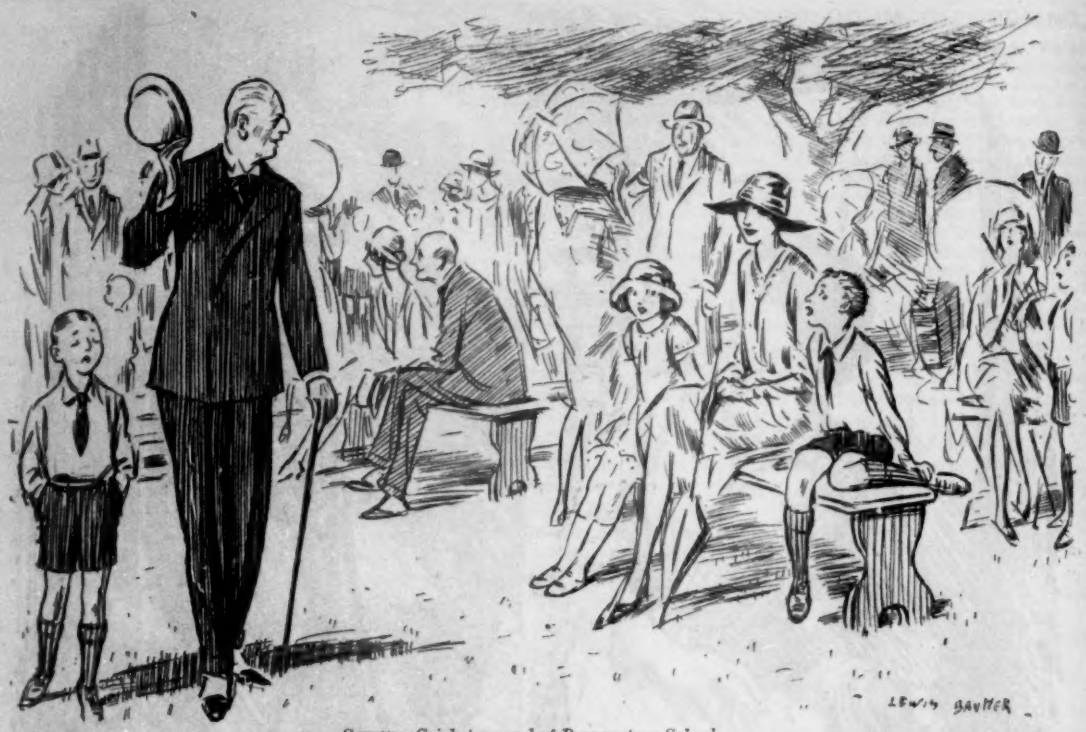


THE PICKET PICKETED.

"PEACEFUL" INTIMIDATOR. "IF YOUR HUSBAND DON'T COME OUT WITH THE REST OF US THERE'LL BE TROUBLE."

P.C. CAVE. "PASS ALONG THERE, PLEASE."

[Lord CAVE has indicated the Government's intention to introduce legislation to deal with the abuses of picketing, including the practice of visiting the workers' homes for the purpose of "peaceful" persuasion.]



SCENE—*Cricket ground of Preparatory School.*

Small Boy (to mother who has just bowed to the Earl of Dumpshire). "OH, I SAY, MOTHER! I HOPE NONE OF OUR FELLOWS SAW."

Mother. "WHY? WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Small Boy. "MATTER! HE'S THE PATER OF THAT AWFUL LITTLE WORM WURZLETON!"

OUR YACHT.

II.—CREW APPLE FUNCTIONS.

THE yacht *Merry Widow* has latterly been the scene of much turmoil. In fact, Captain Percival has twice in one day deserted it, and had not Crew Apple functioned with skill and despatch matters might have been serious.

The first time occurred during "quanting." We had just made a discovery. The thing they call a "quant" pole, which we thought was for helping us to tack with, seems to have another use. One uses it as an enormously long punt-pole for propelling the yacht when, after a rapid calculation of the height of an approaching bridge and the height of your mast, you decide to take the latter down before going under the bridge rather than during.

Quanting a yacht is a science. You stick the pole in the mud at the sharp end of the boat and then you walk the whole length of the boat pushing on the pole. At the end two things generally happen. One is that you simply walk on off the end; the other is that the pole gets more firmly stuck in the mud than you would have thought possible in such a short time. I know now why yachts have a dinghy tied astern. You find after one or two trials that you just have time to catch hold of it as it goes past.

In Captain Percival's case it was the first thing which happened. His excuse was that he had misread the length of the yacht in the handbook and thought it was twenty-eight feet instead of twenty-six. He said all this some time afterwards. At the actual moment he failed to catch the dinghy and had to swim about in short tacks while Crew Apple sailed back to his rescue.

Crew Apple ran Captain Percival down twice without giving him a chance of getting on board, for there is no door in the bottom of our yacht. So then Crew Apple threw a rope. It was unfortunately the end of the main-sheet, and the moment it was taut off went the yacht with the wind in the mainsail.

We sailed a quarter-of-a-mile like this, I at the tiller, Percival at the main-sheet, twenty yards astern and coming to the surface now and then.

Then the yacht ran aground—that's the worst of divided control—and the Captain came on board. But Crew Apple, instead of being praised for good work, had to row back half-a-mile in the dinghy to fetch the quant pole which Captain Percival had stupidly forgotten to bring with him.

Percival's second desertion was caused by a pair of his socks; and for this the *River Palace* was largely responsible. The *River Palace* looks like a floating section of the Ritz, except that it has blue curtains in the stern window and two aspidistras in the bow window. This water-charabanc is propelled by motors and manned by young gentlemen who wear yellow tasselled caps and red jerseys, and young ladies who wear red tasselled caps and yellow jerseys. They all sit in a row on garden-seats in the bow, and all talk with a strong Lancashire accent. They have on board a piano, two gramophones, three low comedians, and, I believe, a beer-engine, though this last is only a surmise; it may merely have been the lapping of waves round the bow that I heard. Anyhow, they travel in comfort, not to say luxury.

Well, the *River Palace* passed upstream while we were at lunch, and a sort of tidal wave about three feet high smote us amidships and upset Percival's beer into his shoes. Two of the low comedians, looking out from windows on the second floor, were very facetious about it, and the third popped a cham-

pagne cork into our frying-pan. We maintained silence with difficulty and Percival started in a dignified manner to change his socks.

Later on in the day the drying of the wet pair became a serious matter. He elected to tie them on to the end of the main boom, and, waiting till the yacht was bowling merrily down a straight reach, he gave Crew Apple the tiller, the main-sheet, the jib-sheet and about fifteen instructions and leant out towards the end of the boom.

While making a grab at the quant pole, which looked like falling overboard, I inadvertently let the boom swing, with the result that Percival suddenly leant outwards at an angle of forty-five degrees, his feet on the boat and his arms round the boom. It became obvious that he must let go with one end, and so he let go with his feet.

Owing to very natural excitement at the Captain's thus again deserting the quarter-deck, Crew Apple lost his head and the end of the main-sheet at the same time. The boom, thus released, promptly swung out still farther, and Captain Percival of course went with it. The next moment the river had taken a bend so that the wind was almost behind us, and the yacht was proceeding at an incredible speed down-stream, accompanied by Captain Percival a few yards out to starboard and hanging on to the boom just clear of the water.

The crew had but one thought—to rescue his beloved Captain; so, seizing the main-sheet, he proceeded to haul in the boom and the sail and Captain Percival and all. But, as he hauled in, so did the yacht naturally heel over and Captain Percival went under the water. Crew Apple promptly let out the sheet again and Captain Percival reappeared. On emerging he said things to the crew that made the water boil about him. No definite order to the crew was intelligible.

During the next few minutes it became clear that a problem of great magnitude had arisen. Every time the crew tried to pull his superior officer inboard, the superior officer went under water. Eventually the crew decided to leave him out there for the time being till something happened.

We proceeded in this formation, Percival using horrible language, for about a quarter-of-a-mile, when the crew of a large yacht, who talked, by the way, with a strong Lancashire accent, cleverly rescued him. To be precise they rescued him with their bowsprit during a "tack." They had a fine chase trying to give him back, as Crew Apple does not function very well alone and could only follow the river with great care, cautiously sounding his horn at the corners and feeling for the hand-brake.

When we were at last reunited, Percival seemed annoyed, and brushed aside my profusely expressed joy at seeing him again near enough to touch. Two things only appeared to be in his mind—one, that he had got another pair of socks wet; and two, that he had left half the original pair of socks on the passing yacht on to which he had dismounted.

Again no gratitude, you see, for Crew Apple, who had functioned so bravely. But for his meritorious conduct things might have been very serious. He might not only have lost his Captain but have had to row once more after the quant pole, which was only retained on board by his agility and presence of mind.

A. A.



British Citizen (at Touring Agent's). "I WANT YOU TO RECOMMEND A NICE QUIET LITTLE SEASIDE PLACE IN FRANCE—BUT MIND, IT MUST BE THOROUGHLY ENGLISH!"

A FELLOW-FEELING WITH NATURE.

(*Lines written after an all-night thunderstorm.*)

I LIKE a jolly thunder-shower;
I like a storm that lasts an hour;
But, when it starts before eleven
And doesn't let you off till seven,
Why, then, my heart with Nature thrills,
And (*vide* WORDSWORTH'S "Daffodils")
Feeling in language finds a form
And thunders with the thunder-storm.

"There are half-a-million known different kinds and about twenty of species of ticks are known to and about twenty species of tocks are known to be disease carriers."
Evening Paper.

And that, no doubt, explains why the mouse ran down the clock. Tickory, tickory, tock.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

TROUBLE is brewing, it is feared, in the Bottle-Washing Trade. Opinion in the Lobbies last night showed no tendency to minimise the gravity of the situation. Indeed, many well-informed persons did not conceal their view that if the position does not improve within the forthcoming week it may grow worse in the next seven days. The possibility that the *status quo* will be preserved is not seriously entertained by anyone.

The situation is complicated by the fact that on Monday week the Amalgamated Society of the Bottle-Washers and Cork-Drawers of Great Britain is to hold their Annual Conference at Llandrindod Wells. There is little doubt that the main struggle will rage about the Resolution which stands in the name of Mr. T. Pipp of Lowestoft, the well-known irreconcilable, and the terms of the Resolution are a guarantee that the discussion will be lively:—

"That this Conference of the Amalgamated Bottle-Washers and Cork-Drawers of Great Britain records its emphatic determination to at all times and by every legitimate use of the industrial sledge-hammer prosecute the cause of World Peace, and which the present capitalist Government by its habitual failure to ratify the mass instructions of the last Conference in regard to the establishment of an International Bottle-Washing Convention, the Nationalisation of Glass Bottles and the Abolition of Cork-Tins in British Dependencies has jeopardised, and, with a view to further registering the proletarian solidarity of the bottle-washers in the direction of economic emancipation we hereby order His Majesty's Government to adopt the Walsall Programme of the 26th May ult. and to without delay hand over the bottles to the people."

The terms of this Resolution are clear enough, but for a proper understanding of the situation they should perhaps be read with some recent utterances of some of the more responsible leaders. Mr. George Bott said on Monday at Southend:—

"There must be a *medium quo*. The Walsall Programme is one thing, but the Government policy of standardised serfdom is another. They may bring their soldiers and their bayonets, but they cannot draw the corks. At the same time I am prepared for any settlement that is consistent with a non-deterioration of the international cork-level as desiderated in the York Amendment. Give us the standard minimum plus two-fifths of the minimum addendum calculated on the basis of the Three-Bottle Hour, abolish cork-time and consolidate the 1917 scale for slingers and huffkins, and the men will be back in the pantries to-morrow."

This has been interpreted in many quarters as an olive-branch, but on the same day, at Hoxton, Mr. Bott said:—

"There must be a *status ante*. The Prime Minister has sabotaged the 1920 Bottle-Datum. We ask him for our babies' bread and he flings us a stone. I stand where I stood."



Disgusted Seaside Landlady (discussing departed boarder). "WHAT GOT MY BACK UP, MRS. 'ARRIS, WAS AFTER I 'D PUT PLENTY O' PINS ON THE TABLE TO FIND 'IM CRACKIN' THE WINKLES IN MY DOOR."

And on Tuesday at Rottingdean Mr. K. Tinker, a powerful member of the International Union of the Bottle-Washers of the Left, speaking at a delegate Conference of the District Executives convened by the Solidarity Committee of the Anglo-Russian Bottle and Cork Nucleal Association, said:—

"The President of the Board of Trade is an assassin."

At the same gathering Mr. Watt-Shrimp (Millwall) said:—

"The Foreign Secretary is a burglar."

And Mr. R. Q. Flapp (Southend) said:—

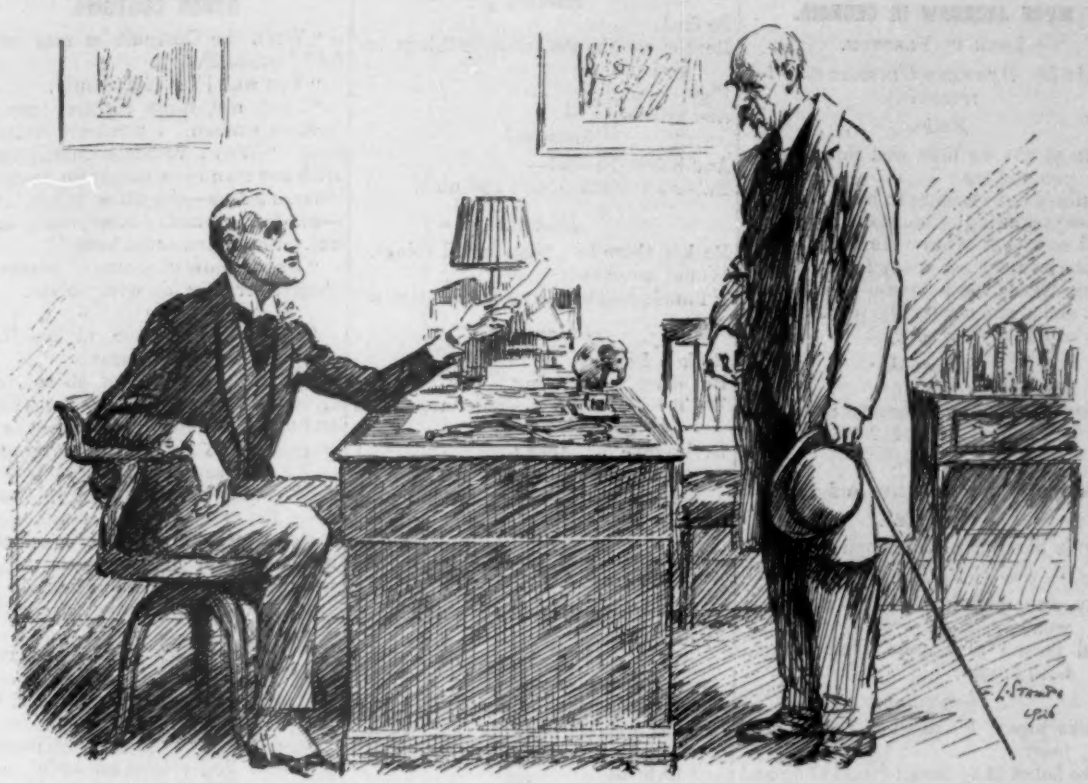
"The Parliamentary Secretary to the Secretary of State for Home Affairs is a Thug."

In the face of these utterances few responsible observers affect an exaggerated optimism as to the outcome of the present imbroglio. On the other hand certain passages in an article in *The Bottle*, by Sir Frederic Bung, Chairman of the United Union of Master-Bottle-Washers, has lent colour to the view entertained in certain influential quarters that an issue not wholly unsatisfactory may be looked for with reasonable confidence before the year is out:—

"We cannot recede from the position which we have taken up. *Per contra*, however, it is fair to say that this plain statement of our position is not incompatible with the assumption that were we, by some extraneous means of which perhaps it would be indiscreet to say too much at present—(Laughter and 'Hear, Hear')—to be transported to a position obliquely but not, in the geographical sense, directly to the rear, we should then be in a position in which we might fairly say that that was a position which was not a position so definitely behind the position in which we were before we were transferred to that position that anyone could reasonably say that we had receded from the position which, as I say, we have taken up. And on these lines there is no doubt that, given goodwill on all sides, the whole situation might be finalised to-morrow."

Sir Patrick Spens, on the other hand, at the Annual Meeting of the Central Federation of Bottle-Masters and General Drinkers, said, "Curse them! We stand where we stood, only more so."

That, then, roughly, is the situation as between two of the seventeen parties to the dispute. The position of the Government may perhaps best be deduced from the somewhat ambiguous observations of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster at the opening of the Quinquennial Bazaar at Mundesley two years ago: "His Majesty's Government," he said, "are wedded inextricably to the *ne plus ultra*. It is monstrous of the employers to protest against political interference. On the other hand it is outrageous of the employés to demand political intervention. We shall preserve unswervingly the *equilibrium plus*. The finances of the



Distinguished Physician (handing prescription to patient). "IF THIS DOESN'T PUT YOU RIGHT, COME TO ME AGAIN." *Patient.* "HOW MANY GUESSES WILL YOU WANT?"

country do not admit of the spending of a single public penny. Up till 11.35 A.M. to-morrow we offer £20,000,000 in subvention of all pantries not excluded by the Washington Clause. After that date we cannot afford a bean. (Laughter.) The position of the Government is perfectly clear. What we might have done yesterday we could do to-morrow but for what has happened to-day, and in view of the developments of yesterday it is idle to expect the same policy to eventuate to-morrow as if that which did not occur to-day had taken place in the sense that was expected in the ante-penultimate periods of the day before yesterday."

A note upon the practical conditions of the trade may not perhaps be out of place. Some confusion seems still to exist in the public mind as to the exact relation between huffkins, slingers and rag-holders. Even the Special Committee was unfortunately indefinite upon this point, and it cannot be too often repeated that it is the huffkins who hold the bottle, while the slinger, as his title indicates, turns on the tap, and the rag-holder, in the technical phrase, "holds the rag." Of these three the huffkin is a skilled labourer; the slinger is paid at the rate of 3*s.* 6*d.* a month plus the Baddely Award and 79·8 per cent. less three-fifths of a dough-nut and two Royal Commissions, while the rag-holder is generally a vegetarian and is not paid at all, except sideways under the Davison Judgment. It is widely held that had these simple distinctions been brought home to the public at an earlier date the issue would have emerged much previously.

Four bottles were broken by non-union labour at Rugeley yesterday. The basket-workers have struck in sympathy. Sir Thomas Flogg said, "Moscow corked those bottles." Huddersfield is quiet.

A. P. H.

"BEST STUMERS

4*s.* bushel, delivered to your nearest railway station. Cash with orders."

New Zealand Paper.

We have often noticed that people with stumers want cash for them.

"Napoléon a dit que les Anglais avaient gagné la bataille de Waterloo sur les plaines de golf."—*Belgian Paper.*

If he did, it must have been a hasty inference from the language that our army used in Flanders.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

THE hippo, I have heard it stated,
Is practically armour-plated,
And if you want to shoot him dead
You point your gun straight at his head
(I learnt this from a man who 's shot 'em; I
Have never hunted hippopotami).

Now Africa, his habitat,
Is sometimes so unpleasant that,
To keep just comfortably cool,
He sinks into the nearest pool;
The only bits left sticking out
Are half his back and half his snout.

He 's oft mistaken for a rhino;
This shouldn't be, as far as I know;
For naturalists will tell you these
Are different as chalk from cheese.

"THE KING AND QUEEN
VISIT TO PIANO WORKS IN OLD FORD."
Newspaper Headlines.

HENRY is beside himself with joy.

Smith Minor's sister has her French examination:—

(1) *Q.* Pourquoi le père travaille-t-il?
A. Parce qu'il a à.

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

LOVE IN FLETTON.

(As Mr. BERNARD GILBERT might reveal it.)

Ezekiel.

LIKE as not we 'll be wed this August, you and me.
Squire 's been talking to me, he has;
He says it be high time that I be spliced,
And now that Widow Hemsley 's dead
There be a cottage ready for us.
Three rooms there be in it—
Ay, and a fine sty for the pigs.
Do 'ee like pigs, Susie?

Susannah.

Ay, that I do;
There be a power of comfort in pigs.
Do 'ee like pigs, Ezekiel?

Ezekiel.

I do that, Susannah; live and dead.

Susannah.

Do 'ee like them better than me?

Ezekiel.

Nay, nay; pigs is pigs and women is women,
And parson says a good man treats both kindly.

Susannah.

I like pigs. I like them young ones best.
Like babes they be, all crinkled up and pink.
Do 'ee like babes, Ezekiel?

Ezekiel.

That I do, but there be more in pigs
For marketing.
Squire's old sow has littered finely—
Nine.

Susannah.

Fancy that, now!
Vicar's cow has calved, she has.
Maybe they 'll want me soon to milk
As well as clean the house.

Ezekiel.

Maybe; but where 'll they come in
If we be spliced?
They 'll have to whistle then.

Susannah.

Doctor he says no girl should pass her prime
Without a husband.

Ezekiel.

Surely,
There be a mating time for all.
Doctor 's a wise man, certain sure . . .
Do 'ee like swedes, Susannah?
They say a slice of young swede munched to mash
Prevents a power of ills.
Do 'ee like swedes?

Susannah.

Ay, that I do.

Ezekiel.

So do I.
Reckon we like the selfsame things together—
Pigs
And swedes.

Susannah.

And babes, Ezekiel—
Babes all crinkled, soft and pink.

Ezekiel.

Reckon there be a time for all things.
Would 'ee scream
If I made bold to kiss 'ee, would 'ee now?

Susannah.

Reckon I ought,
But if we 're marrying
We 'll have to do it sometime, shan't we, Zeke?
Do 'ee love me, Zeke?

Ezekiel.

Ay, that I do.

Susannah.

Better than pigs or mangolds, more than crops?

Ezekiel.

Ay, that I do.

[There is a shamefaced embrace which shakes the stile.

Reckon we 'll have the banns called Sunday week;
Your name and mine, and all the world to hear.
What be 'ee thinking of?

Susannah.

Them little pigs, all crinkled up and pink.

Ezekiel.

Nay, nay, you mustn't joke, lass;
There be a time for all things.
Reckon I 'd better see your father.
Like as not he 'll fill our patch with swedes,
And Squire 'll give a sow from his own sty.
Kiss me, lass.

Susannah.

I 'll be a-stitching all the time now, Zeke.

Ezekiel.

And I 'll be whitewashing the sty and cottage.

Susannah.

Our own pigs, crinkled baby pigs!

Ezekiel.

And swedes—an acre of swedes.

Susannah.

And babes.

Ezekiel.

Nay, nay, there be a time for all things.

[The lovers contemplate the sunset and dream their satisfying dream.

W. K. S.

OTHER CUSTOMS.

"WILL the Customs be *very* dreadful?" asked Peggy.

"You wait!" I said grimly.

"They are, quite rightly, specially hard on women," I went on, warming to it. "Why I 've seen a Customs man, with my own eyes, empty an American woman's case—she called it her 'grip'—on the ground. Everything came out. She 'd answered back."

"I should *die* of shame!" murmured Peggy, her eyes big with horror.

* * * * *

Our first experience, at the Hook, was unexpectedly pleasant.

We had had one of those "calm crossings" where you don't sleep a wink and reject all offers of breakfast as you stagger up on deck in the morning.

We got separated in the Customs shed, and I came up just in time to hear Peggy say, "Oh, *thank* you!" gratefully as the Customs man waved his hand over her unopened luggage and made his mystic chalk mark. He did the same with mine, only without a smile.

"*Such* a dear!" whispered Peggy happily.

It was very much the same in Germany. *My* bags were opened, but the official contented himself with inserting his little finger into an awful basket thing which Peggy calls "My Last Minute Bag." It holds as much as a suit-case, and bulges with jumpers, books, knitting-needles, wool, soda-water and chocolates. He even looked back to bow and smile as he closed the door of the carriage gently.

"*Quite* a nice man," said Peggy. "I expect he was only a little boy during the War."

We were to stop a few days in Jugo-Slavia on our way to Italy. When we arrived at the little mountain station Peggy made a bee-line for a Customs man in a fanciful uniform and a distinctly "come hither" eye.

She looked beseechingly at him as he put a hand on one of her suit-cases. He smiled and turned to me, half drawing a revolver from his pocket, and said something that sounded like a machine-gun learning to talk.

I went on my knees and opened all my baggage while he strolled to the door with Peggy and with ingratiating gestures pointed out the beauties of the scenery to her.

At the Italian frontier station two young Mussolinis clanked into the carriage and looked at me with burning eyes.

Peggy, who had been asleep in the corner, woke up.

The two young men began to coo like



Profiteer's Lady. "I SHALL CERTAINLY SEND FIDO TO A SHOW NEXT YEAR. NOT OF COURSE THAT HE WOULD WIN ANYTHING, BUT I WOULD LIKE HIM TO MEET SOME REALLY NICE DOGS."

doves, while with lightning rapidity they marked everything near her seat. Ten minutes later they left the carriage, saluting in Peggy's direction, and I started trying to collect all my small belongings which had rolled under the seats.

"Peggy," I said irritably, "the way you go on with those jackanapes! I shall die of shame!"

* * * * *

The home-bound boat bumped against the side of the quay and the gangway was let down.

Peggy saw him as soon as we had edged our way into the Customs House.

"Isn't he a perfect *lamb?*" she said, making her way to a young man with golden hair, blue eyes, and a white top to his cap.

She stood shyly in front of him while the porter put her cases down on the table.

"I have nothing to declare," she said gently, waiting for the usual smile and wave of the chalk.

The "perfect lamb" looked at her coldly and held up a large piece of pasteboard.

"Have you any of these articles in your luggage?" he inquired, indicating a hundred lines of close print.

Peggy looked at him with hurt eyes.

"I have nothing to declare," she repeated reproachfully.

"Open this and this and this," said the "perfect lamb" briskly.

* * * * *

"*Well*," said Peggy pathetically, when we were safe in our carriage, having paid heavily on silk and other contraband. "After all those men with long cloaks and swords and revolvers had been so nice, to think that an Englishman should behave as if——"

"As if he had a sense of duty," I said sternly.

Peggy had the grace to blush.

IN A PARIS FLAT.

I WROTE some time ago about easier divorce in the U.S.A.

A Parisian gentleman is now suing for divorce on the grounds of his wife's over-fondness for animals. She has for pets two dogs, a cat, a porpoise, a guinea-pig, singing birds, hedgehogs, monkeys and fish.

I hope I have stated these zoological details correctly, but I am relying entirely on a newspaper paragraph. It may be that a polecat, a peccary or one or two anacondas have slipped out of the list.

The parties reside in a flat, and it seems to be the husband's idea that his wife's devotion to the menagerie causes her to neglect, in some way or other, the rest of the home.

Frankly, I do see possibilities of trouble. One may even envisage a rather gripping little drama of the Ibsenish kind.

Achille is the husband. He wears biscuit-coloured linen and beautifully lustrous black hair. He is seen returning from the Bourse, where he has been helping M. POINCARÉ to prop up the franc the whole day long. He encounters *Célestine*, the somewhat enigmatic but slim and glad-eyed maid.

Achille (*speaking as calmly as possible and giving her his hat and gold-mounted cane*). Tell me, Célestine, where is Madame?

Célestine. Madame did not expect you so early, Monsieur. She is engaged with Monsieur Henri.

Achille. Henri? Ah! (*He walks across the stage.*) Henri again! (*He comes back, clenches his hands till the blood comes and bites his lips till the blood comes again. Exit* Célestine. Achille *strides to door* L. *and throws it open. A swishing sound is heard. It is the door of the Aquarium. He calls.*) Nanette! Nanette!

[*Enter* Nanette. *She is dressed in rose-coloured oilskins, but with a distinctly Parisian cut. She carries a bucket of herrings in her right hand.*

Achille (*with sarcasm*). And how is this dear porpoise to-day?

Nanette. Our Henri? He is still going round and round.

Achille (*with a strange intonation*). Round and round and round?

Nanette. Yes, Achille, round and round and round.

[Achille *walks round and round and round the stage*, Nanette *remaining in the middle; then he stops.*



"HOW MANY HERRINGS HAS HENRI EATEN TO-DAY?"

Achille. Tell me, Nanette, how many herrings has Henri eaten to-day?

Nanette. Seventy-two.

Achille (*raising his eyes to heaven and shaking his fists in the air*). Seventy-two! And the franc is at two-hundred-and-forty. (*He sits down.*) Oosh!

[*He rises again suddenly. A hedgehog is seen to be adhering to his wake.*



"OUR MARRIAGE IS EXACTLY LIKE THAT, ACHILLE."

Nanette (*bursting into tears*). Monster! You have sat upon Fifine!

[*She detaches the hedgehog from* Achille *and caresses it fondly. For answer,* Achille *kicks the poodle and throws his red silk handkerchief over the cage of parakeets. Then he looks round the stage as though something were missing.*

Achille. Tell me, Nanette, where are the children?

Nanette. The children?

Achille. Yes, the children.

[*He makes signs at different levels from the floor to show what he means.*

Nanette. But yes. I have left them in the nursery.

Achille. Alone?

Nanette. Certainly not. Thérèse is looking after them.

Achille. Thérèse! The new orang-outang?

Nanette. But yes.

Achille. Mon Dieu! (*He rings the bell. Enter* Célestine.) Célestine, bring to me the children instantly.

[*He turns to his wife, but she has gone to the gramophone cupboard, where she is mechanically feeding the guinea-pigs. Re-enter* Célestine.

Célestine. Monsieur, the children are not in the nursery.

Achille. No! Where are they then?

Célestine. Mlle. Thérèse has taken them out on to the roof and is carrying them over the telephone wires.

[*Exit, still smiling enigmatically.*

Achille. This is too much. (*He goes to his wife and shakes her.*) How often am I to implore you, Nanette, to take our married life more seriously?

Nanette. Our—married—life? (*She seems to be slowly untwisting the ring from her finger.*) When I married you, Achille, I thought that married life would be something wonderful, glorious, free. Now I find that it is to be in a cage; to turn for ever round and round as in a tank; to dwell in a hutch. Always there are prickles. (*She puts down the hedgehog on the hearthrug.*) That is why I bought this menagerie, Achille. It is a symbol of the life we lead together, you and I.



"HI! YOU 'VE STUNNED A CADDIE!"
"I HAVE? WELL, WHAT 'S THE LOCAL RULE?"

[Achille *goes to the window and draws aside a curtain. A lizard falls on his head. He stares through the darkness. There is a cry and a thud.*

Nanette (*starting*). What is that?

Achille. I do not know. (*More cries and more thuds are heard.*)

Re-enter Célestine. *She carries a saucer in her hand.*

Achille. What are you carrying, Célestine?

Célestine. Milk, Monsieur, for Madame Fifine.

Achille. Milk—for the hedgehog! (*He begins to pull pieces out of his hair.*) Have the children had their supper yet, Célestine?

Célestine. No, Monsieur. The children gave their bread-and-milk to Mlle. Thérèse.

[*She puts the saucer down on the hearthrug and retires.*

Achille (*turning wrathfully again to his wife*). Nanette! I——

Nanette (*interrupting him*). Do you see this poodle, Achille? When I place a bon-bon on Télémaque's nose and say "Trust!" he waits motionless. When I cry "Paid for!" he throws it up in the air and, catching it in his mouth, devours it. Our marriage is exactly like that, Achille.

Achille. Why?

[Nanette *is stumped for the moment. She thinks.*

Célestine (*re-entering breathlessly with signs of emotion*). Monsieur et Madame!

Achille and Nanette (*together*). Yes?

Célestine. All the children are dead!

Achille and Nanette (*in unison again*). Dead! How are they dead?

Célestine. Mlle. Thérèse has thrown them down one by one from the telephone wires. They have become broken in the street.

Achille. Ah! (*Then, lifting his head*) It is always that something crashes. First the franc and now the children. (Nanette *rises without a word and walks towards the door* L.) Where are you going to, Nanette?

Nanette. It is time for me to give more herrings to Henri.

[*Exit. The faint swish of a gyrating porpoise is heard* (OFF). Achille *stands for a moment in the centre of the stage. The hedgehog laps milk quietly. The poodle, surfeited with bon-bons, snores.* Achille *crosses to the parakeets' cage and removes his red silk handkerchief. The birds begin to twitter again. Thérèse, the orang-outang, peers in at the window, grimacing. The curtain falls upon the jungle scene.*

A terrible little play. I recommend it to one of the Sunday Societies.

EVOE.

The Eternal Triangle Again.

"AS TERTIUM QUID.—Young Lady, of good address and education (24-28); literary or artistic tastes preferred."—*Provincial Paper.*

Is not the advertiser asking for trouble? At any rate we shall advise the taking out of a "third party" insurance.

TREASURE TROVE.

I FOUND it myself where the grass grows high,
Just under the garden wall,
It belongs to a mouse who is little and shy,
And it 's cosy and round and small.

It 's a dear little nest, and cuddled inside
Are eight tiny mice in a heap;
The mother makes nine—but *she* goes to hide
Whenever I pry and peep.

I asked Nanny yesterday what people do
When they find some WONDERFUL thing;
And she said—and I think she was speaking true—
That treasure belongs to the KING.

I want to be loyal and do my best
For the KING (and the PRINCE OF WALES);
But what could they do with a mouse's nest
An' eight little mice with tails?

If I felt certain the KING would say,
"Oh, Tony, just keep two or three!"
I 'd not mind him taking the others away—
But *would* he leave any for me?

"Lady highly recommends good Cook-General; leaving through her breaking up house."—*Irish Paper.*

Then she shall not come into *our* happy home.

AUNT JANE AND THE FRANC.

Aunt Jane is a careful woman—careful with money, I mean, although she has such a lot of it.

Now it came to pass that she visited the Riviera early in the year; and when, on her return to London, we met her at the station (more in duty than in love) she handed Henry fifteen hundred francs.

"Will you please change these for me at your bank to-morrow morning," she commanded, "and let me have your cheque for them—it should be eleven pounds and tenpence, I think."

"Certainly, Aunt," assented Henry.

I don't want to shield Henry in this affair. He is always willing to admit (a little too glibly, I think) that his memory fails him at times. And when three days later Aunt Jane rang up to inquire if he had exchanged the money I was compelled to confess that he had forgotten the matter.

"Forgotten!" echoed Aunt Jane. Even over the wire she managed to convey the impression of a plethoric woman labouring under strong emotion. "Do you know the franc has dropped five points to the pound since yesterday?"

"I'm sorry," I murmured. "But of course Henry will stand to that; it's his fault for not changing at once, as you told him."

"No—tell him now to hold them until he hears from me. It's possible," she added with a gleam of hope, "that the franc may appreciate and I shall, after all, get more than I paid for them, as I did once last year."



Uncle. "BEEN AT THE JAM AGAIN, I SEE, DAPHNE."
Little Girl. "NO, UNCLE. I 'SPECT THAT 'S WHERE AUNTIE KISSED ME JUST NOW BEFORE SHE WENT OUT."

Unfortunately her hopes were not realised. In less than three days the franc had dropped another five points. And now Aunt Jane appeared to pass through a period of alternate hope and despair. Within two days she saw it drop to 177, rise to 169, fall back to 172, and recover to 156. She ignored Henry's suggestion that she ought to realise at once. "Do you think I mean to lose twenty francs on every pound? Never!" she declared angrily.

Aunt Jane began to take an interest in French politics. She read articles in *The Times* dealing with the fate of the franc. There was an amazing change in the style of her conversation.

"I have great faith in that M. BRIAND, Henry," she commented. "I see he was very brilliant in debate last Tuesday." Or "I consider M. PÉRET has been most ill-advised."

"M. PÉRET," Henry stammered in reply. "What has he done?"

"It was foolish of him to let it be generally known that the Morgan dollar credits were being used to support the franc. Of course that did us a lot of harm."

"*Us*, Aunt?"

"I mean the holders of French currency," she explained.

When M. CAILLAUX came to London on his mission Aunt Jane exulted. "He's sure to get a loan here—or—or something," she said vaguely, "and that ought to stabilise the franc at once."

When, however, it slid shortly afterwards to 198½ Aunt Jane began to be stuffy with Henry.

"It's all through your not changing my money when I asked you," she stormed. "To think of the anxiety I've had this last three months. . . . No, of course I can't allow you to make up the difference . . . but it's quite obvious, Henry, that you are too careless and forgetful to be entrusted with the handling of money. I'm glad I know in time."

This dark hint about our prospects plunged Henry and me in gloom. We now began to get as anxious about the future of the franc as M. CAILLAUX and Aunt Jane.

Then came the evening when Henry returned home with the dramatic announcement, "The French Government has collapsed."

"Oh, dear, what *will* Aunt Jane say?" I exclaimed, really distressed. "I think we ought to get away for our holiday now—until all this has blown over."

Just then the telephone rang. The voice at the other end was that of Aunt Jane.

"Have you seen to-night's papers?" she asked in tones of terrible emotion. "M. HERRIOT ought to be ashamed of himself. . . . Has Henry heard what the deputy said when the result of the vote was announced in the Chamber?"

"I—I—d-don't think so, Aunt. What did the deputy say?"

"He said, 'It's the pound at three hundred.' Think of it, and I bought at one-hundred-and-thirty-six. And if it hadn't been for——"

Mercifully at that moment we were cut off, but I've no doubt she went on talking, and I'm sure she must have said some dreadful things against Henry and M. HERRIOT.

We felt it advisable to avoid Aunt Jane after HERRIOT's accession to power; but with his rapid fall and the appointment of POINCARÉ we plucked up courage to visit her again. Strangely enough she greeted us with complacence, even benignity.

"Henry," she said, "I have solved the difficulty of the franc. I have decided that instead of going to Bournemouth as usual this summer I shall take a brief holiday in France. So you see, I shan't need to change my francs after all."

Three times Henry opened his mouth to reply; and three times he refrained (wisely) from speech. Even now I can't make him see Aunt Jane's logic. He says women are totally devoid of reasoning powers. I don't know what he means. *I* think Aunt Jane's plan an excellent one.

Art Notes.

"Lord Henry Bentinck is trying to raise 2,000 guineas to acquire Epstein's study of a woman in an attitude of prayer for the nation."
Morning Paper.

Undoubtedly it needs it.

From a hairdresser's window:—
"Shingle . . . 1s. 3d. Bob . . . 1s."

Thank heaven, the bob is at par.

"The Artillery quickly lost four wickets, but they bat as they do their business—*ubique*."
Daily Paper.

Unless they have to follow on, when they change their motto to *Bis bat qui cito bat.*



LESSER-KNOWN SIGHTS OF LONDON.

LUNCH-TIME IN BACK-YARD OF GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM. THE STAFF KEEPING FIT

MORE ORNITHOLOGY WITHOUT TEARS.

(A new and concise Guide to some of the commoner British Birds.)

THE bright yellow Bunting holds forth every day
With really remarkably little to say;
Whenever you listen you gather that he 's
Affirming the same old objection to cheese.

The Woodpecker (Green) has the loudest guffaw;
Bright scarlet his head and prehensile his claw;
He drums in the woodland, he chuckles when stirred,
He scurries up tree-trunks—a notable bird.

The Rook would appear from his cawings portentous
To think his ideas are intensely momentous;
Perhaps he is right; but whatever the case
He is not improved by the patch on his face.

In his ceaseless and perfectly senseless refrain
The Cuckoo is almost uniquely inane;
One surmises, with every desire to be kind,
He *must* have a perfectly vacuous mind.

The tail of the Wagtail is wagged such a lot—
What powerful hinges the thing must have got!
The Wagtail *will* wag tail—he does it all day—
But *why* he should wag tail the Wagtail won't say.

At flying, the Swift is a dab from the egg,
But they say he 's remarkably weak in the leg;
If he sat on the ground in abstraction he would
Undoubtedly have to remain there for good.

The Wryneck, who runs up the trees very spry
Has a neck that indeed is incredibly wry;
Observers depose that at need he can wear
His head back to front without turning a hair.

Aloof from the tumult, the stir and the strife,
The Flycatcher leads a monotonous life;
He sits on a twiglet in sorrowful mood;
His mind is exclusively fixed on his food.

The Chiff-Chaff is rather a dear little thing;
He chiff-chaffs away in the earliest spring;
The summer wears on and he chiff-chaffs the more—
Can it be that the bird is a bit of a bore?

"BUNNY.—'Is it love? When you want to be by yourself all the time and when you don't want to eat or take amusements? I really think it is!"—*Answer to Correspondent in Lady's Paper.*

It may be love, "Bunny," but the symptoms are equally compatible with indigestion.

From a lady's testimonial to a hair-waving system:—

"I have been away on holiday and the sea air did not destroy the waves in the least."—*Daily Paper.*

So far from destroying them, sea air is well known to have a bracing effect upon billows.

"Russians of all degrees, from Comrade Ivanhoff, late head of the Chinese Eastern Railway, who travelled all the way in a magnificent special car, to the poorest workman in a sheepskin and a tea kettle."
School Magazine.

The writer has evidently modelled his style on the Early Victorian who appealed to all classes, "from the Queen sitting upon her Throne to the labourer sitting upon his cottage."



HER FIRST MEDAL ROUND.

Amelia (to her putter). "HOW CAN YOU LOOK ME IN THE FACE AFTER THE WAY YOU LET ME DOWN TO-DAY?"

H.M.S. IMPLACABLE.

A TRAFALGAR SHIP FOR ENGLISH BOYS.

SOME nine months ago Mr. Punch supported, in a cartoon and an article, the appeal which had just been made to the public by Admiral of the Fleet Earl BEATTY for a sum of twenty-five thousand pounds to save the old *Implacable*, the most beautiful ship afloat, and to repair and fit her out as a holiday training-ship for boys. If the necessary money was not subscribed she would have to be broken up by the end of the year.

Thanks to the munificence of an anonymous donor a sum was received that was large enough to ensure her escape from this fate, and in dry dock at Devonport the Admiralty at once set about repairing her below the water-line. This work has been completed, and further work carried out on the upper structure of the ship. With the exception of office charges the whole of the money subscribed (a little over nineteen thousand pounds in all) will very shortly have been expended on these repairs, executed with the utmost care and efficiency by the Admiralty Dockyard. The ship cannot be retained much longer in dry dock, and next month she is to be towed to her new mooring in Falmouth Harbour, where it is hoped that the remainder of the work of restoration will be carried out under the supervision of Mr. WHEATLY COBB, to whose devotion and generosity in maintaining her at his private cost the country owes it that she was not broken up many years ago.

The work which still remains to be done will entail a heavy cost, and Mr. Punch, who is represented on the Committee of the *Implacable Fund*, very earnestly supports Earl BEATTY's further appeal, which appeared in the Press last week, for the balance (six thousand pounds) of the sum for which he originally asked.

He ventures to remind his readers that *Implacable* was originally a French ship, named *Duguay-Trouin*, launched about 1789. She engaged *H.M.S. Victory* at Trafalgar, and four days later was captured, after a great fight, by Admiral Sir RICHARD STRACHAN. Under her new name she fought in the Royal Navy, and in 1842 carried the golden cock at her truck-head for sign that she was the smartest ship in the Mediterranean Fleet. For many years, after her more active days were over, she served as a training-ship.

The object of the Fund is not only to restore and preserve a very noble ship of the line, sole survivor of her class, but to make of her a holiday training-school where Sea Cadets and other boys may learn the elements of life afloat and catch something of its romance. To quote from these columns the words of one who knew well what he was talking about, "No ship can be more suitable for the purpose than *Implacable*. Her thick oaken sides keep her cool in summer; her vast flush decks, lighted by great square ports, give plenty of room and air. And about her strong timbers cling the gallant and inalienable memories of heroic achievement."

It would be an infinite pity if the work so far advanced should fail of completion. Mr. Punch is confident that he has only to remind his readers of the urgent need of further funds to draw from them a generous response. He appeals to the patriotism of the public to take this chance of fostering in the youth of England a true sense of the splendour of our sea-tradition.

Contributions, which will be gratefully acknowledged, should be addressed to Sir VINCENT BADDELEY, K.C.B., Midland Bank, Westminster Branch, Wesleyan Hall, London, S.W. 1.

"MINE OWNERS CLIMB DOWN OVER SAFETY MEN."
Labour Paper Placard.

Evidently the cages were not working.



THE PATRIOTS.

PARTY POLITICIAN. "THIS IS NOT MY AFFAIR."
CITIZEN (*who refuses to pay income-tax*). "NOR MINE."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 19th.—Decorous but unmistakable "pep" permeated the concluding speeches of the City churches' debate in the Lords. Lord BANBURY accused the Bishop of LONDON of speaking with two voices, one of the dove and the other of the wolf.

"There are two voices, one is of the dove,
A bird whose mien is uniformly good;
And one is of a beast we cannot love
Since the affair of poor Red Riding Hood;
And, Bishop, both are thine!"

Lord HANWORTH thought the City churches might not attract large congregations on Sunday, but drew a comforting picture of the international financier slipping in on a week-day for a moment's rest and spiritual refreshment prior to a fresh assault on the bulls. Viscount KNUTSFORD, for the Measure, said it made his blood boil to know that any parson was drawing four-hundred-and-thirty-seven pounds per annum and doing nothing for it on Sunday. Lord PEEL declared, quite crudely, that unless it was a general attack on the City churches with the object of getting money for their valuable sites the Measure meant nothing. Lord OLIVIER observed that it was not the Church of England but the citizens of London who had made the sites valuable, and the proper solution was to relieve the Bishop's mind of all anxiety by treating the sites as public and not as ecclesiastical property. The motion to present the Measure for the Royal Assent was carried by the comparatively narrow margin of 17 votes.

The House of Commons devoted its day to the French debt settlement. At question-time Mr. CHURCHILL explained what he believed to be the meaning of the correspondence between himself and M. CAILLAUX about the reopening of the Franco-British debt settlement in the event of Germany defaulting on her Dawes scheme payments, but insisted that neither his explanation nor anything else said in the House must be "brought up in evidence against him" should a difference of opinion arise between the contracting parties as to what the letters really do mean. The matter cropped up again in the course of a speech by Mr. SNOWDEN, who said that they meant nothing. France could ask to have the debt settlement reopened, but Britain was not bound to give France new and more lenient terms. She was bound to extend a sympathetic and long-suffering ear, but could let it go at that.

The debate on the whole was mild but salutary. Mr. HILTON YOUNG, in the best speech of the evening, declared that the American Government, in treating the question of War debts on a purely commercial basis, was not reflecting the spirit of the American people, and was doing the "gravest historical wrong" to the reasons for which America came into the War. Meanwhile there was a "little rift within the lute" of Anglo-American relations, due to the small minority of Americans who "make of the ledger a bible and of commercialism a god." That had to be said for the sake of Anglo-American relations, not because Britain was asking or would ever ask the United States for more favourable treatment of her War debt.



THE BISHOP'S MOVE.
THE BISHOP OF LONDON.



THE MAN WHO GOT THE BOUQUETS.
LORD WINTERTON.
Inset: Lord READING, the man who earned them.

Mr. SNOWDEN found the pinching boot on another leg and declared roundly that France possibly could not, but certainly would not, save herself, and that nothing short of another Dawes scheme would save her and incidentally save something for her creditors. He found the root of the evil in our too hasty debt settlement with the United States, and declared that in a few years' time it would take a day's work of three-hundred-and-twenty-million Europeans to pay the annual tribute to the United States.

Mr. RUNCIMAN thought we should have used our power as a creditor to compel the debtor nations to agree to greater disarmament, a suggestion which Mr. CHURCHILL strongly repudiated. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE said he had tried to get President WILSON to talk debt settlement when he was in Europe, but President WILSON thought it was too near election time. The present position, said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, was all Mr. BALDWIN's fault. Other Members insisted that there had not been a real meeting of the minds of Messrs. CHURCHILL and CAILLAUX, but did not seem to think it mattered a great deal anyway.

Tuesday, July 20th.—"Mr. SERJEANT-AT-ARMS, what have you there?" demanded the SPEAKER at the close of private business. "The Sheriffs of the City of London," responded the guardian of the Mace. Tossing that bauble lightly to his shoulder, and assuming a "better-come-along-quietly" expression, he strode to the Bar, and Mr. Alderman BATHO, who was just about to bet the CITY REMEMBRANCER a plate of turtle-soup that he could clear the Bar standing, looked nervous. "What have you there, Mr. SHERIFFS?" asked the SPEAKER. Mr. SHERIFFS said they had a petition from the Mayor, Aldermen, etc., of the City of London praying that the Disposal of Churches (Metropolitan) Measure, 1926, be not presented to HIS MAJESTY for the Royal Assent. The CLERK OF THE HOUSE having read the "salient parts" of the petition, at the request of Mr. GRENFELL, the SHERIFFS retired, the SERJEANT-AT-ARMS piled maces and the pageant was over. An encore being out of the question—the House enjoys these little exhibitions of pomp and circumstance—the SPEAKER did his best to entertain by performing the now time-honoured ceremony known as "Purging the House of Mr. JACK JONES."

A remark of Mr. CHURCHILL—that it was not often that two race-meetings were held on the same day—being received with incredulous "Oh's," he gracefully deferred to hon. Members' superior knowledge, but declined to concede the lower rate of tax to the enthusiast who attends one race meeting and also bets on races in progress elsewhere. Mr. BALDWIN admitted, in answer to Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, that a large deputation was coming to see him about the Reform of the House of Lords, but did not know if at the moment he would have anything to say either to the House or to the deputation. He would be charmed, he told Mr. GARRO-JONES, to have him a salient member of the deputation, but doubted if the hon. Member would get the same amount of innocent fun out of it as he would himself.

In Committee on the India Office Vote the House gazed enraptured while Lord WINTERTON painstakingly sketched what he described as his fourth and most satisfactory picture of the state of India. So brave was the colouring that even Colonel WEDGWOOD could only add a few roseate splashes to the glowing canvas. But, whereas Lord WINTERTON was chiefly pleased and proud that Swarajism was disintegrating and terrorism had "received a definite setback," Colonel WEDGWOOD saw in the unrest in India the growing pains of the healthy political bantling. His preference for seeing the light of fanaticism in a man's eye rather than no light at all recalls the story of the broken-down gentleman who protested to the attendant in the night shelter because he found a bullock's eye in his soup. "Shut up, you fool," whispered the attendant hoarsely, "or they 'll all want one."

After the House had done its best to think that a speech from Mr. SAKLATVALA was better than no speech at all, the Vote was passed without division.

Wednesday, July 21st.—The anti-foreign organisation at Wuchow having prevented the local authorities from carrying out the instructions of the Canton Government to facilitate the progress of British warships sent to investigate the murder of a British subject, the senior Naval officer closed the port to Chinese shipping. This large gesture of moral suasion was immediately productive of the desired results. No Chinese ships were in fact stopped from entering the port, and everybody was satisfied except the local Soviet and Mr. TREVELYAN. The latter wanted to know whether it was customary for British officers to "use their discretion in relation to a foreign Power in this way" without consulting the Government. The FOREIGN SECRETARY replied in effect that using their discretion in the interests of the British Empire and the peace of the world was one of the best things our Naval officers did.

The name of Mr. DALTON of Peckham may loom large in the eye of posterity, but when at 3.30 this afternoon he rose to lead the attack on the Third Reading of the Finance Bill the House responded to a widespread determination to make an early tea. Various other Members took occasion to trot their favourite hobby-horses around this well-trampled arena. Mr. PETHICK-LAWRENCE thought



PONTIFEX MAXIMUS.
THE CHAIRMAN OF THE THAMES BRIDGES COMMISSION.
LORD LEE OF FAREHAM

the rich ought to be taxed more. Mr. RUNCIMAN denounced Protection, and then, dramatically dismounting from his ancient Rosinante, proceeded to "shoot up" the House with statistics showing, figure by hideous figure, that the coal stoppage had already cost one-hundred-and-fifty-million pounds, and that the miners had already lost more in wages than the entire coal subsidy. Sir F. WISE bemoaned "this terrible expenditure." Mr. SHORT said the Budget was a bad Budget, and Sir J. MARRIOTT didn't think a great deal of it.

Having given the Finance Bill its Third Reading the House in Committee fell into an amicable discussion on Colonial development, passed lightly on to the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill, and so to bed.

Thursday, July 22nd.—In the Lords the Mental Deficiency Bill was read a second time. The Bill removes from the definition of a mentally defective person in the Mental Deficiency Act the words "from birth or from an early age" and so permits persons who have become mentally deficient from studying income-tax forms or practising the Charleston or listening to Mr. COOK to be dealt with under the Act. Earl RUSSELL moved a useful amendment to the Sale of Food (Weights and Measures) Bill requiring a shopkeeper convicted of short-weighting his customers to have a notice of the conviction posted up on the outside of his shop. The amendment was withdrawn on Lord PEEL's promising to take the suggestion up with the Home Office.

The House of Commons learned with satisfaction that the relations between the A.A. and the Metropolitan Police are those of "mutual admiration and respect," and there is no likelihood of their being carried any further than that.

The case of Signor ITALO PARODI, who arrived to spend a fortnight with friends and was sent back from Harwich because he could only produce twenty-five shillings from his clothes, was denounced by Members as a Parodi of international justice. The HOME SECRETARY pointed out that the Aliens Order which Parliament had called upon him to administer (Captain BENN insisting that the HOME SECRETARY had in fact called upon himself to administer it) required aliens arriving in this country to have enough money with them to support themselves, but rather spoiled his case by suggesting that twenty-five bob was "obviously insufficient" for a man who was going to stay for a fortnight with friends in England. This aspersion on British hospitality had, it appeared, been dissipated by Signor PARODI's friends and everything had ended happily.

SHERWOOD.

A FANTASY.

Little John, Friar Tuck,
Bold Robin Hood
Were Nottingham miners
Who walked in the wood;
In the green singing season
They swore in their soul,
"Whatever the wage be
We won't dig for coal."

But when the leaf faded
And Sherwood lay bare,
All the birds had stopped singing
And cold was the air,
Back again to their mining
Respectful and good
Went Friar Tuck, Little John,
Bold Robin Hood.

LIL OLD LONDON (ENG.).

SOME IMPRESSIONS INDELIBLY PRINTED ON THE MIND OF A CERTAIN VISITOR FROM THE U.S.A. OF A DAY'S CONDUCTED TOUR AROUND THE GREAT METROPOLIS.



OUR EUROPEAN TOUR SCHEDULE INCLUDED A MOST IMPRESSIVE DAY-TRIP AROUND LONDON'S HIGH SPOTS.



THE TOWER OF LONDON IS SURE SOME SKYSCRAPER—



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT JUST TOO QUAINT—



CLEOPATRA'S COLUMN AND ST. PAUL'S REAL MAJESTIC—



WHILST, BELIEVE ME, THE CRYSTAL PALACE—



WESTMINSTER ABBEY—



WATERLOO BRIDGE—



AND WINDSOR CASTLE ARE THE LIL OLD CAT'S PYJAMAS.



WE SAW THE BALL GAME AT EARL'S CRICKET COURT—



AND PEEKED AT THE SMART SET AT THE ETON-AND-HENLEY POLO RACES.



BUT I'LL TELL THE WORLD THAT THOSE CUTE BEEFEATERS ON WATCH—



AT ROYAL VICTORIA PALACE WERE A THRILL THAT WILL NEVER FADE OUT.

THE PASSING OF AMBROSE.

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It was on a bright winter morning that I first met him. He was wearing a Gents' Natty Lounge, with two pairs of trousers (one, of course, was spare), marked £4 4*s.* 6*d.* I don't think I ever saw anything so vile in my life. But the way Ambrose wore it was a revelation. In his right hand he carried a pair of delicate lavender gloves, in his left a bowler hat with a marvellous brim. For all the world he seemed to be saying, "Why shop in Savile Row?" It was the audacity of it, the superlative *sangfroid* with which he brought off the impossible, that won my admiration.

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Somewhere about the English penny rank;
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other virtuosities a very plausible feat of sleight-of-hand, a gift which I should have thought it would not be prudent for a thief to advertise. Mr. ERIC MATURIN ought by now to be thoroughly demoralised by the discreditable characters he is so consistently called upon to play. No one can more effectively shrug a sinister shoulder or twist a mouth awry to suggest untold depths of depravity or villainy. Mr. LEWIN MANNERING as third villain, *Blaze* the receiver, gave us a performance admirably in the spirit of the piece, not spoilt by over-playing. Miss BARBARA GOTT made the wiles, smiles and snarls of *Mrs. Rivers* adequately odious; and Miss BARBARA HOFFE, who looked charming enough to convert any sinner, played with all the sincerity and depth which the part allowed. I liked Mr. CHARLES WADE'S sinister alien, *Baki*, and Mr. VICTOR LEWISOHN'S presentation of the abject bovinity of *Inspector Daniel* was credibly done. Mr. E. SCOTT-GATTY, a new-comer, showed more than mere promise in the part of the foolish youth who looked like falling into the net of the pawnbroker's wife.

The two authors, Mr. CYRIL CAMPION and Mr. EDWARD DIGNON, responded with evident reluctance to the repeated calls of the audience, and seemed overwhelmed with shame at the success of their happy venture, which looks like having a long run. T.

"COCHRAN'S REVUE (1926)"
(LONDON PAVILION).

The new feature of this revue is Mr. WILL ROGERS, who talks about politics and strikes, and steadies himself with chewing-gum. Disguised as a music-hall *diseur* he has, I understand, done a great deal of quiet political propaganda in the States, and he comes to us as a Peace "plenipotemporary" (his word, but possibly a slip of the tongue) at a moment when the relations between our country and his are badly in need of the saving balm of humour. I had already heard him (with chewing-gum) in a private house, and I think that his intimate methods are better suited to such surroundings than to public places where they dance. I prefer not to have my caviare served sandwiched between a sweet omelette and a *bombe glacée*.

Mr. WILL ROGERS has a modest and confiding manner, as if he didn't know what to say and was leaning on his audience and his chewing-gum for ideas. He comes on with an engaging smile and says nothing. At last it occurs to him to tell you how tall he is and other personal details. From time to time he appears to suffer from fits of aphasia; then suddenly the words come tumbling over one another. He takes us by spasmodic rushes round Europe and America. He tells us how he saw the changing of the guard at St. James's and then dashed across to Paris and witnessed another daily spectacle, the changing of the French Prime Minister. And all the time his mobile mouth is busy with his chewing-gum.

He is very pleasant about our foibles and sometimes gets them right. He arrived in England in the middle of the general strike and conceived a serious admiration for our conduct of it. Indeed he thinks that it showed us at our best, and he wishes that it could have been prolonged, because many people did a job of work then who have not done any since. He chaffs us good-naturedly



MR. WILL ROGERS.

about our attitude in the matter of the American debt. John Bull, he says, protested that in undertaking to pay it off he was only acting the part of a man, and then later on started to howl about it. This is one of the things that Mr. WILL ROGERS has not got quite right. You may pay your creditor his pound of flesh like a man and still reserve the right to address him as "Shylock" without being accused of squealing.

Mr. WILL ROGERS is perhaps apt to rely too little on his own observation and too much on the commonplaces of tradition—some of them not too fresh. His little gibe at the House of Lords dates back to the period of GILBERT-and-SULLIVAN. Again, when he suggested that, to cope with the present strike, we should use gas instead of coal, he said a good thing; but he spoilt it by going on to say that this gas should be laid on from the House of Commons. It didn't seem to have occurred to him that our own jesters must have made this rather cheap *jeu d'esprit* a thousand times.

He spoke with transparent honesty and no suspicion of a commercial motive when he declared his high regard for our English sense of humour. True, he spared us the cryptic language of his native slang and so made things easier for us; but he must have gathered from our appreciation of him that he was free to make American fun at our expense as no Englishman would be free to make English fun at the expense of an American audience.

A genuine humourist and a most lovable personality. And incidentally he introduced the right spirit of Revue into an entertainment which showed little trace of it except in the march-past of animated advertisements—a poor business and unworthy of Mr. COCHRAN'S gift of invention. For the rest, the show went gaily enough and was the better for the excision of one of the low-life turns. Also there was a little less of the over-boomed SPINELLY. Miss HERMIONE BADDELEY was still the *clou* of the old programme, and it was the fear of being the personal object of her derision in the scene addressed to late-comers that brought me hustling to my seat just in time. O. S.

SHE-SHANTIES.

MRS. MOLE.

"THIS is the garden. I can see
You 're fond of gardening—so are we;
A pity it is winter still,
You ought to see our daffodil.
We had some snowdrops in this bed,
I wish you 'd seen them, but they 're
dead;
And in this other one we grow
Those What-d'-you-call-'ms in a row;
Of course you know the ones I mean,
Such pretty flowers, red and green,
Well, not exactly red, but pink,
Some funny foreign name, I think;
Not *Alpigloss*, not *Bishop's Hat*,
But something similar to that.
I 've got it! *Poly-something Pride*!
No, those are on the other side.
Well, did you ever? What a shame!
I never do forget a name.
Well, anyhow, it 's there they grow,
And really it 's a splendid show,
You cannot think how fine they are.
Don't put your foot in that—it 's tar.
And in this pond Tom keeps his newts,
The most attractive little brutes!
Of course they won't come out to-day,
You 'll have to come again in May.
Last Whitsuntide we had a frog,
But it was eaten by the dog.

And here we have the tennis-court.
It 's narrow, yes, and rather short,
But still it 's just the same for all—
The Vicar says he *likes* it small.



New Plutocrat (to Manager). "'ERE! WHAT KIND OF A WAITER 'S THIS YOU 'VE GIVEN ME? 'E DREW THE CORK O' THAT CHAMPAGNE SO QUIET THERE WASN'T 'ALF-A-DOZEN PEOPLE IN THE ROOM AS NOTICED IT!"

You 're sure you 're not too tired, my dear?
We mean to put the chickens here;
But if we put the chickens there,
The hammock has to go elsewhere;
You see the difficulty, dear?
We 've always had the hammock here;
Of course it isn't used a lot,
We only have it when it 's hot.
They say that chickens must have air,
And so we couldn't put them *there*;
You see, whichever way one tries,
It 's awkward. What do *you* advise?
I think we 'll put the hammock *here*.
You 'll tell me when you 're tired, my dear?
Yes, that 's my Milly, playing scales.
We suffer very much from snails;
It 's odd we have so many more
Than Mrs. Hickory next door;
I daresay Algernon is right—
She throws them over in the night.
I shouldn't be surprised, would you?
It 's wonderful what people do.
My neighbour on the other side
Has just committed suicide.
A pity, such a pleasant man!
We used to share a watering-can.
There 'll be an inquest, I suppose;
And now I 'll have to buy a hose.
That 's our laburnum; that 's a pear—
It 's pretty, but it doesn't bear.
Now tell me, which do you prefer,
The smell of mint, or lavender?
I never know—they 're both so sweet—
We have the two; it 's quite a treat.
What, going, dear? Not tired, I trust?
Well, if you must, of course you must.
A pity, for you ought to see
My Milly imitate a bee.
But tell me, dear, before you go,
Can you get arrowroot to grow?
It wants a gravel soil, they say;
I 've tried and tried, but this is clay.
The hens will be a worry too;
I really don't know *what* to do.
You see the difficulty, dear?
We 've *always* had the hammock here;
I doubt if Algernon could bear
To see the hammock over there.
But there it is—one has to change;
But still it will seem *very* strange.
Do say you haven't walked too far.
Mud on your skirt? No, dear, it 's tar.
And there 's a little on your hat—
How ever did you manage that?
Oh, well, a little turpentine—
You see, there 's not a drop on mine.
Yes, isn't it a pretty hall?
I am so glad you liked it all.
Good-bye, my dear. Somehow I knew
That you were fond of gardens too.
It 's raining, yes. Excuse me, dear,
You have some tar behind the ear.
Yes, that 's the way—across the stile,
And then the tram is half-a-mile;
Yes, you 'll be home in half a tick,
You 'll miss the thunder if you 're quick.
Good-bye, good-bye. Now come again.
Of course, if you are off to Spain,
You 'll miss the garden. Anyhow,
You 've seen a little of it now;
But still it 's never quite the same
Without the flowers. Glad you came.
Well, that 's for dinner. I must fly!
Good-bye again. *Good*-bye! GOOD-BYE!"

A. P. H.

History that Won't Wash.

"Henry VIII. had eight wives, yet we are ready to wager that not all eight together could have kept Henry's Linen so white and spotless and in such good repair withal as one modern wife with the aid of —— Laundry."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

A Fair Warning.

Notice in Indian rest-house:—

"Visitors are kindly requested to take particular care of any articles of jewellery or other valuables they have with them. The lessees cannot hold themselves responsible for loss of such articles provided they are handed over for safe keeping to the manager."

OUR APPLE.

I WANT to tell you about our apple.

To begin with I must make it clear that our little garden, which is just too small—thank goodness—for abbreviated lawn-tennis, condensed croquet, or any nuisances of that kind, is dominated by two huge apple-trees of great age. As similar trees, immeasurably older than the houses they fortunately screen, dominate the neighbouring gardens, it is evident that they are survivors of the primeval apple-forest that once clothed this part of Britain and enabled the savage frugivores to keep the doctor away for so many centuries. How it came about that the rude eupeptic at last fell back before the general practitioner, whose brass plates now indicate a proportion of about one in six of the inhabitants of a locality ravaged by pyorrhœa, neurasthenia and tennis-elbow, it is not my present purpose to conjecture. I set out to tell you about our apple, and to that intention I mean to adhere.

These venerable trees of ours, uncouth, unkempt, have never known a gardener's care. Yet in spite of this neglect—nay, conceivably because of sprawling boughs unpruned, sturdy trunks unwhitened and roots never dosed with basic slag—they have retained their fecundity unabated far beyond an age that the pampered darlings of the modern orchard, many of which no doubt are their descendants, can hope ever to reach.

Year after year with unfailing regularity they have blossomed in the spring and borne fruit in the autumn. I should perhaps mention, in view of the freaks of fruit-trees so often recorded in the Press, that I have never known them to reverse the process. Last year, after an extravagance of blossom that was a positively vulgar display of elderly pride in unimpaired vigour, the shameless old things became heavy with apples in such superabundance as to be an embarrassment, even a plague. I regret now that they did not cease for ever upon that great note of exultation. For from their performance this year it is evident that their long story is about to be closed. Symbolists might see in it nature's gesture of surrender to the medical profession.

The show of blossom they gave about Easter was apologetic, and after the lapse of months it is plain to see that between them they have produced but one solitary apple.

Never before has an apple been so invested with romance in my eyes as this, the last of its line of which the first was munched by some happy barbarian in pre-pharmaceutical times—your ancestor and mine, perhaps. That's why I wanted to tell you about it.

Day by day I shall watch it swelling and reddening where I know I shall never watch another swell and redden. And week by week I will let you know how it is getting on. [We prefer to remain in ignorance.—ED.]

WHITHER AWAY?

OR, THOUGHTS ON PASSING AN AMERICAN.

STRANGER, what do you seek
In this unfortunate town,
Parts of it quite unique,
And bits of it falling down?
Is it the Bank you crave?
It doesn't run up to the skies
But still it 's the best we have
To meet our creditors' eyes.

Did you desire St. Paul's?
It was built by a man named WREN;
The dome on the roof and the walls
Will tumble, I don't know when;
NELSON was buried there.
Why so? It was just a whim—
If Senator BORAH would care,
No doubt there is room for him.

Or is it "The Cheshire Cheese,"
Where the DOCTOR laid down laws?
He died, you know, of disease,
When there wasn't a Volkstead clause.
Or can it be Waterloo Bridge,
So greatly loved by the nation,
The fellows for Vimy Ridge
Went over, to reach the station?

Eleanor's Cross? Pall Mall?
Our streets are so awfully shabby.
Near the Savoy Hotel
Is a thing called Westminster Abbey.
The statue of CHARLES I.
I suppose will scarcely trouble you.
They tell me that WILLIAM HEARST
Has a house in Park Lane, W.

Stranger, what do you seek?
Or, say, would you rather stand
Here and examine the meek
Procession that moves in the Strand?
Their hats are down on their ears,
They haven't much uplift yet;
They 're lacking in pep, poor dears,
But they pay the American debt.

EVOE.

Regrettable lapse on the part of a firm of clerical tailors whose price-list contained the following erratum:—

"Page 8—Bishops, Deans, etc., Breeches omitted. Breeches from 70/-."

It is supposed that a new assistant was under the impression that where an apron was worn the other garments were superfluous.

HOW TO MAKE CRICKET HORRIBLE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Much has been written about the need of altering the rules of cricket and in particular of rendering assistance to the bowler, whose position, if not one of absolute destitution, is none the less deserving of the utmost sympathy. Some of the suggestions—but very few—are luciferous. Most of them are fantastic and even grotesque. May I venture, as a detached and disinterested observer, to outline some really practical hints for the achievement of this end?—

(1) The appointment of a Committee of "representative Churchmen" to frame a policy for the relief of the sorely tried and struggling bowler.

(2) The employment of a green in place of a red ball.

(3) The permissive use of a ball which should explode on contact with the ground. If objection should be taken to this on the score of "frightfulness," it is enough to quote the opinion of Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON in *The Times* of July 21st: "What we want is to make things more horrible for the batsmen."

(4) The legalisation of "barracking" on the part of spectators so as to disconcert and discourage the batsman on every possible occasion.

(5) Each team, when in the field, to be supported by a jazz band whose aim should be to accompany the delivery of each ball by the maximum sonority of its brass instruments and to greet the fall of a wicket by explosions of derisive syncopation.

(6) The formation of a Board of Democratic Control, to be appointed by the I.L.P., for the purpose of selecting players in Test matches.

(7) The elimination of all amateurs (that is to say, parasitic capitalists) as detrimental to the best interests of the game, and the standardising of the incomes of all professionals at a minimum of one thousand pounds per annum.

I am, dear Mr. Punch, in the confident expectation that you will give these proposals the widest currency,

Yours faithfully, OFFLEY DOTT.

Padlock Chambers, Dottyville.

"Whisky and *water* has always struck me as a peculiarly devastating, flat and pallid mixture, the addition of H_2SO_4 being a deliberate emasculation of the kindliest product Scotland has ever vouchsafed us."—*Theatrical Paper.*

In our opinion it adds devil to it.

"Adriatic (Naples).—Villa Wanted, three weeks end September; two servants; moderate."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

The first thing to do is to get a nice new map.



COUNTY SONGS.

XIV.—LONDON.

THOUGH a WREN built St. Paul's, sacerdotal and grey,
That fane is a stronghold of pigeons to-day:
They bill there and coo there and bring up their brood,
And swarm on the pavement at lunch-time for food.

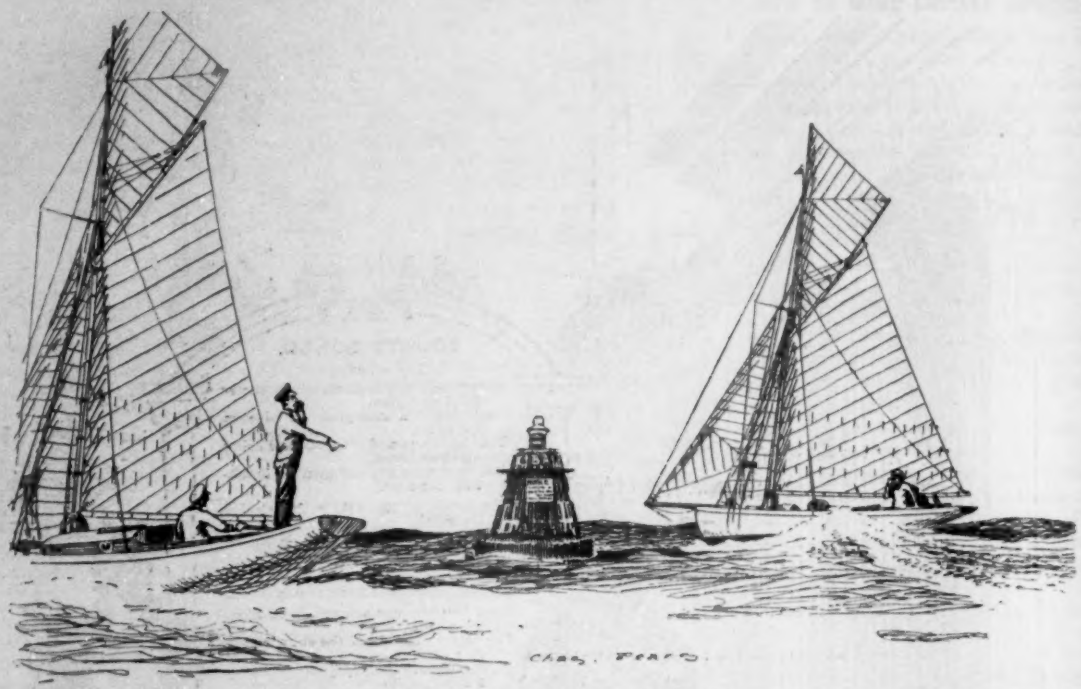
The pride of the City 's the storied Guildhall,
Where aldermen nibble a mouthful (that 's all!);
But, though Magog and Gog assume ownership's airs,
The pigeons believe it exclusively theirs.

Lord NELSON was set on his column, we know,
For ridding the sea of the ships of the foe;
But his Square to the pigeons is merely a spot,
If people are helpful, for eating a lot.

The Bloomsbury Temple of Knowledge was raised
For students to study and study till dazed;
But how do the pigeons that edifice view?—
"As a bedroom," they say, "it will just about do."

When MACAULAY'S New Zealander sits on his stone
Lamenting lost London he 'll not be alone;
Beside him, with eyes on his knapsack, there 'll be,
I 'll bet any money, a pigeon or three.

E. V. L.



Old Hand (to novice, who is cutting across the bar in very shallow water). "WHAT ARE YOU DOING—TRYING TO SCRAPE THE FRECKLES OFF THE FLAT-FISH?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SIR EDWARD CLARKE, K.C., is one of the very few persons now alive who knew DISRAELI intimately. As a very young man he was a protagonist of the Tory revival, and had the satisfaction in 1868 of seeing passages from a speech which he delivered to the York Conservatives reproduced as the first pamphlet of the newly-founded National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations. Twelve years later he won a seat for the party in the memorable election at Southwark—a Pyrrhic victory as it turned out, for, though the young Member warned his chief at a luncheon given him in honour of the victory that the result should not be taken as a trustworthy indication of the country, the BEACONSFIELD Government shortly afterwards dissolved and suffered a heavy defeat. Now in his eighty-sixth year he has produced in *Benjamin Disraeli: the Romance of a Great Career* (MURRAY) an admirable little life of his political godfather. For the most part Sir EDWARD allows his hero to reveal himself in salient extracts from speeches, letters and novels. He acknowledges freely his indebtedness to the six volumes of Messrs. MONEYPENNY and BUCKLE—"the fullest and most interesting biography of any British statesman"; and has succeeded in his aim to give in moderate compass a straightforward and trustworthy account of a singularly interesting career. Naturally it is for the most part eulogistic. Only once does the author permit himself a word of criticism: that is in condemnation of the familiar attack upon GLADSTONE, "a sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." Here, in the author's opinion, DISRAELI was "for one hour less noble than himself." The underlying principle of DISRAELI'S political philosophy was the community of interest between rich and poor. In *Sybil* he wrote that a political party can only hope to retain power by securing for the people greater social felicity; and twenty years later we find him insisting that "none are so interested in maintaining the institutions of the country as the working-classes." If these are now the commonplaces of the Conservative party (*vide* the present PRIME MINISTER'S speeches) it is largely due to the growing influence of the statesman whom Sir EDWARD CLARKE delights to honour.

Field-Marshal Sir WILLIAM BIRDWOOD, G.C.B., contributes a short foreword to *Children of the Border* (MURRAY), not only vouching for the novel's truth to facts of life on the North-West Frontier but revealing the benevolent secret of its writer's unique sympathy with them. Mrs. THEODORE PENNELL'S husband, the late Dr. PENNELL, was known and deservedly honoured from one end of the border to the other; and his wife has evidently embodied not only their common experiences but their common ideals in a story which from first to last is not the *feringhi's* but the Pathan's. It relates, in the first place, a pilgrimage made by a chieftain, *Mani Khan*, his wife, *Badri Jamala*, and their daughter *Margalara* in search of health for *Badri* at an English surgeon's hands. Wounds and poverty encountered on the way induce the parents to bestow *Margalara* in marriage on an unprepossessing khan; and the mountain child's unhappiness in *purdah*, her escape, divorce and re-marriage to a promising young robber occupy the first half of the book. The second is mainly concerned with the fortunes of the robber himself, who, bearing no grudge for some years of durance in an English prison, becomes a notable ornament of the first Afghan draft sent to France. His derring-do and decorations, his visits to London and Windsor, are wisely made less of than his brotherhood-in-arms with a man with whom he ought to have been pursuing a blood-feud, and his inevitable failure

to take his due place in the clan when he returns home. It is for her insight into such personal and racial problems, her enchanting descriptions of the bustle and privacy of Indian life and her entire abnegation of European attitudes of superiority that I have wholeheartedly enjoyed Mrs. PENNELL'S book.

A country doctor's orphaned child,
A pearl of innocence and beauty;
Her youthful lover, honest, mild,
Till hustled by a sense of duty;
The maiden's step-mamma, who burns
Through jealousy to queer her chances,
And a rich married man who turns
Upon the girl his amorous glances—

These hardy types F. E. MILLS YOUNG
In *Ailsa* (BLES) sets quietly dreaming
Through love-scenes interspersed among
Misunderstandings, tiffs and scheming;
Which slowly, gradually draw
The reader on to where the hero
Smites the intruder on the jaw
And puts him in his place at zero.

A placid tale it is; no thrill
Made tress of mine stand up in terror;
It plods its leisured course until
Truth wins its triumph over error;
But in these analytic days
I greet with a polite salaam a
Writer who has the pluck to raise
These pallid ghosts of melodrama.

What I most admire about Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES'S new novel is, if I may so horticulturally express myself, its robust shrubby habit. Never was a tale of mystery more compactly and vigorously put together, with not a vestige of unpruned circumstance from first to last. Moreover, first and last are here highly original terms, for the story opens with the tail-end of a murder-trial and finishes with the sentence. The interval is devoted to *What Really Happened* (HUTCHINSON); and if you gather an inkling of this from the evidence of the first chapter, and that portion of the judge's charge to the jury therein incorporated, you are considerably more imaginative than I was. The case on the face of it is a conventional one: a selfish young couple, no children, a cottage *de luxe* within reach of town, quarrels over the lady's unpaid bills, a pre-war lover coming to his mistress's financial assistance and the husband's death from arsenic poisoning just as the discovery of his wife's twofold shamelessness becomes inevitable. This is "The Raydon Mystery"—apparently no mystery at all. However, *Adelaide Strain*, lady-housekeeper to the *Raydons* and principal witness, produces a hopeful alternative to the hypothesis of *Mrs. Raydon's* guilt. With this clue, if it is a clue, in your possession, you go back to the antecedents of the crime, encountering no momentous new factors but gaining utterly unexpected light on old ones. Barely half-a-dozen characters are necessary to the plot; and all save the lover (who is purposely and I think wisely subdued) are kept in the limelight at high psychological pressure. To do this without straying from nature and probability is no child's-play, and I congratulate Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES on a singularly flawless success.



Old Lady. "NOW I WANT SOME *HUMANE* MOTH-BALLS; SOMETHING THAT WON'T REALLY HARM THE MOTHS BUT WILL JUST MAKE THEM LOSE THEIR APPETITE."

Stories Near and Far (JOHN LANE) is by Mr. W. J. LOCKE, and on that account alone is assured of a ready welcome from the bookstalls and circulating libraries and patronisers of modern fiction in general. I do not know that Mr. LOCKE is quite so satisfactory in these shorter tales as when he permits himself somewhat wider scope, but he can write better short stories than most of our prominent novelists who have not specialised in this difficult department. And he is not afraid of making experiments in this form, whereas his novels of late years have been perhaps a

thought too much alike, with some beloved vagabond or other always posed as the protagonist. In this collection there is one story, the first in the volume, which reads almost as though Mr. LOCKE were challenging comparison with the H. G. WELLS of our youth—the WELLS who once began to write a series of "Stories of the Stone Age" for some popular magazine. "The Song of Oo-oo" is quite well done, but the apparatus, so to speak, is foreign to what we know of W. J. LOCKE; it is difficult to reconcile ourselves to the creator of *Aristide Pujol*, and other beloved vagabonds of modern life, groping painfully in the semi-darkness of the cave-man's daily life. The names alone give us an impression of unreality. But the remaining stories are much more what we have a right to expect. "A Spartan of the Hills" is perhaps the best of them, while "The Golden Journey of Mr. Paradyne" is much the most Lockian. Life in a caravan, somewhere in the south of France, is clearly our author's panacea for all human ills.

It was the misfortune of *Miss Letty Monckton* to be born into a family of prigs. There were the Anglo-Indian, the clerical, the medical and the domestic prigs, and even a dead prig, *Uncle Nicholas*, from whose very portrait depression emanated. The Anglo-Indian variety, who was *Letty's* father, had rashly married a young lady whose relatives went, so to speak, to the opposite extreme; and who, crushed beneath the immovable weight of the celebrated Monckton egoism, subsided into an early tomb. *This Day's Madness* (ARROWSMITH), by the anonymous author of *The House Made with Hands*, is the story of *Letty's* spirited resistance to the same intensely respectable and profoundly selfish influence. Only a woman could so truthfully delineate the perplexities, aspirations, insurgencies and retreats of a maiden desperately engaged in decorous conflict with *Sir Giles* her papa, *Cousin Maurice*, *Cousin Lætitia*, *Cousin Bernard* and the rest of that insufferable tribe. Never was a poor child so cursed with cousins. And her only hope of deliverance resided in the strong, silent, uncouth man so perversely admired by feminine novelists. I do not think, however, that, gratuitously repelling as *Mr. Bullen* chose to be—another version, indeed, of the prig—the real *Letty* would have fled from him all the way to Switzerland in search of a highly disreputable grandfather and a most uncomfortable aunt. In the Swiss episode, I feel that the authoress has slipped unawares from the leisurely and urbane convention of which the late HENRY JAMES was the revered exponent, into a commoner vein, inconsistent with the delicate realism of the rest of a clever piece of work.

A small moated grange in Suffolk to be let for nothing but the wages of two servants and the trouble of keeping the place aired is an offer which might well make the most heedless pause and consider. There must be a catch somewhere. Either it is too good to be true or, if true, then not quite so good as it sounds. Even *Delia de Burgh* and her daughter *Beata*, who were very innocent and Irish (for are they not the creations of Miss KATHARINE TYNAN?), hesitated about accepting it, but, so sick were they of London flats and fogs, they did not hesitate for long. Suffolk might not be County Mayo, but at any rate it was not London. *The Moated Grange* (COLLINS) could not compare with Glen Assaroe, but it was quite a nice house. The two ladies, however, soon found that there was something queer about it. There was a tomb in the garden which they were warned not to visit. *Beata* twice glimpsed a ghost. *Sancho*, the dog, evidently had something on his mind, and so had *Mrs. Crouch*, the cook-general. *Mrs. de Burgh* and her daughter began to feel uncomfortable, though they were greatly cheered by a visit from the charming *Captain Napier*, who had met them by chance in London and proved to be their neighbour in Suffolk. He was a great help, but could not keep the poor ladies altogether out of trouble. That came, not from any supernatural cause, but from *Crouch*, the deferential butler, who degenerated in an astonishing way before their eyes. The fright he gave *Beata* and his own terrible fate form the climax of a neatly constructed little melodrama, which ends on a double note of happiness.



Wife (nervously). "DO BE CAREFUL, HENRY; THERE 'S A SHIP BEHIND YOU!"

The Cockpit of Peace (MURRAY) is dated 1919-1925, and in it Mr. FERDINAND TUOHY tells us that his objects are (1) to serve "a slice of contemporary journalism from a viand still warm, as distinct from the cold dish of distant recollection;" (2) "to develop, in parallel narration, something of the life and environment of an international correspondent." I cannot imagine anyone more bountifully equipped for this dual aim, for Mr. TUOHY has the keenest *flair* for a story, and, when he has found it, a graphic style of giving it to the world. I have a feeling that, however determined the celebrities of the moment may be to avoid interviews, they are simply wasting their time in trying to avoid Mr. TUOHY if he is on the trail. In such a state of flux is the world, and especially the European world, at present, that a man or a matter of supreme interest to-day may, from the journalistic point of view, be worthless to-morrow, but generally speaking Mr. TUOHY's book has not suffered from the rapid march of events. Indeed, in some cases it has gained, and notably in its vivid picture of M. CAILLAUX. So amazingly varied are the people that move through these pages that an index to the next edition would be a boon.

In our review of Mr. PRIESTLY'S *George Meredith* the following passage occurs, being designed to express, by way of analogy, the view that, as a teller of stories, MEREDITH was not in the direct legitimate line of English fiction: "There lies across most of MEREDITH'S prose fiction what he was content should be supposed to lie across his own 'scutcheon, the shadow of a bend-sinister." We very much regret the word "content." The legend here referred to was of course absolutely baseless, and the implication that MEREDITH tolerated it with complacence is equally without warrant.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD is reported to have been seen wearing a bowler hat with a tail coat. Not with the approval of Mr. J. H. THOMAS, we feel sure.

* * *

"When I dropped in at Mrs. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN'S reception at her house in Eaton Square," says Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, "I was struck by a tall handsome man." We trust his assailant was dealt with as he deserved.

* * *

Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN is to play NAPOLEON. It is believed, however, that his interpretation of the part will vary somewhat from Signor MUSSOLINI'S.

* * *

A daily paper describes Mr. G. B. SHAW and Lord BALFOUR as the SHAKESPEARE and BACON of the present day. The question arises, Did BALFOUR write SHAW?

* * *

With reference to the safety precautions in the mines it is pointed out that an Act of Parliament decrees that two birds must be kept at each colliery, but does not specify any particular kind. It is thought that the Act will have to be amended to exclude parrots.

* * *

The franc is about one-hundred-and-ninety to the pound, and French ex-Premiers are still one-hundred-and-forty-four to the gross.

* * *

Nearly all the kisses given in public mean nothing at all, says a contemporary. That's the reason why we hardly ever kiss the rates collector on our doorstep.

* * *

According to a Vancouver message a fruit-canning manager states that a sea-serpent kept pace with his car for a mile near the banks of Lake Okanagan. We can only suggest that he should get a faster car.

* * *

An M.P. has found to his surprise that one can walk more safely in Central Africa than in the East End of London. Still, it seems a long way to go for a stroll.

* * *

Mr. A. MOORE HOGARTH says that mosquitoes travel to new localities in omnibuses. Our own view is that they should be compelled to walk.

The latest beauty treatment is to have the face lifted. The patient should of course be consulted first. One man who tried to lift his mate's face had his own pushed back a bit.

* * *

A fashion paper has an article entitled "The Secret of Slim Ankles." We had no idea that there was anything secret about ankles nowadays.

* * *

A resident of Aldershot has been summoned for assaulting a Sergeant-Major. Is there no Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Sergeant-Majors?

* * *

It is thought that the Scot who has announced his intention of swimming the Channel has been attracted by the cheapness of the franc.



Typist. "YES, THE BOSS CERTAINLY HAS WHAT I SHOULD DESCRIBE AS A GOOD TELEPHONE PRESENCE."

Paint which renders an object practically invisible has been invented. Paint your cricket-ball with it and solve the problem of the hour.

* * *

Spanish matadors have challenged British racing motorists to take part in a bull-fight. Their desire is of course to prove that a bull is more dangerous than a pedestrian.

* * *

The Rev. GERALD S. DAVIES' hobby, we read, is collecting laundry implements. We wonder if he has a button-crusher.

* * *

The Mint authorities are considering new designs for our silver coinage more representative of present-day artistic tastes than those now in use. It is believed that this step is being taken at the instigation of Chelsea capitalists.

* * *

A writer of cricket reminiscences reminds us that W. G. GRACE was apt to drop his h's (presumably under stress of emotion). Old stagers will remember that when he did so it was customary to call out "Butter-mouth!"

* * *

It is rumoured that in order to increase the popularity of gyratory traffic in London a suggestion to instal steam organs in the middle of the spaces affected is being considered.

* * *

According to an advertisement of a book published in Paris the author contends that a Greek inscription of the second century B.C. proves that much of ARISTOTLE, SOPHOCLES and EURIPIDES had already been translated into Sanscrit. We don't care.

* * *

We learn from a personal paragraph that Lord BIRKENHEAD'S son has become a poet. There is, however, the possibility that the report may have been exaggerated.

* * *

In certain parts of Burma a man's wife can be seized for debt. We still have something to learn from other countries.

* * *

After all, you can understand why a quarter of a million cars are stolen every year in the U.S.A. when you realise that a flask is usually kept in one of the door pockets.

* * *

Mr. LAURENCE WRIGHT says that the British people are always younger by the sea. Excepting, of course, the Elder Brethren of Trinity House.

* * *

An entomologist says that a grasshopper eats ten times its own weight in vegetation every day. That must be why it doesn't live to be three-score-and-ten, like Mr. SHAW.

* * *

Too much reliance should not be placed in the rumours that Woman is about to abandon the slim silhouette. They are started in most cases by desperate manufacturers of confectionery.

Hints for the B.B.C.

"No doubt our spelling contributes to variety and uncertainty in pronunciation. Look at: Guy, obloquy; check, cheque; acorus, agave; viscount, viscus; latch, yatch (I remember a friend giving full orchestral force to 'yatch' by pronouncing it as it is spelt)."
North Country Paper.

Dear old Bill! How popular he always was at the club!

THE SAVING OF MR. COOK'S FACE.

I NEVER had by Heaven's grace
The luck to see his living face
And on my mental tablets grave it,
So cannot say what beauty lies
About its nose or lips or eyes
That Mr. COOK should want to save it.

The face that closed a thousand mines,
It may be drawn in gracious lines,
With lovely contours nicely curving;
It may be like Medusa's own,
That turned the hearts of men to stone,
And so be scarcely worth preserving.

Myself I loathe to guess a flaw
In the design of cheek or jaw
As worn by any fellow-creature;
But I will say that face of his
Has cost the land a lot; it is
Indeed a most expensive feature.

We 've paid a hundred-million fee
To save its shape intact, and he
Would have another hundred follow
Rather than let a single note
Of that old slogan down his throat
Which it would spoil his face to swallow.

Being humane, I should regret
To see the thing displaced, and yet,
If I were asked to fix this matter,
If one or other 's got to go—
My country or his face—I know
That I 'd elect to shift the latter. O. S.

THE HUM OF THE HIVE.

THE WHITE SHIRT TRIUMPH.

THE unrest in the pantries of the West End, which has now so happily been allayed, originated, of course, in the early part of the Season with the refusal of a much-lionised Irish dramatist to wear evening dress when dining out in Mayfair. If the incident had been an isolated one it is probable that nothing more would have been heard of it; but the precedent thus created has been so freely followed by other "lions" that feeling below-stairs ran very high.

The climax, I am told, was reached the other evening when Mr. Hamish MacCackle, "The Shetland Shaw," appeared at the dinner given by Lady Loganberry in his honour in plus-fours and a fisherman's jersey. Lady Loganberry's menservants at once downed dishes and Mr. Harbottle, her butler, informed her that they had done so by order of the Butlers' and Footmen's Union, but that they would resume if Mr. MacCackle either withdrew or conformed with the sartorial convention.

Thanks to the conciliatory spirit of Mr. MacCackle himself, who consented to wear a dress-suit of Lord Loganberry's for the occasion, a temporary peace was arranged; but it was realised that a situation had arisen that could not be evaded by either side, and at the conference of the Hostesses' Association next day Lady Scalyham was deputed to meet Mr. Ullage, the representative of the B. and F.U.

At the ensuing interview Mr. Ullage stated the strong opinion of his Union that a growing abuse which amounted to a social revolution could not be tolerated. He intimated that a continuance of it would be answered by a general domestic strike, involving the kitchen staffs and housemaids. Lady Scalyham replied that the menservants' views had the sympathy of the majority of hostesses, and, having demanded and received an undertaking that the Union would refrain from interference with the democratisation of Society in other respects, she signed on behalf of the H.A. an agreement to the effect that guests unwilling or unable to conform to the accepted standards of attire shall be entertained at restaurants where no dress regulations are in force.

General satisfaction is expressed that this victory for the White Shirts has cleared the air of our dining-rooms.

ICONOCLASTIC OUTINGS.

Revolt against the literary idols of former generations is so greatly in vogue among our present intellectuals that it is interesting to hear that it is being organised in a form that should prove no less health-giving than destructive.

A committee of leading iconoclasts of Chelsea, Bloomsbury and Golder's Green is arranging a series of charabanc trips, of which the first will be confined to the London District. Halts will be made at such shrines of obsolete devotion as KEATS'S villa, Hampstead, and The Pines, Putney. At each stopping-place a Neo-Georgian lecturer will demolish the literary reputation associated with it, and his (or her) strictures will be endorsed by the rest of the party by means of boos, cat-calls, rattles and other vocal and instrumental media of self-expression.

The country series will include a TENNYSON day in Hampshire and probably a derisive invasion of the HARDY country. These excursions will offer the additional attraction of an opportunity for depreciating the beauties of rural England. It is hoped to conclude the series with a great Anti-Shakespeare demonstration, but I understand that some difference of opinion has arisen as to whether it should properly be held at Stratford-on-Avon or Verulam.

I am asked to state that further particulars may be obtained from Miss Posie Frowst at the Mephitic Club, and that the co-operation of all interested in literary iconoclasm is cordially invited.

THE BRIGHT YOUNG PIRATES.

The energies of that exuberant coterie known as the "Bright Young People," whose romps, practical jokes, surprise parties and mock burglaries have contributed so greatly to the liveliness of London during the last few months, show no signs of being affected by the close of the Season. Indeed they promise to be increased by their impending transference from land to water.

After what a little bird—a little sea-bird, in point of fact—has whispered to me, I shall not be surprised to hear that Sir Piers Ogle's old schooner *Hazeline* has arrived in Cowes Roads, re-named *Black Maria* and flying the "Jolly Roger," under the command of one whose *nom-de-mer* of "Captain Kidd" will hardly conceal the identity of so vivid a personality as "Pogo" Corusco of the Illyrian Legation. Other bearers of piratical pseudonyms on board her will, I fancy, be easily recognisable as the Ladies Hilaria and Gladiola Ragge, Miss Rowena Schnorrer, young Lord Gallowglass and Captain Alaric Bingo, Heavy-weight Dancing Champion of the Brigade of Guards.

I am prepared, too, for the news that palatial pleasure-yachts have been boarded and raided, and even that prominent members of the R.Y.S. have been kidnapped and perhaps made to walk the plank, in which event I am assured that a dinghy will be in readiness to save the victims from anything more serious than a ducking. I venture to doubt, however, if a barbecue on the Squadron Lawn is within the powers of even these indomitable buccaneers.

"The tourist need spend little time in Dakar, for, like other West African ports, it has fast become Westernised, leaving only a veneer of local colour within its midst."—*Weekly Paper.*

An unusual position for veneer.



THE PRESSURE OF FACTS.

Master A. J. Cook (*observing the rising tide*). "THIS LOOKS BAD FOR MY *STATUS QUO*."

THE SAVING OF MR. COOK'S FACE.

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THE PRESSURE OF FACTS.

MASTER A. J. COOK (*observing the rising tide*). "THIS LOOKS BAD FOR MY *STATUS QUO*."



Youth (who has just been accepted). "WHICH TYPE OF MAN APPEALS TO YOU—THE DEVOTED SLAVE OR THE CAVE-MAN? BECAUSE I LIKE TO ADAPT MYSELF TO INDIVIDUAL REQUIREMENTS."

SUCH A MISTAKE.

I THOUGHT she greeted me with a certain restraint.

"Have you," she asked, "lunched to-day?"

"I have," I admitted, "and well. But I daresay," I added hopefully, "I could again—if it were a really good one."

I waited expectantly, but apparently she had not understood, or else I had not divined correctly her line of thought.

"Very likely," she said, a touch of severity creeping now into her tone, "you breakfasted as well?"

Once more I admitted as much.

"Such a mistake," she sighed.

"Devilled kidneys," I assured her with some emotion, "are never a mistake. To err, no doubt, is human, but devilled kidneys are divine."

"And I shouldn't be a bit surprised," she continued, more sad now than severe, "if you weren't dining to-night."

"I have hopes," I confessed; "but I put it no higher than that, for even the most promising menu may flatter only to deceive, and the wise man says never, 'I will dine,' but only, when digestion serves, 'I have dined.'"

"Breakfast, lunch, dinner, not to mention tea," she murmured, closing her eyes as if she could hardly bear it. "And I suppose every day it 's the same?"

"I wouldn't say that," I protested. "Even devilled kidneys need, you know, the collaboration of an appetite; if there 's a headache instead, what then are devilled kidneys worth? As for lunch, ah, how many a lunch is little worthy of the name! And dinner—I have known, I assure you, a dinner more like a crime than a meal." I lowered my voice to a whisper, for there are things that should not be said aloud. "Once," I murmured, "it was boiled beef—with carrots. I remember it like yesterday, especially the carrots. They insisted they had told me Tuesday, not Monday; but is even Monday or anything else an excuse for boiled beef—with carrots?"

She looked at me patiently.

"Shall I tell you what we are having for dinner?" she asked. "I shall pour half-a-pint of cold water over the outside leaf of a Brussels-sprout. I shall then pour the water away and put the Brussels-sprout back in the larder for to-morrow. And that," she said modestly, "will be our evening meal."

"By the way," I exclaimed a little hurriedly, "did I tell you I am engaged for to-night? I promised Blanche faithfully."

"I am so glad," she cried. "Blanche insists that the Brussels-sprout leaf should not actually touch the water; it should be held above it. If you 're dining there you 'll be able to tell me what you think."

"I 'm so sorry," I said still more hastily. "I remember now—it 's Wilkins I 'm dining with—at his new flat. I 've just remembered."

"I regret to hear it," she said stiffly. "Major Wilkins, in my opinion, is on the wrong path; he allows the Brussels-sprout leaf to remain covered with the water for some moments. Worse, he allows himself to take three or four sips of the water before throwing it away. Gross feeding, in my opinion. What benefit does the man expect?"

"What, indeed?" I said. "By the way, it isn't Wilkins either. I remember now I asked a man to dine with me at the club."

"At your club?" she repeated in surprise. "But I understood all the clubs were closing all their dining-rooms. Since the papers reported those wonder-

ful experiences of Lady FISHER no one eats."

"Don't they?" I said, a little depressed. But then I cheered up. "At any rate it seems simple and economical," I remarked.

"It is most expensive," she said indignantly. "I forget how much the treatment costs away, but it's still dearer if you take it at home, because then they make no profit on boarding you. And as for being simple you ought to see the rules and directions. Besides, the price of Brussels-sprouts is rapidly becoming a scandal."

"And the Food Council, I suppose, absolutely helpless?"

"Absolutely," she agreed.

"And is Tom——?" I asked.

"Infinitely better for it," she declared. "He is a different man. I am a different woman. Stronger. When I get a bill now I no longer make feeble excuses, I simply write back and tell them they must wait. And Tom—well, at breakfast he used to be sometimes . . . though only a very little, of course."

"I know," I said sympathetically, for I am myself at times—though only a very, very little, of course. "Breakfast is often but a ticklish meal; no wise wife babbles of new hats at breakfast, and it is said there are editors who always read all unsolicited MSS. at breakfast, so as to have an adequate excuse for rejecting them at once. Lunch, of course, is for discouraging friends one does not want to ask to dinner, and at afternoon tea the wise are also incredulous, while a little dinner for two is the natural prelude to marriage or divorce, as the case may be. But at breakfast one should always beware."

"Especially," she agreed, "after *pâté de fois gras*, and plenty of it, for supper at a night-club. I can assure you this morning both Tom and I looked at the breakfast-table with disgust. It came home to us both in a flash that it is really such a mistake to eat."

"And luncheon?" I asked.

"Tom came back here to luncheon," she answered. "One can get nothing in the City, so we had it here together. A little freshly-drawn water and the outside leaf of a Brussels-sprout purchased the same morning. What else could one require?"

"What else?" I echoed. "And that's your dinner also?"

"We are both looking forward to dinner," she said firmly.

"I am so glad," I said, "because that's what I came about. I'm having a few friends at the Claritz tomorrow night. You see, I bought a rubber share a little while ago and, now that I've sold it again and taken my profit, I want to celebrate, so I thought if you and Tom—— Of course," I said generously, "you could bring your own Brussels-sprout with you."

"Oh, but," she pointed out, "we never care to thrust our own ideas on people in public. Perhaps just once."

"Just once," I echoed; "a dinner just once a day. More often is such a mistake. You won't forget to give Tom my invitation?"

"Oh, no," she promised; "that too would be such a mistake." E. R. P.



Disappointed Wife (whose newly-shingled hair has aroused no comment). "LUMMY! ANYONE COULD 'AVE THEIR 'EAD CUT OFF BEFORE YOU 'D NOTICE ANYTHING."

The Yellow Peril.

"Niagara Falls, visited yearly by upwards of a million-and-a-half people, are committing suicide . . . The main flow of water, which used to be United States territory, has within the last 80 or 90 years come over into China." *Yorkshire Paper.*

Boreas Gets Off the Track.

"Some time during March, if you have a day to spare, and there is half a gale blowing from the south-west (that is generally the quarter from which old Boreas rides forth), go for a ripping trip north-east."—*Cycling Paper.*

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"A HINDU 'GODDESS.'

No! You won't find the Goddess among the Hindu Parthenon."—*Scots Paper.*

Have they tried the Hindu Elgin Marbles?

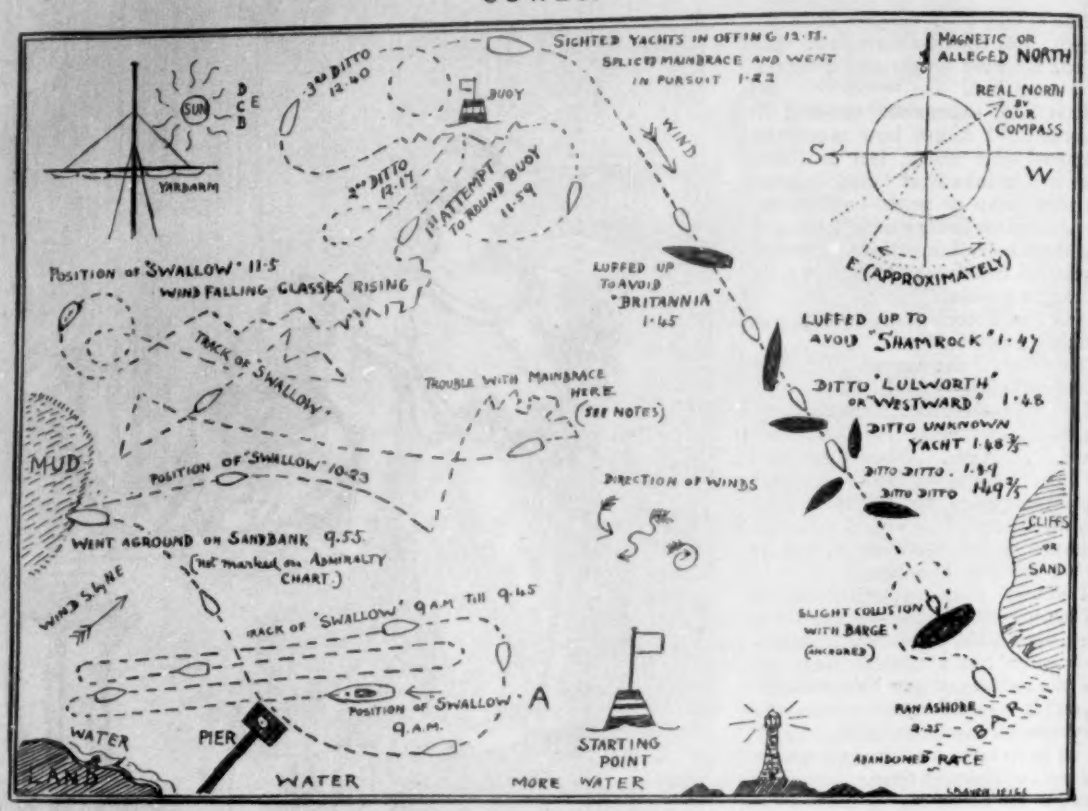
From a French publisher's circular:—

"LITTÉRATURE ANGLAISE.

SOMERS et MAUGHAM (W.)—*La passe dangereuse.*

Our playwright seems to have broken out in two places.

COWES.



HOW WE RACED AT COWES.

(By our Specially Untrustworthy Correspondent.)

A. START, DELAYED BY NON-ARRIVAL OF HAMPER (TOP). B. RELATIVE POSITIONS OF SUN AND YARD-ARM AT 10.0 A.M. C. DITTO AT 11.0 A.M. D. DITTO AT 12.10 P.M. E. DITTO AT 1.20 P.M.

[For detailed description, comments, protests, deductions and general information please see accompanying notes.]

George has just shown me the Chart (herewith) which he attached to his Written Protest to the Royal Yacht Squadron after the 2.30 race for the 18-litre class on the first day's racing at Cowes. Study it closely, and you will agree with me, I think, that it is a vulgar and contemptible Chart. Knowing George as I do, it did not surprise me, but what the Royal Yacht Squadron will say about it I don't know. And if the Written Protest is of the same character as the Chart I can see George being expelled from the Royal Yacht Squadron, or the Seamen's Union, or whatever it is he belongs to, under Rule XIV.

George, in his oral report to me, used all sorts of technical terms with which I am not familiar, but I daresay they are local Cowes terms. The crew, it seemed, consisted of two, George and another, a person called Flock. There were two captains, George and Flock. Flock, it seems, is by way of being a martinet, one of those highbrows who use violent words if you stand on the sheet during a squall. Or rather he was a martinet when the race began, but I gather that George soon cured him of that. This Chart is not, it seems, the Chart of the race, but the Chart of the *Swallow's* course on her way to the starting-point, which she never reached. They slipped their moorings, you see, at the bottom of the Chart (A), and George says they nearly slipped the martinet as well, for George was observing a fairy in a rich man's steam-yacht, and unfortunately elbowed the martinet overboard while he was hoisting the jib; but the martinet caught hold of the midriff, George said, as he fell, and climbed back through the hawser-hole, but without his yachting-cap. As he was practically wet and might feel cold without his yachting-cap, George said he thought he ought to have something warming before they actually started, and just at that moment, as it chanced, they saw the sun over the yard-arm.

Now, when at sea you observe the sun over the yard-arm, it is as much as to say that it is twelve o'clock and the bar is open. In this case, however, it will be noticed that the time of that episode as marked on the Chart is 10.0 A.M., but George swears that he saw the sun over the yard-arm, so perhaps the vessel was rolling.

Well, then they zig-zagged up and down for some time; George pinched her, she missed stays, and they drifted back to their original position. They then reached vaguely to the southward and went aground on a mudbank not marked on any chart. George said it sounded like coral, so I suspect soda-water syphons. At this point (C), you will remark, they had yard-arm trouble again. After that, quite early in the day, it seems, they actually came in sight of the starting-point, but the wind was adverse and they were compelled to splice the main-brace. And about this period, George says, the martinet threw off a great deal

of his aloofness and gave George the tiller again. The result is seen near the top left-hand corner of the Chart, where the *Swallow* jibed three times and seems to have looped the loop. Unnerved by this event, as far as I can judge, the sun peeped over the yard-arm again (D), the wind shifted to the port quarter and George broached two—and I daresay more. At this point, George says, the martinet became all careless and "sort of sang."

The next thing was the buoy. Judging from the Chart George reached the buoy by beating up to it with the wind abeam, which is a thing no gentleman does. Why it was necessary to round the buoy I cannot make out, but George says the buoy was there, and he just felt a sort of impulse to round the thing—"a kind of urge, old boy." All I can say from the Chart is that I should not care to leave any valuable jewellery about on a buoy that George was rounding. No sooner were they round the buoy, you will see, than they had still more yard-arm trouble (E), and George says the martinet quite definitely sang.

Then suddenly George sighted yachts. He sighted yachts in the reputed east, cried aloud, "The starting point!" and let fly the sheet, carried away the port-runner and bore down upon them, running before the wind and broaching to from time to time. The yachts, it seems, he took to be his fellow-members of the 18-litre or four-point class, but, judging from the names of the vessels, which, according to the Chart, he "luffed up to avoid," what he actually did was to run clean through the Big Fellows' Class in the middle of their own little race.

I should not be surprised to hear that the captains of the *Shamrock* and *Lulworth* are themselves martinets during a race, and I am positive their yard-arms are far less accommodating than the *Swallow's*, so in all probability words passed. Nothing of this, however, appears on the Chart. George just bowled along, jibing from time to time, flying his protest flag, and the martinet singing. After the episode of the barge—which I cannot but think is exaggerated on the Chart, for, as I said to George, "Why should a barge be there at *all?*" "Barges are always somewhere," George answered vaguely, "and nobody ever knows why"—they simply ran into the Bar and abandoned the race. As for this Chart, it says nothing of the set of the tide, there is no scale, an extremely unsatisfactory north-point, no place-names and nothing about the Commodore. Nor is it clear to whom or against whom the protest is being made. The whole thing seems to me to be utterly discreditable. A man may not think much of Cowes, but at least he need not go out of his way to give our visitors from the Dominions and the United States a wholly false impression of the place. You know, and I know, that Cowes is a simple democratic sporting event. "The sport's the thing," and no flummery. Few go to the place at all who are not keenly and practically interested in the science of boat-sailing; most of the yachtsmen take nothing but soda-water, as I happen to know, and I suppose that less champagne is consumed at Cowes in Cowes week than at any sporting function in the whole of the year. Then why go out of the way to suggest that it is an opportunity for self-indulgence? "Really," as I said to George, "when I think of the honest blue ocean and the wholesome breezes of the sea, when I think of the thousands of simple, natural sea-faring persons to whom your conduct at Cowes (to say nothing of your Chart) must have given pain, really George, I am quite ashamed."

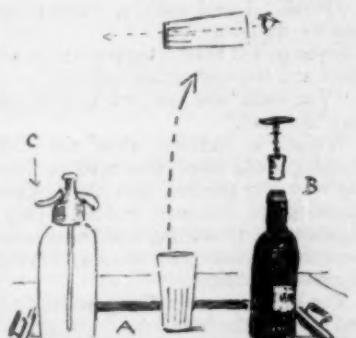
"The sun," said George, "is quite definitely over the yard-arm, old boy."

A. P. H.



ARRIVAL OF GENERAL STORES.

[*Note.*—Some experts declare that *Swallow* carries too much top-hamper (here shown), but if it is properly lowered, stowed away and shifted when required no other ballast is needed.]



Directions for splicing main-brace.—Assemble repair outfit on tray (A); remove cork as shown in diagram (B); depress patent suction lever (C) until tumbler is full of lubricant. Raise tumbler gradually to level of eye, take observation through bottom of glass, lower away, and repeat if necessary.

THE REVOLUTION IN ESSEX.

[A scheme is on foot for linking Canvey Island by a bridge with Benfleet and developing it into a new Coney Island for the Thames. The special correspondent of *The Westminster Gazette* waxes lyrical over the limitless possibilities of the project. "Not only the Essex coast, but the Kent coast, will fill the island with pleasure-seekers."]

THERE is joy in the heart of East Saxons,
Of the fiery dwellers in Kent,
And the note of their conquering Klaxons
Is charged with a boundless content.

Each gaffer now cries to his crony,
"Oh, won't that old wilderness smile
When Canvey is turned into Coney
And Benfleet is linked with the isle!"

Then the skinny, the lean and the bony
Will thrive on these bountiful shores,
Will dine off the best macaroni
And jazz on the smoothest of floors.

From beautiful bands (saxophony)
Sweet music shall float o'er the flats,
While Gladys, Bert, Doris and Tony
Indulge in their intimate chats.

So let the polite cicerone,
When strangers are tempted to boast,
Point out the magnificent Coney-fication of Essex's coast,

Nor trouble if Stratford the Stony,
Or Peebles, that frivolous town,
When Canvey is turned into Coney,
Should sniff at its sudden renown.

"During storm this afternoon flagpole at London Road station struck by extension of the franchise."—*Evening Paper.*

Which has affected, we believe, quite a number of polls.

THE CUPS OR THE MONEY.

A HOLIDAY FOURSOME QUESTION.

I.

"Joyce," I said, "although after five stern fights we have now worked our way into the final of the mixed foursome competition, we have still the greatest problem of all before us."

"You mean Mr. and Mrs. Potter?" said Joyce.

"No," I said, "I do not. What I mean is that we have now to decide if we would sooner have the sweep money or the cups. In other words, should we play to lose, or should we play to win?"

"I hope," said Joyce with dignity, "that I always play to win."

"In this case," said I, "it is just possible that you may still play to win but also hope to lose."

"Before I do that," retorted Joyce, "I should like to know what you are talking about."

"It is this way," I explained; "the couple who win in the final round of the competition are presented with silver cups, while the couple who lose—the runners-up—receive the whole of the sweep money as a consolation."

"Then," said Joyce, "let us by all means try for the cups, with the honour and glory of a great victory. Honour and glory are the only things that should appeal to true sportsmen. Besides they are just what we want for the silver table."

"What—honour and glory?"

"No. I mean the cups."

"But to me," I said, "there are other considerations. Let us suppose for a moment that Marjorie wishes you to buy her a certain doll, or Alfred requests me to present him with—er—with——"

"A box of paints," prompted Joyce.

"Yes, certainly—with a box of paints. If we chose to possess silver cups with our names engraved upon them, these things might not be possible; but with the sweep money——"

"Yes," said Joyce, "I think perhaps it had better be the sweep."

"On the other hand," I went on, "when my little Alfred grows to be a man, I should like to be able to point to the sideboard——"

"To the silver table," corrected Joyce.

"To the silver table, and say, '*That* is the cup your old father fought for in pouring rain and broiling sun; *that* is the cup your old father won in spite of a grossly unfair handicap, and in spite of the fact that your mother sometimes put the ball further away from the hole than your father had left it.'"

"And I," said Joyce, "when I am old and ugly—for I shall be ugly some day, you know—I say I shall be ugly some day——"

"Never!" I murmured just in time.

"—would like to be able to show Marjorie the cup I won when I was still young."

"It's a many-sided question," I said. "We'll have to try to make up our minds about it."

II.

Mr. and Mrs. Potter gave us two strokes on the round, and nothing else. Not even the shortest of putts.

At the sixth Joyce and I were two up and had quite decided that the cups were what we wanted. However, we lost the seventh, eighth and ninth and turned one down.

"Do you know," said Joyce, drawing me aside as we walked over to the tenth tee, "I believe I feel a bit doubtful again about that sweep. I looked in at the shops on my way down to the links just now, and they've got a lovely new shape in jumpers."

We lost another hole at the eleventh, and as far as the thirteenth the sweep was strongly in favour; but here we won a hole back, and on the next green we squared the match. The fifteenth we won with a perfect four, a fact which somehow made the sweep seem slightly less desirable.

"Of course," I whispered to Joyce, making a last wild attempt to consider the question without prejudice, "they are jolly little cups, you know. The one for the gentleman has a silver figure of a man driving on top of it, while the lady's has a woman putting."

"I should just love to have a silver woman putting all of my very own," murmured Joyce. "I should dust her every morning, and I should say, 'Are you putting well to-day, dear?'"

"Joyce," I said sternly, "this is no time for flippancy."

Joyce pulled herself together with an effort and frowned at her caddie.

"You wait," she said; "I'm going to play like mad."

Which is exactly what she did. Nothing could have been madder than the way she pitched into the bunker guarding the sixteenth, instead of playing short. And nothing could have been more unfortunate than the way I failed to get out first time.

The Potters were on the green in two, and we lost the hole.

"If we'd only got a half there," whispered Joyce, "we might have managed to hang on."

"Perhaps it's better as it is," I said. "I've just remembered that the silver figure of the man driving on the gentleman's cup has no follow through."

"Oh," breathed Joyce, "what a blessing you remembered in time!"

"If I won that cup," I remarked feelingly, "it might ruin my game for the rest of my life. The figure of a man driving without a follow through is not the best example to have constantly before you."

We halved the seventeenth in six, and on the eighteenth tee the great problem was still undecided. Mrs. Potter played the odd, and landed on the remotest corner of the green; whilst I, with the like, did only slightly better.

"That," I said brightly as I replaced the turf, "although a good shot, means the sweep for us. We were never much good on the green."

"Never mind," said Joyce; "I bet we'll get as much out of the sweep as the cost of those miserable little cups."

"It's rather a comfort to have it settled."

"Rather! We've made up our minds at last."

But we hadn't.

Mrs. Potter studied her putt carefully. Joyce and I took to admiring the surrounding scenery. When we at last brought our eyes back to the green we found that Mrs. Potter had played well up, giving her partner very little to do for an easy four.

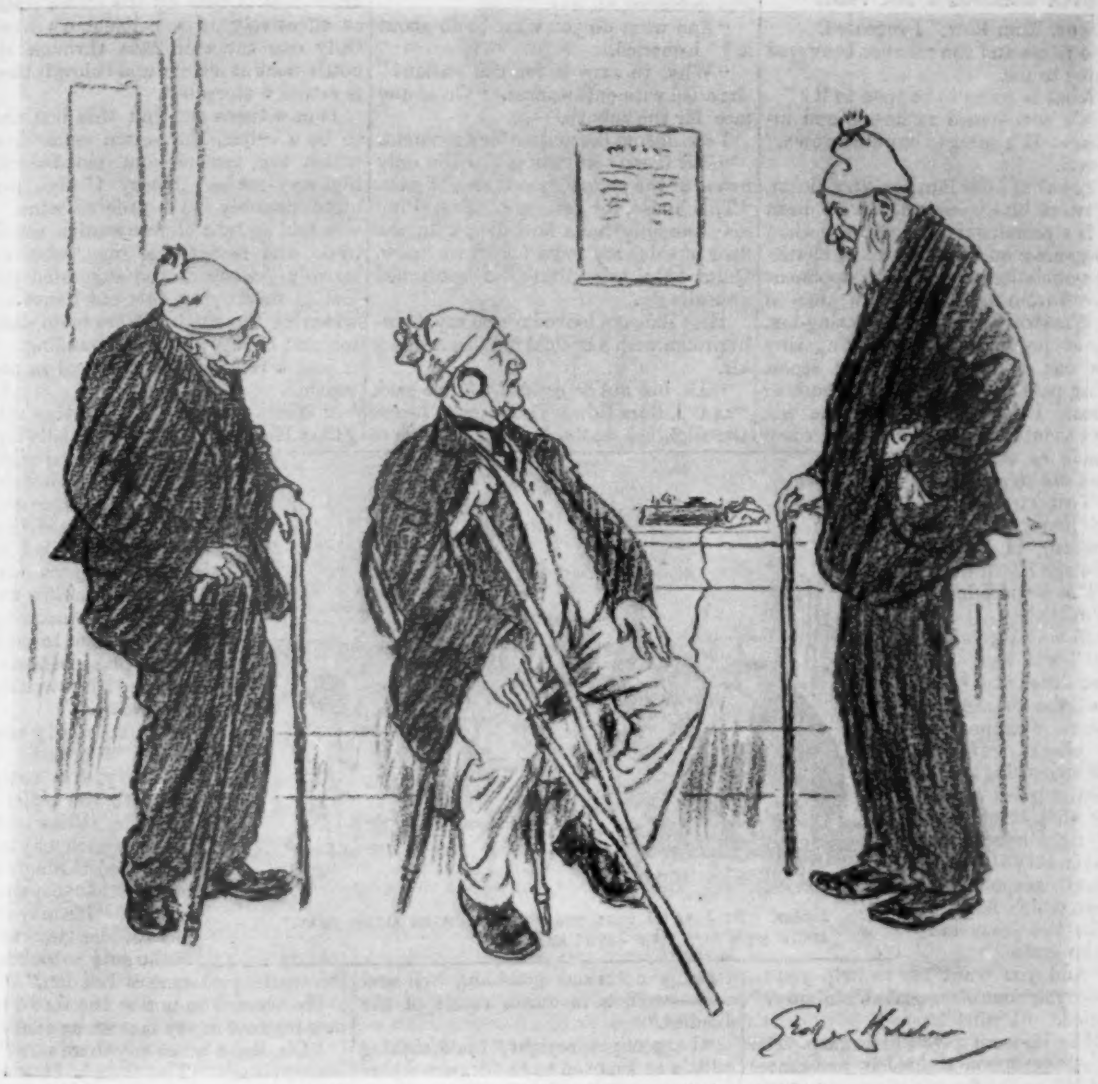
"Joyce," I gasped, "don't play short. Be well up and give me a chance to halve the match."

Joyce smiled faintly and walked slowly towards our ball. It was a long putt, considerably over twelve yards. She considered it closely, while I took to the scenery again. It was a little scream that made me look round . . . Joyce had holed the very long putt and won the match!

It was *then* we made up our minds. It was *then* that we decided finally, definitely and irrevocably, that the cups were what we wanted more than anything else in the world.

SAD STORY OF A MOTOR FAN.

YOUNG Ethelred was only three,
Or somewhere thereabouts, when he
Began to show in divers ways
The early stages of the craze
For learning the particulars
Of motor-bikes and motor-cars.
He started with a little book
To enter numbers which he took,
And, though his mother often said,
"Now, do be careful, Ethelred;
Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do
If anything runs over you?"
(Which Ethelred could hardly know,
And sometimes crossly told her so),
It didn't check his zeal a bit,
But rather seemed to foster it;
Indeed it would astonish you
To hear of all the things he knew.
He guessed the make (and got it right)
Of every car that came in sight,
And knew as well its m.p.g.,
Its m.p.h. and £ s. d.,



Scene—*An Institution where a wireless set has recently been installed.*

First Ancient. "Do you feel anything, Jarge?"

Second Ancient. "Well, I do think my feet be gettin' a bit warmer."

What gears it had, what brakes, and what—
In short he knew an awful lot.

Now, when a boy thinks day and night
Of motor-cars with all his might
He gets affected in the head,
And so it was with Ethelred.
He called himself a "Packford Eight"
And wore a little number-plate
Attached behind with bits of string,
And cranked himself like anything,
And buzzed and rumbled ever so
Before he got himself to go.
He went about on all his fours,
And usually, to get indoors,
He pressed a button, then reversed,
And went in slowly, backmost first.
He took long drinks from mug and cup
To fill his radiator up
Before he started out for school
("It kept," he said, "his engine cool");
And when he got to school he tried
To park himself all day outside,
At which the Head became irate
And caned him on his number-plate.

So week by week he grew more like
A motor-car or motor-bike,
Until one day an oily smell
Hung round him, and he wasn't well.
"That's odd," he said; "I wonder what
Has caused the sudden pains I've got.
No motor gets an aching tum
Through taking in petroleum."
With that he cranked himself, but no,
He couldn't get himself to go,
But merely buzzed a bit inside,
Then gave a faint chug-chug and died.

* * * * *

Now, since his petrol-tank was full,
They labelled him "Inflammable,"
And wisely saw to it that he
Was buried safely out at sea.
So, if at any time your fish
Should taste a trifle oilyish,
You 'll know that fish has lately fed
On what remains of Ethelred.

OVER-CHERISHING THE PAST.

"Nine, Rum Row," I repeated.

The name and the number conveyed nothing to me.

"What is going to happen to it?"

"It's condemned as unsafe and insanitary. It's going to be pulled down," she said.

I looked at Miss Ransom's frail form, her sweet blue eyes and silvery hair. She is a prominent temperance worker, an organiser on behalf of many charitable associations and a stern opponent (but not from the bookmakers' side) of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL's betting-tax. Just at present she was taking tiny bites out of a small buttered scone, having paid me the honour of coming to tea. I felt certain that she was about to interest me in some queer new crusade or other, and I was not mistaken.

"You know what that house *was*," she went on, "a hundred years ago?"

"I'm afraid I don't," I admitted.

"It was a *gambling* hell!" she said with great intensity. And then, the faintest of flushes overspreading her cheek, "If not—well, something worse."

An impulse of chivalry shot through me. My right hand moved instinctively to the nearest weapon of violence, which happened to be the brass tongs in the grate.

"And you want me to help you to destroy this den of unspeakable infamy?" I cried. "I will!"

Miss Ransom gave a little gasp. The apostle-teaspoon tinkled in her saucer and fell to the floor.

"*Destroy* it!" she said. "Didn't you hear what I just told you? Why, Pipp himself may have used it."

"Pipp?"

"Thomas Pipp. The famous Regency profligate."

"I suppose he may," I said. "I hadn't thought of that."

"All the bucks and dandies of the period must have resorted to 9, Rum Row. They must often have revelled and lain drunk on its floors."

She paused, out of breath with her eloquence, and took a delicate sip of tea.

"Drunk on the floors," I murmured.

"So they must. Dead drunk, do you think?" I went on, wishing to keep the ball rolling.

"Quite helplessly drunk," she agreed with a pretty animation, "after dicing and gambling all day."

"And what do you want to do about it?" I queried.

"Why, to save it for the nation!" she cried with enthusiasm. "Or, at any rate, for the suburb."

I considered the matter for a moment.

"But it isn't anything like the only house of the period round here," I said. "This house, for instance. Tom Pipp may possibly have lain drunk on the floor of this very room for all we know. Quite helplessly drunk," I continued appealingly.

Miss Ransom looked round my drawing-room with a critical but disparaging air.

"Ah, but not so *certainly*," she said, "as at 9, Rum Row. There doesn't seem the slightest doubt but that that was a really notorious gambling hell and a—a—well, a favourite resort of the dandies."

"I expect you're right," I said, sighing a little as I moved to the drawer where I keep my cheque-book.

"I suppose," I concluded as I wrote my signature, "most of these bucks were pretty deeply in debt to tradesmen and moneylenders, weren't they?"

"Head over ears, I should think," said Miss Ransom gaily as she accepted the tiny contribution. "Thanks ever so much for helping us. The mass meeting of protest will be on Friday week."

And she bade me adieu.

* * * * *

All our local anti-demolitionists, I find, are like that.

There is a famous road that runs to a bottle-neck between the jutting angle of an old tavern and a little hut or out-house across the way. I had always supposed this hut to be part of an ancient toll-bar, but whatever it was I know that it held up the motor-traffic as effectively as a policeman's hand. Only one car can pass through the bottle-neck at a time, and below it there is rather a steep hill.

It now turns out that this hut used to be a cellar, the actual cellar from which the famous and blood-thirsty highway-robber, Henry Grubb, may quite possibly have ordered wine. I was told so by a churchwarden, a well-to-do and respectable man, who was terribly grieved at the suggested project of destroying this out-house and widening the road. There is no architectural beauty about the building. It is just a rough brick hut, and in poor repair.

"When you think," said the man, "that Henry Grubb may actually have slept off a real eighteenth-century debauch within those four walls and been roused there to stagger to his horse when the news came that the sheriffs were after him. And people actually want to get rid of the place because it holds up a few wretched motor-cars!"

"Absolutely monstrous," I agreed.

"Why, his rough oaths to the ostler or his rude sallies to the tavern wench may have resounded through the night in that very spot," he said. "He may even have hidden there some of the gold he took from the wealthy citizens of London."

He seemed to notice the dawn of a new interest in my face as he said this.

"Oh, there's not any there now," he assured me. "The floor's been well examined. But the idea of taking away a landmark like that, connected with a great historical name, for the mere convenience of passing motorists, simply makes my blood boil."

I said it made mine boil too. I pointed out that Henry Grubb might even have shot a man or two there and buried them under the floor.

"Quite so," he agreed. "And are these road-hogging Bolshevists going to break up and destroy everything we hold sacred?" he asked rhetorically.

I said that, of course, if it was only a matter of ten shillings or so—and once again I moved towards my desk.

Nevertheless I cannot help feeling now and then that our preservationists carry the thing a little too far. Without hesitating over the saving of old churches



Father. "BY JOVE! I FEEL TEN YEARS YOUNGER AFTER THAT."
Bobbie (aged five). "BY JOVE! SO DO I."



Wife (revisiting with her husband the scene of their honeymoon). "OH, JOHN, DO YOU REMEMBER THAT WONDERFUL QUARREL WE HAD ON THIS SEAT FIVE YEARS AGO?"

and bridges and even public-houses where it is possible, I find a certain danger in the rescue of every house of call that has been frequented by some rollicking desperado of the past. Only suppose for a moment that our own descendants should inherit this devotional frame of mind.

We have left behind us the days of highwaymen and dandies; but we still find romance in the life adventurous. Take John Perks, of this suburb. John Perks, I shrewdly suspect, is a fraudulent company-promoter. At any rate he wears a diamond pin in his tie. I know well the tavern that John Perks uses for his casual potations.

It is not (to our eyes) a beautiful tavern. The exterior is decorated with green and white tiles, arranged in a symmetrical pattern, rather like the tunnels of the underground railway. The interior is not conspicuously clean, nor is the ale above reproach. Let us say that John Perks, like Pipp, occasionally lies dead drunk on the floor, or that now and then, like Grubb, he uses to the potman rough coarse oaths. Undoubtedly in 2026 green and white tiles will be the most admired and venerated form of mid-Victorian tavern-building, and the glamour of the twentieth-century swindler will cling to the person of John Perks. But will the pious ladies and gentlemen of 2026 (almost certainly Prohibitionists) seek to preserve The Stonecutter's Arms from ruin for John Perks' sake?

It is a very distressing idea.

EVOE.

Household Recipes.

"Always keep a small bottle of iodine in the house. It allays information, and removes any danger of infection."—*Australian Paper.*

Anything to allay information.

"TO-DAY IN THE GARDEN.

Tie in leading shoots of peaches and other wall fruits. Sponge crotons and summons to Court."—*Provincial Paper.*

A court, we presume, of summery jurisdiction.

THE PYTHON.

THE python I will now describe,
A member of the reptile tribe.
This creature—so explorers say—
Lies half-asleep throughout the day,
Coiled up exactly like a rope,
In fond and ever sanguine hope
That you or someone else will be
His breakfast, tiffin or his tea.
His victim he completely swallows,
His method being much as follows:
He wraps his coils around you tight,
Then squeezes you with all his might,
And when your bones have all gone scrunch
He calmly eats you for his lunch.
It takes a long time to digest
Things like your stockings and your vest
(He hasn't got the grace, Lor' bless you,
Before he eats you to undress you);
And, being full to nearly busting
(This story's getting quite disgusting),
He has to crawl away and hide
To rest his over-taxed inside.

CHESHIRE REVISITED.

THINK of me as in a white sheet.

A few weeks ago I defaced Mr. Punch's normally accurate pages with a Topographical Bloomer. It was well-meant, the result of years of uncorrected misunderstanding rather than of wilful perversity; but it was an error. I stated, in some verses on Cheshire, that Hawarden was in that county, and it was therefore Cheshire timber that the G.O.M. felled. There was even a picture of him doing it.

So far I have not been turned out of any club, but all Cheshire rose in protest. For it seems that Hawarden is not in Cheshire at all, but in Flintshire; and not just on the border, but eight good miles inside it. Letter after letter came to me to set me right, not in anger but certainly in sorrow; and there was even a leading article of remonstrance in a Cheshire paper. Cheshire could not bear to be credited with honour when that honour was not due.

To ask Mr. Punch to find room for a revised version of the lines would be absurd; moreover I can see difficulty with the rhymes. But in the wish to acknowledge Cheshire's delicacy I should like to be allowed to formulate in prose a eulogy of its principal town, which I visited last week and with which I fell in love; and in particular to extol that liberal and enlightened body, the Dean and Chapter of Chester Cathedral. Earlier in the summer, I was moved (also in Mr. Punch's pages) to criticise the authorities of Lichfield Cathedral for their grudging policy of opening that building to visitors for only a brief hour-and-a-half each Sunday; and the time restrictions and sixpenny fees to be contended with in many other cathedrals have long been a source of provocative grief to this too feeble but persistent pen. Well, let me say roundly that Chester cathedral is a model. It is the most friendly and welcoming English cathedral that I have ever entered. Not a closed door; not a verger in sight; everything explained and made interesting by placards; picture-postcards on sale everywhere at twopence each, but no one to collect the twopences—you are put on your honour to drop them in a slot; and, more perhaps than all, there are garden-seats *on which you may sit* around the fish-pond and fountains and among the flower-beds of the cloisters. I was never more pleased, more surprised.

At first it had seemed incredible. I stepped warily, at every turn wondering more and more what could have happened, why I was being given such latitude, why I was unmolested. In God's most beautiful and most spacious houses we get so accustomed to importunity and warnings. Was there a vergers' strike? Had there been a massacre of vergers? And then, at the entrance to the slype, I found one of the notices explaining the position. "Free access to the whole cathedral," it runs, "both on Sundays and week-days, is given to visitors, in the confidence that they will in return——" and then follow the expectations, which are, briefly, that they will behave themselves and remember that cathedrals are expensive to maintain. That surely is the way to do it.



"NOW, ERB, IF WE GIVES YER AN INNINGS, WILL YER GO OUT WHEN YER IS OUT WIVOUT ANY LIP?"
"'OO IS THERE 'ERE AS CAN GET ME OUT, ANY'OW?"

Chester Cathedral is not only very interesting architecturally and historically, but a centre of zeal and activity. One side chapel, for instance, is dedicated to the boy scouts and kindred organisations, and a mass of literature is at your disposal; another, that of ST. GEORGE (who in a wooden relief over the altar is seen in conflict with a really worthy dragon), to the Cheshire Regiment; another, that of ST. WERBURGH, to the girl guides. ST. WERBURGH, whose shrine is here, is a Chester notability, a daughter of the King of MERCIA, who, though beautiful and much courted by Princes, preferred the religious life to matrimony. She died at Ely in 699, and her body was brought here to save it from the marauding Danes.

The Cathedral library is open to all without an attendant, so that you may sit down to any book you wish, or merely study the curiosities that are displayed in cases, among these being an illuminated copy of the *Polychronicon* of RUNOLF HIGDEN, a fourteenth-century Benedictine of Chester, whom you will find, with the famous Abbot WHITCHURCH, in a window of the cloisters, both of them far too young and handsome for monks, and robed in rich blue. The refectory is still often used for banquets to visiting pilgrims, and at the end of it is a platform with so secular a fitting as footlights.

No wonder that again I say all honour to the liberty and enlightenment of Chester Cathedral's Dean and Chapter; and may other deans and chapters follow their example!

As for the amazing city of Chester it is too late to praise that. Although the rain fell I loitered dry and entertained along the mysterious Rows, marvelling much at the odd levels, but even more at the profusion of dealers in antiques. If I did not know that Chester battened on American sightseers I should imagine that the inhabitants subsisted solely by selling each other curiosities. Apart from the Rows, Chester's timber façades alone would make it unique, but it is a city of the unexpected too. The ages mingle in the oddest way. Entering a haberdasher's for a modest requirement I was invited to descend below the shop to a Roman bath, the price of the entrance ticket being deducted from that of my handkerchief. Elsewhere I consumed a meat-pie at a table set out daintily beneath the groined roof of a thirteenth-century crypt. Nor were the ingredients of the pie in the least cryptic.

Let me add that Chester has at the moment an additional attraction in a loan collection of some forty paintings by JOHN CONSTABLE, which a local connoisseur, Mr. CECIL B. MORGAN, has lent to the Museum. Never did so many clouds, grave and gay, gather on one wall. The miracle of Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane is nothing compared with this transference of green and watery Suffolk to this distant West of England picture-gallery.

In case of any confusion I should like again to state that Hawarden Castle is in Flintshire. E. V. L.

"Brighton Education Committee yesterday decided not to allow a woman school-teacher to continue her engagement after marriage." Alas! who does? *Morning Paper.*



Vicar. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Gubbins. I was glad to see you in church on Sunday. How did you like my sermon?"
Mrs. Gubbins. "Well, Sir, as I says as we was coming out, if you do talk plain and straight-like in them sermons, there's the comfort of knowin' you don't mean 'alf you says, so we don't take no offence like, Sir."

OUR CRICKET WEEK.

Towards the end of the season we hold our Cricket Week. It consists of a one-day match surrounded by marquees. The fixture is Our Village *v.* Mugthorp. Mugthorp is an old enemy and for days the betting has been fast and furious. After the match a great deal of beer will change hands.

This year we have had the good fortune to secure a star performer, a really Great Man. He wears the colours of all the best clubs. He is staying with the Doctor, who brought him down to the nets last night. The G.M. didn't actually have a knock because he has been in great form all this year and is rather afraid of getting stale. He stood just behind the net and showed some of our weaker batsmen how to get across to those off-balls, and how not to run away from the fast bowler, and altogether made himself thoroughly useful. He would have had a bowl, but he was a little stiff after such a long spell against first-class batting a day or two ago, and naturally we wanted to keep him fresh for Mugthorp.

Our skipper being a real Tartar, we ended up with twenty minutes' fielding practice. The G.M. helped us a good deal with advice and encouragement, but a damaged finger (got last week stopping a snorter at silly-point) prevented him from actually joining in. His keenness was infectious, however, and we chuckled to think how little the Mugthorpers knew what was in store for them.

* * * * *

We lost the toss, but after a short conference with his umpire the Mugthorp captain unaccountably put us in to bat. The G.M. and George (from "The Goat") opened the innings. We had never realised before what a good bowler the Mugthorp speed-merchant was. His first three balls appeared to cause the G.M. some anxiety. Of course they didn't really. As he afterwards explained, while getting your eye in you can't take any risks. It seems that you should allow any balls to pass if they are not going to hit the wicket. The fourth ball was a half-volley on the off-stump which we expected to see clumped for four, but the G.M. elected to turn it neatly between himself and the leg-stump (such a pretty shot) and called George for a run. There was a Mugthorper at short leg, so George was run-out easily, although it was our umpire's end. The G.M. walked some of the way back to the Pavilion with George and gave him one or two hints on running, for future guidance.

Disasters never come singly. The first ball of the next over was a slow full-pitch. The G.M. played back just too late and was bowled. It is in such moments that great men show their greatness, and the G.M. went straight across and had the sight screen moved for the benefit of the next batsman.

A sterling display by the Doctor and some free hitting by his groom cheered things up a bit, and we were finally finished off for exactly 100.

Of course the G.M. went on to bowl first. He seemed to have some difficulty in getting a good foothold on our springy village turf, but after changing his boots and sowing a lot of sawdust he managed to get a better grip. There were two no-balls in his next over, but, as he pointed out afterwards, one can hardly expect village umpires to be up to county standard. The tremendous finger-spin he got on the ball made it



"DON'T YOU THINK YOU MIGHT HAVE A TURN?"
"OH, BUT YOU LOOK SO NICE DOING IT."
"BUT YOU 'RE NOT LOOKING AT ME."
"MY DEAR, THIS PAPER IS FULL OF 'DAINTY RIVER GIRLS,' AND I CAN GUESS."

come very fast off the bat, and with the score at 64 for no wicket our skipper gave him a rest.

The bowling of Parson and Jasper (George's brother) proved to be so little to the Mugthorpers' liking that we got nine wickets down for 99. The excitement became intense. Parson was bowling and the G.M. was fielding long-on. I think the skipper should have put a man like him at cover-point; as it was he had very little to do and was obliged to keep on his Old Harvesters' sweater and Blankshire Boosters' muffler to keep him warm.

Parson bowled a fast yorker. The last hope of Mugthorp just succeeded in blocking it and removed a large divot. Parson pitched the next into the divot-hole with unerring accuracy; the Mugthorper made to drive it along the floor past cover-point, but lifted it to long-on instead. Long-on dropped the catch and they ran two. It transpired, as we say, that he was unsighted by a passing bumble-bee.

We have written to Mugthorp and asked them to agree to the rule that only *bond-fide* residents shall play in our village game.

SHE-SHANTIES.

"HE-MAN HARRY."

DON'T you think I mean to dangle
At your heels, my dearest dear,
Fetch your fan and find your bangle,
Offer marriage once a year;
I won't wait till I am weary,
Always true and always there;
You don't want a lover, dearie,
But a good commissionaire.
"Yes" or "No,"
Or off I go,
And I don't come back, my darling!

If you don't want me
You'll have to get another;
For I won't be
No little girl's brother;
I won't fetch and carry
Like a puppy for a bone;
I want for to marry,
And I've sisters of my own.
I don't care much for the PLATO *touch,*
And I won't be nobody's poodle!

"Why do people want to kiss you?"
What 's it got to do with you?
That 's a very minor issue—
All that matters is, they do;
Conversation 's not my sport;
Concerts give me horrid pains;
He-Man Harry—that 's my sort,
And red the red blood in my veins.
So "Yes" or "No,"
Or off I go,
And I don't come back, my darling!

If you don't want me
You'll have to do without me:
There don't seem to be
No chivalry about me;
I love you, Lizzie,
But you'd better understand
I don't go dizzy
When you let me kiss your hand.
I'm He-Man Harry, I want for to marry,
And I won't be nobody's poodle!

A. P. H.

Little-known Historical References.

"They wished him many happy years in Cork, and he thought that, like Richard Cœur de Lion, they would find its name inscribed on his heart. (Hear, hear)."—*Irish Paper.*

"Political meetings were forbidden since last Thursday, and nobody will be permitted to carry buns to-morrow, except the military on duty."—*English section of a Mexican Daily.*

And they of course will pile paper-bags, after banging them off for the *feu de joie.*



A PROSPECT OF STABILISATION.

France. "WHAT DO YOU THINK, MONSIEUR, OF MY LATEST MAN OF THE MOMENT?"

John Bull. "AN EXCELLENT CHOICE, MADAME. AND FROM WHAT I REMEMBER OF HIM HE OUGHT TO LAST LONGER THAN THAT."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 26th.—On the Second Reading of the Finance Bill Lord ARNOLD voiced his suspicion that the Bank of England and the financiers of the City of London were exercising an evil influence on the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S young life, and intimated that he would like to see that callow Minister placed under the tutelage of a "permanent advisory council." Thus guided, their Lordships gathered, he would not have adopted the gold standard, for which, according to Lord ARNOLD, the "great financial magnates of the North" have no use; nor would he have introduced the betting-tax, which was "almost certain to lead to an increase in betting."

Lord BALFOUR pooh-poohed the idea that you could encourage a practice by taxing it. As for the gold standard, thus belatedly attacked, let them consider the unhappy plight of those nations which had not undertaken the painful task of deflating themselves. So far from finding the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in need of advisory committees to direct his errant footsteps, Lord BALFOUR thought he had conducted the nation's finances with "singular courage, great caution, great invention and with great success."

Old King Coal is not a merry soul these days, but we cannot really blame him if the efforts of his noble fiddlers to raise his drooping spirits merely served to inspissate the all-pervading gloom. The object of the debate was to ask the Government if the time had not arrived to re-open negotiations on the basis of the SAMUEL report. Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH thought a "new situation" had been created by the expressed willingness of the miners' leaders to recommend the men to accept both wage reductions and arbitration.

Lord CECIL, for the Government, thought there could be no harm in re-stating one or two simple facts. Their could and would be no more subsidy. Apart from that the Government would approve of practically any old settlement, but it was for the parties to settle, and the sooner the quicker.

Lord BUCKMASTER said he had never listened to such a depressing debate. Lord BALFOUR, not OF BURLEIGH, agreed, but added that the noble Lord's own contribution wasn't exactly what you'd call a riot of sustained hilarity.

Turning with obvious relief to more entertaining matters, their Lordships passed the Mental Deficiency Bill through Committee.

In the Commons Sir FREDRIC WISE wished to know if Mr. AMERY would raise, at the Imperial Conference, the question of a three-years' suspension of the Trustee Act, the idea being to divert all the available trust money into the "British Government's large conversion loans," which will be falling due. "Certainly not," replied Mr. AMERY. Sir FREDRIC WISE is not the sort of man to whom you can say "Certainly not" very often, and Mr. AMERY said it with the air of one who makes the most of his opportunities.

Mr. BALDWIN broke it to the House that, unless the coal strike was meanwhile settled, it would be necessary for them to rally round at the end of each month for a fresh go of the Emergency Regulations. Sir HARRY BRITTAIN wanted to know if Mr. MELLON, the United States Secretary to the Treasury, would be meeting the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER while the former was in Europe, and if so on what date. The Minister intimated that as far as he knew Mr. MELLON had come to Europe to see the sights, not Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

The cheers which welcomed the re-appearance in the House of Miss MARGARET BONDFIELD were not confined to the Labour benches. She has a bright brown eye, like the bird which catches the early worm, and a fund of sound common sense which gives her a strength in debate that some of her more spectacular colleagues lack.

The House of Commons' Coal debate



LUX REDUX.

Aurora . . . . . MISS MARGARET BONDFIELD.
Attendant Hore . . . MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON AND MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

was even more depressing than that in the Upper Chamber. There was nothing to say, and the Lords had confined themselves to saying it. The Commons also said it, but under more difficult conditions. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who examined his notes at the end of every few words, tried to convince the House that what the Bishops proposed was really something more than four penn'orth of settlement and five penn'orth of subsidy. The rest of his speech was given over to accusing the Government of fighting the mine-owners' battle.

Mr. BALDWIN could only repeat—but had to give the repetition due and somewhat tedious length—that there "weren't going to be no subsidy;" that any proposals or acceptances or offers to recommend acceptance which postulated a subsidy were mere futilities; that if the parties wanted to settle there was still nothing to prevent them from restarting negotiations, and almost any settlement that excluded a subsidy would be acceptable to the Government.

Mr. MACDONALD dealt chiefly in party diatribes, but thought they should thank the Bishops for their efforts.

Mr. HOPKINSON, for the mine-owners, reasserted that they had accepted the Commission's Report without reservation, though not without qualms, and twitted the Bishops with being materialists. Sir ROBERT HORNE and Mr. RUNCIMAN were sweetly reasonable, but, as no new situation had really arisen at all, could only reiterate what a jolly fine thing it would be if everybody else was reasonable too. The SECRETARY FOR MINES ended an inconclusive debate by charging Mr. MACDONALD with doing in the House what Mr. COOK was doing on the stump—advising the men not to negotiate.

Tuesday, July 27th.—Puerile if not actually simulated apprehensions on the part of Lord PARMOOR drew from Lord CECIL and Lord BALFOUR statements dealing with Germany, Egypt, Iraq and the Dominions, nothing being said that everybody except Lord PARMOOR did not know already. It was "unfortunately true," Lord BALFOUR explained, that the mistakes the Chinese were making reacted on themselves, leaving the House to infer that it would be much more natural for them to react on the British taxpayer.

The exact nature of a Military Knight of Windsor is probably a profound mystery to everybody who does not happen to be one, but the House of Commons felt that in any case it was just as well that the War Office had decided to allow members of "fancy religions" (as the King's Regulations have it) to qualify for this fancy position.

Sir W. MITCHELL-THOMPSON revealed, in answer to Sir WALTER DE FRECE, that Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW's seventieth birthday dinner-party speech was not broadcasted because there was no assurance that "argumentative political controversy" would be avoided.

Captain HACKING informed Lord SANDON that the Houses of Parliament were saving ten tons of coal a month. The figure does not take into consideration the amount of power consumed in printing innumerable tons of superfluous coal debates.



The Cat (to the Goldfish). "IF ONLY I COULD HAVE MY WAY YOU WOULDN'T BE THERE."

LORD ARNOLD.

Mr. G. LOCKER-LAMPSON explained to the House what had been agreed upon in regard to the bootlegging industry. There had been a meeting of executive officials and a frank discussion of the difficulties as they presented themselves to each side. The object, the House gathered, was not to allow the American revenue authorities additional privileges while in pursuit of the wily bootlegger in British waters, but to make mutual administrative arrangements by which the latter will be forced to respect the law when within British jurisdiction. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER said he had examined "in a hopeful and hungry spirit" a proposal to tax exports of liquor, but found that it would not hold water.

Wednesday, July 28th.—Sir WALTER DE FRECE extracted from the MINISTER OF LABOUR the number of foreign musicians permitted to enter the country since January 1st, and champions of British saxophony on both sides of the House besought him to remember that many skilled English musicians were out of work. Captain WEDGWOOD BENN, in his rôle of leader of the Liberal Shadow Orchestra, struck, or rather blew, a discordant note by inquiring whether there were no foreign pictures in the National Gallery.

Colonel WOODCOCK and others asked the MINISTER OF LABOUR for a number of statistics concerning the working expenses of certain trade unions, the salaries of their officers and the benefits paid to their members. Sir A. STEELE-MAITLAND could not give the figures, but admitted that it had previously been the practice to issue statistics about the hundred largest trade unions, but that this had not been done since 1914. Mr. J. H. THOMAS, on a point of order, declared that all the figures asked for were available in published documents and accused the questioners of having an ulterior motive in asking these questions. Mild excitement followed, but the SPEAKER restored harmony by saying he would ascertain if it was so.

Sir FRANK MEYER wished to know if the HOME SECRETARY proposed to take any action over the driver of a char-à-banc containing thirty-five policemen who was fined five pounds for furious driving. The HOME SECRETARY felt that, as the thirty-five limbs of the law were "in holiday mood," it was too much to expect them to lay arresting hands on their own driver.

Captain WEDGWOOD BENN, hearing that the King's Message notifying the House of the continuance of the Emergency Regulations would not be the subject of a humble address by the Government, asked the SPEAKER if it wouldn't be in order for him to move the humble address himself. The SPEAKER thought it would—if the Hon. Member could find the time. That seemed to dispose of the matter, and, after Mr. BARR had introduced a Bill for the better government of Scotland, the House went into Committee of Supply.

"It is doubtful if so many thin men have been seen walking about the centre of London hatless for twelve months or more."
Evening Paper.

It suggests a new cure for obesity. All that fat men have to do is to walk about "hatless for twelve months or more."



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

THE CEREMONY OF "TURNING THE HONEST PENNY" AT THE MINT.

[The Royal Mint is now competing with private enterprise in the manufacture of medals.]

THE INTERVAL.

From the burden of print
That knows never a stint,
  Double-headlined and half photographic;
From the eddy and flux
Of perpetual trucks
  Re-involved in gyratory traffic;

From the horror of books,
And from Nimmos and Cooks,
  And from Art and from Drama and functions,
Now waft me, O steam,
As it were in a dream,
  But not changing at too many junctions.

Go, seek me some by-way
Ten miles from a highway
  That never policeman nor navvy knew;
Not roped off in narrows,
Not painted with arrows
  That send you up Shaftesbury Avenue.

Some peace-haunted hutch,
If there be any such,
  Where the charabancs give me some clearance;
Where the cows and the sheep
Can go calmly to sleep
  Without slogans of "Non-interference!"

(Here rule not the laws
Of perpetual draws
  And dull over succeeding dull over,
But the blacksmith is caught
Pretty promptly for 0,
  And the deep-field is fragrant with clover.)

Or give me the sea—
That would satisfy me—
  That with infinite murmurous patience
Says nothing at all
As it broadcasts its call
  From a thousand contiguous stations.

Some gull-ridden, deaf, huge
Asylum of refuge,
  Where waves are eternally dashing,
And no silly crank
Can explain why the franc
  Must *go* on, if it *must* go on, crashing.

I am perfectly sure
There is no kind of cure
  For a world that continually worsens.
How corrupt is the town!
What a blackguard is Brown!
  And the Smiths—what detestable persons!

In a fog, without hope,
We revolve and we grope,
  We are lost in the mists and the vapours
Of hatred and doubt,
As has been pointed out
  By a number of chaps in the papers.

But there 's this to be said
As the Reds grow more red
  And the freaks more infernally clever:
That to pack up a few things
And leave all these new things
  Keeps on getting nicer than ever.

EVOE.

"SALE OF SUMMER FROCKS—NOW ON."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

But only just.

"A day or so ago a party of fiends, including Mr. H. ——, Mr. L. ——, Jr., and Mr. ——, went out for a motor-boat trip."
Colonial Paper.

We seem to have met them.

"O MATCH DE CRICKET.

LONDRES, 26.—Mais de dez mil pessoas assistiram ao inicio do test-match de cricket em que tomaram parte numerosos jogadores da Grã-Bretanha dos Dominios e Colonias.

Sahio vencedor da prova o australiano Collins."—*Brazilian Paper.*

[*Translation.*]

THE CRICKET MATCH.

LONDON 26th (June).—More than ten thousand people were present at the commencement of the Cricket Test match in which a great number of players from Great Britain, the Dominions and the Colonies took part.

The winner was Mr. Collins, the Australian.

So now we know.

SUMMER IN ARCADY.

II.—COT INSPECTION.

I DON'T know how Angela first found Arcadia Cottage, and she has never seen fit to enlighten me, but *I* first found it with the top of my head. That is the worst of being six feet; when you try to walk with the air of a landed proprietor through a doorway five-feet-six or so in height, something of the sort is almost bound to happen.

I was so struck by Arcadia Cottage that for a moment I could hardly find words to tell Angela what I thought of it. Tears filled my eyes; thoughts too deep for utterance, as well as being too commonplace to be worth recording, welled up in me. The world was all one glory of stars.

Such was my first contact with Arcadia Cottage; but somehow Angela seemed to notice nothing of all this. She was standing ten yards away, with her head on one side, lost in æsthetic ecstasy.

"Isn't it a *duck*?" she said.

I shook the stars from my eyes—much as a spaniel shakes water—and looked round. A glance sufficed to show me that Angela was speaking figuratively; there were no ducks in sight.

"Externally," I said, "it bears little or no resemblance to either the farmyard or the wild variety of the fowl you mention. Whether the inside——"

"The inside is duckier still," said Angela, and she ran past me through the doorway into the cottage.

The exact significance of the adjective "ducky" needs defining; it is, I think, a pity that the question has never been tackled by some of our more superfluous savants. Perhaps a Royal Commission—however, that is not at the moment my concern.

The first thing that struck me, apart from the door-lintel, was that there seemed to be a great many beams about, the greater number of them necessitating on my part profound caution and a stealthy crouching attitude.

"Look here, Angela," I said, after I had negotiated four of them, three successfully—"if you don't mind, I think I'll just slip back home for a moment."

"What for?" asked Angela. "There's heaps you haven't seen yet."

"Quite—or felt," I said, looking at the beams which still lurked in the remoter shadows. "I'm going for my tin hat."

"Your *what*?"

"My helmet, shrapnel, troops, for the use of, one," I said. "A remote existence in the Hulluck-La Bassée tunnels taught me, amongst other things less useful, what a tin hat was really for. Whilst comparatively useless as a protection against a direct hit by a five-point-nine, it is admirably adapted to——"

"I suppose you're just talking," said Angela. "Come and see the bedrooms; they're——"

"I know—ducky. But if they are any duckier than downstairs I insist upon going back for my tin——"

"Yes, dear," said Angela soothingly. "Come along."



"THE IDEAL COTTAGE BEDROOM."

I reached the stairs practically on my hands and knees, and faced a new problem. In addition to being a hard-headed race, the people who built and originally lived in Arcadia Cottage must have had bodies as willowy as worms. In no other way can I account for the twists and turns in that staircase.

For a moment it really looked as though I should never manage it, and I had a distressing mental vision of having to spend the whole summer—the dark part of it, that is—sleeping on the hearth-rug. But I succeeded; it is wonderful what an iron will and an indiarubber body can achieve between them.

And Angela was right about the bedrooms. Everything was there which the ideal cottage bedroom demands. Beams and plaster and flowery curtains and thatched dormer windows and honeysuckle and spiders—the thing was complete. It had atmosphere too, that indescribable indefinable something which characterises the truly rural, in contemptuous defiance of all imitations. However, we opened the windows and managed to get rid of that.

In all sorts of odd corners there were odd corners, some of them full of atmosphere and some of them full of cobwebs. There were nooks too, many of them authentically ingle, and here and there cupboards were hermotically sealed into the thickness of the walls. Angela discovered new and attractive features with little squeaks of delight, and I discovered new beams with manly expletives. We were both fully occupied.

"Have you come across the bathroom yet?" asked Angela during a quiet interlude. I was sitting on the stairs and the beams had temporarily ceased from troubling.

"I expect so," I said, rubbing my head. "There is a bump here which feels rather like a bathroom."

"I mean seriously," said Angela.

"So do I," I said ruefully. "However, I will try to find it again." And I rose with a crash.

"The house-agent said there was one," said Angela, wrinkling her brows and looking round thoughtfully.

"House-agents always speak the truth," I said, "so there must be. It is probably concealed in a nook—or an ingle."

Technically I suppose the house-agent was right. It was a ducky bathroom—at least, a duck could probably have had a very decent bath in it. I was more doubtful about humans.

"Won't it be *fun*?" said Angela, coming out of it so that I could look.

I noticed the bath almost at once.

"I hope so," I said. "But I shall endeavour to restrain my mirth. It is no bath to laugh in."

The inspection of the garden was less painful—I was able to spread myself more, as it were. On one side a group of trees contained a grim threat of hammocks to come, and on the other an



Father (on way to kirk). "STOP YER WHUSTLIN', ANGUS. I'LL NO HAE A CONTINENTAL SAWBATH HERE!"

orchard already burgeoned with incipient indigestion. In front a lawn sloped to a little willow-fringed river, to the bank of which a canoe was moored. The place bristled with dangers.

"Isn't it all wonderful?" said Angela.

My transports were moderated.

"On the whole," I said, "I fancy we shall be able to pass here a summer not altogether devoid of incident. But we are both young and healthy, and we may survive it. As to Arcadia Cottage, if seven maids with seven mops——"

"Oh, it 'll need cleaning, of course," said Angela. "But what do you *really* think of it?"

I cast one long lingering look about me.

"I think it is ducky," I said. "And now I propose a cottage tea in the cottage at the end of the lane."

We adjourned.

The cottage tea was excellent. The eggs were ducky too—we saw the duck.

L. DU G.

"Mr. ——, who is to give a recital of Australian Bush songs on Wednesday night, was born in Sydney, where he achieved early fame as a boy soprano."—*Weekly Paper.*

Why is it that these singers get so stout?

DELIA DOMITRIX.

WHEN Delia takes her walks abroad,
Good men and beasts and plants applaud;
And crooks refrain awhile from fraud,
By her example overawed.

Clad in his singing robes, the bard
Anoints his lofty brows with nard,
And finds it sensibly less hard
To spin his doggerel by the yard.

The busy bee more honey sips;
The pipit more divinely pipes;
Hedges break out in haws and hips;
The lambkin far more gaily skips.

Awaking from their sullen sleep,
Porbeagles cleave the briny deep;
The weeping willows cease to weep,
And even snails more swiftly creep.

The yaffle chuckles in the copse;
Turnips put forth their choicest tops;
Farmers grow hopeful of their crops;
Composers meditate new "ops."

Flappers less virulently flap,
Less often earn their parents' slap;
Boys less acutely whippersnap,
And dogs less petulantly yap.

More mellow grows the motor's hoot,
More beautiful the Kyles of Bute,
More prosperous the trade in jute,
More bland the music of DE GROOT.

More radiant hues adorn the rose;
More sweet its fragrance to the nose;
More purple and pontific flows
The flood of GARVIN'S Sunday prose.

In fine, when Delia takes the floor,
The voice of COOK, our Emperor,
Strangely subdued, resembles more
The dove-coo than the lion's roar.

"But who is Delia? Tell me plain,"
I hear you ask, and own with pain
She 's but the phantom of a brain
Only occasionally sane.

Benefits of the New B.B.C.

"With regard to 'congratulatory,' however, the pronunciation decided upon is 'congratulatory,' the reason for this being the great number of consonant sounds."—*Provincial Paper.*

Cholmondeley, on the other hand, is pronounced not Cholmondeley, but Cholmondeley.

"One of our pet grumbles is that ice cannot be taught in this country."—*Technical Paper.*

One can always bang it on the head with a spoon.

AT THE PLAY.

"DOWN HILL" (PRINCES).

Down Hill, by DAVID L'ESTRANGE (which is to say, IVOR NOVELLO), is essentially a revue in nine reels—the technique is impenitently cinematographic—of five or six hectic years in the young life of *Roddy Berwick*. He starts on the agreeable and promising plateau of a good public school and a comfortable house in Kingston. We see him in his study taking a foot-bath in water provided by an admiring fag what time his pal, *Tim Wakely*, pretends to be working, with something evidently on his mind. *Tim* confesses that in one of their bounds-breaking adventures he has—well, it is expected that he is shortly to become a father. No wonder *Tim* detested it. Both are summoned to the Head's study. The young baggage, out of spite and because his people are well off, accuses our *Roddy*, who as a matter of fact couldn't stand her; *Tim's* confession is strangled on his lips by one of those headmasters who always think they know what you're going to say; *Roddy* is expelled, bearing his disgrace for *Tim's* sake, because if he doesn't get his scholarship his impecunious old parson father's heart will be broken.

Papa Berwick is not sympathetic about his son's supposed transgression, and when old *Mr. Wakely* dies of heart disease and *Roddy* feels himself free to tell the truth he is not believed; so shakes the dust of Kingston off his feet, and—reel four—finds his foot on the easy downward slope of musical comedy. Arrayed as a chorus polo-player, in field boots which would have broken any pony's back, he is fetching and carrying for the famous heartless *Julia Blue*, and of course deep in love. *Julia*, a candid soul, explains that diamonds are her strong suit rather than hearts, but just because for the first time in her life she feels like really falling in love and for the first time is thinking of somebody besides herself, she must tell him not to be a young ass. She is married, anyway, and even if she came to him she could not be faithful—a well-written scene this. *Roddy* however holds a trump-card. He has drawn a horse in the Calcutta Sweep—*Julia* shows a certain interest—and actually wins the second prize of forty thousand pounds. He settles half of it on her, blueing his share with great energy, while prudent *Julia* saves hers and all she can get out of her lover, so that at the end of fourteen rapid months poor *Roddy* is broke to the wide, *Julia* owns the flat—I couldn't quite follow this—and mercilessly drives him out of it.

I need hardly say that *Julia* doesn't seem a very likely person, and the disadvantages of the cinematographic method are that there is no time to develop the characters or plausibly explain their apparent inconsistencies. I also could not help wondering why *Roddy* should have chosen for his boon-companions the two unspeakable soldier-cads who had behaved so offensively to him in the dressing-room of the Casino Theatre.



UPHILL WORK.

THE REFORMATION OF A LOUNGE-LIZARD.

Vivien Dexter . . . . . MISS FRANCES DOBLE.
Roddy Berwick . . . . . MR. IVOR NOVELLO.

Nine months later: a private room in a Paris restaurant; a sinister waiter and cocaine-broker, *Albert; Roddy*, posing as a dago, teaching dancing, paid a beggarly wage and proudly spurning the generous tips of his fascinated partners; pale and trembling and hungry because his exiguous earnings all go in exchange for the fatal white powder. (Query: Would his pride about tips hold out against his craving?) A beautiful rich American angel with whom he is supping, not for the first time, prevails upon him to accept a loan of two thousand dollars for six months' training by Beckendorf, the famous Russian pianist, at the end of which time it is assumed he will be a money-making maestro. This lovely *Vivien* is worth fighting for. He will not let her down. But he does. The villainous *Albert* tactfully offers the little paper packet and pouches the two thousand dollars.

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OUR YACHT.

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AT THE PLAY.

"DOWN HILL" (PRINCES).

Down Hill, by DAVID L'ESTRANGE (which is to say, IV★R N★V★LL★), is essentially a revue in nine reels—the technique is impenitently cinematographic—of five or six hectic years in the young life of *Roddy Berwick*. He starts on the agreeable and promising plateau of a good public school and a comfortable house in Kingston. We see him in his study taking a foot-bath in water provided by an admiring fag what time his pal, *Tim Wakely*, pretends to be working, with something evidently on his mind. *Tim* confesses that in one of their bounds-breaking adventures he has—well, it is expected that he is shortly to become a father. No wonder *Tim* detested it. Both are summoned to the Head's study. The young baggage, out of spite and because his people are well off, accuses our *Roddy*, who as a matter of fact couldn't stand her; *Tim's* confession is strangled on his lips by one of those headmasters who always think they know what you're going to say; *Roddy* is expelled, bearing his disgrace for *Tim's* sake, because if he doesn't get his scholarship his impecunious old parson father's heart will be broken.

Papa Berwick is not sympathetic about his son's supposed transgression, and when old *Mr. Wakely* dies of heart disease and *Roddy* feels himself free to tell the truth he is not believed; so shakes the dust of Kingston off his feet, and—reel four—finds his foot on the easy downward slope of musical comedy. Arrayed as a chorus polo-player, in field boots which would have broken any pony's back, he is fetching and carrying for the famous heartless *Julia Blue*, and of course deep in love. *Julia*, a candid soul, explains that diamonds are her strong suit rather than hearts, but just because for the first time in her life she feels like really falling in love and for the first time is thinking of somebody besides herself, she must tell him not to be a young ass. She is married, anyway, and even if she came to him she could not be faithful—a well-written scene this. *Roddy* however holds a trump-card. He has drawn a horse in the Calcutta Sweep—*Julia* shows a certain interest—and actually wins the second prize of forty thousand pounds. He settles half of it on her, blueing his share with great energy, while prudent *Julia* saves hers and all she can get out of her lover, so that at the end of fourteen rapid months poor *Roddy* is broke to the wide, *Julia* owns the flat—I couldn't quite follow this—and mercilessly drives him out of it.

I need hardly say that *Julia* doesn't seem a very likely person, and the disadvantages of the cinematographic method are that there is no time to develop the characters or plausibly explain their apparent inconsistencies. I also could not help wondering why *Roddy* should have chosen for his boon-companions the two unspeakable soldier-cads who had behaved so offensively to him in the dressing-room of the Casino Theatre.



UPHILL WORK.

THE REFORMATION OF A LOUNGE-LIZARD.

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louder bang on the port side of Crew Apple's skull, and the jib-sail wraps itself round Captain Percival.

Crew Apple, half stunned and enveloped in mainsail, pulls hard on a loose end of anchor cable tied to a ring-bolt and tries to steer with the handle of one of the dinghy oars which has mysteriously come aboard from astern. Captain Percival tugs at a rope which has got caught somewhere, tugs harder and removes the obstruction, which unfortunately turns out to be his own feet. *The Merry Widow* bumps a motor-boat, two more yachts, from one of which she acquires a second dinghy, and proceeds to gyrate rapidly in the river at the mercy of wind and tide, Crew Apple by now having got the main-sheet looped comfortably round the tiller.

"Throw us an anchor!" yell several apprehensive yacht-owners who have not been hit. Those who have are now yelling something quite different. Percival throws one of the "rond" anchors and hits a man. As he has omitted to tie any rope to it the man throws it back and hits Crew Apple.

"Throw a rope, you ——!" shout several other men, using nautical and yachting terms.

Crew Apple, who has been badly bashed on the bows, comes to and throws a rope. It is Crew Apple's favourite throwing rope, consisting of the main-sheet. The recipient hauls in about a furlong of it and pulls the main-sail taut. He holds it thus against the gale for about two minutes. Then the gale wins. His remark is luckily choked by water.

The bank is by now getting further and further away, and Crew Apple, on the extreme stern, throws every rope he can see at it.

They all fall short, except one, which is not tied to anything anywhere.

As Captain Percival and Crew Apple are scanning the receding bank anxiously there is a large bump and the yacht hits the opposite one, for it is among the first principles of yachting that a river has always two banks. On feeling the shock Crew Apple dismounts from the stern of the yacht and Captain Percival disappears through the open skylight into the cabin.

A friendly mariner makes us fast and we creep on shore. We shake hands with ourselves and everyone. Then Crew Apple runs a second set of clothes up to dry, puts his boots out on the quay and retires to the cabin for the night in triumph. We have landed. Not, I admit, on the bank we originally intended, but still, from what we can hear of those who are already there, it is just as well. A. A.

A NEW WAY WITH PROUD PARENTS.

WHEN tackled by a parent who is determined to relate the latest example of his child's precocity the average man usually resigns himself to his fate. He thinks there is no escape and he listens to the narration of juvenile repartee and prattling *obiter dicta* with affected interest that varies according to the duplicity of his nature. But there is a way out. I am proud of the fact that I am its discoverer.

My method is simple but effective. A short while ago I found myself alone in a compartment of the 9.5 with Chutterbottle, a proud father at whose hands I have suffered a good deal. As I fully anticipated, before very long he laid down his newspaper and endeavoured to fix me with his eye. I recognised the symptoms and quickly produced a type-written sheet from my pocket.

Chutterbottle led off with an opening with which I was very familiar.

"Marvellous how quick that youngster of mine is. Simply marvellous! Sometimes I ask myself if he isn't galloping along too quickly." He paused. I assumed that he was again asking himself the question, and said nothing.

After a few moments of contemplation he resumed.

"At school he leaves the other kids of his age standing. Those older too. And spell! My dear fellow, you should hear him spell. Only the other day—"

"Excuse me," I said, "but how old did you say your son was?"

"Five and three months."

It was now my turn to fix Chutterbottle with my eye.

"Does he know by heart the principal events narrated in the Pentateuch?" I asked him sternly.

He stared at me stupidly.

"Can he," I barked, "converse in Latin and French?"

Chutterbottle's face was, as they say, a study.

"My dear fellow," he protested, "I have just told you that he is only five and three months."

I consulted my typewritten sheet.

"A ripe age," I remarked, "long before the attainment of which CHRISTIAN HEINECKEN was employed in the study of religion and the history of the Church. It is worthy of note that he was able not only to repeat what he had read but to reason upon it and to express his own judgment."

"Where does this HEINECKEN kid live, anyway? He sounds like a foreigner."

"He was," I replied. "But his promising career was cut short in 1786, when he was but five years of age."

Chutterbottle looked relieved.

"However," I continued, "to bring it nearer home, there is the case of JOHN STUART MILL, who when a mere babe of three taught himself the Greek alphabet. What Greek has your son?"

"Greek be hanged!" cried Chutterbottle. "What Greek have you, if it comes to that?"

"That is beside the point, Chutterbottle," I answered. "We are discussing the achievements of children."

Chutterbottle, I could see, was now thoroughly roused.

"I may say," he cried, "I don't care about Hugo learning Greek, though I have no doubt he could pick it up just as quickly as anyone else—and a good deal quicker. But the kid's fond of music. You should just see him at his scales."

His face lit up. He was recovering his *moral*.

"Ah, music!" Rapidly I scanned my type-written sheet.

"I am afraid that he is already past the age to equal the achievements of WILLIAM CROTCH, who was born at Norwich in 1775. One day, when WILLIAM CROTCH was, according to his baptismal register, but two months and three years old, he seated himself at the organ, having persuaded an elder brother to blow the bellows. At first he played at random, but presently he produced with commendable patriotism and with one hand so much of 'God Save the King' as to awaken the curiosity of his father, then in his workshop. When Mr. CROTCH found that the performer was his infant son he could scarcely credit it.

"After a lapse of a few months, WILLIAM mastered both the treble and the bass of 'Hope, thou Muse of Young Desire.' Can you say the same of Hugo?" I concluded triumphantly.

I could see that I had penetrated with effect the armour of Chutterbottle. He replied tersely to my question, and, though he said something that sounded like Hugo, it was not the name of his son.

The remainder of the journey I spent peacefully studying my newspaper.

"I would also like to get a cure for a red nose. I cut it out about six weeks ago, but lost it."—*Canadian Paper.*

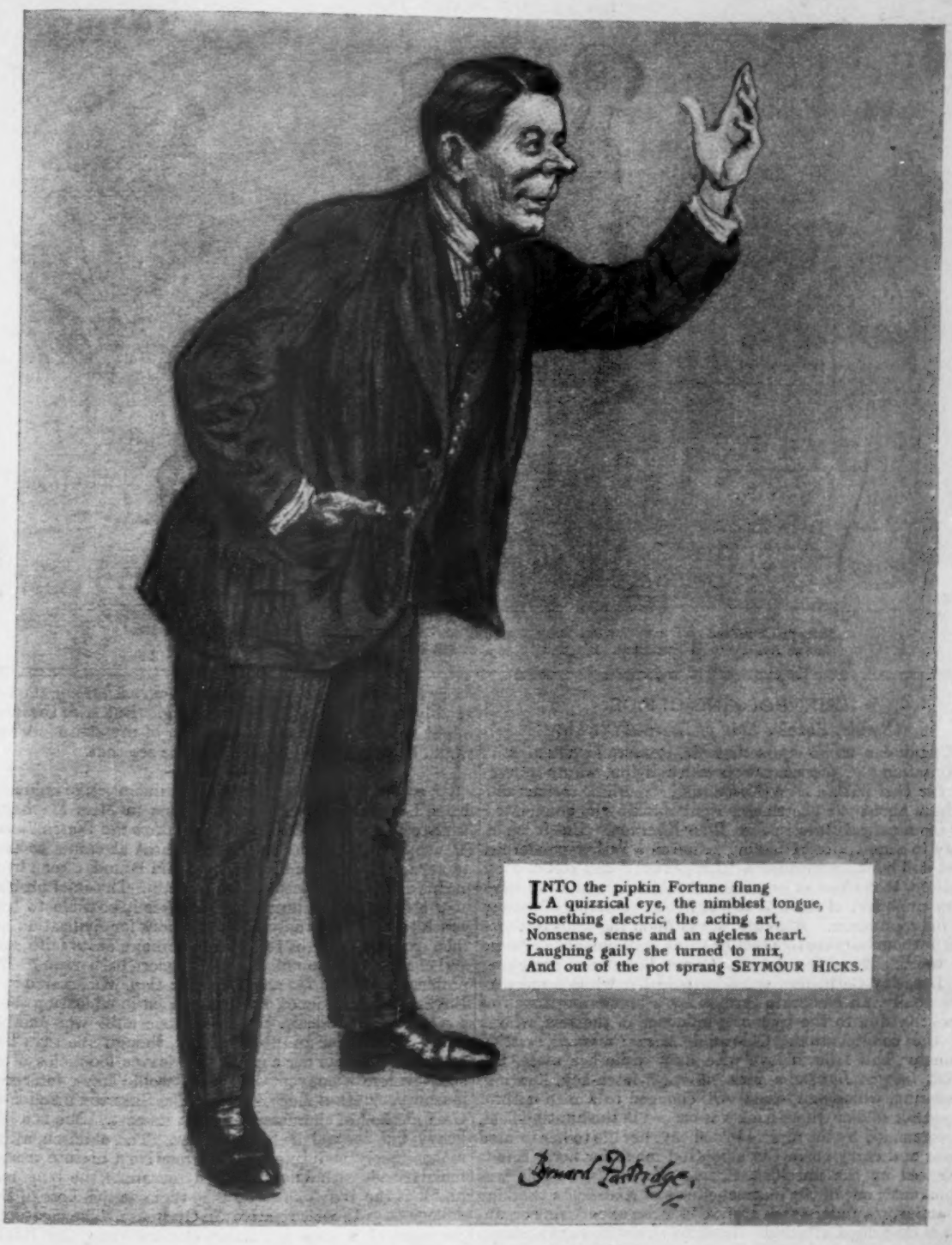
Why not try the "absent" treatment?

From a leading article on the old-fashioned London Season:—

"And prodigiously careful they were of the invitations they issued or accepted, making no attempt and having no desire to 'climb,' determined not to 'descend,' looking for their company chiefly among those whose coaches had rolled in their own ruts or among the branches of their own ancestral tree."

Daily Paper.

Preferably a horse-chestnut.



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

XXII.—Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS.



Nervous Comedian. "I SAY, I WISH YOUR DOG WOULDN'T TAKE QUITE SO MUCH INTEREST IN ME."
Chorus Lady. "THE DARLING! HE HAS SUCH A SENSE OF HUMOUR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE can be no doubt that Mr. ROBERT HICHENS, still maintaining his preoccupation with religion, wants to say, in *The God Within Him* (METHUEN), something serious and helpful about the doctrine of right thinking as enunciated by his mystical Russian Jew, *Peter Kharkoff*. But it is not easy to acquit him of having achieved a rather ponderous and dull book, overloaded with irrelevant detail and lacking entirely that effect of pruning and selection which we have now some sort of right to expect in the technique of writers of his reputation. *Kharkoff* works upon the souls of those with whom he makes contact by thinking them into a change of heart. Even the worldly *Canon Barrimore*, preaching in Drearley Cathedral, spoils artistically, while improving spiritually, an elaborate sermon by a blundering touch of sincerity due to the hypnotic influence of the Jew, who is in the congregation. Charming *Miss Cresswell*, settled spinster, half falls in love with him, while her niece, the *Hon. Imogen Lowrie*, a jazz, lip-stick, latch-key, hunting, swearing, whisky-and-soda girl, engaged to a nice faithful brainless soldier whose back was broken in the hunting-field, is persuaded by the mystic to dedicate her life to her injured lover and carry on in the skin God made for her. She is released by the unselfish suicide of her *Hugo*—this was apparently one of the indirect effects of *Kharkoff's* thinking—and is, we understand, destined for the unbelieving organist of Drearley Cathedral. Looking at his figure in a photographic group of Church dignitaries, choir-boys, lay-vicars and vergers, our *Miss Cresswell*, while the mysterious Jew stands at her side, hears her still small voice diagnosing, "There's more spirituality in his face than in all the other faces put together." I found *Peter Kharkoff*, the Unearthly, a bore and quite unconvincing. But *Miss Cresswell* might very well give an explanation of my attitude which would be unflattering to me. I quite see that.

Of conscious alchemy, the diligent liberation of gold from dross, I do not find sufficient evidence in Miss MARGARET SKELTON'S second novel. But that *Below the Watch Towers* (PARSONS) is far richer in ore than most attempts to treat an aspect of the War fictitiously, I am bound, after a by no means always easy perusal, to maintain. The chief problem of the book is an educational one—is it possible to train youth to think internationally and work for civilisation, and then expect it to fight the foreign co-heirs of its faith, hope and charity with the methods of modern barbarism? This problem confronts *Isa* and *Valentine Day*, who, reared in an English military depôt, have succeeded in educating themselves out of its ideals. The eccentric aunt who mothers them is a scholar and thinker, and, though she says little or nothing to bias her charges, she leaves loopholes of the spirit where a conventional aunt would have interposed masonry. "*Aunt Lucy*" shows Miss SKELTON'S Pelion-on-Ossa method of characterisation at its best. She is a little heavy, but her weight becomes her. The children, after a rather lonely enduring of their relative's mature *ménage*, make friends with a light-hearted household, the *Waylands*; and it is the *Waylands* who take them at the close of their college days to visit relatives in Germany. The pleasantest passages of a book inevitably clouded show the English and German families laying the foundations of understanding. *Isa* engages herself to a German doctor, and *Valentine* loses the *Waylands'* beautiful cousin, *Elizabeth*, to a half-French suitor. On what endures and what gives way under

the strain of the War Miss SKELTON has written with perhaps some redundancy of circumstance, but with nothing of candour and sympathy that is not the due of her theme.

Linked by indissoluble ties,
Spite of a transient altercation,
They still enhance in wondrous wise
The joy and gaiety of the nation—
GILBERT and SULLIVAN, two names
Destined to ring throughout the ages,
But SULLIVAN'S especial claims
Are pressed in H. SAXE WYNDHAM'S pages.

The world knows well the swift success
That smiled on him from life's beginning,
But here we see the strain and stress
That made the prize so hard of winning;
The generous heart, unspoiled by wealth;
The loyal friend and best of brothers,
Who though in pain and broken health
Never forgot to think of others.

All these, and other traits beside,
Lend point and charm to a recital
Which has confirmed and verified
A boon that is beyond requital;
The book—brought out by KEGAN, PAUL
And CURWEN—gives me genuine pleasure,
And wakens memories that recall
The source of an abiding treasure.

The series of small books called *To-day and To-morrow* (KEGAN, PAUL) is starry with the names of leaders of modern progressive thought. How far all these books are lightly and brightly as well as instructively written I do not know, but *Plato's American Republic*, by Mr. DOUGLAS WOODRUFF, is certainly a happy find. It is my earnest belief that the United States of America are now in such a strong financial position that they can afford to let us make as much fun of them as we like, and Mr. WOODRUFF does not spare his hand. Most ingeniously he stretches the grave diction of JOWETT'S translation to cover such matters as the parking of motors, Prohibition, big business, publicity and the like. This of the Volstead clause:—

"'But teetotalism,' said Agathon, 'is the more dangerous extreme. For only a very exceptional man can keep really drunk for long periods, whereas many teetotalers stay teetotalers for months together.'

"'Many months,' I agreed.

"'And even years in some cases, Socrates,' he went on, 'if what I hear is true.'

"'Why, yes,' I said. 'I am afraid we cannot deny it. There are men in Kansas who have repressed their thirst for upwards of forty years.'"

And this of American contempt for the past:—

"'Do they despise all history?' asked Lysis.

"'Yes,' I said, 'and they love the utterance of their Detroit Oracle when he said,

"*History is bunk!*"

And they regard him with increasing honour as he says these things. And as the Europeans have given to Aristotle a title they think honourable, calling him "the Master of them that Know," though they do not add how little, so the Americans hail the Detroit Oracle as the Master of them that Guess.'"

A most entertaining book.

Take the belowstairs squalor of *Esther Waters*, blend it with the attic stuffiness of *Jude the Obscure*, set your scenes in two low-class Canadian hotels, make your principal interest the attraction of one waitress for a dozen male *habitués*—and you have the unprepossessing *pastiche* which Mr. MAZO DE LA ROCHE unhappily calls *Delight* (MACMILLAN). Never having encountered the prototypes of "The Duke of York" and "The British-American" myself, I am prepared to give their chronicler every credit for his picture of their external amenities; as also for the dress, dialect (or dialects), manners (where existent) and customs of the stock-farmers, farmyard, jam-factory and dye-works hands who compose their *clientèle*. He has also, as far as my knowledge goes, drawn a competent portrait of "two little Cockney animals" on and off the staff of the first inn—a London wench who comes out in search of a renegade husband, and the renegade himself. But *Delight Mainprize*, who gives her name to the book—her progenitors, a Russian dancer and a Somersetshire villager, having given the name to her—is merely the creature of a disagreeable fancy.



Visitor in Country Cottage. "I SUPPOSE YOU DON'T GET MUCH EXCITEMENT HERE?"
Old Lady. "OH, I DUNNO. SOMETIMES, FOR INSTANCE, A LORRY PASSES AND SHAKES THE WHOLE HOUSE."

Having little or no substance in herself, her supposedly *naïf* sensuality is merely offensive in its effect on the credible society about her; but this, as I have already indicated, is the main scope of Mr. DE LA ROCHE'S activities. His style in dealing with it has little poise or temper. In the ease with which he delineates the normal daily drama of the two bars undistracted by incendiary femininity, I think I perceive a happier vein which he could easily make his own.

Long years ago Mr. E. F. BENSON wrote *Sheaves*, in which he depicted the efforts of a rapidly ageing wife to retain the affections of a husband many years younger than herself. It was a gloomy book, I remember, in which the wife's death to slow music came as a merciful release. In *Mezzanine* (CASSELL) he has returned to this theme, but, as if to give happiness a chance, he has reduced the disparity in years from twenty to ten. Even so he seems to find the outlook bleak enough. *Elizabeth Langdon* does in the end beat off the harpy who is ruining her home, but her essential problem remains. And, while in some degree it is every woman's problem, most women, I think, would have managed it better than *Elizabeth* did. "Wrinkles and impending age" are averted, one knows, neither by prayers nor by shingling and short skirts, but the unhappy victim has at least the expedient of thinking about something else. *Elizabeth* lived with her trouble day and night. Here Mr. BENSON'S method seems to be at fault; he has been too intent on his theme. Substantially there are only three characters in the book, and never for a moment may the reader forget the tragedy of *Elizabeth's* age. Some relief would have been welcome, and its absence is the more to be regretted in that the material was to hand. In particular there was *Elizabeth's* brother, a consummate literary egoist of whom one is given a fleeting and exasperating glimpse. For all that, an intensely interesting book, as absorbing, in fact, as any BENSON book I can remember.



Father (returning from seaside, with prospect of a two-mile walk from the station). "WHAT ON EARTH 'S IN THIS BOX?"
Boy. "SAND!"

Mrs. Markham's New History of England (CAYME PRESS) is offered to the public by its author, Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC, as "a little book especially designed for the instruction of young people between the ages of twelve and fourteen years in the institutions and recent history of our beloved country." That, of course, is Mr. BELLOC'S fun. This book is neither history nor new; it is just an airing of the old grievances which Mr. BELLOC'S saddened admirers now have at their fingers' ends. Unlike *Mr. Dick's*, Mr. BELLOC'S *King Charles* is polycephalous, and there is mercy in that. We do at any rate pass from the SAMUELS to the MONTAGUS and back to the SAMUELS again. And while I am praising the book let me freely admit that its artistry is considerable. It is as happy in execution as in idea. As Mr. BELLOC shows, the *Markham* dialogue is a perfect vehicle for innuendo; the dullest of writers could hardly fail to make something of the opportunities offered by the children's artless questioning. Mr. BELLOC, I need not say, has missed nothing. A bitter, bitter jest, and (as I am free to say, being neither politician, financier, peer nor newspaper-proprietor) rather a poor one. Mr. BELLOC must take another cruise in the *Nona* and get some fresh air into his lungs.

The doctrine of reincarnation—nearly as well-worn a theme for novels, by the way, as FITZGERALD'S *Omar* for the supply of their titles—provides the peg upon which Mr. ROBERT CLAY, the author of *A Chequer Board* (BLACKWOOD) hangs his story of pirates, fair ladies, battle, murder and sudden death. Further than as a peg, the reincarnation business has really very little to do with the tale, for there is no analogy between the humdrum life of the hero as a publisher's reader and his previous career as a gentlemanly freebooter; and—but for the purpose of providing a happy ending—it is not quite clear why it should have been introduced into the book at all. The story itself—the pirate part—is thoroughly readable in spite of the handicap of a clumsy style and laboured verbiage, and the characters are marked by a welcome divergence from stereotyped pattern. The ship's company of the *Vulture* are a singularly unattractive lot, but so—stripped of the glamour of false romance—were most of the frowsy ruffians who made their last public appearance at Execution Dock a century and a half ago.

There were moments when I felt considerably baffled by *Behind the Fog* (HEINEMANN). I surmise that it was part of Mr. H. H. BASHFORD'S intention to baffle, but he has overdone it. In his unspeakable *Birkland Challis*, a popular Nonconformist preacher, he has introduced us to as evil a villain as anyone could desire to run to earth. Many laudable attempts are made to catch him, the scene of the story moving from England to the lesser-known islands of Norway. Desperate adventures follow before he is finally bearded. No reader can complain that he does not get a long run for his money, but I have assisted at hunts in which the excitements have been as numerous and the trail less painfully difficult to follow.

The Lunatic in Charge (LANE) is a continuation of the adventures of the engagingly amorous *Mandell-Essington*, and they are as amusing and ingenious as any Mr. J. STORER CLOUSTON has given us. Mr. CLOUSTON'S lunatic had already been "at large" three times, and you can rest assured that the change of title does not mean that his capacity for mischief and evasion is in the smallest degree diminished. In fact, when he is either posing as a doctor or pretending to be a sleuth, he is at the top of his form. Those to whom farce is an abomination will be wise to avoid him, but for my own part I find his follies diverting enough; and Mr. CLOUSTON'S manner of relating them adds greatly to this diversion.

Our Dauntless Prodigals.

"Gentleman seeks employment; two years swine-herd on estate; would serve same again if necessary; left through no fault."
Personal Column.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. BALDWIN entered his sixtieth year last week, but still hopes to see the end of the coal-strike.

* * *

We are unable to obtain confirmation of the rumour that Mlle. LENGLEN has turned professional with the patriotic object of restoring the financial position of her country.

* * *

Frenchmen are becoming more and more addicted to all forms of sport. They are now developing a passion for the game of Shove-franc.

* * *

The experience of the British tourists who were hooted for appearing in a French town in bathing costumes proves once more the folly of pretending to have swum the Channel.

* * *

Instruction in Greek history is recommended by the Cardiganshire Education Committee on the ground of its similarity to Welsh history. The parallel between Athens and Llanystymdwy has of course often been remarked.

* * *

In view of the experience of OLDROYD, who has twice lately been knocked unconscious when batting, there is some talk among cricket reformers of agitating for the introduction of a rule whereby a batsman who fails to rise on the count of ten shall be given out, even if he hasn't fallen on his wicket.

* * *

A letter posted at Reigate nineteen years ago was received at an address in Purley the next day.

* * *

"The idea that relativity disposes of ether is only true mathematically in the sense that you do not have to talk about it," says Sir OLIVER LODGE. Very well; we won't.

* * *

We hear a report of a small boy in London who cannot stop laughing. Let him not despair. He will eventually grow up and become a taxpayer.

* * *

An income-tax collector complains of the illegible writing of doctors. Only the other day a domestic servant, to whom her master, a medical man, had given a testimonial for a new situation, took it to the chemist's and had it made up.

* * *

It is said by an American newspaper that it is difficult to induce the Filipinos to live within their income. We have the same trouble in trying to get the Government to live within ours.

* * *

A newspaper reports the case of a jazz-band drummer who was accidentally hit on the head with a hammer. We must take our contemporary's word for it that it was an accident.

* * *

According to Mr. MAX PEMBERTON the art of story-writing is to tell a story. It is certainly a good idea and one which our novelists might try.

* * *

The men who broke into a wholesale tobacconist's at Stratford the other night and stole a hundred thousand Woodbines are believed to have been associated with a dangerous gang of chain-smokers.

* * *

Seismologists are disinclined to connect the recent earth-tremors in the Channel Islands with an unusually severe wave of uneasiness among English tax-dodgers.

* * *

The care pedestrians are obliged to take to avoid the traffic dangers in Paris is illustrated by the fact that an acrobat has walked across a square in Montmartre on a tight-rope.

* * *

We read of a salmon which leaped into a Barmouth motor-boat and jumped back into the sea when a fox-terrier on board snapped at it. A good dog is a great protection against salmon.

* * *

Mr. FORD has invented a new and cheap monoplane. All bolts and nuts are said to be fitted with miniature parachutes to ensure a safe landing for them.

* * *

It is not surprising to hear that Professor FORBES says the moon is made of ice. That's what comes of stopping out all night in the cold.

* * *

A writer in a contemporary is asking, "What is classical music?" Sometimes it's popular stuff which was written so long ago that one can admit liking it without loss of prestige.

* * *

The Pan-Asiatic Congress recently tried to get hold of a language that would be impossible for white men to learn. After the B.B.C.'s efforts in the matter of pronunciation, the question arises: What's wrong with English?

* * *

Experiments are being made in treating iguanas and other cold-blooded animals with violet rays. But nothing of the kind seems to have been tried on tax-collectors.

* * *

At the Richmond Horse Show several bulldogs fainted from the heat. For the benefit of U.S. visitors it must be explained that "hot dog" in this country is not a form of refreshment.

* * *

At Sandwich a pageant is to be held entitled "Sandwich — Through the Ages." This is unfortunate, as it will only encourage our indefatigable humourists to go on being funny about railway-buffets.

* * *

A writer remarks that "nothing can stop people from singing in the bath." Has he tried a stick of dynamite in the geyser?

* * *

"If you want to be healthy lie down with your back flat on the bare boards," advises a daily paper. Some of our heavy-weight boxers have given this scheme a good trial, but complain that they wake up with a bad headache.



AT OUR VILLAGE FÊTE.

"SEE, AMELIA, THE DEAR VICAR IS JUST PUTTING UP THE HYMNS."

PAN OF THE POINTED EARS.

WHEN from the hum of London's traffic
(Gyratory or not)
I pass to seek the pure seraphic
Peace of a rustic spot,
My simple quest is stultified
By goggled fiends that go astride
Careering round the countryside—
They *are* an awful lot!

Bearing their baggage on a pillion
In dubious equipoise,
They paint the leafy lanes vermilion
For sheer delight of noise,
Scarce hearing—such a row they make—
The curses uttered in their wake
By stricken pullets; thus they take
Their devastating joys.

By Ocean's marge my tent I order,
For there these brutes can ramp
Only on one side of the border,
The other being damp;
And, plugged with cotton-wool to spare
My head from splitting past repair,
Far out upon the deep I fare
Until I get the cramp.

But now I hear that HICKS (*cum* JOYNSON)
Has told his stout police
To keep an ear at vantage coigns on
Those who molest the peace;
"From hoots and clatter, snorts and clicks,
Open exhausts and such low tricks,
It is my firm resolve," says JICKS,
"To make the blighters cease."

Robert, I know your sense of duty,
Which nothing ever warps;
You will preserve the quiet beauty
Of our sequestered thorps;
With high arresting hand you'll brave
The hooligans that don't behave,
And none shall 'scape from capture, save
Over your mangled corpse.

You'll cock your ears to mark their coming
And, trapping all you can,
Defend against their hideous drumming
The rights of rural Man;
So, to perpetuate your praise
As guardian of our country ways,
We'll do you, one of these fine days,
In copper-bronze as Pan. O. S.

Our Particular Editors.

"A lunar rainbow is an unusual rather than a definitely rare phenomenon."—*Daily Paper.*

"In any case, he (Mr. Bernard Shaw) knows that though his beard may be white his tongue is as sharp as when it was red."—*Daily Paper.*
He must try the little daily dose.

"Just after one o'clock light again became indifferent, but, after consolation between the umpires, play proceeded."—*Provincial Paper.*
Liquid, we presume.

AN IMPORTUNATE BEGGAR.

A SECOND after Iris had congratulated MUSSOLINI (though not, of course, in person) on purging Italy of beggars, the Old Man of the Bay thrust his sun-baked straw hat in my face. I should explain that this took place in Naples, where we had gone not so much to die as to see Pompeii. The old man had a volcanic eye and a streaming white beard that made him look like one of the minor prophets (HABAKKUK was my preference), and he held out his ridiculous straw hat with a stiff insistence as though it were some kind of nosebag out of which we were expected to feed.

"No—not to-day," said Iris vaguely yet firmly, "if you know what I mean."

"I am a ver' old man yes thank you ver' much," said Habakkuk all in one breath, and in English that was not so much broken as cracked.

"Oh! he can speak English," said Iris.

"I bet I can speak it a lot better," I said rather jealously.

"Yes thank you ver' much I am a ver' old man," said Habakkuk brightly; but Iris was disappointed.

"Why, I believe that 's all he knows," she said.

"Or needs to know," I murmured.

Iris carried me hurriedly across the street to a shop-window that was full of red coral. She was pointing to a necklace that she said was absurdly cheap when I caught sight of the oblique reflection of a straw hat in the window glass.

As we turned away we were favoured with a third variation of that simple Neapolitan air. "Yes ver' much I am a ver' old man thank you," droned the voice.

Iris walked quite fast for at least ten yards, but the afternoon was blazingly hot. "It will be all right if we look straight ahead of us and take no notice," she assured me as she slackened pace.

But the eye of man is so made that it may look as straight ahead as Iris tells it and yet not fail to notice the presence of an old straw hat keeping on a level with it.

"It is useless," I said at last. "Even you cannot pretend you haven't heard him say he is a ver' much man thank you he is ver' old yes. I could work out the number of possible combinations and permutations if only you gave me time. Perhaps he means to give us his whole repertoire before he goes away."

"The one way to shake him off is to pop inside a shop for a few minutes," said Iris decisively, and towed me into the nearest.

I think she might just as well have picked out a shop where they sell nice things to eat and drink. This one happened to be a Farmacia.

The man behind the counter bent forward with an eager smile. Then it came suddenly to Iris that people who pop into chemists' shops usually have something definite in mind.

"I want—" she began bravely.

A cold shadow fell across the doorway.

"I want—" repeated Iris.

I cast a panic-stricken glance behind me. "She wants a ver' old man," I gabbled.

"Yes thank you ver' much," said Iris. But really, you know, it 's awful being in a chemist's without a single idea in your head about what to ask for. You try it. The man behind the counter was simply erupting Italian like a voluble Vesuvius, and the straw hat had taken up its position between us. Its owner caught up our last words approvingly. "Yes a ver' old man ver' much thank you," he said.

In desperation, Iris pointed to a dark-green bottle that stood just above the chemist's left ear. "I want some of that. A lot of it," she added.

"Good heavens! you mustn't ask for that stuff," I exclaimed. On the label there was a word that looked like Borgialina. "It 's sure to be a deadly poison. The chemist will think that Habakkuk is your wealthy uncle and that you 've brought him in here to do him in. Ask for something to cure a cold. Sneeze. He 'll understand that."

Iris rested her elbows on the counter the better to study the bottles. Habakkuk by a stroke of supreme impertinence shoved his alms-gathering old boater across the shiny wood until it came to anchor in front of her.

Immediately the chemist smiled a brilliant comprehending smile and said "*Si, si*" about twenty times. He ran his hand along a shelf and produced a small bottle which he pushed into my hand.

Fortunately the directions on the wrapper were in French as well as in Italian. I read them, and in a flash understood the situation as it had presented itself to the man behind the counter. So he did think that Habakkuk belonged to Iris!

I wheeled round on that venerable humbug. "Now say '*Grazie*' for the nice kind lady's present," I said, and gently placed the bottle in his boater.

You see it was a preparation guaranteed to restore faded straw hats.

"Tangier.

The Khmes, who have recently defeated the friendly Ghomara, now seem inclined to fight matters to a finish under their new leader, Ould Beggar."—*Morning Paper.*
Apparently no relation to the absent-minded one.



THE PERSISTENT SPECTRE.

HOLIDAY-MAKER. "GO AWAY! I'M BUSY."



Girl (seeing friend off). "SOME LUGGAGE! WHY ON EARTH DON'T YOU SEND IT IN ADVANCE?"
Friend. "I DO, MY DEAR—MOST OF IT."

THE DOG, THE BABY AND THE COOK.

You can't, I find, keep a dog and a baby and a cook. One of them has to go.

The reason is the cook. The cook, it appears, will willingly wait on Daddy and Mummy and Jack and Jill and the baby's nurse, *or* on Daddy and Mummy and Jack and Jill and the dog, but *not* on Daddy and Mummy and Jack and Jill and the baby's nurse and the dog. You must take this as a laid-down principle. It isn't that the cook objects to the dog or the baby or the nurse or anyone. It just is that, purely as a matter of business, she draws a line which does not include the baby *and* the dog. In other words one of them is surplus to establishment. An extra. One of them must go. Or else the cook.

Jack, who is eleven years old, thinks it ought to be the baby. He hasn't said so in so many words, and I think if he were challenged he would stoutly deny that this was his view; but that would be merely his British doggedness (if you will allow the expression), for in his heart of hearts I feel convinced that he looks upon the baby as useless and unnecessary. She can't bowl to him or bat to his bowling; she doesn't know the name of a single Australian cricketer; she hasn't even heard of CARR. At her best she can only gurgle, and at her worst scream.

Jill is different. Jill quite obviously adores the baby. So she does the dog. She would say unhesitatingly, let the cook go. The cook matters little or nothing to Jill. Jill doesn't stay up to dinner, being only nine; she has lunch at school during term time, and any sort of cook can supply a good tea and a glass of milk and a banana at bed-time. Why, Mummy herself could do that without a cook at all.

Mummy (excuse this familiar mode of reference, but it seems unavoidable) is in a more difficult plight. One may begin by affirming that she would not let the baby go. The dog, too—one could hardly believe that she would let the dog go. That leaves the cook.

Now a cook is an absolutely necessary thing to have about the house, and there is not, I understand, a plentiful supply of cooks on the market at the present time; consequently you will be rather surprised to learn that Mummy thinks that there is nothing for it but for the cook to go. Which makes so far (assuming that I am right about Jack and Jill) two votes against the cook, one against the baby and none against the dog.

And now I come in. I have examined the question very carefully and very fairly. And I feel that it is up to me to take some sort of a strong line. Cook, baby, the dog. One of them has got to go. To my mind obviously it is not the cook. Not my cook. The baby—it is unthinkable. Not my baby. That leaves the dog.

I called him in.

"Paddy," I said, "we are mixed up in a most serious crisis. You, the baby and the cook—one of you has got to go."

I took hold of his large flapping ears, and he looked up at me wistfully and intelligently.

"I know that," he replied, "I have known it for some time. And I think it is a most shameful thing that there should be any question about it."

I let go of his ears and he shook his head, snorted and settled down at my side.

"Nonsense," I said; "you mustn't talk like that. Fair 's fair, Paddy."

"I know, I know," he answered, "that 's exactly what I think myself. But it isn't fair. This baby, with all respect, and I know I oughtn't to say it, has been nothing but a confounded nuisance ever since she turned up. Things were going delightfully smoothly and everyone was perfectly happy until this ridiculous thing happened."

"Paddy," I said, "you are going too far, and if you carry on like this I shall lose my temper. This is the most beautiful baby in the world. You're nothing but a jealous old mongrel, and if you don't pull yourself together I shall simply throw you away without another word."

"Sorry," he replied, with a touch of irony in his voice. "I can see how it stands. But you must pardon me if I say that it completely baffles me how a sane man like you can become such a drivelling idiot over a useless, unsporting, idle, senseless, dribbling, hiccoughing, immobile——"

"Paddy!" I thundered, and I slapped him in the face.

He crumpled up on the floor, and his eyes were bloodshot and ashamed as he looked up at me.

At this moment—it was just before dinner—the front-door bell rang. Joan and Michael were shown in.

Joan and Michael were being married next week. They had spared one of their last precious evenings to dine with us.

My wife welcomed them and took them upstairs to see the baby. The baby had one look at them and yelled. They said the baby was sweet, but there wasn't much ring of conviction in their voices.

We mixed a cocktail and took them in to dinner. They said the dinner was marvellous; but almost everything is marvellous to people like Joan and Michael, so there wasn't much tribute to the cook in what they said.

After dinner we met Paddy. Paddy was lying as I had left him, contemplative, disgruntled, ashamed.

I said, "Paddy, you're a bad lad. Get up and shake hands with the lady."

Joan said, "Michael, *do* look! Did you ever see such a sweet dog? Isn't he divine?"

Michael said, "I say, what an amazing dog!"

And Paddy held up a paw to Joan and shook hands.

I said rather sardonically, with an eye on Paddy, "What on earth's the use of a dog that makes pals with any old person who happens to come around? Paddy, you're an ass."

Joan and Michael said in chorus, "Darling, isn't he too *marvellous*? I do *hope* we shall have a dog like that."

And quite suddenly the whole problem seemed to me to be solved. I looked at Paddy. He was making a perfect fool of himself, shaking hands and beaming at these people as if he had known them all his life. Knowing Paddy as I did, I was surprised. It wasn't like Paddy. Something had gone wrong with him; he was a changed dog. I lit my pipe and looked at him again.



THE PROFESSIONAL TOUCH.

ABSENT-MINDED PHYSICIAN AT A DANCE.

He turned and faced me as I struck my match. There was a challenge in his eyes.

"Well?" he inquired.

"Well?" I replied.

"Settled," said he. "If I've got to go, I'll go with the pretty lady and gentleman."

"Right," I said steadily, and I walked over to my writing-desk.

"To the bride and bridegroom," I wrote, "with very best wishes from Peter and Margaret."

And there and then I fixed the label on to Paddy's collar. L. B. G.

"7.25. BACH, interpreted by Joan Baptiste Toner. Concerto in the Italian style. Allegro moderato; Andante; Presto.
7.40. Musical Interlude."
Radio Programme.

The B.B.C. should avoid these invidious distinctions.

TRAGEDY IN THE PARK.

(An Echo of the Season.)

"THESE things," she said moodily, "only happen to me."

"Worse to me," I assured her. "Why, only this morning a man who borrowed a fiver from me the Derby day before last paid it me back."

"But surely," she protested, "you don't call that worse?"

"Worse than worse," I answered with a hollow laugh, "for he gave it me right under the nose of a man from whom I borrowed a tenner at Ascot three seasons ago."

"Well," she conceded, "perhaps the first man was a little thoughtless, but it was all your own doing and ever so different from what happened to me in the Park last Sunday morning. Were you there?"

"I was not," I said a little proudly. "I am the only living creature in town who wasn't."

"Anyone can be morbid," she told me severely. "Tom and I were there. I was wearing my new signed Paris frock by Coûte Comme Rien et Cie., the model they call 'Ce Que Femme Veut.'"

"I know," I said. "Blanche was telling me she had one from the same people, only they call her model 'Ce Que l'Homme Paye.'"

"Well, it's what he's for," she snapped.

"Exactly," I agreed. "And Tom—what was he wearing?"

"Tom," she repeated, bewildered. "I don't know. Why?"

"Because," I explained, "last time I saw him in the Park on a Sunday morning he had no collar, no tie, blue overalls and a trickle of milk down his nose. So I thought the same costume might have been quite a success again."

"Oh, that was only wear for a general strike," she told me. "Well, we saw a lot of people we know—nice people. I enjoyed it tremendously. The sun was simply unbearable; and the dust—you can't imagine what the dust was like; and the crowd—it was awful. As for getting a chair, it was impossible. If one did come vacant, people *fought*. I was nearly dead with having to keep on walking. And the caterpillars—they were everywhere. One breathed caterpillar."

"You must indeed have thoroughly enjoyed your morning."

"Oh, we did," she cried. "One saw everyone there. I pointed out two duchesses and an ambassador's wife to Blanche, as well as a princess. I waved to the princess," she added with satisfaction.

"I didn't know," I said, a good deal impressed, "that you knew any princesses."

"I don't," she answered.

"But I thought . . . ."

"So does Blanche," she answered.

"Oh," I said.

"Of course I never said I knew her," she explained, "because that would have been a story. I only said, 'Oh, there's the dear princess,' and I waved, and then I said, 'There, I'm sure she never noticed; I shall have to tell her I saw her.' You ought to have seen Blanche stare."

"I ought," I agreed. "By the way, was it the princess?"

"How should I know?" she asked. "It may have been. She looked like one anyhow."

"And the duchesses and the ambassador's wife."

"Oh, they were quite all right," she assured me earnestly. "I mean quite safe. Because if you say, 'Oh, there's the duchess—over there, in printed ninon,' and there are three hundred people in printed ninon in sight at the moment . . . You see what I mean?"

"Oh, quite," I said.

"Only," she went on, "I'm afraid Blanche tries to show off sometimes and isn't quite scrupulous, because, after I had shown her the ambassador's wife—in beige lace; there were six or seven of them together and they did look a little like mannequins—she began to show me celebrities. She showed me five celebrated actresses, three famous lady-novelists and Mademoiselle VLASTO, and so I was rather dignified, and I said we must be going home to lunch."

"What did Blanche say?"

"I forget, but Tom said, 'Thank God.'"

"I wonder why?" I mused.

"I don't know, but it was after that the tragedy happened, and I shall always think perhaps it was a sort of judgment. Because, as we were going, we saw dear Lady Jane sitting under a tree, and just as we stopped to speak, because I wanted to ask her to lunch, a caterpillar fell right down inside her frock, ever so far."

"What did she do?"

"She was magnificent. It's at such moments that blue blood tells. Tom said afterwards it was like a boy and a Spartan fox, but I don't know why."

"But what," I repeated, for I was interested, "did Lady Jane do?"

"Nothing," she answered. "That was what was so magnificent—she might have been a miners' leader. You see, the caterpillar was too far down to reach. One could note a passing squirm, one could see an occasional wriggle, that was all. A little pale, perhaps, she sat there quite still, at least almost still, except when, I suppose, the caterpillar tickled more than usual. But somehow one divined it was not the moment to speak of lunch."

"Tact before all," I agreed.

"Only why," she sighed sadly—"why do such things happen to me?"

"To—to you?" I asked.

"They never do to other people," she assured me. "Never. And there was worse to follow, because just then Tom looked up at the tree to see if any more were coming, and one was. It came just as he opened his mouth to say something—ever such a fat one too—and it went right in, too far to get it back."

"And what," I asked, still more interested, "did Tom do? I hope he remembered the Spartan boy and the fox."

"I don't know what he remembered," she answered, "but he just gave a kind of jump and rushed away and coughed as if he were choking. I was left standing there all alone, and before I could say a word Lady Jane got up. 'Your husband seems amused,' she said, and she gave such a glare, first at me and then at where you could see Tom on the verge of convulsions. And then she walked off as hard as she could the opposite way. Wasn't it awful for me?

"Of course I wasn't really cross with Tom," she assured me, "only I do wonder why it is such things only happen to me?" E. R. P.

TO HANS ANDERSEN

(in whose name a Memorial Park is being laid out in Copenhagen, where the figures of his fairy-tales will be found among the flowers and trees).

How many fairy gardens, HANS,
Have you laid out in Childhood's heart!
Long since in mine you laid your plans
Which into instant being start
At the first inward look; and there
The Elder-Mother's sitting still,
And, while the Maids-of-Honour stare,
The kissing Swineherd takes his fill;
Karen's red shoes dance through the days,
Urged on by supernatural powers,
And with his nuts the small Ib plays,
And little Ida counts her flowers;
There Thumbelina o'er the brims
Of parti-coloured tulips peeps,
And there the Little Mermaid swims,
And there the Little Matchgirl sleeps;
There children in their myriads call
On Ole Luk-Oie for a tale,
And there, O loveliest of all,
For ever sings your Nightingale.

Many a child will never see
The Park laid out by Danish men,
Yet of the kingdom still be free
You raised for them, HANS ANDERSEN,
Where on the magic wind that blows
From Denmark they shall smell the breath
Even of the World's Most Lovely Rose,
And hear the Bird that banished Death.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

How the water is entered by—



A Revue star—



A Charleston enthusiast—



A tennis champion—



And a mannequin.



Keeper (explaining plans for the Twelfth). "THEN THERE 'S A FINE LOT O' BIRDS ON THE TOP. WE GENERALLY DRIVES THAT AFTER LUNCH."

Tenant. "WHAT KIND OF BIRDS?"

Keeper. "GROUSE, SIR—GROUSE."

Tenant. "WELL, I WOULDN'T GO NO 'IGHER THAN THIS AFTER 'EM—NOT IF THEY WAS GOLDEN EAGLES."

THE FLAPPING CLUB.

PERCIVAL decided the other day that he wanted to learn to fly. Someone or other had sent him a pamphlet advertising a Light Aeroplane Club. It began, I believe, after this fashion:—

LEARN TO FLY AND PLEASE YOUR FRIENDS.

HOW TO BECOME AN INTREPID BIRD-MAN IN TWELVE LESSONS.

Take Auntie up with you in the Holidays.

It ended with several advertisements for Life Insurance Companies and one from an undertaker.

Anyway, whatever was in the pamphlet, Percival fell for it and joined up. He now takes a bus out to his Flapping Club twice a week and has an instructional flap.

After the first lesson Percival came back a changed man. He was bubbling over with the wonder of it all and instantly read up the pamphlet again. Gone was his amiable half-witted appearance. Instead, his eyes had taken on the keen look of those accustomed to scan the illimitable blue spaces of heaven (page 3); his mien denoted the kindly tolerance of the man who has regarded all earth from afar and has seen its inhabitants as but ants (page 4); his nose gave the impression . . . and so on.

I may say this change was entirely due to the pamphlet. He hadn't yet actually been *up*. He had spent his first lesson on the ground learning where to wind the thing up and how to put on the foot-brake, etc. I awaited with apprehension his return from the second lesson. Would he notice me at all? I was a mere earth-grubber toiling below; I was but as an ant, while Percival, scanning the illimitable blue spaces of heaven . . .

He didn't notice me much. He returned from the second lesson pale and shaken, and went out directly he arrived to buy a corrective for sea-sickness. When he came back the conversation turned on matters to do with the earth, and the air was not mentioned.

After his third lesson he was again subdued, though in a different manner. I elicited the information that he had been "spoken to." The instructor, Captain Cinder, a man of strong character, I gathered, flies in the same aeroplane with a dual control, and the two fliers are connected to each other by ear-caps and a speaking-tube. If the pupil does anything wrong, Captain Cinder just points it out. Percival says the man has a richer vocabulary than a riding-master but based on the same ideas and idioms. He says he didn't know people could still talk like that. He told me one or two of the lighter bits of badinage and I shuddered.

In the fifth lesson Percival was praised for the first time. On pressing him I learnt that the instructor had said that Percival's flying, while still resembling that of an obese and invalid hen with a broken wing changing perch at 1 A.M. owing to a nightmare, was, at any rate, better than last time, for the reason, he added, that last time's flying was such that nothing could ever have been worse. Percival was awfully bucked about it and said the man was a sincere sort of fellow and when he did give praise like that he really meant it. He then stood me a gin-and-Italian on the strength of it and went off and bought a flying helmet—one of those things with a whisker fringe all round the face

that make you look like an Ancient Briton.

Under the influence of this helmet and the acquisition of several technical terms Percival became day by day more aeronautical. Though Captain Cinder went up with him still he was soon entrusted absolutely with the aeroplane anywhere over one hundred feet, and my admiration for Captain Cinder became a very real thing, so that when Percival suggested diffidently one day that I should come out and see him fly I accepted with eagerness.

On our first bus we took the most expensive tickets they had—pale biscuit colour and costing tenpence—and we went for miles. Then we changed on to another bus and then to a tram. Then we walked. I judged we were somewhere in Staffordshire, but Percival said, "No; only just outside London, old man."

We arrived in a field filled with aeroplanes and small hangars and with a new wooden hut in the corner—this latter the freshly-erected club premises. I was introduced to Captain Cinder—not the success I anticipated, as he was wearing his flying-cap, ear-pieces and speaking-tube at the time, and I couldn't find the receiving end of his tube to talk into. I discovered afterwards it was tucked into his right-hand hip-pocket. A reticent fellow!

I followed him about, worshipping, and discovered that most of the great man's conversation appeared to be about painting the new hut. Various nice young men—club-members—were standing about, leaning against aeroplanes and things, and he was urging them to paint the hut. He had a persuasive manner. He brought paint-pots and hung them on their wrists. He found paint-brushes for them and thrust them in disengaged hands. He pushed them up against the hut. I tried to pick up some information about the Flapping Club from the fountain-head, but couldn't hear anything except this talk of paint. Aeroplanes, I could see, were of no more account than club armchairs. They all knew how to fly; the flying was a mere nothing to them. The new hut was the thing.

Suddenly Captain Cinder sprang into a 'plane. "Ah!" I thought, "now I shall see what flying is." He circled round the aerodrome once and descended. I edged in, expecting talk about air-pockets or cross-currents, but all he said was that he could see from above that the roof of the hut would want painting too. He then made a little run at the hut, slapped some paint on to show how easy it was and got three of the young men to work.

Percival appeared, looking vaguely ethereal in flying-kit, and the pair went up and flapped heavily round for a bit. When they came down Captain Cinder got four more young men on to painting and criticised with some wealth of detail what the others had done.

Percival went up with him again, and on returning whispered to me to ask the instructor how he considered his pupil was getting on. I edged up to the great man, who was surveying what he could see of the hut through his army of workers and the haze of paint which hung in the air.

"How's my friend getting on?" I asked privately four times, each time louder, but he was still wearing his ears in his pocket and did not hear. I considered taking the tube out and speaking directly down it, but thought perhaps it might be considered familiar.

At last I attracted his attention by standing behind him till he stepped suddenly back. But I don't think he heard what I said, for his face lit up and he seized me by the arm.

"Splendid fellow!" he roared. "There's room here."

He thrust things at me, and in a dazed manner I found myself at work with a paint-brush on a spare half-yard of hut.

I didn't notice much more of the f'ying; I was too busy working. I thrilled w.th pride once when he stopped by me and said he'd be able at any time to pick out the bit I'd painted.

After about an hour and a half Percival obtained reluctant permission to take me away, and we adjourned. Later, over some refreshment, I told Percival it was a jolly good idea to allow flying in his painting club. A. A.



Mother. "PETER, PETER! WHATEVER MAKES YOU SO RESTLESS?"
Peter. "HAVING TO KEEP STILL SO MUCH."

PERFECTLY LOVELY TIMES.

XXI.—Going to France.

I thought I would swim the Channel.

I had never done so before, partly through a preference for shrimping and gathering shells and partly through not having been on a suitable stretch of coast during the Channel-swimming season. There seems to be no ambition amongst swimming-men to swim the Irish Sea or the "German" Ocean, and on my visits to Norfolk and Wales I had always followed the herd.

Now everything was favourable to my design. I was in the right part of England, that is to say on the southern coast, facing towards France, and had a bathing-suit hydrangea-blue in colour, with a short skirt cut rather close, but not unbecoming to my peculiar style.

I should have smeared myself with a preparation of bear's-grease, using a foundation of whale-oil, if there had been any available. As it was I smeared myself with brilliantine, using a foundation of ordinary lard.

I entered the water at 10.15 A.M. I should have entered it earlier but for the fact that I had forgotten my beach-shoes. As this part of the beach is excessively pebbly underfoot I was obliged to go back to the house in the motor-car in order to repair the omission.

Before leaving for France I said "Good-bye" to the coast-guard, who is a great friend of mine. He is the best dart-player in the village, and spends nearly all his spare time in the hotel bar practising this fascinating and useful game. If it should ever be necessary for the King's men to repel an attempt to run French brandy on the south coast and darts were being used, there is no doubt that he would give as good as he got.

He pointed out that it was an admirable day for swimming the Channel, the weather being fair to mild, with a sou'-sou'-westerly breeze blowing, and Neptune in conjunction with Mars. The bar would not be open for nearly two hours and a porpoise had been sighted off the pier at Peacehaven.

I now donned my beach-shoes and, walking carefully, entered the sea. The spot I chose was about five yards east of a stranded German submarine which ought to have been given to France at the end of the War, but the hawser broke, some say on purpose, while she was being towed. From this spot I had previously taken a compass-bearing on France, using the masts of various steamboats in the offing as fixed points.

Following my usual practice on entering the water, I ducked my head three times before getting out of my depth, making a blowing sound as I came up again. I then paused for a few moments whilst considering what stroke to adopt during my journey, and was assisted in my decision by remembering a copy of the *Boys' Home Companion* that I happened to read some years ago at Stow-on-the-Wold. This pointed out the advantages of the trudgeon over the crawl in the matter of mere speed. I happened to be in rather a hurry, as I had several letters to write, and decided therefore to adopt the trudgeon-stroke.



First-Ball Specialist. "And they tell me we 're going to have *four* stumps!"

In assuming the necessary position I immediately swallowed a large mouthful of sea-water, an accident to which I am peculiarly prone. To prevent the recurrence of the incident I turned over upon my back, the idea being to continue on my way to France by means of an occasional stroke with the legs whilst I recovered my habitual presence of mind.

I now noticed several friends walking along the top of the cliff, and smiled in answer to their greeting, also giving a slight wave of the left hand from the wrist.

"Where are you off to?" they said.

"*À la belle France!*" I cried. "*Au revoir.*" For I had already that sensation of being half a foreigner which comes to me as soon as I set out for the Continent.

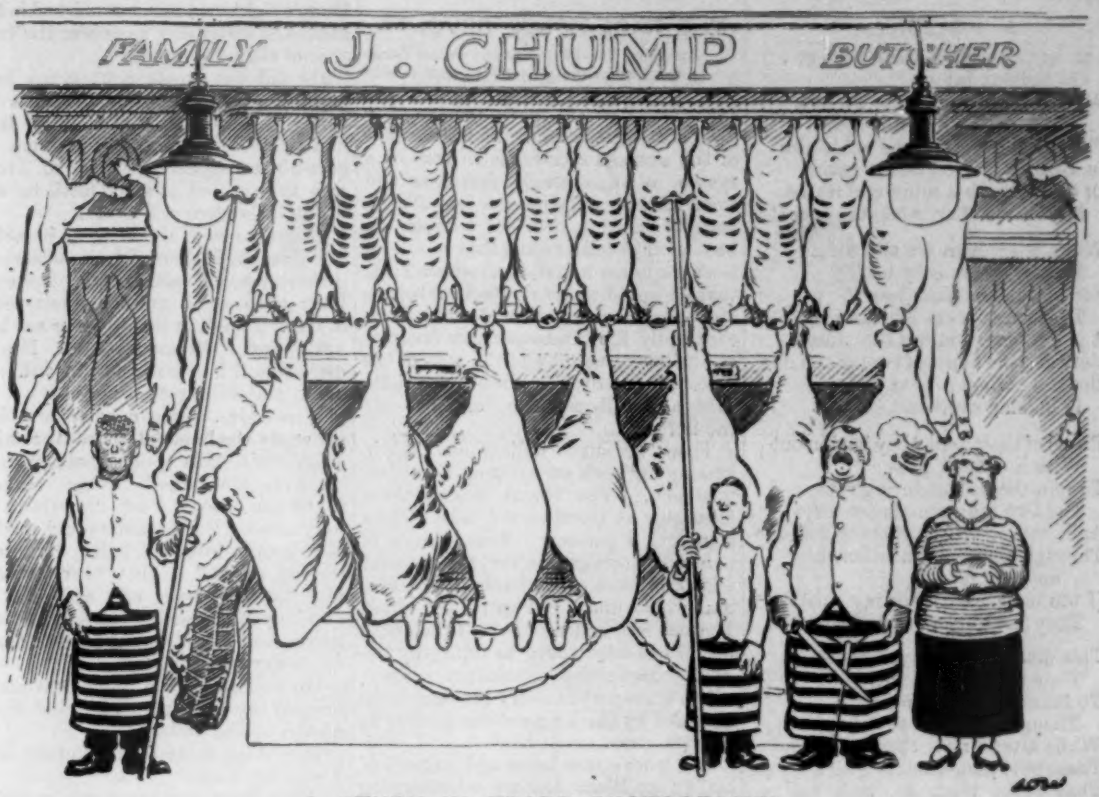
When they had passed on I began to meditate a little more seriously on my enterprise.

I had undertaken to swim to France. But what kind of France should I find when I reached the further shore? The franc was oscillating rapidly and Cabinets were changing from hour to hour. It was impossible to say who would be the Premier of France when I left the water, for the Government might have changed many times over whilst I was immersed, and this might seriously affect the nature of my reception on landing. A new tax upon foreigners might have been imposed. It was even possible that a Royalist Government might be holding the reins. I considered carefully my reactions towards the Bourbon dynasty and its habit of forgetting nothing and remembering nothing, or whatever it was. Would they neglect to provide me with *déjeuner?* I was certain to be hungry after my swim.

I now regretted that I had not arranged a wireless installation on my neck in order to receive the latest reports from the Bourse and the Quai d'Orsay during the period of my passage. I also regretted that I had not installed a nose-protector on my nose, as this was being blistered by the sun.

Then again it occurred to me that, whatever Government might be gripping the tiller when I arrived in France, foreign visitors had been subjected to a good deal of unpleasantness of late. True, Americans had suffered more than Englishmen, but even Englishmen had not been altogether immune. Stones had been thrown at them by the French. It would have been better, I thought, to have made a more exact calculation as to the point on the French beach at which I proposed to arrive, selecting for preference a sandy part of the shore where there were no stones.

There was another awkward possibility. Only a few days ago I had read that a party of English people who had motored into Cannes dressed only in bathing costumes and eye-glasses and ordered cocktails at a restaurant had been hooted by the inhabitants and reproached for their nakedness. The idea that after my long and arduous crossing I might, on emerging from the Channel, be hooted by the French people



A STUDY IN TRADE PHOTOGRAPHY.

SHOWING THE DEVELOPMENT OF IMITATIVE MARKINGS DUE TO ENVIRONMENT.

for having so few clothes on was peculiarly distasteful to me. I was glad that I still retained my beach-shoes and determined to have the tact not to order cocktails on landing, but a bottle of the native wine. After some hesitation I fixed upon a particular vintage of Pouilly, if there should be any at hand.

But how to cover as quickly as possible my obvious *déshabille* was a more difficult problem. It would be necessary to borrow a bathing-towel at once. And instantly with the thought came the fear, amounting very soon to a certainty, that I had forgotten the French for a bathing-towel. Incredible as it may seem to the reader, I am subject to these lapses of memory, always occurring at the most critical moments, whenever I travel in France. I can read a French novel from beginning to end without the slightest difficulty, but as soon as it comes to re-translation I am driven ignominiously to the phrase-book or the pocket dictionary. I now began bitterly to reproach myself for my folly in not having consulted either of these on the beach. Since, moreover, I had no money or passport with me I should inevitably have to go to the English Consul, and to find his office in a strange French town with many confusing streets and possibly in the throes of a revolution might be the work of several hours. I should not even be able, I remembered, to part my hair. . . .

All this time I had been propelling myself slowly but surely by means of an occasional leg stroke in a southerly direction, but I now felt deeply discouraged and ill-at-ease. I had half a mind to turn back.

A seagull circling over me uttered a cry which in my despondent mood I could scarcely help regarding as an omen of ill, and immediately afterwards, to my intense surprise, I felt my beach-shoes touching shingle.

Could I possibly have turned completely round in the water without knowing it? And to what part of the Continent had I come?

I left the water, masking my apprehensions with an air of *bonhomie* and smiling goodwill. What was my astonishment to observe the well-known white cliffs of England and the stranded German submarine lying a few yards to my left! The coastguard was still standing on the beach. I asked him if he could explain my curious loss of direction, and he pointed out that the tide was coming in. I told him that I was not sorry, since I had been half determined in any case to abandon my visit to France.

He said that the hotel bar would be open in an hour-and-a-half, and I challenged him immediately to a game of darts. . . .

The pain due to blistering of the nose has now nearly passed away, and I am little the worse for my long battle with the waves.

I have had a rather interesting photograph of myself taken, still wearing the actual beach-shoes in which I made the attempt.

EVOE.

"In the meantime Miss Leitch had added many interesting chapters to British golf. There were, for instance, her matches with Harold Hilton and Walter Heath, to say nothing of her contest with J. H. Taylor. Miss Leitch was given 'a half' in those matches. She defeated Hilton and Heath 2 up and 1 to go, and conquered the great Taylor 3 up and 2 to go."—*Continental Paper.*

While two of her victims are happily still with us, WALTER HEATH, we regret to say, is lying under the turf.

A HOLIDAY.

I do not hold with them that go
On holiday intent,
Who look on every hour as slow
And call each day mis-spent
That does not meet the noble aim
In Britons worthy of the name
Of taking back a mind and frame
More tired than when they went.

When wiser men are still asleep
They leave an easy bed
For an inhospitable deep
That turns them blue and red,
A thing more comfortably done
Between the hours of twelve and one,
But only when a good fat sun
Is blazing overhead.

Proud of their deed, they hasten out
With a defiant glee
To join the golf-enduring rout
For two long rounds (or three),
And, having toiled on stubborn pins
Through leagues of heather, bent and whins
(I too have done it for my sins),
They feel they 've earned their tea.

This done, as holidays are short,
They pass without delay
To tennis, an exacting sport
Though pleasant, one may say;
While after dinner they enhance
These mild amusements with a dance
That keeps them up, with half a chance,
Till the ensuing day.

Myself, I will not be as these;
Rather to me appeals
A prospect of unfettered ease
And kicking of the heels—
A time when one may firmly shirk
Pursuits in which too often lurk
The dark and hidden seeds of work,
And concentrate on meals.

"Early to bed and late to rise"
Shall shape my placid lot;
I shall take little exercise
And I will not get hot;
If others choose to hear the call
That bids them beat a foolish ball,
Then let them do it; once for all
I say that I shall not.

To wander in an idle dell,
On a cliff's edge to sit
Admiring the surprising yell
The active gulls emit,
With such delights, unless I 'm wrong,
One should go moderately strong;
Nor might it hurt to take along
My clubs and tennis-kit.

DUM-DUM.

"Mr. Cook went oncmfwyp emfwyp shrdlu."
Evening Paper.

We prefer it to his usual slogan.

THE RACE-HORSE REVOLTS.

["Escalator, who got left at the post at Goodwood, shied twice at pedestrians and finally became overwrought and nervous."—*Daily Paper.*]

The extreme patience and forbearance of the average race-horse in face of a system of increasingly facetious and even fatuous appellations has always been to me a matter for wonder. I have always felt, indeed, that sooner or later the horse would, so to speak, kick; that he would rise in righteous rebellion and proceed to demonstrate that, however aptly the Shakespearean doctrine of nomenclature may fit the case of the rose, it is not to be applied to an intelligent and self-respecting creature like the horse.

There are now indications that in looking for such an uprising I was not mistaken. The recent behaviour of Escalator at Goodwood I take to be a sign and a portent. The practice of naming racehorses after the manner adopted in the case of suburban villas, beach huts and dinghies on the upper Thames was bad enough, but the insult which has been added to injury by the employment of the terminology of mechanical transport has very properly been regarded by the long-suffering horse as the last straw on its back.

If I were a race-horse and, instead of calling me Black Beauty or something sensible like that, they called me Cowley Bean or Carburettor, I should simply behave accordingly. If they called me Ford I should just go all to pieces at the very start.

I can easily understand why Escalator stopped at the post after the others had started. It was his way of calling attention to the inappropriateness of his name. Real escalators never stop.

Later he shied at two pedestrians. Real escalators never do this; it is the pedestrian that does the shying.

In the end Escalator became overwrought and nervous. But the gesture had been made. And unless his rather broad hint is taken there should be further trouble of a similar kind in other parts of the country.

A QUESTION OF TACT.

I am afraid Mrs. Hogg will never forgive me. Mrs. Hogg is my housekeeper. She keeps it in an exemplary manner. Her whole life and energy are devoted to its well-being. She welcomes no one within its walls of whom she does not approve. As a rule I submit meekly to her domination, but to-day I asserted myself. I admitted a stranger; and Mrs. Hogg disapproves of all strangers.

I had never set eyes on him before; but for all that, and in spite of Mrs. Hogg's tightened lips, her marked indignation and distrust, I gave him the freedom of the house.

He did not encroach upon my hospitality. He availed himself of it for barely half-an-hour and then he took himself off. He did not thank me. I gave him no opportunity to do so. I took care to keep out of sight until he was through the door and away.

His name was Mr. Thomas Semeter, The Beeches, Melcum Turgis—wherever that may be; I neither know nor care. I threw his card into the waste-paper basket. I shall probably never see him again, and I do not want to. Nor he me. But, if I mistake not, he will hold me in grateful remembrance.

When Mrs. Hogg ushered him into my study she lingered to hear the object of his visit. He spoke apologetically, his eyes meanwhile roving hungrily round the room. I cut him short. I took him by the shoulders and pushed him gently into the hall. "There is nobody about," I said; "the house is empty. Go where you will, stay as long as you like and, when you 're tired, let yourself out. Don't trouble to thank me or say good-bye."

He hesitated for a moment, then he gripped my hand very hard and disappeared up the stairs.

Mrs. Hogg sprang to accompany him; I held her back.

"You don't ever mean you 're letting him go all about everywhere without anybody to look after him, Sir?" she said. "It 's only right and proper I should go with him and show him round."

"God forbid!" I said, and put her firmly into a chair. I handed her a magazine. "You and I remain here until he has gone," I said, and closed the study door.

No, Mrs. Hogg will never forgive me. She didn't open the magazine. She sat following with quivering indignation every movement overhead. "If he isn't in your room now, Sir! The impudence! And I 'm in the middle of the spring clean. It 's a disgrace it should be seen with all the furniture anyhow."

I tried to comfort her. "My dear woman," I said, "don't you understand? He will have no eyes for any furniture of mine."

"And now I declare he 's out in the passage trying to open that old trap-door out on to the roof! He 'll catch his fingers sure as sure."

"Not he," I said; "he knows the spring as well as you or I."

When at last the front-door closed behind him and Mrs. Hogg had bolted out to count the silver, I reflected. Why hadn't those Tuckers treated me with the same decency?

The Tuckers are the present occupiers



Sitter (viewing his portrait). "But, my dear Sir, I haven't got a beard."
Artist (with very definite opinion of himself). "But I have, and I always subordinate my sitters' individuality to my own."

of the house where I was born and where I spent the first twenty years of my life. A little time ago I was seized with an impulse to revisit my old home. Mrs. Tucker received me. She was a brisk young lady dressed for golf. Mr. Tucker was also of the brisk order. He bustled in after his wife, watch in hand, and asked me if I would mind stating my business as shortly as possible as they were due for a foursome.

"It isn't exactly business," I stammered. "I lived here once—quite a long time, in fact—I got thinking about the old place—I wanted to refresh my memory——"

I hoped they would help me out, but they didn't.

"I see you've turned this room into a library," I stumbled on; "it was a schoolroom in my time"—all the while I was searching the wainscoting for the ink my sister Peggy squirted at me—"and you've had another window put in, and taken away the cupboard and the three shelves which used to be behind the door. That fireplace is new——"

Suddenly Mr. Tucker broke in with animation: "Oh, we've improved the place no end. We've put in central-heating and electric light and added a billiard-room and a couple of conservatories and a garage. Come along and have a look at 'em."

They led the way and I followed. I admired the billiard-table; I congratulated them upon their fine cinerarias and early strawberries; I entered into the merits of the new car.

"We'll run you down in her as far as the links," they said; "it'll be on your way to the station."

And they did—Heaven forgive them! They didn't even give me the chance of walking through the old hall again.

All the same it was the Tuckers who taught me how to behave to Thomas Semeter.



He. "THERE 'S SOMETHING WRONG—THE ENGINE SEEMS TO BE MISSING."
She. "PERHAPS YOU LEFT IT BEHIND IN THAT LANE WHERE YOU TOOK THE LID OFF."

CAN ENGLAND WIN THE ASHES?

AN ESSAY IN BLATHER.

As was inevitable after my article on the subject, still another Test match has fizzled out ingloriously, ignominiously and—I can't think of any other word—to a draw.

On the occasion of the Lord's match, before ever a ball had been bowled, I said, "Unless we can get the Australians out *twice* we shall not win this match." Events have proved that I was right. Not only at Lord's, but at Leeds and again at Manchester, it is this failure on our part that probably cost us the game and perhaps the Ashes—I should say the Mythical Ashes. Now that the issue is to be decided by the one game at the Oval, what is the Selection Committee going to do to satisfy me on this question?

I say now, and without thinking twice or even once, that *our bowling must be strengthened.* It is too late to talk of increasing the size of the wicket during the Australian innings, or any other such innovation.

No, the whole matter can be settled by the selection in our next team of TATE, ROOT, MACAULAY, KILNER, PARKER, LARWOOD, WOOLLEY and DURSTON. With such a selection our captain, *whoever he may be*, should have no difficulty in disposing of the Australian wickets.

At the same time we must not overlook the question of batting. It is essential that we have men capable of making big scores, and the Selection Committee will fail England if they omit any of the following: HOBBS, HENDREN, CHAPMAN, MANN, TYLDESLEY, FENDER and G. T. S. STEVENS. It will no doubt be noticed that I have omitted SUTCLIFFE from my list. As I said after the match at Leeds, "we cannot allow sentiment to enter in." SUTCLIFFE may have done fine work for us in the past. The fact remains that his eighty-two runs at Lord's was the lowest score of the English team, and again at Leeds *he failed by six runs to reach his century.* I am sorry for SUTCLIFFE, mind you, but *he must be dropped* for the good of England.

The same thing applies to CARR. He has no doubt done his best, but he has not won the matches, and that is the acid test of a captain. His decision at Leeds to put the Australians in led to disastrous results. I have seen it stated that he thought the sun would come out. The fact remains that it did not come out, and it is the business of our captain to *know.* It is true that a great Lancashire captain did exactly the same thing on the same ground some years ago, but that was different, because *he meant the other side to make a big score.* This excuse cannot be used twice, however, so CARR must shoulder the blame.

Finally, let me say in no uncertain voice, "Hands off CARR." I know I have just demanded that he be dropped, but I don't suppose for a moment that the Selection Committee will take any notice, so I say, "Hands off CARR." I have every reason to believe that it was direct interference by the Selection Committee that was responsible for CARR's tonsilitis. If he is to be our captain I say they should leave him alone. We are quite capable of giving him all the advice and assistance he requires, and, if he is wise enough to take it, I see no reason why we should not win the Ashes—that is the Mythical Ashes.

[Another inspiring article will appear in the 6.30 edition to-morrow, entitled "Why England will Not Win."]

EAT AUSTRALIAN APPLES.

From a broadcasting programme:—

"7.25.—Handel, interrupted by Lucy ——."
Evening Paper.

Very rude of her!



A NATION OF TAXPAYERS.

France. "IF MONSIEUR INSISTS ON COMING AND SPENDING MONEY IN MY SHOP, I'M AFRAID I SHALL HAVE TO CHARGE HIM AN ENTRANCE TAX."

British Tourist. "THAT, MADAME, WILL CERTAINLY MAKE ME FEEL MORE AT HOME. TAX-PAYING IS MY LIFE-WORK."

[It is proposed to levy a tax upon foreigners entering France.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, August 2nd.—The House of Lords passed the Adoption of Children Bill, but declined, in Committee on the Mining Industries Bill, to adopt a child of Lord BANBURY's nimble brain in the form of an amendment to omit Clause 1, which gives power to prepare schemes of amalgamation and absorption. Lord CECIL declared that it would destroy the whole purpose of the Bill. A like fate befell an amendment, moved by Lord TREOWEN and supported by Lord DYNEVOR, to limit the five-per-cent. welfare levy to five financial years.

"What 's it for?"
Said Lord DYNEVOR.
"There ain't no knowin',"
Said Lord TREOWEN.

The Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND maintained that the royalty owners' obligation was a moral one and that the quality of their contributory mercy should be allowed to flow unstrained if not unrestrained. He wondered if the Bill was intended to embitter relations between Capital and Labour; but Lord CECIL retorted that the payment of less than a third of a penny per ton by the royalty owners for the provision of pit-head baths should not embitter anybody or anything.

In the Commons Mr. MORGAN JONES, to whom the usages of polite international society are evidently a sealed book, asked the FOREIGN SECRETARY if negotiations, direct or otherwise, had been entered into with the object of selling arms and amimunition to Turkey. Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN replied that he knew of no direct negotiations nor of any indirect negotiations that had resulted in business being done, and added, in reply to supplementary questions, that there was no international law or custom which prevented British firms from selling the Affable Turk all the arms and ammunition he showed signs of being able to pay for. Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY reminded the FOREIGN SECRETARY that the Dardanelles had been sown in the War with mines sold to Turkey by British firms, to which Sir A. CHAMBERLAIN replied drily that he had not another war with Turkey in immediate contemplation. The House was equally relieved to hear from the PRIME MINISTER, in answer to Mr. AMMON, that "protective measures are keeping abreast of current developments in gas warfare."

To dispose of a person by gas
I regard as incredibly crass,
But man and his brother
Will murder each other,
Preferring to do it *en masse*.

A more insidious form of frightfulness aroused the indignation of Mr. MACQUISTEN, who wanted to know whether General ANDREWS, who came here on behalf of the United States to make arrangements for joint action against the lawless bootlegger, could not be persuaded to go home and stop Americans from running poisonous liquor into Canada.



A SHADOW CABINET FOR THE SCOTS.

THE REV. JAMES BARR "PROVIDES FOR THE BETTER GOVERNMENT OF SCOTLAND."

(1) MR. G. D. HARDIE.
(2) MR. DAVID KIRKWOOD.
(3) MR. GEORGE BUCHANAN.
(4) MR. NEIL MACLEAN.
(5) MR. CAMPBELL STEPHEN.
(6) MR. JAMES MAXTON.

Mr. RYE, the Member for Loughborough, was concerned at the added danger to pedestrians of one-way traffic, and besought the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT to abandon it. Colonel MOORE-BRABAZON declared that, on the contrary, the one-way system of coming through the rye was less dangerous than the other.

"Ill fares the land, to lack of lime a prey,
Which has no agricultural survey"

was the burden of a debate staged by the Liberals on the Third Reading of the Consolidated Fund Bill. If the enormous United States had thought well to have such a survey every ten years, why could we not have one? asked Sir R. HUTCHINSON. The country was losing fifty millions through not having a survey such as had been made of Crown lands, declared Mr. BUXTON. Conservatives pooh-poohed the idea that sending an army of inspectors through the country at great expense was going to help the farmer. Mr. DEAN, a Lincolnshire Member, said it reminded him of the Irish priest who was out blessing the crops and, coming to a very poorly cultivated field, said, "It 's no use my blessing that crop. What it wants is a lot of muck on it." Mr. GUINNESS reminded the House that a great deal of surveying was already being done and there existed all sorts of reports and statistics and many research institutes and agricultural advisers to whom the farmer or small-holder could apply for information.

One Member referred to what had been done in Scotland. The Scotch, he said, were "inquisitive as well as acquisitive." "We don't get much here!" gloomily interjected Mr. KIRKWOOD.

The House turned to Abyssinia. Sir A. CHAMBERLAIN declared that he had explained to the League of Nations what he had vainly endeavoured to explain to the Abyssinians, namely that, while the British and Italian Governments had agreed together not to stand on each other's feet while seeking concessions from Abyssinia, this in no sense impaired the freedom of Abyssinia to concede or not to concede, according as to her seemed best. He hoped to have an opportunity of repeating this assurance to the Abyssinian representatives before the Council of the League of Nations.

Tuesday, August 3rd.—Lord STRATHSPEY found time amid the feverish business of rounding off the legislative labours of the Session to draw attention to the way in which thoughtless motorists endangered the lives of people boarding and alighting from tram-cars. Lord CRAWFORD said that tram-cars were a ridiculous method of transport, and, until they were got rid of, traffic difficulties would only increase.

Lord CLANWILLIAM wished to know if there was any truth in the rumour

that the Air Ministry was planning to erect five million pounds' worth of cloud-capped towers and gorgeous offices in Whitehall and was bringing pressure to bear on the Office of Works to raise the necessary wind for that purpose. Viscount PEEL explained that the scheme to make full use of the Montagu House site by putting on it a building which would accommodate not only the Air Ministry but also the Board of Trade, the Ministry of Labour and the Ministry of Transport was by no means a new one, but that the need for economy had prevented anything being done about it. No plans were being prepared and no wind-pressure was being exercised by the Air Ministry.

The PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE intimated to the House that, as the various branches of the cinema trade had failed to agree on proposals among themselves, the Government would itself devise measures to protect the British film industry, the whole question having in the meanwhile been submitted to the Imperial Conference.

Mr. CHURCHILL informed Mr. JACOB that there was no intention of abolishing the threepenny-bit, which he understood was "exceedingly popular in the northern parts of the Kingdom."

Mr. BUXTON wanted the Government to tell Jugo-Slavia that it would be most annoyed if, next time Bulgaria slapped Jugo-Slavia, Jugo-Slavia should slap Bulgaria back without asking leave of the League of Nations. Mr. LOCKER-LAMPSON declined to embark on such a hypothetical warning. There was no reason to suppose that Jugo-Slavia would not act at all times like a little gentleman and leave the use of the slap-stick to the League.

The Housing (Rural Workers) Bill enables certain local authorities to contribute two-thirds of the cost of reconditioning agricultural labourers' cottages (the landlord finding the other third) and ensures the use of the reconditioned cottage to some person of the status of an agricultural worker for the ensuing twenty years. One might have expected the Labour Party to receive such a measure with shrieks of satisfaction, but—so strange a thing is the party spirit—they could see nothing in the measure that was good. It was spending public money to improve private property. Mr. JACK JONES said it was subsidizing the landlord to enable him to hold his tenant in thrall. Better that the agricultural labourer should live in a tumbled-down hovel than that he should occupy a nice cottage—and think kindly of the "dhirty" landlord!

The Bill was read a second time, and the House bent its energies to the customary task of gathering up the loose ends of the legislative coil and bringing a useful but not too exhilarating session to an end.

Wednesday, August 4th.—The Lords spent a breezy three-quarters-of-an-hour helping the Royal Commission to signify the Royal Assent to fifty-six Acts of Parliament. In the Commons Mr. DAY of Southwark, who is frequently mistaken for *Peter Pan*, wanted to know what was being done about the plague of caterpillars that was ravaging our parks, and Captain HACKING drew a touching picture of the FIRST COMMISSIONER of WORKS waging, with every resource at his command, from boots to Bordeaux-mixture, the long unequal fight against the beasts that are practically imperishable.



"*Do* LET ME SEE YOUR ENGAGEMENT-RING."
"SORRY. I 'VE JUST RETURNED IT TO BILLIE; BUT IF YOUR 'RE REALLY KEEN I CAN EASILY MAKE IT UP AGAIN."

The PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY having moved "that the House, on rising, do adjourn until November 9th," Mr. BATEY moved as an amendment to substitute August 17th. The country, he said, was going to the dogs, leaving the House to infer that this was no time for sporting Members to be going to the country or the dogs either. He thought they should hang around so that the PRIME MINISTER could be asked what about it when the miners accepted the bishops' proposals. Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, for the Government, declared that the House would in any case have to foregather a couple of times before the Autumn Session if the mining dispute continued, that it needed a holiday, and in the public interest, which called for a maximum of legislative efficiency, ought to have a good one.

On the motion to adjourn, attention was called to the usual *mélange* of outstanding ills, to the numbers of persons ruled out of unemployment benefit, to the parlous state of the shipbuilding industry, to the coal-mining dispute and to Anglo-American relations. The hope that these relations might continue to be of the friendliest was expressed on all sides of the House. Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN declared that Britain neither grumbled at nor repented the debt-funding agreement entered into with the United States, but they must not expect us to say that it was in our opinion the best solution that could have been arrived at. The brief debate on the mining dispute called forth diverse expressions of hope that there would soon be a settlement. Mr. HOPKINSON expressed optimism on the ground that the strike was twenty-four hours nearer its termination than it was the day before, and was called a callous brute for his pains. More "noisy interruptions" occurred when Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND was replying for the Government, and with this last final exhibition of its new manners the House arose and went its holiday way.

"GIRLS READY TO WEAR CLOTHING."
Notice over counter in General Store.

We doubt it.

"Lost Pers. Cat; wh fnt. dk sbl bk."
Manchester Paper.

So many of them make noises like that.

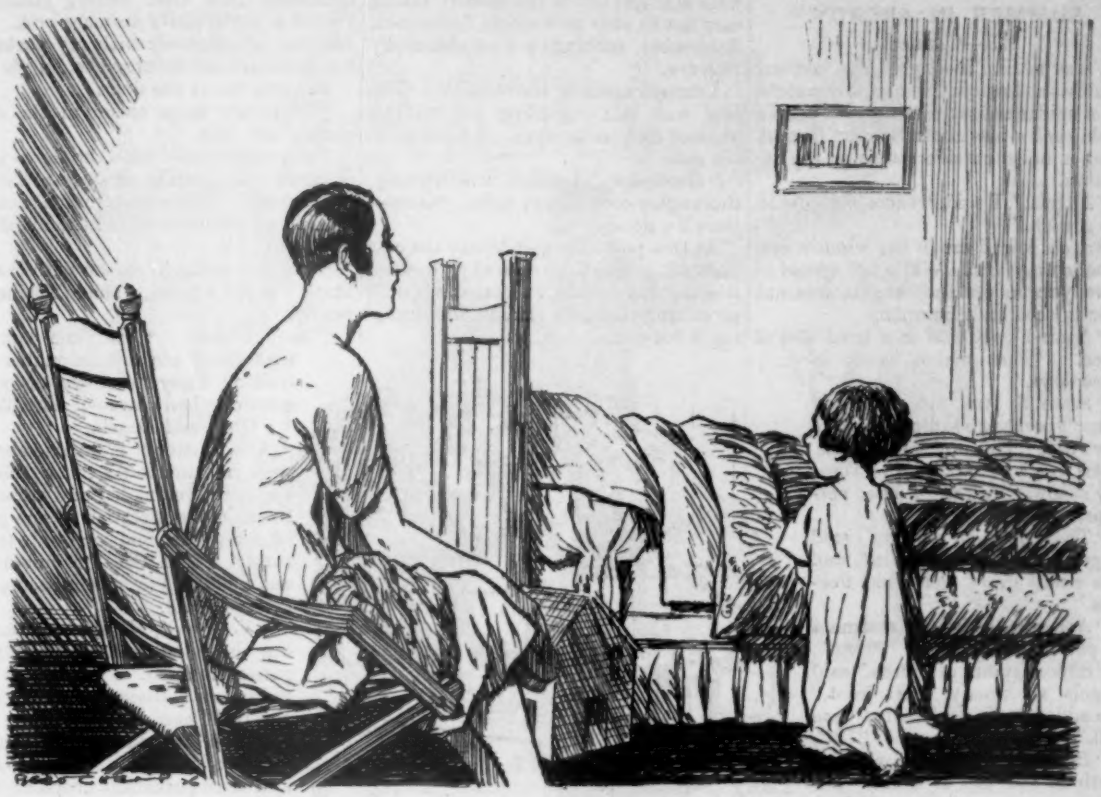
"Driver, mail car, wanted; preference given trombone player for jazz orchestra."
Colonial Paper.

Hoots, toots!

In praise of the cinema:—

"Anything that will command the attention of 25,000,000 people every week must be alive; it has its place. It is making millions happier every week."—*Tasmanian Paper.*

It certainly extends their knowledge of geography.



"DON'T MUMBLE YOUR PRAYERS, HELEN. I CAN'T HEAR A WORD YOU SAY!"
"I WASN'T SPEAKING TO YOU, MOTHER!"

SHE-SHANTIES.

"IT'S A SHAME!"

HE 's knocking me about,
Mrs. Flame;
He spends his evenings out,
It's a shame!
He 's drinking like a fish,
And now and then I wish
He weren't so liverish—
It's a shame!

I 'm feeling very queer,
Mrs. Flame;
Pains in the back, my dear—
It's a shame!
I often sit and think
I might be in the pink
If it wasn't for the drink—
It's a shame!

They say that dogged wins,
Mrs. Flame;
My girl 's expecting twins—
It's a shame!
She don't take no advice,
Well, twins is very nice,
But must she have them twice?
It's a shame!

This Government 's no soul,
Mrs. Flame;
They 've took me off the dole—
It's a shame!
I've got a job, it 's true,
But what 's it got to do
With BALDWIN if I've *two*?
It's a shame!

I very much regrets,
Mrs. Flame,
They mean to tax the bets—
It's a shame!
Well, if we have to pay
For losing every day,
Where 's Magner Carter—eh?
It's a shame!

To-day I backed a horse,
Mrs. Flame;
Disqualified, of course—
It's a shame!
But, as I said to Fred,
"I back a horse," I said,
"And it 's as good as dead"—
It's a shame!

This Government 's no good,
Mrs. Flame;
They talk of Brotherhood—
It's a shame!
There 's camels in the Zoo
Is better fed than you;
But what does WINSTON do?
It's a shame!

Oh, well, I always say,
Mrs. Flame,
We 've got to die some day—
It's a shame!
We 'll have another—see?
No, dearie, this is me.
What? Closing? Sure to be!
It's a shame! A. P. H.

One Man's Meat Another Man's Poison.

"I see in the local press that there is to be a house to house collection and other attractions."—*Daily Paper.*

"Captain Girier, the hero of the recent long distance flight from Paris to Omsk, arrised in Moscow yesterday. He as telegraphed that e will leave there this morning, and opes to be in Paris this evening."—*Evening Paper.*

E is a ver' brave man ze Capitaine.

"METROPOLITAN POLICE.—Found during July, Sphygmomanometer."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

P.C. Henry. "What 's that you have found, William?"

P.C. William. "Only another of these here blinking sphygmomanometers."

P.C. Henry. "Ah!"

SUMMER IN ARCADY.

III.—CALLERS.

I WAS sitting in one of the latticed windows at Arcadia Cottage, idly watching a spider and wondering why people made such a fuss about ROBERT BRUCE, when a noise outside attracted my attention.

"Angela," I said, "there's a cow in the garden."

Angela joined me in the window and clutched my arm. While not *afraid* of cows, you understand, Angela does not exactly seek their company.

"Again!" she said in a tired sort of voice. "That makes seven in three days."

"Seven? Are you sure you haven't perhaps counted the same cow twice? This one, for instance, looks to me very like—er—Tuesday's cow. A return date, perhaps."

"That doesn't matter," said Angela; "it's another visit, and you count every visit—like doctors."

"And what course of treatment do you prescribe?"

"Shoosh it out, of course," said Angela valorously. "At least," she added more pacifically, "*you* will."

"But, my dear child, what on earth is the use of that? The gate won't stay shut, and there are eleven gaps in the fence as well."

"Then you must mend them," said Angela decisively. "We can't have the estate simply overrun by cows and horses and—er—all sorts of animals," vaguely suggesting the possibility of anything from elephants to dromedaries. "This one's eaten a row of lettuces and half the nasturtiums already."

"Fond of salad perhaps."

"Well, go on," said Angela; "shoosh it."

"One moment," I said; "before we proceed to extreme measures—that is, shooshing—let us try what persuasion will do."

I tapped loudly on the window.

"Hi! You!"

The cow looked up languidly.

"Good cow," I shouted soothingly. "*Good* old cow, then."

The cow stared as though unable to believe its ears; I imagine no one can ever have spoken to it like that before.

"There you are," I said triumphantly, turning again to Angela. "You see what kindness does. In another moment that cow will feel thoroughly ashamed of itself and will turn and walk straight out of the garden, taking care not to step on a single flower-bed. Remember, nothing is ever gained by violence."

I turned again to the window. The cow was still regarding me with a puzzled look in its eyes. I pointed to the gate.

"*Good* cow," I called in a friendly, thoroughly conciliatory tone. "Gate—*there's* a good cow."

At this point I regret to say the cow sneered, glanced at the sky, decided it was going to rain, and sat down on a promising clump of gladioli, discouraging it for ever.



"I WAS NEVER INTENDED BY NATURE FOR A TOREADOR."

We are all of us human, and I admit that this roused me. I had tried conciliation and it had failed; it was time for more drastic action. Besides, Angela was sniggering.

"Very well," I said sternly. "If you refuse voluntarily to go and stand knee-deep in lush grass, where, according to all the accepted canons of æsthetics, you belong, you shall be made to," and, seizing a stout stick, I sallied forth to the attack.

I was never intended by nature for a toreador. It was an exhausting business, in which the flower-beds suffered considerably more than the cow. But in the end superior intelligence triumphed and I shut the gate with a sigh of relief. It opened again at once.

But I was not to be thwarted by an inanimate gate after having circumvented a particularly animate cow. I tied the gate securely with my pocket-handkerchief and returned to Angela.

She met me at the door.

"There are three sheep in the orchard," she said.

I was still exalted with the fierce joy of battle and I turned at once towards the orchard. There is nothing like continuing an offensive whilst the blood is up.

"Are you going to reason with them first?" asked Angela, a shade too innocently.

"No," I said. "Everyone knows that sheep are not amenable to reason. They are a lower order of creation than cows—if possible."

"Oh," said Angela.

As a matter of fact these sheep were not amenable to anything. I cajoled, persuaded and worried them in the direction of one gap after another, and each time they turned off at the last moment and huddled against the securely-fastened gate.

"Very well," I said, and, untying the handkerchief, I set the gate wide open. I am kindly by nature and will accommodate even sheep if I can.

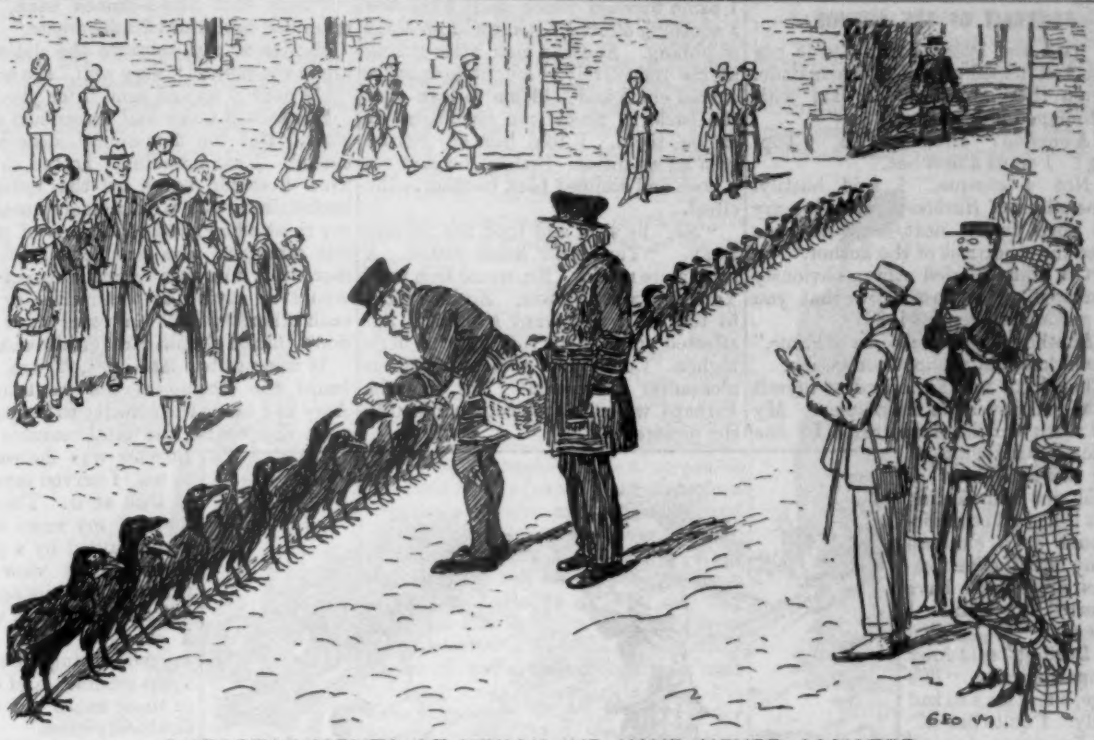
But in the meantime the sheep had strolled quietly through a gap and were peacefully cropping the grass by the roadside.

"Look out!" called Angela from the window, where she sat enthroned like a Queen of Beauty watching a tourney.

I reached the gate again just in time to wring a piercing squeal from an itinerant pig by slamming it upon its tail. But unfortunately both the squeal and the pig were inside the garden.

A pig doesn't *look* the most agile of all four-footed things, but I think it extremely probable that it is. In addition it is possessed of a vast store of low cunning; you have only to look at its eyes to realise that. This particular pig (one of the original Gadarene swine and possessed of a devil) appeared to have no dearer object in life than to make of me a local laughing-stock. As far as Angela is concerned it succeeded.

Nothing seemed to please it. It would respond neither to endearments (and there are times when it is hard, *very* hard, to speak kindly to a pig) nor to curses. It seemed to be leading me on, and to be enjoying it. Time and again I was on the point of victory, and then with a wicked leer and a peculiarly offensive flick of its tail it eluded me. I have never been a cowboy, but that



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

FEEDING THE RAVENS AT THE TOWER.

afternoon I developed such skill with a lasso that it moved even Angela to admiration.

In the end brains again told. I got rid of it at last by laying a tempting trail of acorns to the gate, calmly sacrificing what might one day have been a noble avenue of oak-trees. It is only born strategists, as I pointed out to Angela, who can take these terrible decisions without flinching.

Angela and I like company, but there are limits to our hospitality. That pig has worn out its welcome in one visit, and there have been others. Angela called at the neighbouring farm on our first morning, and her call was returned the same afternoon by a dog and half-a-dozen hens. Cats abound, and I was visited in bed last night by an undoubted earwig and two spiders.

I shall have to mend those gaps. This may not have much effect upon the spiders, but it should keep some of the larger local fauna at a distance. Otherwise we look like being crowded out of Arcadia Cottage before we are properly settled in.

And I don't mind spiders much. Compared with that pig I can feel almost affectionate towards them; they are a very peaceful folk on the whole.

L. DU G.

TOPE *v.* TARPON.

[Eight members of the London Tope Fishers' Club (now three hundred strong) are, according to Captain E. E. YEATS, the secretary, meditating a cruise off the southern coasts in the hope of catching larger specimens of this ferocious and shark-like fish than have yet been secured. Mr. BULL, of Battle, Sussex, has caught them up to forty pounds, but it is thought that ten or twenty miles out topes may be hooked of a size approximating to that of the tarpon.]

UNTIL very recently the toper
Was considered by judicious folk
Not so detrimental as the doper,
But a rather sorry sort of bloke;
Now the term takes on a connotation
Pleasing both to Puritan and Pope
From the piscatorial recreation
Followed by the hunters of the tope.

Let the modern sons of WALTON harp on
Dry fly-fishing as the best of sports;
Let our millionaires pursue the tarpon
In that monster's Floridan resorts;
Let them fly for pastime to Seattle
Or to Nicaragua elope,
I prefer, with Mr. BULL, of Battle,
Off our southern coasts to fish for tope.

Charity is not the only virtue
Which begins at home, and when you know
Topes are near you and prepared to hurt you
You should be the first to strike a blow;
For, when hooked, he fights and struggles madly;
Even when you've caught him he will ope
Formidable jaws and bite you badly,
Will the angry and ferocious tope.

Hitherto no specimen 's been landed
Of a weight exceeding forty pounds,
But the Club, in numbers much expanded,
Pushing further south its fishing-grounds,
Far beyond the three-mile mark, is scheming
Plans of ample and heroic scope,
Likely to outstrip their wildest dreaming
By the capture of a super-tope.

I, although I've not the least intention
Of embarking on this perilous quest,
Gladly make most honourable mention
Of the heroes of this latest test,
Who, with courage worthy of Crusaders,
Sally forth, resolved to close and cope
With the fiercest of our deep-sea raiders,
With the savage and tremendous tope.

"Thousands of pheasants flocked to the railroad tracks to watch the royal steam engine whiz by."—*Canadian Paper.*

That is in Roumania. In England they take no notice at all.

PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

I LAID the letter down beside my plate and helped myself to marmalade. "From the publishers," I said with well-feigned indifference.

"A cheque?" cried my wife. "Topping! I want a new hat."

"Not a cheque," I said hastily. "The editor of *Burbles* is reviewing my last novel in his next issue and has asked for a portrait of the author."

"Oh, Jim!" cried Amy, obviously impressed. "It does show that you are getting on, doesn't it?"

"Another rung of the ladder of Fame," I remarked, but without conviction.

Then I got up and looked at myself in the glass over the mantelpiece. My last work had been described by one reviewer as a graceful and delicate idyll. I could not help feeling that if he had been distracted by a close-up of my nose those adjectives might not have occurred to him. I said so.

"Darling," said Amy sympathetically, "it's large, but it isn't so bad really. I quite like it."

"You are used to it," I said gloomily; "the public is not."

"A first-class photographer ought to be able to do something with it," said Amy. "There's that place in the High Street that Gwen went to. They made her look almost pretty."

"It's no use," I said, seizing at a straw. "There wouldn't be time. *Burbles* must have it by Friday. They will be going to press——"

"They could get one print finished for you," decided Amy. "I shall ring them up and make an appointment for this morning."

I consented weakly and wrote to the Editor informing him that a photograph of me would reach him by Thursday.

I was received at the studio by a shingled young lady with a reassuring smile who passed me on to her male colleagues. I had cycled into the town. The way was not long but the wind was cold and the minstrel was not looking his best. That nose of mine (I am sorry to have to allude to it again) is, in the words of another poet, an ever-fixed mark. It is not really more prominent in chilly weather, but undoubtedly it appears so. The operator who lurked behind the camera did something to the lens of his machine as I came forward which must have had a soothing effect for it showed no signs of jibbing. Another man, after gazing at me reflectively, brought forward a carved chair and told me to lean over the back. I never lean on chairs. I sit on them. I told him so, but he paid no attention. Instead, he gave me a book and stepped back to observe the effect.

"No," he said, and took the volume away. "Turn your head, please. A little more round. No, round this way. Your chin a little lower. An inch more to the left. We want a natural unaffected pose. Look this way. A little higher. Could you manage a rather pleasanter expression? Not so wide. Perhaps we could get your hands into the picture."



Small Boy (to Golfer who has gone badly off the line). "THERE 'S A PROPER GOLF-COURSE OVER THERE, SIR."

"Shall I cover my face with them?" I suggested hopefully.

He ignored this witticism as ill-timed. "We like to get something that reveals character," he said. "You are a writer. Do this."

He showed me what he wanted. Obediently I gripped my right elbow with my left hand, at the same time poking my right jaw with my right forefinger. It was not so difficult as it sounds and, for all I know, this attitude may be conducive to the production of best sellers.

The photographer seemed satisfied, for he said, "Quite still, please," and something clicked.

The print he had promised to finish duly arrived on Wednesday morning. There had been no time to send a proof. I called Amy into the study to see it. I may say it amply fulfilled my worst expectations.

"Are you going to send it?" she inquired faintly after a lengthy pause.

"They cost half-a-guinea each," I reminded her, "and I hate waste."

Rather to my surprise she did not argue the point. "Very well," she said. "I'll pack it up and send it for you."

She took it away and I resumed my work. But the flow of my ideas had ceased. I sat brooding. In ten days' time I should be on all the railway bookstalls in the U.K. inanely nursing my right elbow, and thousands of perfect strangers who had been hitherto mercifully unaware of my appearance would be saying to themselves or to each other, "What an awful man! I don't think I should care for his books."

It was not too late—yes, it was. I heard the closing of the front-door. Amy had taken the atrocity to the post.

In due course the fatal number of *Burbles* was delivered to us. I nerved myself to look at it. The review of my novel was accompanied by a picture, a back view of three bathers sitting on a floating raft. It was a snapshot taken by my wife during the previous summer, and one of those backs was undoubtedly mine.

Amy was looking over my shoulder. "I just thought—you don't mind?" she said.

"Mind!" Words failed me. "Amy, you are an angel of—tact——"

"They didn't do you justice," she explained as she kissed the top of my head. "I like you," she added.

Things that Might have been Expressed More Gracefully.

"Those who have not heard the Duchess speak are always captivated by the beauty of her voice."—*Scots Paper.*

"EARTHQUAKE IN CHANNEL ISLANDS. MIDDLESEX AND ESSEX COLLAPSE."
Newspaper Poster.

These catchpenny sensationalists!

"Sir Frederick Hobbs wrote something on a piece of paper, beckoned a policeman, and pointed to the coroner, all with the same podgy finger."—*Feuilleton.*

And an inky one at that.

"The married men had the best of the play on the first innings and led by one run. The single men, however, improved in the second innings, and won by 10 runs. The married men were unlucky in losing Mr. —— in the grass."—*Provincial Paper.*

We hope they broke it gently to the grass-widow.

AT THE PLAY.

"NONE BUT THE BRAVE . . ." (GARRICK).

FARCICAL melodrama has great possibilities as a coarse art-form if handled with discretion. Messrs. BERNARD MERIVALE and BRANDON FLEMING have



A COCK-AND-BULL STORY.
Lord Tankerdown . . MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT.

certainly achieved a laughter-moving version of the old theme of the coward turned hero. Their invention sustains them throughout; their discretion perhaps occasionally deserts them.

It would seem that the late Lord Tankerdown, "Hell-Fire Jack," had been the devil of a fellow: a mighty hunter of big game and little women —NIMROD, ODYSSEUS, *Don Juan* all in one bluff nobleman without fear, if by no means without reproach. And had he not once in the Rockies wounded and then strangled with his own hands the bear that now sits on stuffed haunches in "a room in Tankerdown House in Whitefriars"? And the bull whose head glares from the walls had been playing pitch and toss with picador and matador when the late lamented baron leapt lightly into the ring and neatly despatched him with his sword-stick. These two trophies are reverenced with superstitious awe by the family as summarising the Tankerdown tradition.

The new peer, a vegetarian, a total abstainer, the faithful and honourable lover of one pretty dancer, a studious reader of SHAKESPEARE's plays, has to beg *Broody*, his late uncle's butler, a Battersea pugilist, to remove a spider from his bedroom and set it in the sun. So that when the *Tankerdown* clan gathers to put its foot down on the projected marriage with *Bluebell Ayres* it naturally considers that it has an easy job.

It so fell out, however, that *Bluebell's* dancing partner, *Paravento*, an impetuous foreign person, driven by the god of jealousy, comes to demand *Bluebell* with menaces. Fortified with a full half-pint of brandy proffered by the solicitous *Broody*, his lordship smites the dago shrewdly with the butt-end of an elephant-gun. The body, thought to be a corpse, is removed by the faithfully unscrupulous *Blowers*, captain of his yacht, and carried out to sea to be there disposed of. The assembled *Tankerdowns* are appalled, but the head of the family is impenitent. He is as good any day as "Hell-Fire Jack," who never got as far as murder. The effect of the brandy wears off, but a chop at breakfast next morning sustains and completes the metamorphosis. They want to bully him? Let them try! They think a lot of the bull's head and the strangled bear? He will use the one as an ash-tray; on the other, made into a hearth-rug, he will wipe his boots.

The playgoer has only to be informed that *Paravento* turns out to be a prince and that the Malatesti of the Red Hand are in pursuit of him to realise that the mixture is a promising one.



THE RESURRECTION OF A PRINCE—SLIGHTLY SOILED
Colonel Melito . . . . . MR. IVAN BERLYN.
Prince Paravento . . . . . MR. GEORGE DE WARFAZ.

As a matter of plain fact the authors do contrive to extract a great deal of honest fun out of their grotesquely fantastic situation. They point many of their lines with a pretty wit. They are resourceful in invention and they have a distinct sense of character, and they



STOUT AND BITTER.
Sir George Tankerdown . . . . . MR. COLIN JOHNSTON.
Major Knapshott . . MR. LENNOX PAWLE.

have produced an extravaganza that ought to keep the town laughing for some time. But they have not completely resisted a common temptation. They don't always know where to stop. As you can tear a passion to tatters you can, even in farce, easily blunt the point of a joke if you dig it into your audience—an audience of people come presumably to years of discretion—with too much insistence. It was amusing enough to see the chop-fed hero routing his kinsmen and, whip in hand, putting them through various diverting antics. But I think, for instance, that the force of the joke of seeing portly *Sir George Tankerdown* on sentry-go in a Peninsular War shako was not doubled but halved by changing it for a flat Glengarry or whatever it was. Again the joke of the persistently mispronounced surname has had its day, even if Mr. SHAW can be quoted in support of it. I would seriously beg the authors

(or the producer and the players if, as is always possible, they are partly responsible) to go over the Second Act and do a little conscientious pruning. You know what a bore the fellow is in private life who will insist on your swallowing the last dregs of his pleasantries. The effect is identical on the stage. I would also suggest that when *Lord Tankerdown's* heroic spasm is passing and he is simmering down into the mild little man fit to go off on his honeymoon with the charming *Bluebell*, he should not take his self-questionings quite so seriously. I think this mistake is partly the authors' and partly Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT'S. This farcical melodrama is in the main so well done that it seems worth some revision to make it fit its frame a little better.

Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT was genuinely diverting and resourceful in a well-planned and varied part such as gives a first-rate comedian every chance of scoring, and the authors deserve as much credit for the creation as Mr. WRIGHT for the interpretation. Mr. HENRY WENMAN, whose face is so often his fortune, gave us a genuinely diverting grotesque in the pugilist butler. Mr. COLIN JOHNSTON'S *Sir George* had the right air of well-bred imbecility, and Mr. LENNOX PAWLE invested his *Major Knapshott* with the cold fishy eye appropriate to that heavy-drinking and over-gallant character, and snapped out his many excellent and highly-flavoured lines with a fine relish. Mr. GEORGE DE WARFAZ was amusing as the unfortunate *Paravento*, both when inflated with fury and deflated with his long bout of relatively undeserved suffering. Mr. IVAN BERLYN'S *Colonel Melito* was appropriately flamboyant (though I think he might tone down his make-up), and Mr. EUGENE LEAHY'S *Captain Blowers* had the authentic air of the seafaring desperado of farce.

The ladies of the company had less of the fun. Miss MARY MAYFREN as the *Hon. Honoria* had one of those over-exaggerated parts which make it difficult for an actress to show her true discretion. Miss EVE GRAY as *Bluebell* and Miss LEILA LANGLEY as *Miss Clementina Pearce*, did all that was required of them, which naturally wasn't much in the peculiar circumstances. My neighbour laughed over the play and over me so heartily that, while sharing his appreciation, I had to make a tactical movement to a less exposed position. But the authors would have simply loved him. T.

"Young Married Couple wish situation as caretakers; work hand in hand; reference given."—*Scotch Paper.*

The little love-birds!

HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

WHELKS and cocoa-nuts,
Paper-bags,
Sunburnt gipsies
And tied-up nags;
Thousands of people
In every part,
But never a donah
Nor a donkey-cart.

Greens and yellows
And greys and duns,
Raspberry-vinegar,
Oranges, buns—
But nobody dancing
In the full sunlight,
No concertina,
Nobody tight.

Georgette dresses
And trilby hats,
Wiggle on woggles
And slide on mats—
But where are the feathers
And caps of youth,
And "Lumme, Eliza!"
And "Garn!" and "Strewth!"?

Endless roundabouts,
Ceaseless swings,
Shies for trinkets
With balls and rings—
But no mouth-organs
Nor pigs with squeaks,
And never a tiddler
For powdered cheeks.

Seven-and-seventy
Various dins
And a hundred thousand
Banana-skins—
But where are the pearlies?
Falls no tear
For the costermongers
Of yesteryear? EVOE.

A PLEA FOR OUR INVADERS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have been reading a good deal lately in the papers about the manners and customs of our American summer visitors. As, for example, of American ladies who suffer from what may be called a dietetic nostalgia owing to the absence of an all-American restaurant in London.

Then I have heard on very good authority of the tragic experiences of an American millionaire who recently arrived at a small West-country town famous for its historic minster. He came with his family and a valet in two speedy and sumptuously-equipped cars and took up his quarters in a hotel which had been a Tudor mansion dating from the 16th century, and in the maintenance of which, with the least possible alteration of its structure and furniture, the proprietor took a patriotic and artistic pride. This attitude however could not be completely reconciled with a due regard for the provision of the latest amenities of modern luxury.

The weather was fine but cool, and the august stranger was distressed to find that there was no central-heating in the Tudor mansion. Could he have a fire? Certainly, was the answer. How much would it cost? The landlord replied that it would be two shillings. This seemed to the visitor to be extravagant, but he acquiesced. The fire was lit, but as it was kept going till 2 A.M. further supplies were necessary, and when the bill was presented next morning the charge was advanced by an extra eighteenpence. This provoked a veritable explosion on the part of the indignant plutocrat. He paid the "demned total," but not until he had liberated his soul on the scandalous extortion with such a wealth of invective that the proprietor expressed to my informant his fervent desire that he might never see an American in his hotel again.

It is easy to generalise from such incidents, but, to judge from my own experiences, I think it would be most unfair. On a holiday spent at a popular resort I have seen a good many Americans, and found them friendly and considerate if not altogether uncritical of our old-fashioned ways. They seldom stay for more than a couple of days, and being notoriously dyspeptic they apparently find it somewhat difficult to accommodate themselves to our diet. In this they are not altogether unlike the *Civis Britannicus* on his travels on the Continent, when he finds it a trial to dispense with bacon and eggs and marmalade for breakfast.

But, as I say, I have not encountered any unpleasing specimens. Within the last week I have had much pleasant talk with a cheerful gentleman who in the space of three weeks had played golf on exactly twenty-one different courses in Scotland, England and Wales, and had enjoyed himself prodigiously.

No, Mr. Punch, apart from the exacting eccentricities of a few individuals, I do not think that the spirit of WASHINGTON IRVING is dead. And so, as one with many generous and hospitable American friends, as one who was brought up on ARTEMUS WARD and remembers the inimitable JOSEPH JEFFERSON, who paid in a memorable phrase the most charming compliment ever uttered to the compact beauties of the English landscape, I beg to offer a plea in protest against the hasty and wholesale condemnation of these summer birds of passage, whose worst fault is that they have not all acquired the art of growing rich gracefully.

Yours faithfully,
VIGILANS SED ÆQUUS.



COUNTY SONGS.

XV.—THE TWO ROSES.

THE Yorkists and Lancastrians
Put up a bitter fight;
To shield their roses how they bled!—
The fierce Lancastrian rose of red,
The Yorkist rose of white.

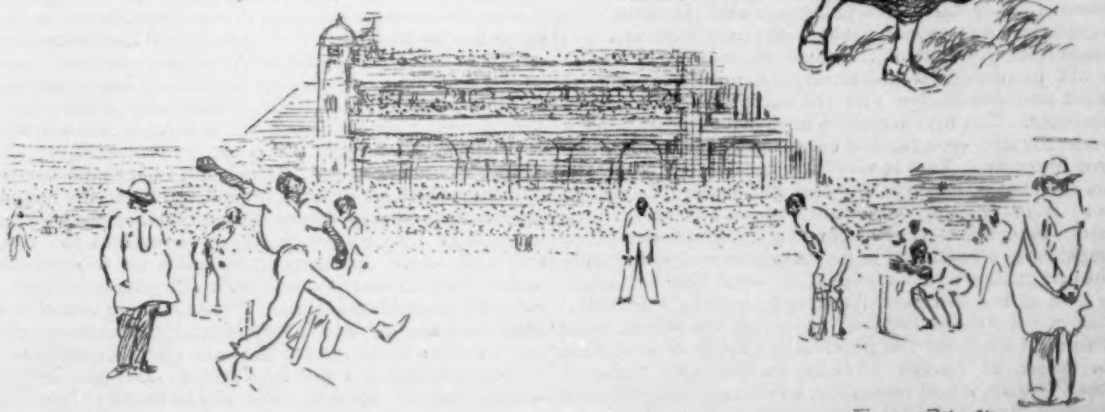
Beneath their fratricidal blows
Our little England reeled;
Nor was there happiness again
Till Yorkist CROOKBACKED DICK was slain
That day at Bosworth Field.

The Roses' rivalry persists,
As witness WISDEN'S tomes;
But MAKEPEACE rules where once was strife,
And lo! in this their friendlier life,
In place of ruins, HOLMES!

E. V. L.









Tragedian (discovering his charlady with the whisky). "GO TO, MADAM, AND NEVER AGAIN WHITEN MY DOORSTEP!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

No one suffers more from the caprice of his betters than the English cottager. They let his cottage drop to pieces, they educate his dialect out of existence, they assist complacently at the death-bed of his industries, and when most of these national treasures are broken beyond recognition a few enlightened spirits set to work to put them together again. Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN—more power to his elbow!—proposes to repair the cottages, and devoted enthusiasts all over the country are painfully persuading village children to sing their own folk-songs and ply their own handicrafts. So ironically enough you have three strata of cottage history visible at the same time—a few traces of the old pre-industrial prosperity, the prevalent signs of neglect and destruction and the earliest symptoms of a renascence. The first deposit is obviously of great importance to the last—you can still ensure continuity of tradition if you hurry up. That is why a record like the Somersetshire sketches collected in *They'm Tellin' Me* (MILLS AND BOON) is of practical importance as well as of intrinsic charm. It preserves the aspect and attitude of the cottager, it constitutes a challenge to his detractors and it furnishes light and guidance to his friends. Viewed from this angle, the gem of the Reverend ALFRED PERCIVALL'S delightful series is "A Village Debate," in which the village itself delivers its mind on the purview and limits of education. The speech of *Farmer Graham* on the text, "Manure thyself"—also, if you remember, a favourite with GEORGE HERBERT—is an excellent if not wholly disinterested statement of the rural case. And not one of the remaining ten comedies, tragedies and tragi-comedies of country life but shows a true and delicate appreciation of country character, scene and idiom.

The Dancing Floor (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is what TRELAWNY somewhere calls "a yarn of presentiment"—and a very good yarn too. Told by a distinguised Parliamentary lawyer, *Sir Edward Leithen*, it relates the symbolic nightmare that overshadows the childhood and youth of *Vernon Milburne*, baronet, classical scholar, first Oxford string for the 'Varsity mile and hereditary Calvinist—an unusual and significant make of hero. Every year some strange doom (nature unknown) is indicated in a recurrent dream as drawing nearer to *Milburne;* and when he and *Leithen* meet in a congenial house-party after the War the thing is so to speak on the door-step. Impinging apparently haphazard upon this interest you have *Leithen's* absorption in the affairs of *Koré Arabin*, English heiress of the barbarous Greek island of Plakos; or rather the crude and overbearing *Miss Arabin's* insistence that *Leithen* shall be sucked willy-nilly into the maelstrom of her tiresome and terrifying fortunes. Adventurous energy drives the story along *manu magna* when *Miss Arabin's* family history is revealed to *Leithen*, and both he and *Milburne* arrive unknown to each other, under different auspices and with different intentions, on different parts of the island. What strange cult of exotic gods has been revived under the horror and confusion of the late *Arabin's* Sadic rule, to the subsequent undoing of his innocent daughter, I will leave you to discover; only promising that Mr. JOHN BUCHAN will be found to have made circumspect and ingenious play with ancient manuscripts and modern aberrations to the most thrilling of ends. His

story's conclusion has an aptness and grace which amply vindicate his own notion of romance—"as if fate had suddenly turned artist." And he has overcome a self-imposed handicap in rendering the unkindled nobility of *Milburne* and the flagrant intrepidity of *Koré* equally picturesque and attractive.

River Thames from Source to Mouth—
Why, the very name 's inviting,
Just the book for days of drouth;
F. V. MORLEY does the writing,
While its admirably serving
Pictures are by LAURENCE IRVING.

Guide *de luxe* to Father Thames—
Father Thames whom all should know
—it 's
Packed with history, crammed with
gems
From the authors and the poets,
Plus some personal narration
(METHUEN's do the publication).

Silverly the pages run;
So the next time you 're a giver
Of a book to anyone—
Anyone who loves our river—
Here 's the book, it 's not alarming
As to cost, and it is charming.

A hero who dies in the opening chapter of a novel is a novel hero indeed. That is what happens in Mr. ALAN SULLIVAN's really remarkable book, *The Days of Their Youth* (HURST AND BLACKETT). But perhaps it is not fair to call *Paul Rennet* the hero. He simply dies, and from the spirit world looks down while his widow and children carry on. Being nice normal people, everything goes well with all of them, but not, *Paul Rennet* observes, at all in the way it would have done had he stayed on earth to take a hand in the family affairs. This discovery—that his importance in the family circle when alive was quite out of proportion to his character and intelligence, and that they are all much the better for his untimely decease—does not trouble him. In the spirit world to which he has departed, preparatory to being born again, they do not worry, and after a while they even cease to see what is going on among the living. The ego which they carry with them across the Styx gradually fades away. *Paul Rennet* follows the careers of his wife and children until the end of the story—he is, in fact, a sort of ghostly reader of the novel—and it is, as might be expected, in the delineation of the reasonably commonplace but astonishingly real characters of the living, rather than in the mental processes, if one may so call them, of the deceased, that the merit of the book lies. Mr. SULLIVAN is a Canadian, and he has the gift, happily possessed by so many American novelists, of adding the little commonplace touches that make the artist's lay figure come vividly to life. All the *Rennets* are very much alive (except the deceased *Paul*), and one parts from them, as from charming but casually met acquaintances, with real regret.

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MANNERS AND MODES.



IN TIMES GONE BY THE INTEREST USED TO CENTRE ROUND A WOMAN'S FACE.



NOW THEY HIDE THEIR FACES.



AND SOON THE INTEREST WILL BE ENTIRELY AT THE OTHER END.



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stretched the long and bitter history of the Southern Slav Question. In retelling this history as a prelude to the tragedy, Professor SETON-WATSON shows that, like the Franco-German, the Austro-Serb rivalry "was one of the most burning of pre-war problems." Of the murder and the bizarre funeral which followed there is a dramatic account; but the greater drama was to come. Austro-Hungarian official complicity in the murder is rejected by the author as "fantastic." Yet the occasion furnished by the murder, if not the murder itself, was welcomed by many Austrians—Count BERCHTOLD, the Foreign Minister, amongst them—as affording the long-desired pretext for settling the Southern Slav Question in Austria's interests. Indeed BERCHTOLD, who has hitherto been regarded as being more fool than knave, is here shown very conclusively to have been all knave. Seizing the happy pretext, BERCHTOLD precipitated a European War, the only men in the Empire with sufficient sanity left to oppose him being TISZA and the old EMPEROR. And to induce the EMPEROR to consent to a declaration of war BERCHTOLD stooped to the "crowning infamy" of lying to him about an "attack" by Serbian troops. I congratulate Professor SETON-WATSON on the scrupulous and welcome impartiality with which he has treated a notoriously controversial subject.

Our Classical Professors are becoming distinctly more vocal than they were in the staid and dignified past. General Literature is no longer beneath their prehensile grasp; whereas in the old days they were expected to stick to their job of teaching Latin or Greek and, if publication were really essential to their happiness, to edit revised texts with scholarly emendations. Here for example we have Mr. GILBERT NORWOOD, a Professor of Greek at Cardiff University, bringing out a curiously assorted work called *The Wooden Man* (HEINEMANN), made up of three short stories and a varied selection of essays. I have a feeling that the volume would perhaps have been more impressive if it had consisted of essays alone, and if those essays had been more uniform. To my mind the three short stories with which he opens the book are slightly amateurish, though the first, which gives its name to the volume, is a pleasantly robust practical joke. I should conjecture Professor NORWOOD to be a hater of shams, an admirer of knock-about humour, a hearty lecturer who does not treat the Classics purely from the scholastic standpoint. There are some excellent passages in his book. I like best the essay on PETRONIUS, whom he calls "The Earliest European Novelist," and there is a lot of sound sense in "Too Many Books," and of good satire in "Second Class." At any rate Professor NORWOOD is something more than a dry classical scholar. But perhaps all our professors are now; the example of STEPHEN LEACOCK (though Political Economy is his subject) has had its effect.

It is a curious fact that, while the passing of the romance of navigation is being everywhere lamented, that particular form of sea fever in the landsman which finds the fullest satisfaction in the possession of "a boat of his own" seems in these days to be rather on the increase than otherwise, largely no doubt owing to the invention of the internal combustion engine, which has solved for the amateur so many of the problems of seamanship. Mr. S. CLOUGH, whose book, *Cruises and Curses* (SELWYN AND BLOUNT), records in ingenuous and amusing fashion the adventures and misadventures (chiefly the latter) of a converted ship's lifeboat, the *Nancy*, does not as yet belong to that select brotherhood which finds its delight in going a-circumnavigating in cockboats. But the difference is one of degree only, and it is possible for an enthusiastic tyro who has negotiated the various bends of the Thames which lie between the Pool and Chapman Light to enter very completely into the feelings of, say, Sir FRANCIS DRAKE when he first sailed the Pacific Ocean. Mr. CLOUGH is, or was, a thorough amateur. The state of his nautical inexperience at the outset may be gauged by the fact that his first proceeding was to get under way without unmooring! But the special Providence which exercises a benevolent supervision over the antics of fools, drunken men and amateur mariners kept a kindly eye on him in this and more serious difficulties, and his book closes with the significant statement that the much-enduring *Nancy* having made her last voyage he is fitting out a new boat with a view to "more extensive cruising." He may make a circumnavigator yet.



Urchin (to camping party). "AIN'T YER BROUGHT NO ROUNDABOUTS, MISTER?"

In *Cornish Silhouettes* Miss C. C. ROGERS showed her intimate knowledge of the Duchy, and, although *Echoes in Cornwall* (LANE) does not in beauty equal her previous volume, it has left me confirmed in the belief that she can be trusted to deal truly and faithfully with this vastly overwritten corner of the world. Many of the sketches are given in dialect; but Miss ROGERS has provided a short glossary, in which such words as "quignogs," "midgety-morrows," "quams" and "jannack" are compelled to disclose their mysteries to "foreigners." These sketches show humour and acute observation of the Cornish people, but I prefer Miss ROGERS when her attention is directed to places rather than to people. "The Secret of Pandora," for instance, is a delightful story of a little hamlet "shut away from the world." Altogether this is a collection in which lovers of Cornwall (whether they have or have not been born on "foreign" soil) will find both amusement and instruction.

I learn from the publishers (COLLINS) that the purpose of *The Professor on Paws* is "not only to hold the reader's interest but to make him laugh out loud." A worthy aim, even if it falls short of its dual object. At *Professor Ridgeley's* death part of his brain was transferred by another *Professor* to a cat, and a female cat at that. You have to picture the combination as feline in outward form, but able to talk and think like a human being. Mr. A. B. Cox makes full play with the ridiculous situations that arise from such a metamorphosis, and I hope that the welkin may ring with the laughter caused by them. For my own part I prefer him when he is not devoting his considerable powers of humour to a subject so essentially farcical.

CHARIVARIA.

IN Battersea there is never the same trouble over the captain as they have in the case of the English team. The Selection Committee there have to put up with him, or else he takes the bat home.

* * *

Regret is felt that the films of Cabinet Ministers at work, which are to be shown during the Recess, do not include a slow-motion picture of Mr. BALDWIN settling the coal strike.

* * *

A *Daily Mail* reader has seen a white snake with pink eyes. *Daily News* readers never see things like that.

* * *

We are told that a famous veteran Australian cricketer is now a dentist. He is said to possess an action that completely deceives the patient and uproots the stumps.

* * *

Dean INGE has accepted the Presidency of the Wigan Education Society. A spirit of almost Continental gaiety pervades this notorious town.

* * *

The importation of firearms into America has been forbidden. This, of course, is quite right, as nothing is more annoying to an American than to be shot at with a foreign revolver.

* * *

Following closely upon Mlle. LENGLEN's change of status comes the news that a well-known domino-player has decided to turn professional.

* * *

A burglar who broke into a house at Finchley was found in possession of a jemmy two feet in length. It is expected that the matter will be taken up as the jemmy was in excess of the regulation length.

* * *

It is stated by a gossip-writer that a large number of international crooks are now in London. This seems to be the first-fruits of that "Come to Britain" campaign.

* * *

According to a Natural History book a bee will not sting you if you remain motionless. But supposing you meet a bee that hasn't read the book?

* * *

It is understood that Sir OLIVER LODGE's prediction that before the British Association meets again at Oxford mankind will have recognised the existence of beings far superior to ourselves has no reference to the inhabitants of Golder's Green.

* * *

ADAM and EVE (Sir OLIVER LODGE assures us that the Genesis account is fundamentally true) had one thing to be thoroughly thankful for—there wasn't anybody just then in a position to be called up at a séance.

* * *

At several motor-parks now there are car-valets. There seems to be less chance than ever of a Ford being a hero.

* * *

A man who accused Mr. RUDOLF VALENTINO of using cosmetics and wearing bangles has declined his challenge to a duel. It is rumoured that, had he accepted, the weapons would have been film cameras at twenty paces.

* * *

Mr. BALDWIN says that he wants a month of watching cricket. Still, if he can only spare a couple of days it might seem like a month.

* * *

The smallest bone in the human body is said to be in the ear, unless, of course, you've been eating kippers.

* * *

Lord ALLENBY says, "I have seen a good deal of fighting in my life, and no man dislikes it more than I do." Mr. DEMPSEY's comment on this is expected later.

* * *

Seven silver coins were found inside a codfish caught in America. Some C.O.D.!

* * *

Sir JAGADIS BOSE's demonstration, before the Physiology Section of the British Association, of the stimulating effect of alcohol on plants was very interesting. You should have see our aspidistra the next morning.

* * *

A gentleman of eighty years has just returned home for the first time in forty years. The police seem to be getting this traffic problem in hand at last.

* * *

The modern merchant of Venice has given up dealing in flesh. He stocks pyjamas instead for the Lido.

* * *

The uproar caused by MUSSOLINI's efforts to standardise women's dress seems to be a lot of fuss about practically nothing.

* * *

Dr. A. C. GUNTHER says that man probably lost his hair when he first started to light fires. It would seem that prehistoric coal was very much like ours.

* * *

A thousand Mexican army officers have been dismissed for over-staying their leave. The trouble was that for quite a long time the revolutionaries had hardly anybody to revolt against.

* * *

Professor JULIAN HUXLEY says that even a worm makes love. When a lady worm rejects a proposal she just turns.

* * *

In a recent cricket match a policeman took three wickets with the first three balls of the match. He received many congratulations on performing the helmet-trick.

* * *

The discovery that goldfish kill mosquitoes has only an academic interest. One so seldom has a goldfish handy when there are mosquitoes about.

* * *

Some of the children taking part in an angling competition at Deal were under five years old. It is very sad.

* * *

There is a revival of optimism in France, if we may believe the report that a Parisian has been arrested for making counterfeit francs.

"Storm, the world's wonder vocalist, will sing in four voices. This lady has a range of 31 octaves."—*Local Paper.*

To save her from fatigue when running up and down her scales there is some talk of fitting her with an escalator.



Brownley-Smith. "THERE'S THAT AWFUL BORE, SMITHLEY-JONES. I'LL STAY UNDER WATER UNTIL HE PASSES BY."

Smithley-Jones. "THERE'S MY OLD FRIEND, BROWNLEY-SMITH. I RECOGNISE HIS COSTUME. I'LL STAY HERE TILL HE COMES UP."

THE BEER CRISIS.

A PROPOSED APPEAL TO AMERICAN SYMPATHY.

["There are unmistakable signs at the present moment that the demand for beer is not the same or not so good as it was this time twelve months ago."—*Sir* COSMO BONSOR *(Chairman) at the Ordinary General Meeting of Messrs. Watney, Combe, Reid & Co.*]

I READ of horrid rumours flying
About the parlous need of coal;
Our trade is on its last bed dying
And all the land is full of dole;
Unless (they say) this dreadful stoppage
Within the next year peters out,
It means the universal poppage
Of chattels up the spout.

Yet I remark no lack of money:
If holiday reports are true,
Our seasides bulge with milk and honey
More than they ever used to do;
I haven't tried to probe the mystery—
I knew I'd get the answer wrong,
But never in our glorious history
Have beanos gone so strong.

The seas are simply black with dippers;
Never were known such "wakes" (in Lancs.);
Our rural ways that reek of trippers
Record a boom in charabancs;
Blackpool defeats the fame of Babel;
At Southend myriads nightly snore
Upon the mat or kitchen-table
Or, failing these, the shore.

I guessed—so warm the revels' pace is—
A catch somewhere and wondered what;
And now Sir COSMO BONSOR places
His finger on the vital spot:
In throwing off his annual statement
He let the painful fact appear
That there has been a marked abatement
In the demand for Beer.

I knew they must have faced some measure
Of self-denial—this was plain;
I knew they must have bought their pleasure
With some equivalent of pain;
But Beer, the fount of British *bonhomie*,
The food on which it waxes fat!—
Who could have dreamed that their economy
Would take a shape like that?

I hear of persons off a liner
Cadging around the U.S.A.
In quest of alms to aid the miner
And so prolong this futile fray;
Why can't another begging mission
Appeal by all they hold most dear,
And get the slaves of Prohibition
To subsidise our Beer? O. S.

MUCK.

"TAKE him to see the tennis-court," said Cecilia, before I had finished giving her a brotherly embrace.

"Why did you go and tell him?" protested John. "I was going to lead him gently up the garden. . . ."

"Past the laurel hedge and the pansies, down the crazy-paving to the clump of old dog's nose. How it all comes back! Let us start at once," I begged. "Unless, of course, lunch happens to be ready."

"You can eat afterwards," said Cecilia.

"Lead me to the tennis-court," I said resignedly. "Where is it, and how shall I know it when we get there?"

"It 's that old bit of grass at the top where the summer-house was. We 've thrown away all that ugly rockery stuff and knocked the summer-house down."

"The true gardening spirit," I said.

"And levelled it all out, and now it 's a tennis-lawn," finished Cecilia.

"*Is* it?" I said. "I wonder. I 've heard of that sort of tennis-lawn before."

"Then come and see," said Cecilia triumphantly.

John led the way.

* * * * *

"H'm," I said critically, "is this all of it, or is there another piece somewhere else in the garden?"

"Don't be ignorant," said John. "This is a full-sized tennis-court—er—seventy something by forty something and a bit over."

"That 's what I meant," I said.

"What in heaven's name are you talking about?" demanded John.

"The bit over," I explained. "Do you stand in the cucumber frame to serve? Or climb into the blackthorn?"

"There 's plenty of room to serve," answered Cecilia haughtily.

"Unless you have feet like barges," added John. "I daresay you 'd be foot-faulting a few inches, but we didn't make the court for feet like yours."

"That hole in the north-east corner," I went on, pointing to a deep depression, "what is that for? Is it a sort of *cache* for spare racquets, and so on? Or just to make the game more exciting?"

"That 's where John left the roller standing for two days," explained Cecilia. "It was really funny, if it hadn't been so tragic. When we 'd levelled it all up there was a large bump just there, you see."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," I said. "I don't understand that. You say that *after* you had finished the levelling——"

"Moving the muck," interrupted John suddenly and looked complacent.

I jumped.

"That 's quite right," explained Cecilia gaily. "That 's what it 's called."

"What what 's called?" I demanded.

"The muck," said John.

"It 's the technical term," said Cecilia. "We had a man to help, you know, and he called it all muck."

She waved her hand comprehensively.

"I don't blame him," I said; "in fact I rather agree with him. But why *you* should be so pleased about it I don't know."

"Listen," said John patiently. "When a labourer, navvy or whatnot shifts earth or soil from anywhere for any purpose he calls it 'muck.'"

"I know all about that," I said. "When I was a fully unpaid whatnot in the Great War I shifted tons of soil or earth from *everywhere* for *no* purpose, and I called it all sorts of things. The words come naturally after a time."

John looked at Cecilia and sighed. "You are, if possible, even less intelligent than usual," he told me. "We will ignore the question of muck. You are now asked your opinion (not that we care twopence what it is) of our new tennis-lawn, designed, levelled, constructed and turfed by ourselves. Your answer will be taken into account in determining what sort of lunch you are offered."

I pondered the matter at some length.

"Well," I began deliberately, "remembering that lunch is still to come, let me first congratulate you on a very fine result. If, of course, you could make it half as large again it would be nearer to full-size. I should like also to suggest that the mound away on the right should be moved and dropped into the hole caused by the roller on the left.

"There are, I notice, numerous other projections, lumps, bumps, dips, ditches and so forth scattered about. These, I daresay, are intentional. I understand that the young Austin achieved his—er—prowess is the word, I think, by having balls shot at him by his father from unexpected angles. That being so, after a year or so on his father's court I shall confidently expect your son Christopher, at the early age of eleven, to beat BRUGNON in three straight sets. In short," I concluded, "judged by the standard of private tennis-lawns, a very fine collection of muck. And now for lunch."

"Mr. —— said that he had visited the school the previous week and in one room 24 ft. square there were about 100 children in the charge of 1,200 teachers. Such overcrowding, he maintained, was detrimental to the health of the children and the staff."—*Manchester Paper.*

We never approve of more than forty teachers to the square foot.



THE HOLLYWOOD TOUCH.

MR. CHARLES CHAPLIN SHOWS OUR CABINET MINISTERS HOW TO REGISTER EFFICIENCY.

[A film representing members of the Cabinet at work is now being exhibited in some of the constituencies.]



She. "ONE MIGHT BE IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE, INSTEAD OF DEVONSHIRE, WITH ALL THESE PALMS AND THINGS ABOUT."
He. "DON'T THINK THE CROWD LOOKS PARTICULARLY FRENCH."
She. "OH, OF COURSE, IT 'S ONLY IF ONE SHUTS ONE'S EYES."

THE FAT HAM SCANDAL.

A REGIMENTAL PROBLEM.

THE Barracks has not yet quite recovered from it all yet. It is still hotly debated in Messes and places where they argue. And everybody is frightfully worried. The Colonel of course still thinks that . . . But I shall tell you all about it.

It was begun by the World's Youngest Subaltern, who is now in our midst, having just passed out of the Royal Military Cradle. He was Supernumerary Orderly Officer one morning and as such his first duty was to inspect the men's breakfasts. He had never done it before; and Lieutenant Holster, who as Orderly Officer should have been with him to show him what to do, had confined his assistance to remarking casually the night before that it seemed a pity that two people should get up at 6.45 A.M. when one would do, and that there never *were* really any complaints to deal with anyway.

The World's Youngest Subaltern therefore found himself grappling with it alone in the chilly dawn of the Men's Mess Room, and was quite taken aback when, having shouted out (using two octaves), "Any complaints?" someone stood up and said, "Yes, Sir."

It was strangely enough not even our Private Barrel. Our Private Barrel has a good trick which he occasionally produces on these occasions. He comes in early, gets his plate, takes three or four large mouthfuls, arranges the remainder to look as if it were still untouched, and then complains that "this 'ere ain't 'ardly enough, Sir, for a big man." He knows well that the inspecting officer has not yet had his own breakfast and that his sympathetic hunger nearly always helps towards approval of the complaint, which means an extra whack from a grumbling cook's mate.

On this occasion, however, it was the World's Rawest Recruit who was standing up, before Private Barrel could disengage himself from the table edge. Straight from a good home, he said, "Sir, this is a beastly breakfast and I can't eat it. This ham is much too fat."

The World's Youngest Subaltern looked at the ham. It *was* very fat. It was in his eyes perfectly beastly. The Orderly Corporal ventured that it was an ordinary ham bought by the Messing Officer from the Navy, Army and Air Force Institute; but the Subaltern was also from a good home, and deep called to deep. Exercising the initiative of a junior officer, which at 7 A.M. is a pretty powerful thing, he ordered the ham to be collected and consigned to the swill-tub as being not fit to eat.

The Sergeant-Cook, having been hurriedly sent for by the Orderly Corporal, arrived in time to see it go into the tub, and when he had, firstly, recovered speech and, secondly, remembered that he was about to speak to an officer he asked what he was to do about the men's breakfast. The Subaltern airily told him to give them something else, and went back to the Mess, happy in the consciousness of duty well done. The Sergeant-Cook retired to the cook-house to send an S.O.S. for the Quartermaster, wipe his forehead and murmur, "What a nuisance!" or, as the Army Act gracefully puts it, "words to that effect."

Captain and Quartermaster Ledger was the next person to be drawn into the affair. He arrived straight from his quarters, trying as always to give the impression that he had been up and at work for several hours and was almost thinking of knocking off for lunch. When he recovered his breath, which he had lost both during the journey and

at sight of the sacrilege, he ordered "Bully" to be served and had a consultation with the Sergeant-Cook. The result was a motion carried unanimously that "this house considers there will be a plurry row when the Colonel is told about this 'ere 'am being thrown away not properly condemned and we'd better have some of it as evidence."

Necessary action was therefore taken through the usual channels, as under: Captain and Quartermaster Ledger told the Sergeant-Cook to procure a piece of the ham and send it over to the Colonel's office table to await the Orderly Room inquiry. The Sergeant-Cook then told the Orderly Corporal to get a piece of ham (in duplicate) for the Colonel's table in the office. The Orderly Corporal detailed Private Butt to pick two or three pieces out of the swill-tub, and send them over to be put on the Colonel's table.

Now Private Butt was a good soldier. That is to say he was not gifted with any imagination, and he obeyed orders implicitly. He collected three pieces of ham, dusted them over and put them on a clean plate and departed to where he knew the Colonel was to be found at that hour. Arrived at the Officers' Mess, he told the mess-waiter briefly that "Quartermaster's orders! This 'ere 'am 's to be put on the Colonel's table, and there ain't 'arf going to be a —— row!" The mess-waiter obeyed the first part and agreed heartily with the last part.

The Colonel, coming in late to breakfast, first ate his fish and then discovered on his table the ham, now garnished by the conscientious mess-waiter with a sprig of parsley. He at once demolished it with pleasure, being heard to say that it was quite a change to get a good fat bit of ham instead of that stringy lean stuff.

He then went down to the office, where Captain and Quartermaster Ledger (who, after an agitated half-hour spent trying to trace his former "evidence," had at length produced two more pieces) immediately began to explain to him, not very hopefully, what a rotten breakfast the troops had had and how the ham ought to be condemned. The Colonel lighted his pipe and inspected the ham. Full of good breakfast, he naturally didn't like the look of it. He agreed, under Captain Ledger's skilful guidance, that it was rotten, sent for the N.A.A.F.I. Manager and the Messing Officer and started a good row. The Messing Officer in defence said that the ham was good and fit to eat, and was backed up by a stray officer of the R.A.S.C. This gentleman's conception, by the way, of when is meat bad meat was founded apparently on a belief that as long as any part is good it 's all good, such belief being assisted by a total lack of any sense of smell. The Colonel retorted that no ham need be bad at all, and in fact he had that very morning had a plateful of as excellent ham as anyone could want. The meeting broke up in disorder and adjourned for further inquiry.

And there the matter rests. Everyone, as I said, is frightfully worried about it. The Messing Officer knows now that he has an overwhelming weapon in his hands to convince the Colonel that the ham was good, but he sees no safe way of using it short of resigning his commission, emigrating to Australia and writing to him about it from there. The Quartermaster is worried as to who is to pay for (*a*) the condemned ham and/or (*b*) the bully. The Sergeant-Cook is greatly worried by the comments of the troops at all subsequent meals. The Colonel is worried because he can't find out where his excellent plate of ham came from and thus let the Messing Officer know what good ham should be like. Private Butt is very worried indeed and creeps about looking behind him and saluting every officer twice; while the World's Youngest Subaltern is thinking of transferring. The only person who isn't worried at all is the Contractor, who buys the swill-tub refuse at a very cheap rate to feed his pigs.

A. A.



Yorkshireman (who finds the slow play even of Yorkshire more than he can endure). "BAH GOOM, AH WISH IT WOULD RAIN!"

"He had a thick black beard, bushy highbrows, close cropped hair," etc.—*Daily Paper.*
The best highbrows need no bush.

SIMPLE STORIES.

I.—THE ROBBER.

ONE day Milly Fairbrother was going for a walk with her nurse Gladys Conk when they met a robber in a wood.

The robber said give me some money and Gladys Conk said how much money?

He said a shilling, and she said I haven't got a shilling, and he said yes you have.

She said well at any rate I shan't give it to you, and he said if you don't I shall kill you.

Milly was frightened at that but Gladys Conk was not frightened. She said you can't do that, and he said why not? and she said because I shall kill you first.

The robber laughed at that and said oh you will will you? and she said yes I will will I.

The robber laughed again and said that's good, what with? and she said with my umbrella.

Now Milly's mother had given Gladys Conk a new umbrella for a Christmas present. It had a duck's head on the handle made of imitation silver and she always took it for walks with her, and it was a good thing she did because of the robber.

The robber's face assumed a ghastly hue and he said I never thought of that, and Gladys Conk said well you can think of it now.

So Gladys Conk killed the robber and he had a lovely funeral with arum lilies and Milly was allowed to go to it.

Well the next day a policeman came to the back-door and asked for Gladys Conk.



"I SHALL KILL YOU WITH MY UMBRELLA."

The cook opened the door because she was just going out to get a chicken to make some chicken-broth for Milly. Milly was in bed with a sore throat that morning, but she was better the next day and got up, and her friend Jean Hale came to tea with her and they played with the animals in her Noah's Ark.

So the cook said do come in and sit down, and he came in and sat down, and she gave him some beefsteak-and-kidney pie which she had made for lunch upstairs, but she said they can have some cold meat, it won't do them any harm. And she gave him some stout which she had paid for out of her wages.

When he had eaten half the pie and drunk all the stout he said where is Gladys Conk?

The cook said what do you want with Gladys Conk? and he said ah you may well ask.

The cook said she is busy ironing and she doesn't want to have anything to do with policemen she is too young.

And he said she is not too young for me and the judge wants to see her about having a trial.

She said what for? and he said for killing the robber.

The cook said oh, and he said ah you may well say oh.

So she said well I 'll go and fetch her.

So they had a trial and the judge was a very kind man and he liked Gladys Conk because he had had a little girl of his own called Gladys, but she was grown up now and *she* had a little girl called Gladys Mary. And the judge had sent her a book of poetry for her birthday and she had learnt three pieces in it. And two of her aunts had given her two fountain-pens one for black ink and one for red, and one of the mistresses of the school she went to had borrowed the one for red ink to correct exercises with.

So the judge said to Gladys Conk don't be frightened, and she said no I won't.

And he said that 's right why did you kill the robber?

She said well wouldn't you? and he said yes I would.

So the judge gave Gladys Conk a watch which he paid for out of his own money, and afterwards she married the policeman and had several wedding presents. She loved him rather but he was aggravating, and the cook said of course everybody could please themselves but she wouldn't have married him herself not if he had been the only man in the world.

They had six children, five girls and one little policeman, and when Milly went to tea with her she had brown bread and butter with apricot jam and macaroons and was allowed to bath the baby.

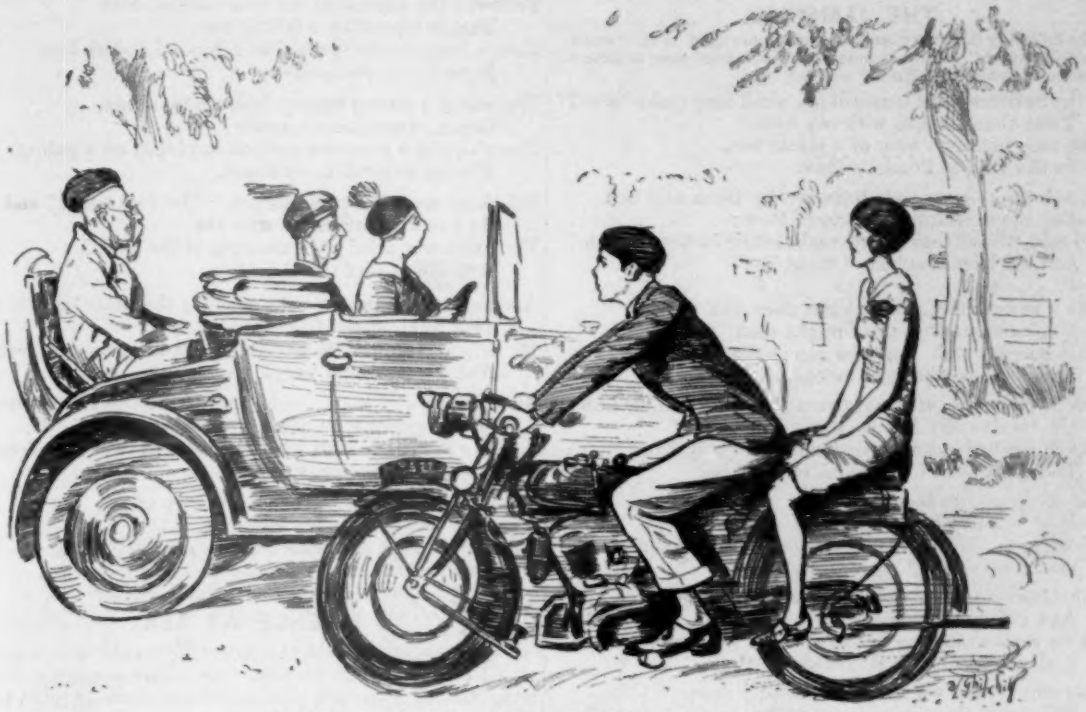
A. M.

THE PICTURE BOYCOTT.

THE paucity of the sales of pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy has already led to comment in the Press, and sympathy is naturally expressed with artists living, but hard put to it to make a livelihood, especially at a time when fabulous sums are given for the works of Old Masters. Various explanations are put forward for this strange neglect—the lean years through which we are passing, the coal stoppage, the defective taste of the new rich, etc. But it has been reserved for a writer in a Lancashire paper, *The Liverpool Post*, once more to vindicate the traditional leadership in thought claimed by that county. "Fewer pictures are being sold, whether of the Academy or not, because of the modern fashion of banishing pictures almost entirely from our rooms."

This statement needs to be extended. Pictures are disappearing from the walls not only of private houses but of hotels. It has been the fortune of the present writer to spend a fortnight in a large and excellently equipped modern hotel. There is no lack of rooms for smoking, reading or writing or lounging. There is a large dancing saloon, where youth and age, to adapt the classic phrase of ARTEMUS WARD, "lift their lily-white hoofs," not in the "dazzling waltz" but the slithering fox-trot. Other amenities are not wanting, but from floor to basement there is not a single picture on the walls.

Much, no doubt, can be said in defence of this abstinence from mural decoration. People of fastidious taste are not affronted by the display of works which afflict and exasperate their æsthetic sense. Persons engaged on bridge or crossword-puzzles are not distracted from their engrossing pursuits. Puritans, if any survive, are pleased



THE BRIGHTER HIGH-ROADS MOVEMENT.

SOME FACES VINDICATE THE VOGUE OF THE BÉRET. OTHERS DO NOT.

by the austere simplicity of their surroundings.

Personally, however, and as an impenitent Victorian, I lament the disappearance of those familiar engravings and oleographs which fascinated me in my youth and even in my middle-age. Gone are the portraits of Royalties, of coronations and other public ceremonies. Gone are the engravings of LANDSEER's stags and dogs. Gone too is "The Black Brunswicker" and other once familiar delineations of chivalrous figures and pathetic leave-takings. Gone, again, past recall are those innumerable cheap engravings (mostly of German origin) of a sentimental and domestic character. As works of art they were negligible. The drawing was frequently very bad; "planes" and "values" were disregarded; but as modern primitives they were often engaging by their very crudity. They may be said to have served a useful purpose by showing one how not to do it, but they were generally optimistic and they sometimes "teemed with unconscious humour." They may still be encountered in old-fashioned hostelries and in lodging-houses, where the rich splendours of the oleograph, somewhat dimmed by age, still linger on to refresh the elderly visitor with memories of the placid years of his youth.

QUANTITATIVE MORALITY.

OF a recent performance by one of our Play Societies a critic wrote:—

"It is a fine play, finely acted. It is understood that the Censor did not object to a line in it. His only objection when he saw the first rehearsal was to the number of drunken people lying about the stage in the ballroom scene.

The number was reduced."

I don't suppose the above announcement means very much to you, but it means a great deal to me. It may mean the blasting of my young hopes of success.

For I was just on the point of finishing a rather brilliant play, in which every member of the cast (twenty-four in number) gets frightfully drunk in Act II. They were to be strewn all over the stage just anyhow, and they were not to get up until the rise of the curtain on Act III., two days later. And now it seems that the CENSOR would not permit its production.

I am the more doubtful about the best course to take because I am not at all sure what the report means when it says "the number was reduced." Does this mean the number of drunken people or the number of drunken people *lying about*? In the case of my play would the national morals be safeguarded if I could contrive to get some of my characters, however unsteadily, on to their feet, leaving only half of them, say, in prone or supine positions? This seems rather a nice point in comparative morality.

Alternatively, if in order to preserve the decencies I have to keep one or more of them sober, how many would be allowed to take an active part in my orgy? What is the maximum number of intoxicated persons which a West End audience may be permitted to behold on the stage without fear of its morals being subverted, and is the number constant or does it vary with the size of the cast? Two must be all right, I know, because I've seen lots of plays with two. But do eighteen drunken persons constitute a moral spectacle? If not, do twelve? I don't see how I could possibly get below twelve in my ballroom scene without spoiling the artistic effect of my play altogether.

The life of a playwright *is* very difficult at times, don't you think?

"Cars to suit any pocket."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Has the craze for small cars got as far as that?

THE JAMMERS.

[The following lines may serve to throw some light on the "mush," "bubble," "swish" and other nuisances which from time to time are a source of agitation in "Radio" circles.]

"As the Spheres made music of old, shall they make for us?"
'Twas thus I spake with my friend
As we rode together, atop of a pirate bus,
To the villa at Ponder's End.

Through the rain we rode together, by Bank and Lea
And the murmurous marts of Bow;
And I said, "Shall the Spheres make music for thee and me?"
And my friend replied, "What ho!"

* * * * * * *

'Twas a secret villa, aloof, at the gasworks' edge,
With a name that none might read
(For it was not writ), and the gap in the garden hedge
Was a sorrowful sight indeed.

So we lit the lamp and we stirred the blaze and we hung
Up weeds ombriferous (wet);
And eye thrilled eye as my friend reflectively flung
The cloth from his wireless set.

Then we spun fine filaments featly about the room
In a web-like gossamer snare,
And we sorted the waves in lengths, and the gaunt accumulator we earthed with care.

We hoicked it gingerly up, for the thing was old
And visibly incomplete;
And we earthed it deep in the green of the garden mould,
And we flattened it down with feet.

Valve and crystal we linked to the tiny drum
Till the sibilant sparks should fly,
And we turned the tap, and we waited for things to hum
('Twas my friend did that, not I;

For I know but little of these and the things akin,
And hold with the wiser plan
Of casting the shame and the burden of "tuning in"
On a really competent man).

We craved no prattle of Uncle or Aunt, no mutter
Of "Talks" on Tennis or Tee,
But the Voice that booms on the brim of the Uttermost Utter
(Which has always appealed to me);

No Neo-Demoniac Orpheus our ears to split
With a jazz-born syncopate bray,
But the chords that crash on the coasts of the Infinite
(Which is ever so far away).

We sought no Air Force music's muscular flow,
Nor the Band of the Grenadiers,
But the elfin lilt of the Island of Prospero,
The far-off Song of the Spheres.

Then my friend played tunes on a delicate dumb device
Of button and plug and key,
And he caught his strong cat-whisker and waved it thrice
In a careless manner and free.

Buzz, buzz, crackle and *buzz* went the frenzied set,
And *buzz, buzz, crackle* and POP!
Like a bee that has burst in a meadow of mignonette;
And I cried on my friend to stop.

But there gurgled an organ thunder, gusty and great,
And a cry, stomachic, astray,
Like the ghost of a huge ham sandwich that mourns its plate
In the fangs of the Far-away.

Sounds Marconic, cacophonous, Hades-blended,
Throatily throbbed, as though
The cream of the world's *expectorateurs* contended
In a species of rodeo.

Followed the anguished coo of a startled dove
That is pipped by a falling star,
Then a long-drawn squeal like a lyric of Indian love
Done in the vernacular;

The call of a strong canary, intoxicate, ailing,
Crazy, cantankerous, crude;
The plaint of a perforate python impinged on a paling
Fluting farewell to its brood.

Till there curdled a cautious cry, "The Jammers!" and lo!
As a teacup brimmeth with tea
The room was filled with the men of the G.P.O.
And the men of the B.B.C.

And as each contended with each for the prize (that 's us)
In a semi-official fray,
We skipped through the garden fence and we caught the bus,
And we left them pegging away.

And so that was that. And I said to my friend, "No doubt
'Tis glory for thee and me
To have heard the stuff that the poets have raved about
As it really happens to be.

'Tis novel, no doubt; primeval, it may be so;
And well enough for the Spheres,
But give me the Air Force music's muscular flow
Or the Band of the Grenadiers."

SCIENCE AT SEA.

"SEA-SICKNESS," said the Scientific Uncle, who was not at all of the B.B.C. variety, "is simply a matter of the imagination. You put yourself in the frame of mind to be ill, you dread being ill and you *are* ill."

"Then you think that if we take care not to talk about it in front of Joan she won't be ill?" asked Mummy. "It's her first trip on the water and we want her to enjoy every *moment* of her holiday."

"Certainly," said the Scientific Uncle. "Keep the child normal. Take it for granted that she will pursue the usual night routine that she does on land and she will sleep till morning in the usual way. Why should she not?"

At this moment Joan came into the room with her Teddy bear in her arms.

"Well, little girl," said the Scientific Uncle, "so you are going to take part in this health-giving holiday?"

"Teddy and I are going to Holland," said Joan simply.

"He isn't clever and funny like Daddy," she confided to Teddy outside the door, "but we have to be p'lite."

Inside the room the Scientific Uncle was continuing his lecture.

"You will of course avoid any of those pernicious sea-sick remedies," he said. "If I had time I would explain the effect they have on your system. Now I must leave you. I have to lecture to-night."

"Joany shall have her chance," said Mummy, looking at Daddy, who nodded assent.

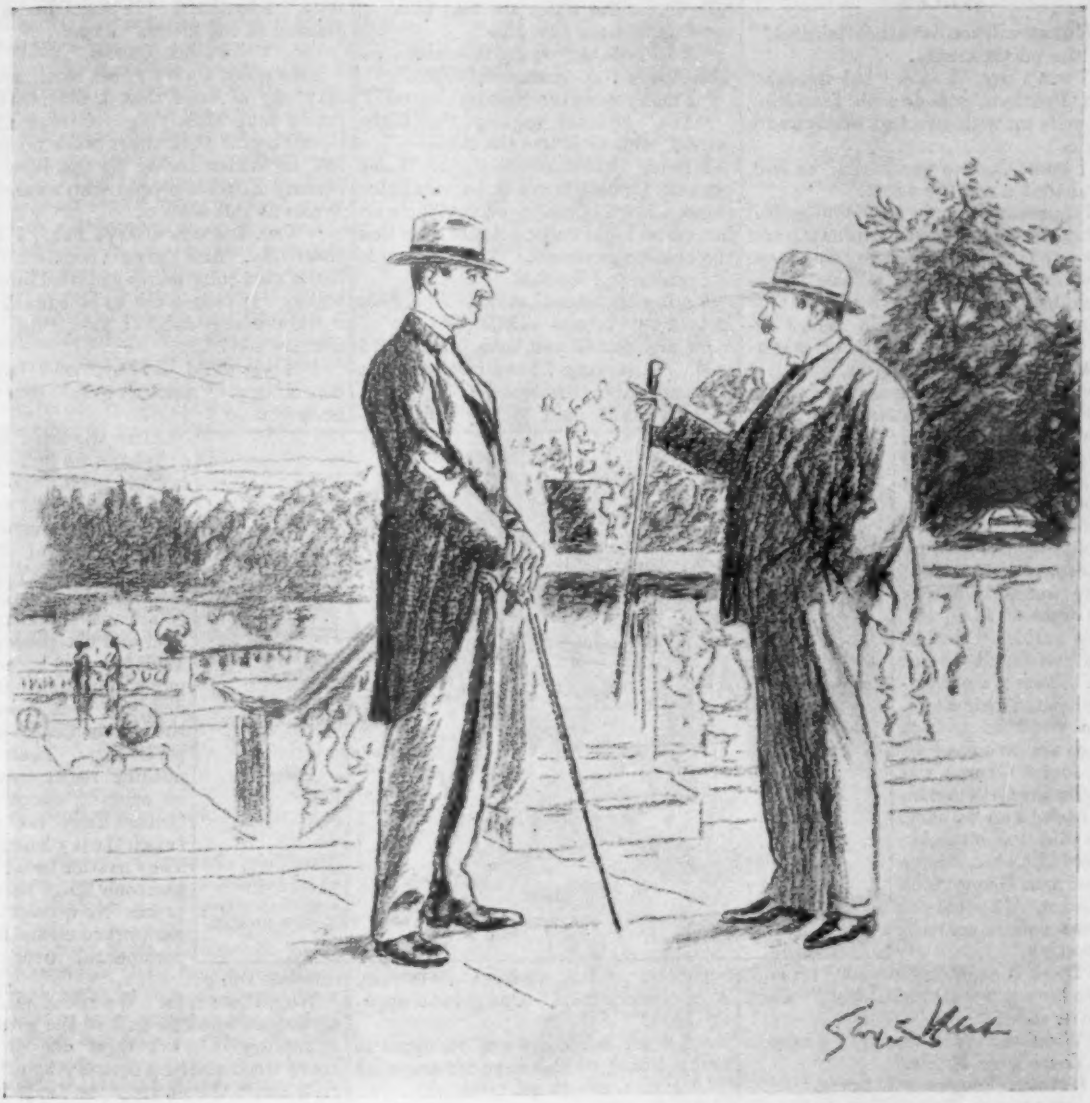
"Her certainty," said the Scientific Uncle reprovingly.

* * * * * * *

"Yes, darling," said Mummy when they were safely in the cabin, with men in white coats carrying in their baggage, "this is where we are going to sleep. We will open all those funny little drawers to-morrow and see what is in them. Now you must go to sleep very quickly. The captain doesn't like passengers to stay up talking. He likes them to go straight to bed."

It was at this moment that a passenger just outside their door shouted "*Steward!*" in a voice that was louder than any noise that was going on in the boat.

"Now the Captain will come down and see who *that* is,"



Host (to guest at garden-party). "I'M AFRAID, ADMIRAL, THIS SORT OF SHOW IS A BIT OUT OF YOUR ELEMENT; BUT THERE'S A PUNT ON THE LAKE IF YOU CARE TO MAKE USE OF IT."

said Daddy, determined to give Science a leg-up, "so we had better all go to bed and keep very quiet."

* * * * * * *

The cabin was very dark and still. Joan and Teddy were asleep. Daddy and Mummy were not.

The boat was in that inferno known to all bad sailors as "the open sea."

The crew now settled down happily to progressive games on deck. One group was playing cricket with an iron ball. Another played quoits joyfully with huge coils of rope. A third played leap-frog with hoarse shouts. No traveller has ever seen them do it, but every traveller knows it is what takes place.

"Why did they choose *this* cabin to bring the screw through?" asked Daddy in a low voice.

"And why do they repaint the boat *every* trip?" wondered Mummy. . . . "What time is it, dear?"

Daddy flashed his electric-torch on under his pillow and looked at his watch. "Just half-past eleven," he said.

Silence for what seemed like hours. The boat began to toss.

"What time is it *now*?" asked Mummy faintly.

"A quarter-past twelve," said Daddy miserably.

"And when do we get in?"

"About six," groaned Daddy.

* * * * * * *

"Mummy," said a surprised little voice, "I don't feel very well."

"Thank Heaven!" muttered Daddy as he snapped on the light; "now we can *all* be sick."

WALES.

"WHERE will you have them labelled?" said the porter kindly.

"I can't say," I said, "but it begins with 'Penrhyn,' goes on with 'Llandrin,' and ends up with two bad words and a gargle."

"I know the one you mean," he said. "And that's not the worst."

He procured some labels inscribed PENMAENMNMHWYGWMGLCWCHAM and split one label between every two bags.

Wales is impossible. Wales is unspeakable. Wales is a piece of rock entirely surrounded by rain. The English flock to it, huddle under waterproofs for four weeks, and go again next year. The children, greeting me with their artless prattle, struck the note of Wales at once. They were wrapped up in oilskins; their legs were a mass of scars. When they left Hammersmith they were picturesquely tanned; three weeks in Wales had washed it all off. They said, "Mother found two snails in her bed. There is a wasps'-nest in the dining-room. The cook is going. There are no eggs."

I found George sitting on the terrace with his back to an estuary. The tide was out. He looked all Celtic. I have never seen George look so Celtic. He could not muster a smile, scarcely a greeting.

"There is nothing to drink," he said. "We have prunes for breakfast." Then he was silent.

"What about the tennis?" I asked.

"There is no tennis."

"But everybody said there was tennis. The prospectus said there was tennis. I read about the tennis in the train."

"There is tennis at"—he made a long bronchial noise in his throat—"but that is half-an-hour's mountain climb. And there is tennis over the water at"—he made a short expectoral sound—"but that is a six-hour swim. There is no tennis here. We have prunes for breakfast. There is no coal. The oil-stove has exploded over the bacon. It rains and rains."

Honeybubble came along, all glowing, covered with sou'-westers and tarpaulins. He had been fishing in a tarn. He had caught no fish, but he said the scenery was fine. Honeybubble, I could see, was determined to enjoy Wales. He waved his hand across the estuary and said, "It's a beautiful place. The hills across the water are very fine."

"I cannot see any hills."

"No," he said, "we get this mist . . . The clouds . . . A striking effect."

"I understand the boating is good?"

"Yes," he said vaguely, "at high-water. But of course the tide——"

I found later that the tide in Wales goes out for nine hours and comes in for three. The channel is not navigable an hour after high-water. Apart from this the boating is perfect. The bathing is dangerous and ice-cold.

"A healthy place," said Honeybubble at last. "Perhaps a little relaxing."

"I understand you have prunes?" I said. "Everyone I have met seems to have prunes on the brain."

"Prunes?" said Honeybubble defensively. "Yes, we have had prunes. A wholesome fruit. One gets an appetite here."

"I don't mind getting an appetite here," I said, "but I have not travelled for eleven hours to get prunes."

After a day or two I realised why the holiday-makers had prunes on the brain. At my first breakfast I was offered prunes and had quite a thrill. No one has insulted me just in that way before. What is more, I "took" prunes. I took three prunes and it worked out at "Soldier." I felt a glow of virtue. The prune is an article of food about which I have never known anything except that it is "good for you." To begin the day with something that is "good for you" is right out of the Haddock tradition. I felt healthy. The bacon tasted of oil and there was no toast, but I had started the day with prunes.

During the day I acquired a powerful appetite dodging the rain. I sat down hungrily and beamed at a hot bowl of soup. I tasted it. It seemed odd. I glanced at the menu. I read

PRUNE CREAM.

I have not a very sweet tooth, and I may say at once that I did not find prune soup satisfying. George mentioned again that there were no eggs left in Wales owing to the hives of literary English people who swarm in Wales at this season.

"Well, there is always fish," I said cheerfully. And the next course looked like a very jolly helping of fried fillet of plaice. It turned out to be banana.

"Have the fish," I said, "fled the country too?"

"Never mind, old boy," said George consolingly. "A double ginger-beer will buck you up."

After the fried fillet of banana we had some terribly good duck—— By the way, you must excuse the somewhat material tone of these remarks. That is Wales. It is like the War—one is always thinking of food and not getting it. Wales is just an enormous appetite unsatisfied, and that explains the whole Celtic temperament. There is nothing really intense or exciting about the Celts. They are just frightfully hungry. They ask for bread and someone flings them a prune. No wonder they get worked up and temperamental over the smallest thing.

Well, there it is. We spend all day getting an appetite and all the evening discussing it. We light one of the brave wood-shaving fires of August and go through the meals of the day, counting the prunes. For my part, I have developed a sort of complex about prunes. I eat prunes deliberately, as black men eat coals, to mortify the flesh. After all, the prune is the national fruit of Wales, and one must make a gesture. I see prunes everywhere. Last night I had a hotel cigar, and even that, I suspect, was a *Flor di Pruna*. Behind the mist and the cloud the hills of Wales (which I have not yet seen) soar up to heaven, prune upon prune. Prune rubs against prune among the shingle on the shore. All night and all day it rains prunes.

How otherwise could it make such a noise? Heavens, how it rains! They tell you that the weather in Wales varies considerably from place to place. I



"DON'T LET'S HAVE THAT ONE, CYRIL. WHAT ABOUT THE ONE BEHIND YOU WITH THE WIRELESS?"

have not had a chance of confirming this. Here it just rains. Sometimes it rains from the south-west and sometimes from the sou'-sou'-west. But it rains. Honeybubble motors over to Harlech and tells me it was fine there. George says if I had gone with him to Cough-lozenge, or some such place, I should have seen a total apparition of the sun. But I do not expect to have to chase all over a Principality in order to catch a glimpse of the sun. I expect the sun to shine in the place in which I am, especially if I have spent a large sum of money on going there. If I want to be cold and wet I can be that at home for nothing. I have a strong suspicion that the sun in Wales is a prune.

Well, this is the kind of thing that is muttered darkly at the Soviets of Husbands, when the wives are not listening. Once again we have all decided that never again will we go away for a summer holiday. "A holiday!" we laugh bitterly. "Ha, ha!" "Do *you* know," says one, "there is no waste-paper basket in my room?" "My roof leaks," says another. And "In *my* annex" says a third, not to be outdone, "the rain comes up mysteriously through the floor and makes a pool where I put my socks."

"Intolerable!"
"Ghastly!"
"Outrageous!"
"Prunes!"

And I have no doubt that every one of them will come to Wales next year.

Most pitiable are the many gentlemen who have "work" to do. George thinks he has "work" to do. There are alleged to be many "sun-traps" where gentlemen who have work to do can do work. And George and the others spend many hours preparing to do work in sun-traps and slinking from sun-trap to sun-trap. In the first sun-trap it rains. In the second sun-trap there is too much wind. In the third sun-trap there is a wasps'-nest or leeches bite their ankles. In the fourth sun-trap the children are playing "Yell." Between sun-traps they walk home and get another overcoat.

Meanwhile the wives spend the day picking up children from the bottom of high rocks, talking about bathing and not bathing, and in the intervals of not bathing agreeing that their husbands are absurdly fussy, and, what with one thing and another, considerably tiresome. George has put new words to "Wales! Wales!"—

Wales! Wales
Is jolly for slugs and for snails!
In buckets and pails
The rain falls in Wales,
And when it 's not raining it hails.

So much for Wales! As for me I say, here and now, that I will NEVER GO FOR A SUMMER HOLIDAY AGAIN. Well, not this year. A. P. H.



THE VANITY BAG.

The British Association.

"The problem of the origin of speeches as it appeared to Darwin in 1859, the year of Prince Albert's presidency, and as it appears to-day will be discussed by Professor H. E. Osborn."—*Bristol Paper.*

Does he see any hope of a cure?

B.B.C. Censors.

"GUIDING THE PUBLIC.

'The object of the committee,' he said, 'is to make recommendations concerning words that have a pronunciation which is doubtful. In this connection there are certain words which suddenly come into general use without people being aware of how to pronounce them. They see them only in pkrint. One might take the word "gyratory" as an example.'"
Evening Paper.

Or gkyratory, which is harder still.



Mistress. "AND THEN I SHOULD WANT YOU OCCASIONALLY TO ASSIST THE BUTLER UPSTAIRS."
Applicant. "POOR FELLOW; SO THAT'S HIS TROUBLE, IS IT?"

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Forgotten Bay.

THE darlingest, weeniest, ancientest, world-forgetting-by-the-world-forgotest little place! No promenade, no pier, no bands, none of those dreffful things called concert-parties. It has a 'mendously long past, and was once quite important, with a harbour, and plenty of sea, and ships bringing quantities of things from all over the world; and now one comes here to bask in the sunny silences and to give no thought to *le monde où l'on s'amuse ou s'ennuie*.

Lots of people one knows are here for the sunny silences and living in the past and so on. Some have bungalows, but it's more correct to live in one of the teeny ancient native hovels and brighten it up with awnings and flowers. There is quite a fierce rivalry among us as to which has the most minute, primitive, inconvenient hovel. I've scored a big little triumph, for I have to crawl into mine on all fours. But the *really* surpassing thing is to take one of the old-time smugglers' caves in the cliffs beyond the bay, have a few bits of furniture sent in, hang a bead-curtain across the opening and be primeval. Chatterton Soames lives in one of them, at least he *pretends* to live there, but someone has found out that after going into his cave at night he sneaks out again, scoots over to a Paradeville hotel and sneaks back to his cave in the morning.

Now, that marv'lous poetic genius, Roderick Posewell, really *does* live in *his* cave, dresses in skins and carries a club. Some of us went to a symposium there one afternoon. He gave us fruit to eat and something he called metheglin to drink. There were no cups or plates, and he made us drink out of our hands. Altogether a deliciously unusual party! He talked most arrestingly about himself, told us that from the first his great gifts had been recognised in the home circle, and that when they were in a public place his father used to say to him, "Look round on all these faces, boy—dull, heavy vacant faces. It will be your glorious mission in the future to bring light into these dull faces, to stamp thought on these contracted brows, to make these fishlike eyes glow with joy and wonder."

But if the wretches won't buy his poems—and they won't—of course their faces must remain as they were.

He recited us that lovely poem of his, "The Boy in the Apple-Tree," going to the back of the cave, where he was only dimly visible, and the exquisite words sounded quite uncanny coming out of the shadows:—

"Murmurous boughs, whisperous leaves,
What do they say to the hidden boy avid
of the hot-cheeked fruit?
'Bite!' say the murmurous boughs; 'bite!'
say the whisperous leaves,
'Bite, as your first parents bit the first
parent of the apple;
Don't heed the sour Afterwards! enjoy the
sweet Now!
It is lush, it is sweet; best of all, it is
Forbidden!
Forbidden! Forbidden!'"

We all told dear Roderick he ought to be Laureate, but he answered, "I hope I am not of the stuff that laureates are made of."

One of my happiest memories of the defunct season is that musical afternoon Marion Arkwright gave just before London closed down. Only our dear Marion would have had *assez de toupet* to give a musical afternoon just then, when everyone was chockablock with engagements and crazy with rush. The programme was almost entirely the new composer, Rowdydowsky. Marion swears by him and says she means to make us all understand and appreciate him. She gave a lecturette before the concert began, telling us that Rowdy-

dowsky's work was "sub-tonal and super-tonal, remote and stimulative, subjective and objective," and we all listened meekly and, as soon as the programme began, told each other how "subjective and sub-tonal" it was and went into raptures. There was one thing in particular that took us all by storm. The composer described it as "A Trio for Piano, Violin and 'Cello, to be performed by Three persons who have *Never learned those Instruments.*" It was interpreted by two nephews and a niece of the Arkwrights, and the effect of the hands dashed anyhow on the keyboard and the bows drawn at random across the strings of the violin and 'cello was too remote and stimulative for words! I *never* heard such applause at a private concert.

The Chadboroughs are in a state of thankfulness that their girl, Lucilla, has come to her senses, abandoned her Communist pose and broken her absurd engagement to the unspeakable Dan Dobbs, revolutionist Member for Grimy Green. When the wretched affair ended, Grace told me she was going to have the worry taken out of her face by Pierre, at the Toujours Belle, who 's done such wonders with this new face-flattening process. I haven't seen her since, but to-day I had a most mis'ble letter from the poor dear. Whether Pierre blundered or Grace wasn't a good subject one can't say, but she says she 's come out of the treatment with a perfectly ghastly little sneer that 's quite new to her and won't come off! She 's offending people in all directions, and a perfectly good match who seemed quite *épris* of Lucilla was so *bouleversé* when Grace (meaning to be her very sweetest) presented him with this terrible little new sneer that he did a complete fade-out.

So Grace went to the Toujours Belle and said, "What have you done to me?"

And that Pierre answered, "I have flattened Madame's face successfully. I have made Madame look young and happy."

"You haven't," cried poor Grace; "you 've made me look ghastly. I 'm losing all my friends and blighting my child's prospects!"

But still that Pierre repeated, "I have earned my fee. I have flattened Madame's face successfully. I have made Madame look young and happy."

* * * * *

Forgotten Bay is *utterly* destroyed! Those terrible motor-charabancs from Paradeville have found us out with a roar and a hoot and a forty-tripper-power stare. I was reading the papers under my awning to-day when I heard one of the horrible things approaching. It stopped not far off, and the conductor, through a megaphone, told his load of trippers: "This is Forgotten Bay, once a thriving seaport. In place of its flourishing overseas trade of long ago it now only deals in Society week-ends, which it supplies to Society with a big 'S.' The row of ancient dilapidated hovels to the right are at present occupied by three duchesses and four countesses."

"Say," drawled an American voice, "where are the dukes and counts the dames belong to?"

"The dukes and *earls*," replied the megaphone man, "are probably shooting in Scotland. The lady reading a newspaper under an awning is the Dowager Countess of Dolgelly."

Twenty pairs of field-glasses were turned on me, and the same American voice drawled, "Gee! she ain't much of a looker without her Court rags and jools."

And so, having murdered dear little Forgotten Bay, the thing roared and hooted off.



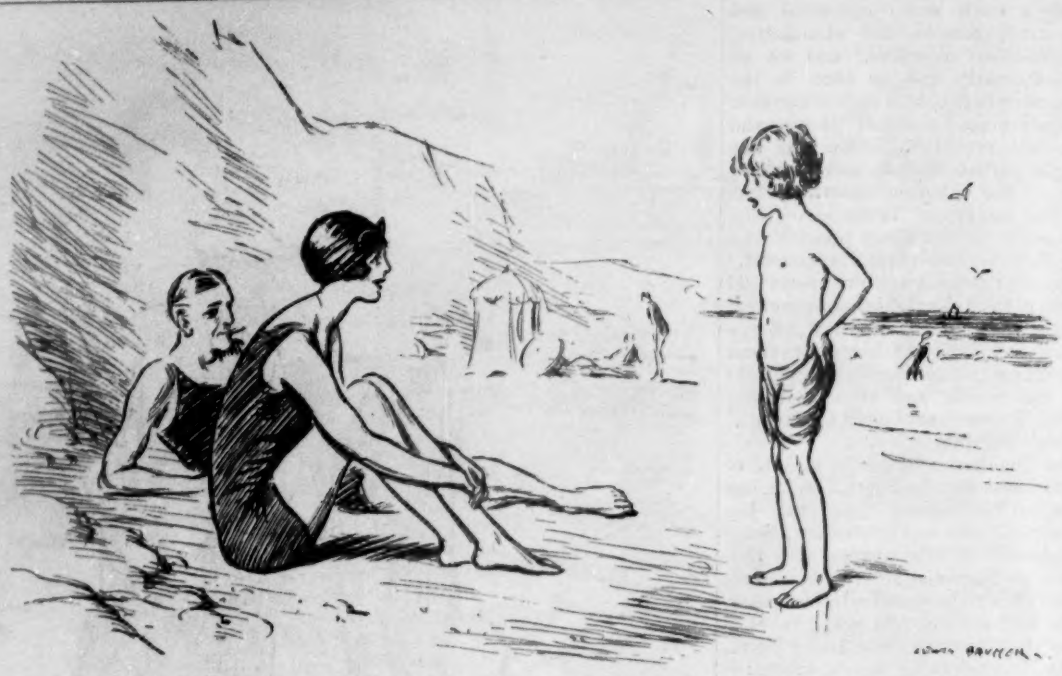
"EVER PLAYED AT STOKE POGES?"
"NO. MY ONLY OTHER GAME IS CHESS."

"When the Prince of Wales was about to depart from Magdalen College he sent for Jimmy Meads, the 66-year-old cabman, who is a great Oxford character, and used to drive King Edward V. about the city when he was an undergraduate at Oxford."
Provincial Paper.

66 looks like a bad misprint for 466.

"The psychology of printers' errors is an unusual topic for the British Association, but Professor Spearman was unfortunately not able to point out any way to avoid them."
Sunday Paper.

So our contemporary has seized the "psycoholigical" moment to demonstrate.



"MUMMY, DO YOU THINK DAD'S BRACES WOULD BE ANY GOOD FOR KEEPING UP LADIES' TROUSERS?"

HER LATEST TRIUMPH.

I SAW at once that she bore herself this morning with a new stateliness; there was about her an access of dignity very noticeable.

"I hope," she said when she had greeted me, "you will realise at last, now a girl has swum the Channel in record time, that there is nothing a man can do that a woman can't do better."

"Except, of course," I suggested, "cooking and dressmaking and dusting the drawing-room."

"I don't admit it," she cried heatedly. "A man's cooking is only expensive; he makes a sauce with cream and port wine and calls it good when he means it's dear. As for dressmaking, there never was a man-dressmaker yet could thread a needle without help, and men can only dust the drawing-room if you give them a twenty-five-pound vacuum cleaner to do it with."

"But how well," I pointed out, "that does it."

"Not," she remarked moodily, "if you get the blower bit and the suction part mixed up—and I couldn't stop it either because I was so excited I forgot to turn off the electricity, and it blew and blew and blew; the air was just a whirl of everything loose in the room. Only the arm-chairs, the bookcase and the fireirons stood the blast unmoved, and dust was blown into them so hard I don't suppose anything will ever get it out again."

"Ah," I said with a superior smile, "you should have got Tom——"

"Tom," she cried indignantly, "wasn't one scrap of help; he wouldn't do a thing but run about the garden trying to catch some of his silly old business papers and things that got out there when the blowing began."

"Did he find them all?" I asked.

"All except one ten-pound-note and that didn't matter a bit," she answered.

"Still, it was a pity to lose it," I said, "especially in these hard times."

"It wasn't lost exactly," she explained; "he only couldn't find it because I found it first, and then he was so mean, he made me promise to buy him a new hat out of it."

"Too bad," I agreed. "I'm surprised at him. Still, there are those soft felt things you can get cheap enough."

"I think that would have been mean on my part," she said loftily. "I don't think even a husband ought to be treated like that, and besides I did so want to set him a good example. So I gave five guineas for a really nice one, and, though Tom was quite cross and called it extravagant, I didn't care, because I felt all through me I had been so utterly right."

"Five guineas," I stammered, "for a hat for Tom! I say, though—I must ask him to let me see it."

"But," she said reproachfully, "you can see it now; it's the one I have on. You see, though I bought it for Tom, he simply refused to wear it, so I," she said meekly—"I had to."

"And that," I said, looking at it with respect—"that cost five guineas?"

"Wonderfully cheap too for an exclusive model. Only you never noticed it," she reminded me with mingled melancholy and reproach. "I'm sure the Channel girl would have seen it at once."

"I admit it," I sighed. "It comes of your sex's natural superiority."

"The Sunday papers admit that too," she said with satisfaction. "*Illustrated Sunday Gibberings* has an article on 'Super-women.' Only men and films were 'super' before, but now we are too."

"I was disappointed," I said, "that the papers didn't publish any articles by the Channel heroine on the 'Stabilization of the Franc' and the 'Truth about Moscow.'"

"Swimming the Channel," she agreed, "ought to give you lots of time to think out things like that. Anyhow we women have really begun to break athletic records."

"I knew it was coming," I told her. "One day last week I walked down Kensington High Street, and when you've stood between a hefty young creature and the frock in the window she wants a nearer view of; when you've been hurled like a cork in a storm from one woman to another; when you've got



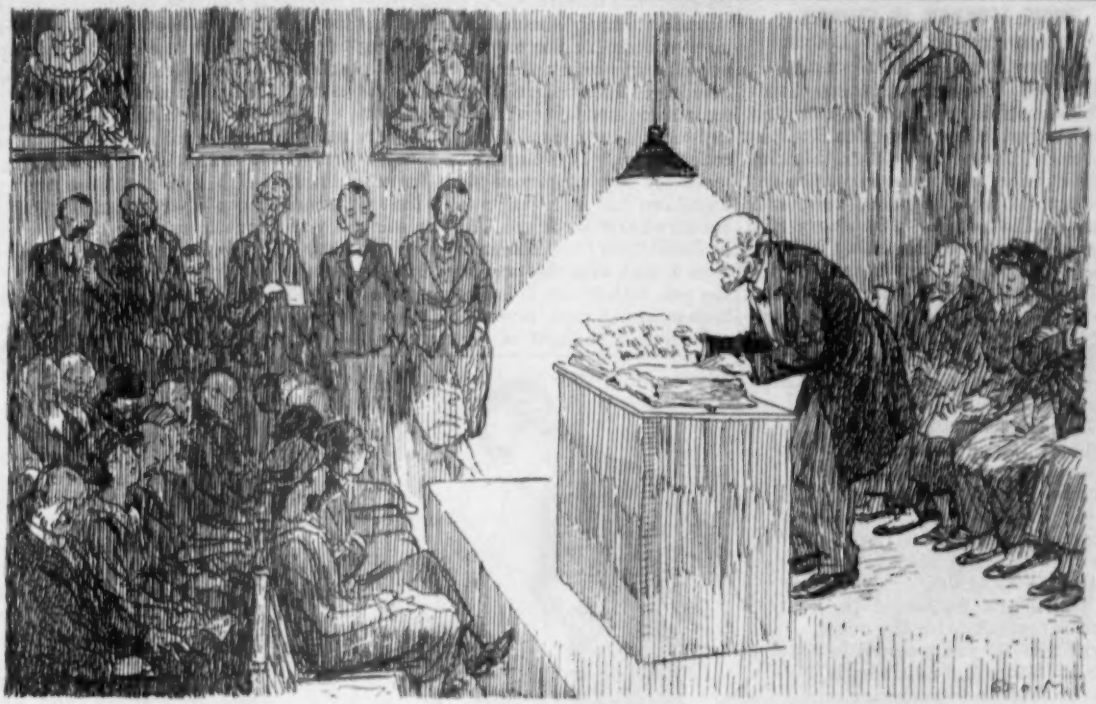
RUBBING IT IN.

Madame La France (*to her trainer*). "THIS IS THE PART I HATE."

M. Poincaré. "WELL, YOU 'VE GOT TO HAVE A LOT OF IT IF YOU 'RE GOING TO SWIM THE CHANNEL—*AND* THE ATLANTIC."

[M. Poincaré has found it necessary to secure the acceptance of his new scheme of taxation before proceeding to consider the ratification of the London and Washington agreements for the settlement of the French war-debts.]





ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

A reading from Domesday Book at the Record Office.

caught in the rush heading for the cheap camisole counter—well, you realise the advance of the sex. All the same," I added, trying to cheer up, "there are some things any man can do but no woman."

"What are they, pray?" she asked disdainfully.

"No woman," I reminded her, "can throw straight. You admit that?"

"I do not," she answered with her new-found confidence. "Why, only to-day there's a report in the paper of a woman who has been throwing things at her husband for three years and now she's hit him."

"After three years?"

"You can't expect us to succeed in everything at once," she protested. "Even the Channel super-girl failed first time. And I always remember how the boys at home pretended girls couldn't throw; but when we were playing cricket on the lawn they would never let me bowl, because they said I threw; and they never seemed to see a bit how they were contradicting themselves. So like men."

"Then," I asked, "you think this is only a beginning?"

"Only that," she said proudly. "Take cricket, for instance—only it's so silly to use such a horrid hard ball. Still, Tom says they are bound to change something in cricket soon, even if it's only the weather, so perhaps it will be the ball instead. And in real athletic feats where strength and endurance count——"

She paused. She looked round cautiously. Her voice sank to a whisper as she asked—

"Only why do people swim the Channel? I know the boat service isn't all it might be, but still it's ever so much quicker, isn't it?"

"The idea is," I explained, "to avoid the crush getting through the Customs at Dover or Calais."

"Oh, is that it?" she said. "Well, I'm glad you like my new hat. You know," she said as she was moving away, "I always feel so much more—more dignified, more stately when I've a new hat. Do you notice it at all?"

"I noticed it the moment I saw you," I assured her. E. R. P.

"D. E. (Bow) asks me if two people are justified in marrying on £90 a year. Certainly, if they love each other."—*Weekly Paper.*

Cupid, too, was a Bow-boy.

"A raid on the tuckshop of Mill Hill School by a young man who won the Military Cross for gallantry in France was described at —— Sessions."

In a place like that he might fairly have expected to get the run of his teeth.

COMFORT IN EXILE.

His name I think is Jones (or
Brown?);
I never have it pat,
But heard it mentioned up in town
As more or less like that;
The only sense in which we meet
Is quite haphazard in the street.

His face is very dull and plain,
As men's are apt to be;
His brow conveys no hint of brain
In any quantity;
In short, you'd never pick him out
As something to write home about.

But, ah, on Winkleville's parade,
That blaring blazing spot,
Among its mob—I am afraid
A rather loathsome lot—
I thrilled to recognise by chance
That one familiar countenance.

In Winkleville a stranger I,
Amid an alien race,
Bewildered and bedazzled by
The people and the place;
And Jones (or Brown?) to memory
brings
A host of other homely things.

W. K. H.

The Old Cricketers' Slogan.

"Not an inch on the stumps; not a day on the game."

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

MEMOIRS OF MY DEAD YOUTH.

(After Mr. GEORGE MOORE.)

IN 1887 GEORGE BERNARD SHAW and I were living in South Kensington, I in a garret in the Brompton Road, he in a neighbouring mews. At this time I spent most of the hours of the day writing and re-writing some chapter of *Harriet Turncock* or *The Diary of a Young Beau*; and frequently I wrote whole scenes and criticisms on the shaving-paper which my plump and amorous landlady set out on my dressing-table in the form of a rosette. Often I worked from morning till night, snatching time only for a crab sandwich and a pint of India pale ale. But about midnight the thought of conversation would excite me. SHAW returned about that time from airing his dress-suit in the Mall, and I used to go to Lavender Mews, sure of finding him untrousered and singing scraps of MOZART as he ironed the precious garments for the next night's stroll; and we used to talk literature and music until two or three in the morning.

"I wish I knew enough Norwegian to write my plays in Norwegian," he said one night. For an hour we had talked by the light of a candle, which showed nothing so clearly as the golden-red hairs on his sinewy calves. However cold the night BERNARD always sat untrousered on the edge of his bed, and even at this distance of time I see his long prophetical head, keen-eyed and red-bearded, upright above the glazed shirt-front and dress-coat which he maintained religiously throughout the period of his poverty.

"You'd like to write your plays in Norwegian?" I exclaimed, and the thought of IBSEN was acute distress to me. "I thought nobody did anything in Norwegian except shoot ducks in attics and rear bats in the belfry?"

BERNARD did not answer, but when I pressed him he said, "The only chance an Irish dramatist of genius has in England is to translate himself from the Norwegian."

I told him I thought he was doing it very successfully already, and asked him what about PINERO, and he said shortly, "SARDOU and brilliantine."

On the subject of derivation in art one can talk a long while, and it was past two o'clock when I walked round the corner which now surmounts the underground honeycomb of South Kensington station. The moon was sailing very whitely in the sky and, feeling voraciously hungry, I remembered the cold leg of duck which Mrs. Boffin was certain to have left on the high shelf in my bed-sitting-room. "She is an excellent soul," I thought, "and cares more for my happiness than for my digestion, but it is impossible that I should admire her figure." And, passing by Exhibition Road, I remembered how once I had seen the poor soul kissing the pen with which I had been writing that morning, and, musing on the recollection, I thought of the women I had known—delicious creatures, without whose companionship I should have been more reasonable but less interesting. "For if we are interesting to ourselves," I reflected, "we have vanquished boredom;" and, telling myself that women supply our chief illusions, I compared them amusedly with the artful colouring matter which chemists mix with the water in those imposing vessels they display at nightfall in their windows.



Father. "BUT LOOK HERE, OLD CHAP—TWELVE ELEVENS AREN'T A HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY."

Son. "THAT'S JUST WHAT MISS GIRTON SAID, DAD. I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THERE'S SOMETHING IN IT."

And then, just for the sake of expressing myself, though I knew none but myself would comprehend the fancy, I invested the women I had known with each a colour of varying enchantment. Suzette, that gay child of Chambreuil's *atelier*, would be carmine, and carmine the illusion she gave with her eyes of cornflower-blue. And Gretchen of the Bayreuth Festival, her illusion was the pale gold of the hock her red lips drank so prettily. But Alice Murgatroyd's colour was that deep emerald which is both intoxication and despair.

There is no one that entertains one as much as oneself, and I should have continued the labelling of these sweet illusions if I had not even then approached the doorway of my lodging. I was about to use my latchkey when dear W. B. YEATS came round the corner.

"The very person," I said, "I stand in need of, for your imagination is fed by the flicker of sad dreams. But why do you wear so vast and sombre a cape?"

YEATS did not satisfy my curiosity, but I learned afterwards that he had paid a great sum for it so that he could read his poems fittingly at Lady Gregory's garden-party. Yet he looked so gaunt and so authentically a poet by the light of the street-lamp that I was glad to invite him in to share my cold duck and, doubtless, my indigestion.

At that time he was dabbling in starlore, and whilst SHAW and I had been talking of ourselves and playwriting he had been reading the heavens with the aid of a telescope purchased for sixpence in the Caledonian Market.

"I am more than ever convinced that the stars control human destiny," YEATS said, after we had finished the cold duck and a half-bottle of burgundy.

"That is as it may be," I muttered, "but I am more than ever convinced that *my* immediate destiny is bed."

When YEATS had gone and I was in bed I lay awake for some time thinking how diversely Ireland had dowered her three most gifted sons, and how SHAW, for all his revolt against established institutions, expressed himself in well-ironed trousers and YEATS in capes. But as to myself, I was content with an individual and most high collar, over which I peered at life like a faun.

W. K. S.

Another Impending Apology.

"We've got fifty yankettes married into English nobility right now. Some of them are duchesses. Some are countesses. Eleven are baronesses. Only one is a lady.
American Paper.

"Mark ——, who toured with the All Blacks, at the match on Saturday last kicked three gals in succession."—*New Zealand Paper.*

Very discourteous of him.

SHE-SHANTIES.

The Lucky Baby.

My father went off with a gipsy,
Had seventeen children and died;
My mother was touchy and tipsy,
But I was her joy and her pride;
And many's the penny I've brought her
Down Ascot and Newmarket way—
She 'd hold up her seventeenth daughter
To the Lords and the Ladies, and say:

Spare a copper for the Lucky Baby,
Lucky Elizabeth Maud!
She 'll bring you such luck, Sir,
You never have struck, Sir,
Health, winners, and travel abroad.
Hold up, Lucky Liz, show his lordship your phiz—
How 's that for a fortunate face?
The last and the luckiest,
Prettiest, pluckiest,
Lucky Elizabeth Grace!

My face was my fortune, she told me,
And that 's all the fortune I 've seen;
I loved a young man, but he sold me,
And I married the next at eighteen.
Well, one thing leads on to another,
My husband has left me again,
And, now I 'm a happy young mother,
At Epsom you 'll hear me complain:

Throw out your coppers for the Lucky Baby,
Lucky Elizabeth Loo!
You couldn't refuse her,
You won't have a loser—
Milord, you 've a lucky face too.
Hold up, Lucky Rose, show the lady your nose;
Now ain't that a fortunate eye?
The first one is lucky,
They say, don't they, ducky?
God bless you, milady—good-bye!

A. P. H.



Keeper. "There 'll no be many birrds shot here this year, I 'm thenkin'."
Shepherd. "Hoo 's that?"
Keeper. "Weel, the tenants is auld gentlemen, and yin o' them can shoot but he canna travel; and the ither yin can travel but he canna shoot."

THE NEW INQUISITION.

Hardly a week passes without conferences or meetings at which "educationists" discuss the education of the young, propose new and enlightened methods and criticise the obscurantism and the tyranny of the old *régime*. Yet at none of these meetings has there been any sign of a disposition to grapple with a most serious obstacle in the way of "self-expression"—the reticence of some children at moments when they are in a position to furnish benevolent newspaper men with materials for a thrilling "story."

Thus in a leading daily London journal of August 13th there is to be found three-quarters of a column, with portraits, under the engaging headlines, "The Silent Heroine. Child Life-saver Who Would Not Let Go. Canal-side Epic." It is all about a little girl of five who saved a little playmate aged four from drowning in a canal by hanging on to his hand until assistance came and both were dragged out.

A gallant act and worthy of recording, but fraught none the less with positively tragic experiences for the representative of the daily paper. He went to the hospital to which both children had been taken and endeavoured to interview the child-heroine, but all in vain: "The strange thing is that she will not say a word to anybody." He spent ten precious minutes of his time "trying to get her to talk, or even to say 'Yes' or 'No,' but her little lips were pressed resolutely together and never opened." Some light was thrown on this strange peculiarity by her mother, who declared—

(1) That, when her little daughter had made up her mind not to talk about anything, nothing on earth would induce her to talk.

(2) "I don't expect she will ever say a word about this business."

(3) "I heard some talk in the street that they were going to make rather a 'heroine' of her when she comes out from the hospital. It is kind of them, but I do hope they don't."

Evidently the child's deplorable disregard for publicity is inherited. But it is a symptom foreign to the best spirit of the age and needs to be dealt with firmly. Anyhow the reporter has done his best. Ignoring the reticence of the child and the desire of her mother he has produced a "canal-side epic" rich in personal details, even to the dress of her doll, and all in spite of the fact, as he himself remarks, that "it would need the tortures of the Inquisition to drag a word from the five-year-old child about the wonderfully plucky way she saved her little playmate aged four from drowning." It is indeed a splendid achievement, and should rejoice the *manes* of Torquemada himself.

"In mid-Cumberland the grouse prospects are the brightest since 1925."—*Local Paper.*

We are ready to believe this.

SUMMER IN ARCADY.

IV.—THE CAR GAME.

ONE portion of the domain which surrounds Arcadia Cottage overlooks a corner of a main road, and here Angela and I sometimes sit on drowsy afternoons and play a game which we have invented.

Strictly speaking, it is a game of chance, conditioned by Fate and made possible largely by the indomitable energy and enterprise of such gentlemen as Mr. MORRIS and Mr. FORD. If you have guessed that it has to do with cars, you are right, absolutely right.

Now if you are observant by nature you will have noticed that, in addition to carrying a number back and front, every car is also distinguished by certain letters of the alphabet which precede the number. You have? Good. If you are inquisitive as well as being observant, you will also know that these letters refer to towns or counties, the ports of register of the cars concerned. You do? This is excellent.

If further you are a policeman or academically minded, or for any other reason fond of useless information, you will have discovered that it is possible to obtain a list of these letters, showing the town or county to which each refers. You don't mean to say you've got one? But this is splendid; you must run over to Arcadia Cottage and have a rubber some afternoon.

Usually Angela, braver than I, takes the hammock and I settle myself in a deck-chair with a list, scoring pad and pencil. A map for reference lies between us, but, as Angela dare not reach for it, the referring is also left to me. Game is called.

It is really quite simple. The first car belongs to the dealer, its distinguishing letters are noted, and the second car awaited with breathless eagerness. If the town or county of origin of the second car is more remote from the scene of the game than that of the first car, the second player scores one point; if it is less remote, the dealer scores one point. The third car is played against the second, and so on. Cars are played alternately.

Anything mechanically propelled and on four wheels counts, from a three-ton lorry labelled "Dynamite only, by permission of the Third International," to a light two-seater taking three families out for the afternoon.

There are honours, too, scored above the line. Any car with GB in addition to its registration letters, showing that its owner once thought of taking it to Boulogne for a week-end, counts two above to the holder. A car carrying one of those jolly red number-plates, with the numbers and figures reversed, counts five above; any car registered abroad scores ten above and is a pretty certain winner below as well. Cars with no number-plate, showing that they are the personal property of HIS MAJESTY THE KING, score rubber at any point of the game, and a hundred above for honours.



"ALL SHE DOES IS TO LIE IN THE HAMMOCK AND SPOT WINNERS."

There are twenty points to a game and the best of five games to a rubber. The winner scores fifty above for rubber, and points may be reckoned in pennies, shillings, half-crowns, five-pound notes or nuts.

There—now you know how Angela and I spend that peaceful hour after lunch when it is warm enough to sit outside but not warm enough for gnats. At least it is a peaceful hour for Angela; all she does is to lie in the hammock and spot winners; but it gets pretty strenuous for me at times, when I am suddenly called upon to adjudicate without prejudice between a Ford with a trade number-plate from Glamorgan and a Rolls Royce with a GB plate registered in Doncaster.

But let 's play a hand or so, and then you will see how it goes. I will lead.

"FJ," says Angela, announcing my car, a handsome Borris-Hoxton which swings gallantly round the corner at a spanking fifteen miles per hour. "I 'm sure that 's a long way off."

"Exeter," I announce, looking it up. "Beat *that* if you can."

Incidentally I may say that the no-conversation rule of Bridge does not apply to the Car Game; barracking is allowed but discouraged.

"I play a CW," says Angela as car number two heaves in sight. "That sounds like a trump."

"Burnley," I reply disgustedly.

"Is that really a place?" asks Angela.

"It 's a sort of place somewhere up in the north. I suppose it counts."

"Does it beat Exeter?"

"It 's further away, thank heaven!"

"Then of *course* it counts. Splendid! One to me."

"Oh, well, if you know people in a place like Burnley——"

"Don't grumble; they 're nice people really, only they have to live there because of the—the water. All the doctors say it suits them *much* better. Have you got it down?"

"Yes. Hullo, here 's a good one for me. EO—Barrow-in-Furness, and two above for a GB."

"Profiteers!" says Angela scornfully. "And I don't think the GB ought to count. *Anyone* would want to go abroad who had to live at Barrow-in-Furness. Is it my turn now? Oh, rotten! XB—that 's London, isn't it?"

"Yes: splendid! Another for me; and I ought to get the next with ordinary luck. Here she comes. A Scotch car I should say by the cut of her jib. Oh, blow!" and I halve with an XK. No score.

"Heavens!" says Angela, seriously endangering her equilibrium in her excitement, "here are three all together. FK, that 's mine—HO, yours—and DX, mine. Where are they?"

I turn the pages feverishly and grope after the map with the other hand.

"Worcester, Southampton and Ipswich."

"Don't we get about?" says Angela. "Are they all further away than each other—I mean which——"

"Don't worry me. They 're a triangle, any two sides of which are together——"



Visitor. "WELL, YOU 'RE A FINE LITTLE FELLOW. I SUPPOSE YOU 'RE GOING TO GROW UP TO BE A MAN LIKE YOUR FATHER?"
Boy (innocently). "THAT 'S WHAT MOTHER 'S AFRAID OF."

"Of course they 're a triangle. I don't see how three points could be anything else."

"They might be a straight line. What was my last one?"

"London."

"Then Worcester 's one to you. Southampton—that 's mine. Ipswich? Where 's Ipswich?"

"Somewhere near Edinburgh, I think. Be quick; here come two more."

"Ipswich—er—let me see——"

"ET and HB."

"Half-a-minute——"

"And honours to me for a red number-plate," says Angela, jumping up and down in the hammock in her excitement.

"Ipswich . . ."

"And here comes another XL."

"Ipswich . . ."

"Have you got ET yet?"

"Don't fuss me. Ipswich . . ."

"The Orkneys, probably," says Angela. She always says the Orkneys when in doubt. I believe she imagines that they lie somewhere just beyond Golders Green.

Then I find Ipswich by accident, and the game goes merrily on.

* * * * *

Anyhow, you see now how it is played.

But towards tea-time the cars slack off and the day gets stiller and stiller, and soon Angela, having beaten me hollow in the Car Game, is fast asleep. And by the happy smile on her face I know that in her dreams she is playing a car with a North Pole registration number and with the KING and QUEEN, wearing golden crowns, in the back seat.

L. DU G.

FIELD TACTICS.

I 've faced in the broad daylight
  The Badger *vis-à-vis*,
And he checked aghast with his lips drawn tight
  At the unexpected me;
And he spun on his spoor with a grunt to say
  That from a beast so queer
Over the hills and far away
  Was the safest course to steer.

I 've faced on his felon round,
  By dusk, by night, by day,
The Fox, but never a stare or sound
  Has he vouchsafed my way;
And it 's little I 've learnt from the bracken's wave
  And the snap of the whins but this:
That whatever 's the score one may often save
  The game by a safety miss.

I 've faced from the crazy bridge
  That spans the sluice-gate flow
Two eyes upturned from a velvety ridge
  On the stream-smooth slabs below;
And the Otter has slid to his own like an eel
  With never a sign that he
Has aught to mention or to conceal,
  Or fears or fancies me.

I 've faced the Stoat on the ride,
  And his needle canines shone
As he arched and yapped and fluffed his hide
  And dared me to come on;
As he slowly swung with a snarl flung back
  And dared me to pursue
And tread on the lashings of jaunty black
  That closed the interview.

From a market report:—

"Dressed chickens 1*s.* 5*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* per lb., georgette, with a pale pink Dutch Bonnet."
Welsh Paper.

We can't afford to dress our fowls like this.

From a report of Middlesex *v.* Surrey at the Oval:—

"Mann drove a ball from Peach on to the window-sill of the secretary's office in the pavilion—a magnificent 6. But this gentleman placed to leg and made a charming late cut that sent the ball to the boundary."
Sunday Paper.

The Surrey Secretary seems to have put up a spirited if somewhat unorthodox performance. But why was he assisting Middlesex?

AT THE PLAY.

"ESCAPE" (AMBASSADORS).

I HAVE an obstinate conviction that Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY, bored with his triumphs in the matter of tendencious stage-plays and family sagas, cast a curious eye on the flickering film and in an idle moment sat himself down and made him a scenario. And what an admirable scenario! The bastille of Dartmoor, the escaped prisoner, the hue-and-cry, the baffled warders, the sporting lady in cerise pyjamas, the grim yokels, the pitiful Diana, the perplexed padre, the lovely moor, the lonely quarry, the trout stream, the village church. What chances for the versatile camera-man and the megalomaniac producer! And indeed I shall be mightily surprised if the film rights have not already been acquired by a perceptive film-magnate for a nice round sum.

But meanwhile I see our ingenious author contemplating his half-sheet of notepaper and feeling that there is a good deal he wants to say about all this which can't be got into captions. Very well then. Let's make an "episodic play" of it, and then we can get in our little dig at the inevitable blind blunders and cruelties of human institutions and indulge our old honourable complex of pity for the hunted, while with a deft hand we rough in a couple of dozen portraits and season all with a little humour. And, by Jove, yes, I think we can make a thundering good entertainment of it.

Agreed *nem. con.* Or practically; for the lady in the audience who denounced the play as a piece of propaganda in favour of murderers was barking up a wrong tree. Certainly, however regrettable the fatal result of chivalrous *Matt Denant's* encounter with the plain-clothes man, in anger at his unfair treatment of the pretty lady in Hyde Park, it was not murder, either in fact or in intention. The park railing knocked the poor fellow out. Just a bit of bad luck all round. A stiff sentence too, five years, in the circumstances as we saw them—the charming courtesy of *Denant*, the fundamental decency of the little outcast, the excusable but disastrous mistake of the plain blunt policeman set to a disgusting task, the discreet fulfilment of which would tax the resources of an archangel. Judge and jury saw nothing of this. And so poor *Matt* goes to a captivity much viler than that he had endured and cleverly made his heroic escape from in Germany during the War.

When the dark-grey Dartmoor particular fog rolls up suddenly as the convicts are at work on the potato-patch, *Matt*, undeterred by a fellow-convict's warning that no one ever gets away from the moor, makes his dash, circles round in the gloom and, after a night of hard going, finds himself pretty much where he started from; takes shelter under a lady's bed, wins her help, borrows her razor and her husband's fishing-gear, is detected but not denounced by a kindly old judge, steals the Ford of a picnic party, encounters a conscientious but physically impotent citizen, outwits a stalwart farmer and his men, listens to a padre in his vestry arguing out the ethics of the matter with reference restricted to the effect of the whole business on the padre's own soul and professional liabilities (a discourse to which I thought the hunted convict listened with a patience which it ill deserved), and finally saves that introspective gentleman from the embarrassment in which the conflict between natural pity and acquired conscience involved him by surrendering to the law.



GENTLEMEN CONVICTS PREFER BRUNETTES.
The Shingled Lady . . MISS MOLLY KERR.
Matt Denant . . . . MR. NICHOLAS HANNEN.

I hoped against hope that Mr. GALSWORTHY would let his fox get to ground as Mr. MASEFIELD saved old Reynard after his topping run in a country of stopped earths by making hounds change their fox. But you can't change convicts on the moor. And anyway our author, not from any prejudice in favour of gloom, but impelled by his serious premisses, was forced to a mournful ending. He made it as little mournful as was possible, and Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN, by playing with the utmost restraint and discretion, prevented the sad ending from deflating us too much.

An odd but distinctly interesting experiment. The episodic method has its dangers for the prentice hand. Mr. GALSWORTHY is conscientious enough to be trusted with it, and the only scene which seemed to miss fire was the encounter in the vestry between *Matt* and the padre. I can't help thinking that the good man would, if he'd got as far as persuading himself that he needn't go out of his way to give up the prisoner, have swallowed the extra pill of positively helping him to get away by lying like a gentleman and arguing the matter out like a clergyman afterwards. And does not this scene rather delay the pace of the action at the moment when it should be hottest? However, this is a small matter, and there could be no doubt that the audience had been thoroughly enthralled by this engaging shocker.

Mr. HANNEN scored a signal personal triumph. You couldn't have a better example of the effectiveness of restrained playing in a part that time and again tempted to excess of zeal. This accomplished actor is apt to suffer in popular estimation just because he plays with a subtlety which is a delight to the perceptive, or perhaps, if that sounds a little superior, to those who think that the modern technique of realism is preferable to the theatricalism which another school (not without arguable reasons) prefers. Nobody had much of an innings beside the hero-convict. Miss URSULA JEANS in the admirable prologue played the part of *The Girl of the Town* brilliantly, without a false intonation or an exaggerated gesture. An admirable scene. Miss MOLLY KERR looked adorable and acted with great charm and piquancy the well-written part of the lady in the bedroom. In the same scene, by the way, Miss PHYLLIS KONSTAM's little sketch of a Devonshire maid was admirably done. Mr. LEON M. LION enjoyed himself and diverted us with the doubled parts of the second convict and the old judge. Mr. STAFFOLD HILLIARD'S little study of *The Man in Plus-fours*, who saw his duty to the State but was not equal to it, was excellent. And I think Mr. AUSTIN TREVOR saved the exceedingly difficult and unsympathetic part of the padre by really intelligent playing.



Mother. "NOW, BUNTY, DON'T——"
Bunty. "YOU NEEDN'T TROUBLE, MUMMIE, I KNOWS ALL THE 'DON'TS.'"

But of course it was meant to be, and was, Mr. HANNEN'S evening, and he acknowledged an unusually enthusiastic call in a short speech much more coherent than is common on these occasions. A thoroughly enjoyable entertainment for brows of all heights. T.

THE PORPOISE.

If I'd to change my human *corpus*
For something airy or aquatic,
I think I'd choose to be a porpoise,
So graceful and so acrobatic.
He is so flagrantly alive
And has a most delightful dive.

Although they're very much admired
Yet I've been told the actual fact is
Their skill is painfully acquired
By years and years of steady practice;
For this is their unchanging rule—
All porpoises must go to school.

In every ointment there's a fly;
The one our hero has to face is
That, when he's caught and doomed to die,
His hide is made into boot-laces—
A fate this king of swoops and swerves
Hardly, you will agree, deserves.

Humour in the Temple.

"The Inner Temple Library will be closed during the month of August. Members are notified that they may use the Middle Temple Library.

The Middle Temple Library, in view of extensive cleaning and repairs which are being undertaken this year, will be closed from the 31st July to the 30th September inclusive."—*Legal Paper.*

"During the interval the huge park was full of local gentry that arrived in hundreds of cars and ate hundreds of excellent home-made cakes—under an enormous marquise."
Daily Paper.

A truly *grande dame.*

'TIS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

CLEANLINESS, we know, is next to godliness; but there are occasions when cleanliness is an offence and, oddly enough, the case that I have in mind is one where, because of a fussy and ostentatious scouring, the house of God itself suffers. I refer to the scraping of the precious dirt from the columns of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

Who can have authorised this barbarity? Not the humane Vicar, Mr. SHEPPARD, I trust. For hitherto I have looked upon him as one of the brightest and best of the sons of the clergy. Could he be guilty of this treachery to London and to Father Time, to Soot and to Beauty?

Whoever is responsible for this vandalism, there it is. The deed is completed. Not for many many years will any newcomer to London know London in her full loveliness, because the portico of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields will be white, whereas to all of us, for ages past, it has been white and black. Not ordinary white and not ordinary black, but the white and black of which London alone has the secret: a black so rich and deep as to be a colour in itself, a white tender, serene and glowing by contrast with that black. Only London stone can take these suave and gentle tints, only stone subjected year after year to our heavily-laden atmosphere thick with soft and caressing smuts.

Upon the noses and the collars of the evil and on the good do these atoms fall, and both the evil and the good, if they see them, brush them away; but when they fall on the white stones of London they remain, gradually to darken them, not all over but partially and in perfect proportion, with a blackness unequalled in its dignity and charm.

Wherever there is a porous white stone building in London you find the Angel of the Darker Tint at work, from mighty St. Paul's to the smallest structure. Whether or not that great man, Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN, knew that this was to happen I cannot say; but it would not surprise me. He knew most things. The fact remains that to his side have rallied, since his death in 1723, all the forces of fog and smother, so that every beautiful thing in white stone that he gave to London is now more beautiful; every distinguished thing more distinguished.

As it happens, Sir CHRISTOPHER was not the designer of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields: that was the work of JAMES GIBBS, his derivative, and it is perhaps the most striking non-WREN church that we have; but GIBBS employed the same material, and there used to be no other portico so grave and soothingly commanding as this. Alas, that I should have to write "used to be"! For to-day it is nothing. It is mechanical, regular. No light; no shade. All the old and fascinating nuances gone! What a way in which to celebrate its two-hundredth birthday!—for it was opened in 1726.

What are we to do with our busybodies? Can no one inform them as to the sanctity of London's grime?

One word more before we leave Trafalgar Square. Is it possible that the NELSON column is the least little bit out of the perpendicular towards the Strand? E. V. L.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"A gentleman always looks well dressed in good clothes."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

TO THE MEN

(to remind them that they have had their day).

[List of colours affected by the Modern Woman, from an article in *Punch* on "The Harlequin Cushion" by a despairing uncle: Shrimp, Canary, Peacock, Mole, Beaver, Gazelle, Camel, Wedgwood, Mauresque, Putty, Toast and Flesh.

From a passage in *Shakespeare's England*, Vol. II., quoting colours affected by men: Drake's-colour satten, Ladie-blush satten, Claie-colour satten, Gozelinge-colour tapheta, Marigold, Isabel, Judas-colour, Peas-porridge tawny, Popinjay-blew, Lusty gallant, Devil-in-the-hedge, Dead Spaniard.]

SING boy to the Masque of the Colours that revel,
A Banquet, a Pageant, a Riot of Words!
The gallants of England outswaggered the Devil
When men went a-flaunting their feathers like birds.

In Cramoisy velvet my Lord would go wooing;
In proud Lusty gallant he'd stand up to fight,
Or down at "The Mermaid" some plan be a-brewing
For Marigold masquing on Midsummer night.

He'd gird at his foe in Dead Spaniard stockings,
Jest in his Gozelinge doublet and hose,
Vie with the Fool in his motley and mockings,
Lead out his Love in his Ladie-blush-rose;

Strut in his Apricock slops on a Sunday,
Tickle the trout in his Silver and Gray,
Claie-colour satten for sober Blacke Monday,
Isabel silk for to go to the Play.

He'd whip out his weapon and death to the traitor
Lurking in Judas and Devil-in-hedge;
Peas-porridge tawny he'd straddle in later,
Tossing the falcon and throwing the sledge;

Ride with the Queen in his Drake-colour feather,
Dice in his tapheta, Bilberry hue,
Swear in his jerkin of Pomegranate leather,
And drink to the stars in his Popinjay-blew.

IF I HAD TIME TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

I'VE often thought I should love to be a Beauty. And the annoying thing is, I so easily might be. Every newspaper, every magazine I pick up assures me repeatedly that it is the simplest thing in the world. But so far I haven't had time.

Don't imagine that I am a sweated worker or anything like that. No, no. I have all the time there is. But it isn't enough.

You see, I have to sleep. If I could manage without that it would be all right. But the Beauty articles all assure me that I must sleep at least seven or eight hours. As a matter of fact I had already got that quite definitely settled for myself. I sleep nine.

Well, let's say that I start operations, then, at eight o'clock. I sip a glass of lemon-juice-and-water very, very slowly. This is for the figure, of course.

At 8.30 I begin my morning exercises—for the figure again. Half-an-hour of these at least before the bath.

I mustn't hurry over the bath. It should be perfumed and leisurely (without being enervating) and wind up with a stimulating cold shower, followed by a few more exercises to restore the circulation. This brings us, say, to 9.45.

I now feel I need a little breakfast. Never, never hurry over meals; that is, of course, absolute disaster to the complexion. Half-an-hour, say, for breakfast, and half-an-hour to look through the paper afterwards for new beauty hints. Then back to the dressing-table, 10.45.

Now the day's work really begins. A quarter-of-an-hour's cold-creaming and massage of the face—most essential. Then I must carefully remove the surplus cream and pat with a tonic lotion for several minutes. I notice that many cold-cream proprietors recommend that the cream should be applied liberally to the face, neck and arms several times a day, but I think that that routine must be for the really leisured classes. I mean, I do like when I am once dressed to keep dressed.

From 11.15 to 11.30 the morning manicure. Of course this isn't a really thorough manicure, only the little daily care.

Now ten minutes to pluck eyebrows down to a neat narrow line, with one or two extra moments to dry the tears of anguish.

Now, I have to make-up for the day. This is, of course, a vital part of the programme, and can be rushed through in twenty minutes only by the aid of great concentration. Foundation cream, rouge, powder, lip-salve, eyelashes. Touch of rouge on lobe of ear. 12.0 noon. Heavens, I haven't touched my hair, and what about that morning walk?

Five minutes' scalp massage—it isn't much, but we're hurrying this morning. Ten minutes' brushing and brilliantining. Fifteen minutes to comb, set and arrange. There we are. Now I can dress. 12.30.

Oh, I forgot the tumbler of cold water to be sipped very slowly. There are six of these to be worked into the day somewhere; we must get one in now.

"Do not put your clothes on hastily," I recall. "That extra ten minutes makes such a difference." And of course everything must be in exquisite repair, to say nothing of gloves, stockings, handkerchief and so on being in perfect harmony. Rather a strain to achieve this by one o'clock, but it can just be done, I think.

Lunch. A leisurely lunch, of course, light but nourishing, and carefully chosen.

After lunch the programme varies. Monday and Thursday, the hair-dresser, for water-waving, and sometimes a shampoo or shingle-trim. (Two hours.) Tuesday, a really serious manicure. Wednesday, the dancing class. Not silly modern dancing, of course, but classical dancing—absolutely necessary to obtain grace and poise. Friday is Turkish-bath day. Saturday, away to the country (fresh air is so essential).

These varied activities take us up to tea-time. After tea there is that belated two hours' walk which has to be got in every day. And oh, heavens, how many tumblers of cold water are we behind the schedule?

Home from the walk at 6.45. Must rest for at least an hour before dressing for dinner, so I might manage a tumbler of cold water now. I can just be ready for dinner at 8.45.

After dinner—a leisurely dinner—there will be just time to get undressed, cold-creamed, exercised and ready for bed at eleven.

Now, all this appears to work out perfectly. But as a matter of fact some absolutely vital points have got crowded out. For instance, I find I ought to read good books for an hour or two every day, and think a lot of beautiful thoughts as well; it makes such a difference to the expression. And then there's deep breathing; that ought to come in somewhere.

So that, what with answering the telephone and arranging the flowers, and keeping up my music, I somehow have never quite got through everything necessary to ensure a really perfect Beauty.

"If I had my way I would allow bathing at all hours of the day and night in all the lakes in the London parks, and during certain hours of the day I would have a band playing to encourage people to bathe and learn swimming. A few canvas screens for changing one's clothes are all that would be required, and in the deeper lakes a man in a boat could rescue people from drowning if necessary."—*Daily Paper.*

We trust he would make his selection carefully.



MR THOMAS MARLOWE. G. Ginger Belches

Our MARLOWE, Censor of the State,
Gives us no "Tamburlaine the Great";
His "mighty line" is stunt on stunt
To keep "The Daily Mail" in front.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—XXIII.



Aggressive Lady Spectator (to chauffeur about to retrieve ball after magnificent boundary hit). "No, Jones, don't do that; he nearly hit me. Let the batsman come and get it himself. I will speak to him."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Miss E. M. Delafield's *Jill* (Hutchinson) is a most attractive book. Its satiric power is subdued to a sense of justice and pity, its plot and characterisation are admirably disposed for light and shade, and the insight and charm that leaven its pages prevail to a higher and more even degree than in anything of its writer's that has hitherto come my way. *Jill*, innocent daughter of *Pansy*, demi-mondaine, girlish and unshockable, mendacious and loyal, beautiful and inadequately washed, is engaging from first to last. Moreover Miss Delafield has surpassed herself in her picture of the world on which her heroine is launched. Two married couples, cousins yet utterly dissimilar, patronise *Jill*. The *Oliver Galbraiths* belong to the zone of social security, *Oliver* being a successful stockbroker, *Cathie* a *dilettante* in good works. The *Jack Galbraiths* are, thanks to the War, down and out. *Jack* cadges for commissions on cars, *Doreen* dances with impossible dagoes and touts among her acquaintance on behalf of hairdressers and milliners. To secure a ten-pound note a month from *Henry Howard Maxted*, bogus company-promoter and temporary protector of *Jill's* mother, *Doreen* undertakes the social initiation of *Jill*. In mercy on a girl of eighteen so dubiously befriended *Cathie* offers to show "my little pretence cousin" something of a correcter world. *Maxted*, an amusingly unplausible villain, endeavours to interest *Oliver* in Cornish oil-shale. Between the two *Galbraith* households and the *Pansy-Maxted ménage* at Salt St. Mary the story takes its course, always with *Jill* and her fortunes as principal freight, but touchingly competent in its presentment and analysis of *Jack*. This, which has been done so often, is done so well that I forgive Miss Delafield the rather obvious short-circuit by which she ultimately puts an end to her hero's ill-fortune.

The Dean of St. Paul's has placed first in the collection of essays to which he has given the title *Lay Thoughts of a Dean* (Putnam) a very fine appreciation of John Colet, that embarrassingly outspoken divine. It is a good choice, for the friend of Erasmus will not go down to posterity as the only Dean of St. Paul's endowed with independent views. Putting into tabular form as briefly as possible the opinions of Dean Inge on the various vexed topics of the hour, I find that he dislikes:—

The Treaty of Versailles.	The Episcopal Bench.
Auto-suggestion.	Reunion with Rome.
Hunting and Shooting.	Turks.
Divorce.	Nouveaux Riches.
Betting.	The Irish.
Socialism.	Psycho-analysis.
The Sub-man.	Prohibition.

He regards, on the other hand, with a considerable amount of approval:—

Victorian Literature.	Jews.
Eugenics.	The extension of capital punishment to the hopelessly depraved.
England.	
The Ministry of Women.	
Modernism.	The attitude of America in the Great War.

It is not given to all of us to be so unaffected by "group" sentiment, or at any rate it is not given to all of us to say so in print. And it is given to hardly any contemporary writer to set forth his tastes and distastes with so much clarity of diction and good style. Perhaps I may also add, with such violence. "These vermin are spawned by all classes," says the Dean of St. Paul's, speaking of revolutionaries. And again, speaking of the Government of 1919, "Little could be expected of a parliament elected in a paroxysm of greed and vindictiveness." The buffeted reader must struggle to the surface when he can.

In STEPHEN HUDSON'S latest tale
He finds a novel variation
Of that device, still sound and hale,
The old triangular relation;
As parties to the plan we note
A wife, her husband and the latter's
"Artistic super-self"—to quote
A fly-leaf par explaining matters.

And here I may as well point out
The super-self, as here depicted,
Acts on his own and gets about
Entirely free and unrestricted;
But more than this, the A.S.S.—
Thus curtly to describe the feller—
Makes the whole yarn his business
And frankly figures as the teller.

Whether, as CONSTABLE maintains,
Such technique proves the author's metal,
Or whether it is worth the pains
Are points I hesitate to settle;
But *Richard*—thus the name of it—
Myrtle and I in all its stages
Is quite the most perplexing bit
Of fiction I have read for ages.

Here is another volume of the new English Men of Letters, and if it be a paradox that its subject is an American it is a paradox with a precedent. HAWTHORNE has his place in the old series, and HERMAN MELVILLE already figures in the new. Moreover the inclusion of *Walt Whitman* (MACMILLAN), very voice of America though he proclaimed himself, may be justified on linguistic grounds; for the voice, whatever its accent, still spoke recognisable King's English. Whether the author of *Main Street*, when his time comes, will be held qualified for admission to this Valhalla of letters is another question. It is rather a futile question too, and we had better return to the excellent book in which Mr. JOHN BAILEY essays to put the poet of democracy in his place. That place is found to be a very honourable one, not under the fiercest rays of the sun of fame but nowhere near the shadows of oblivion. The "barbaric yawp" cannot thrill us or scandalise us as, according to temperament, it thrilled or scandalised our grandfathers, but it is often still worth listening to. Mr. BAILEY is to be thanked for telling us when to listen and when to stop our ears. The poet's *Leaves of Grass* is an unkempt wilderness enough, and it is a pardonable weakness to avoid it for trimmer and brighter pleasaunces. But there are plenty of flowers in it, and Mr. BAILEY has been at great pains to disencumber them of the weeds. His book is a right anthology, and not the least of its attractions to lazy folk will be that, having read it, they will be able to say, without too great a violation of veracity, that they have read WHITMAN. Incidentally they will have read an extremely interesting account of the poet's simple life and, whether they like it or not, a good deal of sound matter as to the principles of the art of poetry.

To my mind Miss SYLVIA STEVENSON has weakened what I take to be a first novel of some ingenuity by making the choice of a woman's career too largely a question of instinct. A measure of reasoned self-determination would have rendered the story of *Shirley Mason*, *Elissa Brent* and *Ruth Farquharson*—the three girls whose fortunes as London wage-earners form the chief theme of *The Tight-Rope* (BLES)—not only more entertaining but more human. There is a show of intelligence about the arguments with which the first two ladies (the third is less talkative) debate the claims of professional and domestic life. But in the main their attitude towards business and sex is that of the legendary monkey, who fails to understand why he cannot extract two fists stuffed to repletion from two narrow-necked bottles. I believe Miss STEVENSON considers that her heroine, *Shirley*, does the trick when she finally divides her life, as KING SOLOMON proposed to divide the baby, between a home and an office. *Elissa* solves the problem by running a curio shop, in which her lovers are customers and her cus-



Wife (on river-bank, to silent angler). "WHY ON EARTH DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THAT NO TALKING WAS ALLOWED WHEN YOU SUGGESTED A QUIET HONEYMOON BY THE GLORIOUS RIVERS OF DEVON?"

tomers lovers. While *Ruth*—a Victorian survival very well drawn—truckles to every man she meets and flings away ambition out of perverted motherliness. It is her exaggeration of the "womanly" attitude which, I gather, is held partly responsible for the manly and unwomanly vagaries of her friends. I give Miss STEVENSON full marks for *Ruth* as an individual, but she has no philosophic warrant for confusing the virtue of self-sacrifice with its excess. Her notion of business politics is not so deep as she would have me imagine, but she shows observation and sympathy as a student of feminine types and by-ways.

Under the Cherry Tree (FABER AND GWYER) is the whimsical Odyssey of a *Mr. Wantage*, idle and charmingly flippant young bachelor, past a Mayfair island of the Sirens—chiefly an overwhelming *Lady Millbanke*, an entirely tiresome *Lady Anning* and a *Mrs. Cecil Wainwright*, rather a dear. The two titled ladies being both crudely managing persons are not very dangerous; but our *Mr. Wantage's* peace of mind is seriously threatened by the knowing pathos and skilful reticences of the third. All ends well, however, for the peace of the much-beset hero, and his pronounced reluctance to matrimony is finally broken down by a young woman who has the advantage of not having been found for him by any of the Sirens, and who knows the moves of the game as played by *Wantages*. Mr. PETER TRAILL has carved on a cherry-stone with considerable skill a full-dress romance *à rire*. The story is rather inferred than told in these witty dialogues, which must be read with concentration and, I think, at a sitting, lest the more delicate threads be missed. As the publishers fairly claim, this is a modern exercise in the happy manner of the *Dolly Dialogues*, and, I would add, by no means unworthy of its parentage. The only jests which seemed to me a little thin were those manufactured out of the deafness of *Lady Millbanke's* company-directing husband. The elegant trifle is admirably printed, and decorated with fine appropriateness by Mr. AUBREY HAMMOND.



Overseas Customer. "NO, I 'M AFRAID IT WON'T DO. WHAT I HAD IN MIND WAS SOMETHING WITH A BROAD BRIM."

Return to Bondage (SECKER) is offered to the public as "a first novel with a message," but the message, I hope, will be a last one. Miss BARBARA BLACKBURN writes too gracefully and with too much humour and insight to burden herself with "messages," which she may safely leave to the pompous and the dull. This book adds yet another to the long list of present-day novels which deal with the claim of modern youth to be as unhappy as it likes. It is an account of the fortunes, friendships and entanglements of two girls, *Laura* and *Joan*. *Laura* marries, *Joan* does not; but as runners in the Juvenile Misery Stakes a handkerchief would have covered the pair of them. In the end *Joan*, disillusioned and rising twenty-five, also marries, and by so doing conveys the message of the book, that marriage may be a poor business, but that youth, for all its wisdom, has not yet evolved a tolerable substitute. That at least is the only message I could find. A pleasing touch is *Joan's* love and admiration for her father. She admired him but a little this side of worship, and loved him so much that, if he had offered his advice to her, she would, I believe, have explained to him why she couldn't take it. But he, wise man, never offered it. He just went on reading SHAKESPEARE and cultivating his garden. An admirable man, with a sense of humour which his children liberally fed. *Mr. Bennet*, I feel sure, would have loved an hour with him.

Wards and guardians, strange misunderstood young ladies, lovers who only find out that they love after much tribulation, and a passionate kiss on the last page—it was brave of Mlle. AMÉLIE RIVES (PRINCESS TROUBETZKOY) to construct a novel from such very old material and clever of her to make it such a good one. *The Queerness of Celia* (HURST AND BLACKETT) was a marked queerness, somewhat resembling arrested development, and her guardian, *Hilary Fraser*, was in his own way nearly as queer; but they were both lovable people, and *Celia's* peculiarities were at least probably accounted for by her father's brutal treatment of her as a child. The scene is laid chiefly in New York among the most aristocratic of "100% American" society. Much more amusing than the pictures of high life, however, are the many clever thumb-nail sketches of such less important personages as shop-assistants in big stores and the staff of the Sieburg Theatre, where *Celia* does a swimming turn as the "Masked Mermaid," in order to prove to *Hilary* that she could earn her own living and he need not look after her unless he wants to. But it is *Celia* herself, odd, self-contained, so tall that a station-master, when the inevitable elopement occurs, describes her as "some gy-raffe," who won my heart and makes the whole book something out of the common.

The first part of *The Man with the Scar* (HEINEMANN) deals with the kidnapping of *Cormack Grouchy*, "financier and reputed millionaire," and his subsequent imprisonment in a lonely house. In the second part Mr. JOHN LOMAS tells us of *Grouchy's* escape and of his revenge upon a number of exceedingly unpleasant criminals. It is claimed for this story that it will make other blood-curdling tales "pale by comparison." I am not disposed to admit or to deny the truth of this claim, but I do think that as a blood-curdler Mr. LOMAS is inclined to overshoot the mark. Although it was natural that *Grouchy* should desire to punish those who had behaved with such abominable cruelty, his methods of revenge were too stealthy and insidious for my enjoyment. In short my gorge rose, but my blood failed to curdle.

Notice.

It appears that some readers are still unable to obtain the strike issues of *Punch*—May 5th, 12th and 19th. Copies of all these are available and can be procured through newsagents, or direct from the *Punch* Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4, at 7*d*. each.

CHARIVARIA.

So the Australian team might just as well have brought their wives after all.

* * *

Ever since the conclusion of the final Test Match we have been looking in vain for a silly-season discussion in the Press on the question, What is wrong with Australian cricket?

* * *

In view of the fact that Sir ROWLAND BLADES, the Lord Mayor-elect, is a keen cricketer there is some talk of inviting the Australians to stay till November in order that they may be led in triumph in the Lord Mayor's Show.

* * *

The feat of a left-handed Romford golfer in killing a swallow with his second shot is reported in the Press. Many a golfer would have been discouraged after missing the bird at the first attempt.

* * *

During the Criccieth Sheepdog Trials Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is believed to have got some new ideas for dealing with seceding Liberals.

* * *

Bookmakers have been notified that they must send their photographs to the Commissioners of Customs and Excise. We are requested to point out that what are wanted are good likenesses rather than pretty pictures.

* * *

A parrot gave the alarm when burglars were in a Chertsey house the other night. This has caused some annoyance in canine quarters, and it is likely that the matter will be dealt with by the Dogs' Trade Union.

* * *

An American Senator has had his arm broken while cranking his Ford. We fancy he must have said something to annoy the local Lizzie, as she is not supposed to snap at Americans.

* * *

Mosquitoes are said to be capable of flying a distance of a mile and a half. Then why don't they—starting from us?

* * *

According to a news item there is a Bank Robbers Association in America. What we need in this country is a Society for Rendering First Aid to Overdrafts.

* * *

A Surrey innkeeper complains that very few motorists pass through his village. What about baiting the place with a few dairy-fed pedestrians?



NATURE NOTE.

THE A. J. COOKOO (*Cuculus Stridens*).

"In August
Go he must."

All through-trains between Rangoon and Mandalay have been cancelled owing to floods. This means that there will be more people than ever on the road to Mandalay.

* * *

A Russian chess champion is said to clear his brain by taking a bath three days before a match. He has to take the risk, of course, of the match being cancelled.

* * *

Several golfers in the New Forest have been driven away by a plague of ants. Go for the Sluggard, thou Ant!

* * *

A lady bather on the South coast who was rescued and brought ashore protested vigorously. It appears that she was swimming the Channel.

* * *

"Should a doctor tell?" The answer is, "Not until he has had an opportunity of going home to look up the disease and see if he can call it something more expensive."

* * *

A physiognomist says that character can be told by the eyebrows. In that case, what is one to think of the women who have most of theirs plucked out?

* * *

Berlin brewery workers having struck, it is feared that the lager-lowerers may come out in sympathy.

* * *

Dr. A. M. Low says that it is possible to whistle a note inaudible to human beings. Taxi-drivers are very human at times.

* * *

Side-whiskers are becoming more popular among young bloods like Mr. J. C. SQUIRE; but wait until one of them shuts the door of his two-seater a little carelessly.

* * *

The Italian Government is trying to popularise the potato in the place of spaghetti, but they 'll never do it until they grow one that can be wound round a fork.

* * *

It may work out all right in the end. If legs disappear owing to the motor-car habit there 'll be nothing left to step on the accelerator with.

* * *

It is feared that Signor MUSSOLINI'S ban which forbids Italians to spend their holidays outside their own country will have an effect on the annual exodus from Soho to Thanet.

* * *

The opinion in boxing circles with regard to WILLS'S offer to fight DEMPSEY at any street corner for nothing is that he is a fellow of no refinement.

* * *

Now that Sir HENRY WOOD has introduced the bagpipes into the Queen's Hall orchestra he may contemplate increasing the pathos of his fantasia on Scottish airs by substituting the banging of saxpences for the cymbals.

"Hobbs and Sutcliffe, *par mobile fratrum*."
Daily Paper.

A happy word, *mobile*. Certainly they moved well.

THE VERY LATEST.

"Personally," she told me, a little primly, "I don't think it 's quite—well, quite ladylike to try to start a new fashion."

"Still less so," I remarked, "to follow an old one."

"That," she said with severity, "would be merely morbid, only nobody does. But to try to start an absolutely new idea almost suggests that one wishes to be talked about—a thing one does so instinctively shrink from."

"Oh, instinctively," I agreed, "instinctively—especially in these days when we blush to find our photographs in the Society papers."

"Only as likely as not," she said with some bitterness, "they don't put it in, no matter how nice you 've been to the reporter."

"A race," I agreed again, "on which kindness and severity seem alike wasted. The best plan is to wait till they become editors."

"So that one can stop reading their papers?"

"Oh, no," I explained, "so that one can go on reading them and then write and say how dull and stupid they are, and ask why someone of some faint intelligence is not secured to run them."

"Well, you know," she said, a good deal interested, "Tom often wonders that."

"Oh, we all do," I assured her, "all of us."

"Tom," she went on, "says sometimes he 's a good mind to write to *The Times* and offer to show them how to do it."

"I would myself," I remarked, "only I feel as likely as not they wouldn't take any notice."

"Stupid of them," she said, "as stupid as trying to start a new fashion that very likely won't catch on a bit and then you 're merely eccentric. On the other hand," she added musingly, "it does not do to fall behind."

"If only," I sighed, "I could impress that great maxim on those horses on which I place my rare and modest fiver."

"So when," she continued, "I heard about it this morning, and how there was a whole paragraph in one of the society columns pointing out that it was an absolutely new idea—and that 's so rare, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said; "only the other day a bench of magistrates in Surrey agreed there was no real proof I had been exceeding the speed limit, and they thought the police might be mistaken, so they would let me off without even a fine."

"Oh, they did that on purpose most likely," she explained, "just to show they could if they wanted to, in case people forgot. But this is quite different because no one, absolutely no one before her, had ever thought of a patchwork evening cloak made of bits of all the evening dresses you 've ever had. No wonder it made such a sensation."

"No wonder," I agreed, "and it does seem a most charming notion. One will be able to say: 'Do you remember that summer night long ago when the scent of the honeysuckle lay in the air . . . and you said . . . what you said. It 's the diamond-shaped patch beneath your left shoulder-blade that reminded me of it.' And the husband will look longingly at a diagonal strip of pink brocade running north-east and south-west, and he will think: 'All that is left of fifteen guineas at the last summer sales.' And your best and oldest friend will murmur: 'Ah, how well I remember that square of old gold in the middle of your back, it suited you so well when you were younger, years and years ago.' Conversation will receive the greatest stimulus of recent years, besides all the unreceipted bills that will thus have still a reason for their continued existence."

"It won't be a bit like that," she assured me earnestly. "For one thing men never remember a frock from one night to the next, and the women will all be too busy planning to have a cloak like it themselves."

"And are you already planning," I asked, "to have one like it?"

"No," she said simply, "because I have one already. I shall be wearing it to-night at the FitzCuthberts', the first time one could, without being a little—well, ostentatious. A perfectly new thing, quite untried, is always a little . . . don't you think?"

"I quite understand that," I said. "One . . . one shrinks."

"Exactly," she agreed, much pleased. "But to-night it will be simply the latest thing, and not to have it will be to show oneself definitely in the background."

"Quick work," I mused, "if you only heard of it this morning."

"It was an opportunity," she explained. "I remembered all at once that years and years ago an old lady both Blanche and I used to know quite well spent all her time making patchwork quilts of any old pieces of silk she had. She gave one to me and one to Blanche."

"But a patchwork quilt," I pointed out, "is not an evening cloak."

"Why not?" she asked, surprised. "Or, if not, it can soon become one. You get a good pattern and then you cut it out and sew it up again."

"So then," I said, "you are simply turning the old patchwork quilt your old friend gave you——"

But she interrupted me, shaking her head.

"I 'm always unlucky," she said sadly; "I sent mine away ever so long ago when they were having a rummage sale at the church."

"Too bad!" I said. "Then perhaps Blanche will be first after all?"

She shook her head again.

"You see," she explained with some reserve, "I knew Blanche was almost sure to have hers still, because she always keeps everything in case it comes in useful some day. And it often does. So I called round there this morning before she was up, or had seen the papers, and I got her to give it me. I 'm expecting," she added seraphically, "my patchwork evening cloak to make quite a sensation. I shouldn't wonder if it was talked about quite a lot—especially by Blanche."

E. R. P.

HOW 'S THAT?

(A point for the M.C.C.)

Tide 's at the middle
And cricket 's at ten;
Now here is a riddle,
You cricketing men;
For Margery caught her,
Says Joan, in the match,
Both hands under water—
So was that a catch?

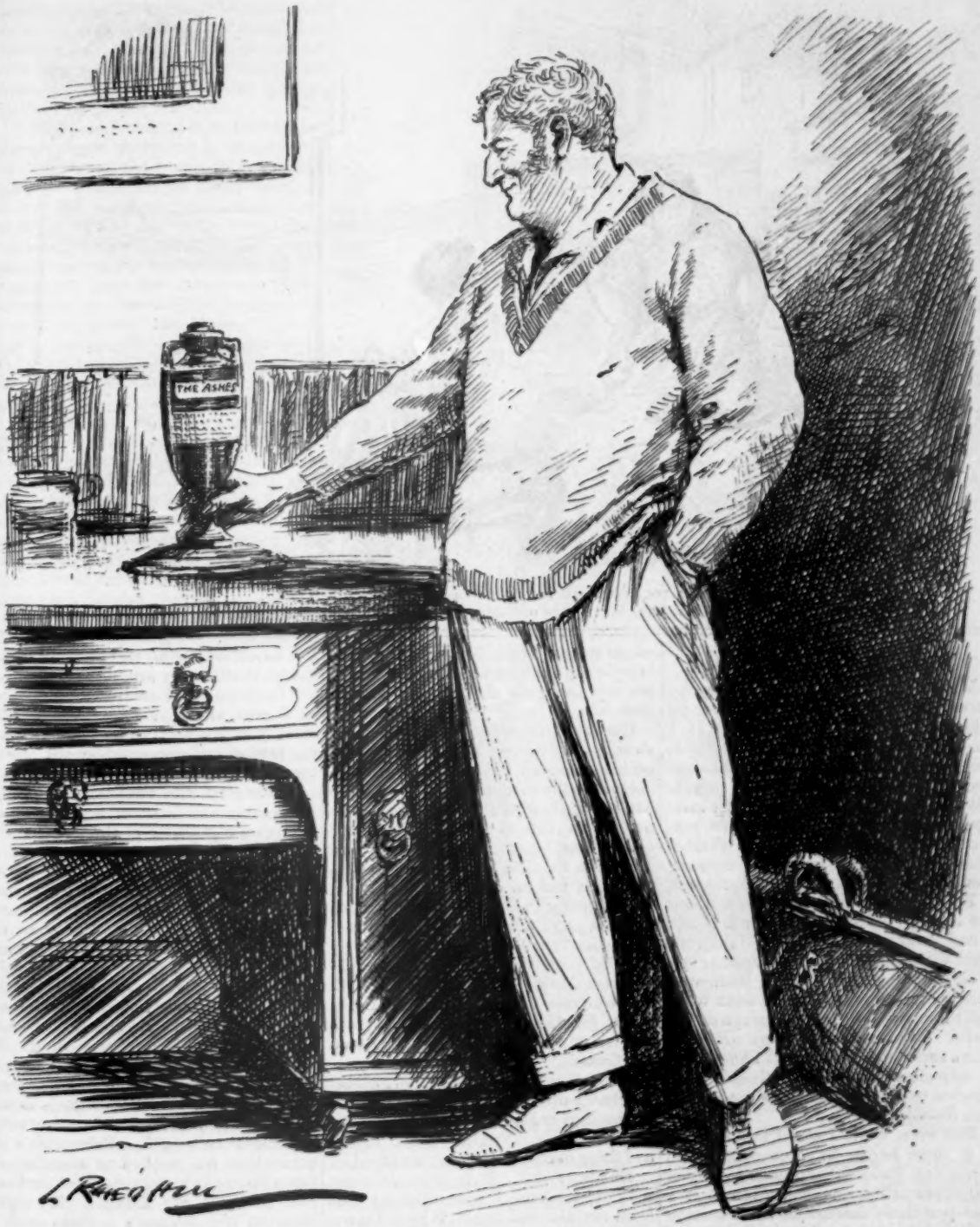
Blown was the hair about,
Shining the sand;
Whereabout, whereabout
Ought one to stand?
White and sea-chargery
Foams the great trough—
William put Margery
Extra mid-off.

Mad as a hatter,
On starfishes bent,
What does it matter
Where Margery 's sent?
Seldom she hurries
With hand or with foot;
Nobody worries
Where Margery 's put.

William is bowling
His terrible breaks,
But Margery 's strolling
By amethyst lakes;
Stone grots are yielding now
Weed-gardens cool,
Mid-off is fielding now
Deep in the pool.

Joan hit a skyer
That—merciful me!—
Soared higher and higher
And fell near the sea;
Margery caught her,
But—here lies the doubt—
Both hands under water,
And could that be out?

Evoe.



THE GREAT RECOVERY.

John Bull. "WELL, SO MUCH FOR THE ASHES; NOW FOR THE COAL."



Folk-lore Enthusiast. "Do you have any folk-dancing down here?"
Villager. "Lor bless 'ee, yes, Sir. Lots on 'em jazzes every night up at the Blue Bull."

THE SPELL OF THE COLONEL.

My doctor was worried about my nerves and ordered me to the Channel Islands for an indefinite stay. If I doubted his diagnosis I at least played the game by taking his advice; but the uncanny influence which my private sitting-room at the boarding-house exercised upon me at once was most perturbing, and made me wonder whether after all the doctor's glum pronouncement might not be an understatement.

For there was nothing bizarre about the room. Indeed, on the first glance it had charmed me. It was bright; the rigid Victorian suite included one or two comfortable major pieces eminently suitable for a person with a weak back, and there was only one oleograph on the walls. True the room was arranged into a tortured neatness, but I knew that it only needed a few indefinable male touches to give it charm and a comfortable disorder.

But even while I stood taking stock of it there began to come over me in increasing waves a poisonous feeling of self-depreciation, a realisation that I was peculiarly insensible to unwritten codes of decency and an inclination to admit that my veneer was too thin to conceal the rotter underneath.

Next morning the same uneasy sense of my own unworthiness seized upon me so strongly that I thought I would sample the golf-course to see if it would get my thoughts out of their morbid groove.

Passing through a suburb held in great strength by retired Indian military—each homestead being named presumably after the bloodiest of those Indian battles at which the head of the household had assisted—I came to the golf-club, where I met a secretary who wore a Ghurka tie. He was inclined to be a Presence, but he mellowed at once on my chancing to refer to afternoon tea as tiffin, and I returned to the boarding-house for lunch well pleased, only regretting that the tie of my old rough-and-grumble war-time corps—the 3rd/4th Glebeshires—was not likely to be mistaken for the neck-wear of, say, the Guides or the Patiala Lancers or even the Guards.

Altogether I felt so much more cheerful that I utterly pooh-poohed my hallucinations regarding the sitting-room. "The room is all right," I said loudly as I flung open the door and stamped in.

But *was* it? If it was all right why did the tune I was whistling fade from my numbed lips? Why did some sinister power force me to take my hands shamefacedly out of my pockets and compel me to hollow my back? Was there not something abnormal in the atmosphere that it should make me feel an outsider who had done all those things that simply are not done?

"Come, come," said an inner voice as I was about to flee, "this is not worthy of one who came through four big pushes and one cadet-school. Be a man and have forty winks on that sofa."

I accepted the challenge. Uneasy sleep came and brought my legacy—a recurring nightmare of the Great War. I saw myself as a very new subaltern on a G.O.C.'s inspection. The Great Man at length arrives at my platoon. The front rank is impeccable, but I am certain that we are going to come to something very dreadful in the rear rank. We are turning round the left flank guide. The Great Man stops petrified; his neck turns magenta; he makes indignant noises. He does all this because Mr. G. B. Shaw and Mr. H. G. Wells, in private's uniform and neither even looking his own height, are ruining the rear rank. Each in fact is in an idiosyncratic posture and bursting with arguments as long as a Fabian tract to prove that his method of standing at the slope is infinitely superior to that laid down in the *Manual*. My eyes drop to Mr. Wells's puttees, and I awake to find myself standing shakily on my feet and streaming with perspiration.

At that moment my glance was drawn magnetically to an obscure corner. A

pair of eyes were glaring at me from the middle shelf of a whatnot. I approached in an hypnotic condition and found that the eyes were part of a cabinet portrait of a fierce old soldier which was partly concealed by an ornamental ginger-jar.

I held the photograph cautiously, for the grey eyes glowering in the shadow of the peak of the service-cap and the grizzled moustache cut stiffly from the line of the relentless mouth were those of my old C.O. It was Colonel Gashleigh-Gore, who came from India and made the 3rd/4th Glebeshires painfully regimental from the cook-house to the bridge-table. An excellent portrait, "a speaking likeness," those who only knew him by sight would have said innocently. It brought vividly to my mind how he had waylaid me after secretly watching my form on my first ceremonial parade. "Is *that* your idea of mounting a guard?," he asked, and the photographer had caught something of the Colonel's expression as he waited for me to give the foolish answer, "Yes," or the foolish answer, "No"; but of course it could not suggest the deepening purple of his face as he prepared to loose a torrent of speech lurid with enough coarse expressions for a Sunday play.

On inquiry the proprietress told me that Colonel Gashleigh-Gore had spent his last furlough from India in the rooms I was occupying. He had been very comfortable and had left her the photograph. Her memories of him were sunnier than mine. I could not even shake her statement that the Colonel had made no difficulties about his porridge. She insisted that Colonel Gashleigh-Gore was a dear old gentleman.

* * * * *

As I write the Colonel is face downwards on the occasional table under two volumes of ROSA CAREY and *One Hundred Best Poems* of ELLA WHEELER WILCOX; while I by way of bravado am smoking a cigar with a band on it. But I am very ill at ease. I am alarmed by what the proprietress said about the Colonel finding the porridge to his liking. For with us in the War the Colonel's first outburst of the day was always over his porridge. True he could usually be heard savaging his batman after a *chota-hazri* of—so they said, and I for one believe it—a double puma's-blood neat, but the Colonel's first serious attempt at being unpleasant was reserved for the imaginary imperfection of his daily oatmeal.

It is obvious then that, if Colonel Gashleigh-Gore was pleased with the boarding-house porridge which does not even please *me*, either the climate or the proprietress must be very enervating. And this brings me to the proportion sum: If the proprietress (or the climate) could reduce Colonel Gashleigh-Gore to a "dear old gentleman," what effect will she (or it) have upon a nervous wreck like myself?

The answer, as I figure it out, is not very reassuring, and I think I shall have to go on to Paris.



A TRAGEDY OF THE FINAL TEST MATCH.

Policeman. "YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU 'VE BEEN HERE *ALL NIGHT?* LUMMY—THIS IS *LORD'S!*"

"A Tweedmouth set of train-men, working at their gardens over the wall on to the footpath. These stones make it impossible for people to walk, especially at one particular place. Young presided at the organ."
North-Country Paper.

We are glad that they had music to cheer them in what seems to have been a thankless job.

SIMPLE STORIES.

II.—The Talking Horse.

Once there was a horse that had been taught how to talk, and one day he said to his master where are we going?

His master said don't you worry about that, if I want you to go one way I will pull one rein, and if I want you to go the other way I will pull the other rein, and if I want you to stop I will pull both the reins.

And the horse said oh very well I suppose it is best like that, it saves trouble.

So they went on till they came to a circus, and the horse's master whose name was Mr. Firbank said will you buy a horse that can talk? and they said they would.

So he sold them the horse and went home by train.

Well the horse was quite comfortable, because they were kind to horses in that circus, and they fed him well, and whenever they gave him something to eat he said thank you.

And he did that in the circus, and everybody was very pleased at hearing a horse talk and said it was very wonderful, and the circus made plenty of money out of people coming to hear the horse talk.

Now Mr. Firbank had never worked his horses on Sundays, but at the circus Sunday was the day when they moved from one place to another.

So the first Sunday the horse said look here I'm not used to working on Sundays I don't like it.

And they laughed at him and said why this isn't working, all you have to do is to walk from one place to another with somebody on your back, and the horse said oh very well but I must have some more oats.

So they gave him some more oats and he said thank you.

Well the horse got rather frisky from having so many oats, and he liked the carrots and sugar and apples they gave him in the circus, and so one day when he had said thank you for a carrot and had eaten it he said look here I want another one.

And his master said well you can't have another one until to-morrow, and he said I want another one, and kept on saying it until his master had to give him another one.

And his master was angry, but the people all laughed at the horse asking for another one, so he thought it wasn't such a bad thing after all.

Well the horse ate so much that he was quite ill and had to have some medicine, and he didn't like the medicine and spat it out, and then his master was really angry and whipped him, and he said if you don't take your medicine you shan't have anything more to eat at all.

So he said oh very well, and took his medicine, and then he felt better.

And then he said I want a pound of sugar to take away the taste of the medicine, but his master wouldn't give it him, so he said oh very well then I won't talk any more.

So after that they were very unkind to him and didn't give him enough to eat, and presently they sold him to a cab driver and he had to work very hard.



"He ate so much that he had to have some medicine."

And one day as they were driving past a greengrocer's he stopped and said is that a carrot, I should like one.

Well the gentleman who was in the cab was Mr. Firbank, and directly he heard him he said why that is my talking horse, I will buy him a carrot.

And he did buy him a carrot, and the horse said thank you.

And Mr. Firbank bought him back and was kind to him and gave him plenty of hay and didn't work him too hard.

And presently the horse forgot how to talk except when anybody gave him a carrot or an apple or some sugar and then he said thank you. A. M.

KENT'S FIRST CASE.

Fortune favours the brave; but her smile is for the man of swift decision and challenging intelligence not less than for the stout of heart. I take pains to insist on this whenever envious tongues whisper of my uncle, the famous Silas Kent, that he first earned his reputation as Britain's foremost detective by a pure accident.

Here are the facts. You may judge for yourself.

My uncle happened to be staying at "The Crown" at Frambury when the landlord was murdered. The wretched man was found lying flat on his back across the footpath in the field behind the hotel. A stout knife of Sheffield make protruded vertically. He looked as if he were pinned to earth like a specimen.

The first to notice the corpse was Ellen the chambermaid. It was her afternoon off and she was going to meet her sweetheart. In the course of conversation she happened to tell him what she had seen, and as their way led past the police-station they dropped in and mentioned the matter to Sergeant Baffles.

The sergeant finished his tea and then had the body removed within doors, as it obstructed the public footpath. After that he set to work to inquire into the movements of all those who were known to dislike the landlord, and, as the local population, though scattered, was large, the task looked like keeping him busy for some time.

Meanwhile my uncle came back from a long day's beetle-hunting in the local woods to his dinner at "The Crown."

Said the waiter, flicking the dust off a chair for my uncle to sit down upon in the coffee-room, "Quite a little event has happened here to-day, Sir. Our landlord has been murdered."

"Murdered?" said my uncle.

"Murdered, Sir, with a great knife in his ribs. Thick or clear, Sir?"

"Dear me!" said my uncle. "Thick."

By the time my uncle had eaten his soup and his fish he was in possession of the scanty details available.

"And who murdered your landlord?" he asked, studying the menu and pondering his choice of meats.

"The culprit has not as yet been discovered, Sir. Ah, I beg your pardon, Sir, if you will allow me to mention it—he was a rather unusually tough old bird."

"The landlord?"



Lady (discussing her husband). "WE'VE NEVER HAD MORE THAN ONE ROW. 'E GIVE IN FIRST, AND AIN'T NEVER GIVE ME A BACK ANSWER SINCE. ONE O' THE STRONG SILENT SORT, 'E IS."

"Oh, no, Sir, to-night's chicken."

"H'm!" said my uncle. "It is unusually warm this evening; I will not take anything hot. There is some cold beef on the side-table, I observe. Carve me a small portion."

He watched the waiter dissect the beef with some deftness and took occasion to remark, "You 're a dexterous hand with a carving-knife, waiter."

The waiter let the knife fall with a clatter.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," he said. "Excessively clumsy of me, I 'm sure, Sir, but this knife is none too sharp."

My uncle ate the beef thoughtfully; the waiter remained apologetic.

"These little happenings are often quite apt to upset one's nerves," he remarked. "There 's a nice apple-tart, Sir."

"Quite," replied my uncle. "Apple-tart, please. What made you murder him, waiter?"

The commercial traveller who was the sole other occupant of the coffee-room started from his chair with an exclamation and then resumed his seat, but, taking up a table-knife, put himself into a posture of defence.

"Well, Sir," said the waiter, "we had had a few words about breakages. And to tell you the truth, Sir, I could never take kindly to the cast in his left eye."

He brought the apple-pie but remained hovering near the chair. He appeared to have something on his mind.

"Well?" said my uncle.

"If it is not presuming too much, Sir, I should appreciate the favour of your advice. It appears to me that I have landed myself in a bit of a predicament. It might prejudice gentlemen against this house if it were to get out that the waiter had murdered the landlord. What would you do, Sir, not to take too great a liberty, if you were me?"

"I should go straight to the police and give myself up."

"Thank you, Sir; I will."

He went upstairs to change his clothes, bundled a few necessaries together under his arm, came in to say good-bye to my uncle and left; yet on his way he must have deviated from his purpose, for no one in the neighbourhood ever saw him again.

"But how," said the commercial gentleman, now permanently round-eyed, "did you know that it was the waiter who had murdered the landlord?"

My uncle answered, "One of my hobbies is psycho-analysis. If you have studied the subject you will know that a sudden inconvenient question aimed at a person who is concealing a secret will often get right through his defences. I tried the experiment, with the result you witnessed."

"But, my dear Sir, you might have had to experiment on every one for miles around."

"Exactly. I was spared the trouble, for by a sheer fluke my first shot went home."

It was like my uncle to attribute his success to luck. His detractors could never understand this modesty, so characteristic of the really great man that he was. In actual fact it was a very cool and dashing piece of work that he did between the soup and the sweets.

The Way of All Flesh.

"MATRIMONIAL.

Young Man, good character, sober, good position, desires to meet Young Widow (musical), with or without property.

Applicants will please note that all Beef, Mutton, Pork, Veal, etc., MUST be procured from A. ——, Broad Street."—*Dominion Paper.*

"Root has developed the leg theory, having three short legs instead of slips."—*Cigarette Card.*
It looks as if he were qualified to play for the Isle of Man.

NATIONAL SELF-EXPRESSION IN DRESS.

(By our Medico-Sartorial Expert.)

THE inexplicable failure of the long overdue recurrence of influenza to materialize affords a convenient opportunity for the discussion of other hardly less momentous topics, as for example why, as the best authorities seem now agreed, the average temperature of the blood is cooler than in previous decades; why Americans wear side-spring boots; and why the names of so many liners end in —ic. But there is one question which transcends all others in its conflagratory quality. Can we stabilize or standardize our dress?

As so often happens the impetus and inspiration come from Italy. Signor MUSSOLINI has initiated a campaign against foreign fashions, whether emanating from Paris, London or New York, and as a logical corollary has decided to promote the adoption of a style of dress typically and characteristically Italian. We should be guilty of insularity in its narrowest form if we refrained from profiting by this example, especially at a time when the "Come to Britain" movement is in full swing. Nothing is likely to assist it more effectually than a national costume, at once rational and picturesque, economical and hygienic, and also protective. The need of this last quality has been signally illustrated by the painful experiences of a number of golfers who were driven from the links in a southern county by an invasion of flying ants.

Signor MUSSOLINI's notorious predilection for the revival of the grandeur of Imperial Rome may, with certain obvious reserves, serve as a fruitful example. Climatic differences, to say nothing of patriotism, make it undesirable for us to adopt the costume of the civilian or legionary of ancient Rome. But the Ancient Britons have left us some precious legacies, while the pages of Mrs. MARKHAM's History are rich in illustrations of head and foot gear which might be easily adapted to modern requirements. By a judicious compromise, a wise synthesis, it ought to be possible to devise a national dress in which the old and the new were blended into one harmonious whole. Thus for the nether man the ideal vestments would be a combination of the kilt, plus-fours and Oxford trousers, while for the trunk or torso it ought to be possible to unite the advantages of the Saxon leathern jerkin with those of the modern Fair Isle jumper, surmounted by a Regency stock. For the head nothing is better than a Glengarry, or for women the Welsh steeple-crown hat. For foot-gear the "pampooties" of untanned cowhide worn by the inhabitants of the western Irish islands, with the possible addition of plantation crêpe soles, could not be improved upon.

Finally, though incidentally, as a preservation of the complexion I would strongly recommend resort to the use of woad. A company has recently been formed which manufactures what purports to be the genuine article as used by BOADICEA and the tribe of the Catieuchlanians. I hope in a forthcoming article to describe the results of a week's inunction with this admirable balsam.

The further question starkly arises whether this costume should be compulsory or not. The tendency of modern dress is towards standardization. On the other hand, as a race we are wedded to individualism. It might however be arranged to grant licences to a certain number of people whose vocations demand a special type of dress, enabling them to "contract out" of the regulations enforced, as for example cabaret dancers, policemen, bee-keepers, engine-drivers, artificial-eye-makers and divers. Certain callings again might be allowed to wear a special uniform—*e.g.*, accordion-pleated balloon trousers for aviators.

All these questions will need careful and judicious handling, and the appointment of a Royal Commission on Dress is an indispensable preliminary to the legislation necessary to bring about the desired reform. It would be foolish to deny that the obstacles to be overcome are many and formidable. An eminent alienist, who takes a rather pessimistic view of the future, has been heard to express the opinion that the only way to check the alarming increase of sartorial *paranoia* is to shave the heads of the entire population between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five and compel them to wear nothing but dungaree overalls. I confess that this seems to me to be a somewhat drastic remedy and likely, if enforced, to lead to unpleasant reprisals. Meanwhile I can only impress upon my readers with all the force at my command the importance of co-operating in the "Come to Britain" movement, not only by their conversation and correspondence, but by the maintenance of an alluring and well-apparelled exterior.

SHE-SHANTIES.

"START HER ON CHAMPAGNE, BOY . . ."

START her on champagne, boy, but break her in to hock—
That 's the only rule of life that 's steady as a rock;
I 've seen so many promising entanglements decline
'Cos the lady weren't contented with a nice still wine.

Start her on champagne, boy, but break her in to hock;
The longer you leave it the bigger is the shock.
I used to say to Liz,
"Now, what about some fizz?
Or shall we have a nice glass of hock?"
I told her the history, the mystery of hock,
I told her that hock would go sweetly with her frock,
That the felon at the block as a rule demanded hock,
And other things with which I needn't trouble 'ee;
And "Hock," said she, "would do very well for me;"
And I said, "Waitah! a bottle of '53!"
And then, I don't know why—
Was it something in her eye?—
In a minute I 'd be ordering the bubbly.

If a lady chooses lobster when there 's plaice at one-and-ten
It 's a strain upon the passions of the tenderest of men;
Give her dinner *à la carte* when your romance has just begun,
But if love is to be lasting stick to *table d'hôte*, my son.

Start her in the stalls, boy, but train her to the pit;
Educate them up until they don't care where they sit.
I 've done with Lizzie, boy,
For her tastes were too Savoy,
And mine were more Soho, I must admit.
I told her of the cooking and the quaintness of Soho,
I told her to Soho all the clever people go,
I told her that Soho was the haunt of the beau,
The beginning of innumerable marriages;
And "Soho!" she 'd declare, "I 'll be happy anywhere,"
And I 'd say, "Splendid! Well, a bus goes there;"
And then, I don't know why—
Was it something in her eye?—
We 'd be driving in a motor-cab to Claridge's.

A. P. H.

A Favouring Gale.

"Regattas at Brighton, Eastbourne, and East Cowes were interfered with by rough seas. At Eastbourne a woman sculler was blown out to tea."—*Provincial Paper.*

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

At an American murder trial:—

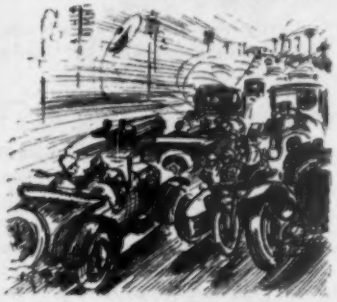
"Mrs. ——, wearing her pride high, reminds one of those aristocratic ladies of French revolutionary days who sat tight-lipped at their knitting when the guillotine yawned."—*Canadian Paper.*

CARLYLE never told us about those noble *tricoteuses*.

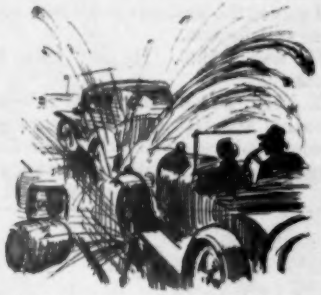
PIP-PIP BY-PASSES;

Or, The Modern Romance of the Broad High Road.

(Dedicated to the new Motor Arterial Roads and By-passes now in being throughout Old England.)



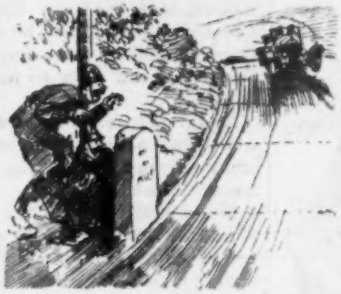
What more can life offer youthful 1926 than the week-end joys of the broad highway—



The scent of the fresh-strewn tar—



The lure of the open road—



The hazard of the unknown by-pass—



The ever-changing panorama unfolding beneath the azure sky—



The freemasonry of wayfarers—



The cottage homes and cheerful salutations of the unsophisticated rustic—



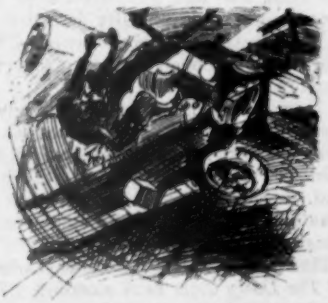
The joyous camaraderie of fellow-travellers—



The quiet rest at the wayside inn—



The warblers at eve and the passage of entwined lovers—



Perhaps the chance rencontre and sudden adventure where road crosses road—



And so to bed with golden dreams of the fully-insured?

THE LITERARY ASSIGNATION.

Geoffrey M. Hogmash, author of *The Secluded Lily*, a novel published (at his own expense and under the *nom de guerre* of "A. B. Carruthers") by Mush and Mush, glanced idly through the personal column of *The Daily Crier* as he sat at breakfast.

Suddenly the unexpected but unmistakable words, "THE SECLUDED LILY," printed entirely in capitals, caused a simultaneous rush of blood to his head and of hot coffee to his nose. When he had finished choking and could breathe once more he scanned the marvellous advertisement with frantic curiosity—

A.B.C.—Read last paragraph of Chapter XI. of "THE SECLUDED LILY."—X.Y.Z.

Fame! The reviewers had ignored his novel, it is true, but others, or at least another, had read and appreciated it. Here it was, his work, his child, fronting the world in that thrilling region of romance, the Personal Column. Fame and recognition! In the glowing words of *The Secluded Lily* alone this stranger, X.Y.Z., had found the eloquent and fitting expression of his (or her) thoughts. Geoffrey reddened with pride and his heart beat exultantly.

But stay! This was a message for A.B.C. That might mean a message for "A. B. Carruthers," a message for Geoffrey M. Hogmash! Could it be? Yes. No. Yes. Chapter XI.? How did that end? The meeting by Asgar's Mark! He snatched a copy of *The Secluded Lily* from a shelf and turned the pages feverishly. Yes, here it was. His memory had not betrayed him:—

"On Sunday afternoon I wish you to go to Asgar's Mark, that spot of fragrant and pulsing memories set on the wind-swept and inviolable hills. Go alone and wait, my dear one. Wait in hope and confidence. Happiness will come to you there—happiness beyond measure, undreamed of . . . at last . . . at long last."

It was some time before Geoffrey could collect his whirling thoughts. Who was X.Y.Z.? Was Geoffrey A.B.C.? Why should X.Y.Z. wish to meet A.B.C.? And how the devil—an expression he sometimes permitted himself to use in moments of stress—how the very devil did X.Y.Z. know where Asgar's Mark was, that curious and nameless rock on the hills outside Ditchend which Geoffrey had discovered on a summer holiday and had made the scene of some of the most sentimental episodes of the novel? It was bewildering, stupefying, almost incredible.

But in the course of the day Geoffrey had solved the problem to his own complete satisfaction.

He was A.B.C. He had no doubt about that.

X.Y.Z. was of course a girl—tall probably, and dark, with passionate eyes—who had read *The Secluded Lily*, earnestly desired to meet the author and had chosen this romantic method of achieving her object. Enthralled by the book she had journeyed over the countryside so graphically described in it, had identified the Honeysweet of the story with Ditchend and had discovered Asgar's Mark on the hills.

How she must have loved his novel! Geoffrey quivered with gratitude towards her, and by evening he had so far determined to make the long journey to Ditchend on the following Sunday that he was debating whether he should wear plus-fours or trousers.

He swooped upon the Personal Column of *The Daily Crier* next morning. Yes, there was another—

A.B.C.—Read last paragraph of Chapter XIII. of "THE SECLUDED LILY."—X.Y.Z.

And the last paragraph of Chapter XIII. said:—

"Only obey me in this, my beloved, and no shadow shall rest upon us till the very foundations of the Universe reel into ruin."

Geoffrey was thrilled to his bones.

Next morning appeared the third and last of the memorable series—

A.B.C.—Read last paragraph of Chapter XV. of "THE SECLUDED LILY."—X.Y.Z.

He read it. It said simply this:—

"I love you. I love you . . . now and for ever!"

The last shadow of doubt vanished from Geoffrey's mind. He resolved to go on Sunday. He decided to wear plus-fours. It was his duty to look his best.

At the eerie and pitiless hour of 7.15 on Sunday morning he entered the train. From 9.30 to 11.45 stoically he endured the misery of waiting at a cheerless and deserted junction.

At 1.8 he reached Ditchend, and at two o'clock he arrived, breathless and sweating, at Asgar's Mark.

Not a soul was in sight.

At three o'clock a cold and penetrating rain set in and, having no shelter, he was soon drenched and chilled to the marrow. At 3.30 it changed to sleet.

At four o'clock he dropped his *pince-nez* and trod on them.

By five o'clock it was practically dark and, after peering for the last time at what remained visible in the landscape, Geoffrey went sorrowfully away. Since two o'clock he had not seen a living creature except a few birds and a dejected-looking stoat.

At 5.40 he discovered that no train left Ditchend for London till eleven, a circumstance into which he had not thought of inquiring before.

At 3.10 next morning he reached London. On the miseries of that awful journey it is not seemly to dwell, but it is typical of Geoffrey that, as he entered his rooms, he paused before a picture of "The Soul's Awakening" and murmured brokenly, "Romance! A martyr to Romance!"

For three weeks, while suffering acutely from a devastating cold in the head, he reproached himself that he had not arrived at Asgar's Mark earlier and stayed later. Alternatively he comforted himself with the reflection that X.Y.Z. would surely make another effort.

At times he thought of inserting an



Patron. "BUT, MY GOOD MAN, THE THING DOESN'T EVEN BEGIN TO RESEMBLE MY WIFE!"

Sculptor. "POSSIBLY NOT AT PRESENT. BUT SHE 'LL GROW MORE LIKE IT BY LIVING WITH IT."



Mother. "When I was young, girls never thought of doing the things they do to-day."
Daughter. "Perhaps that 's why they didn't do them."

answer in the Personal Column, or of writing to X. Y. Z., c/o *The Daily Crier*, but lacked the courage to do so.

For three weeks he studied this column in *The Crier* and seven other daily papers in vain, while his new novel lay neglected and forgotten. Then with a great effort of will he manfully decided to dismiss the whole baffling affair from his mind and to devote himself to his work.

The very next morning a letter reached him, the sight of which made his heart race and his scalp tingle. The envelope showed that it came from Messrs. Mush and Mush. With swift intuition Geoffrey divined instantly what had happened. X. Y. Z. had written to his publishers and they had forwarded the letter to him. He had half expected something of the sort. The supreme moment had arrived. The mystery was about to be solved. Romance soared again into the empyrean on beating wings.

With trembling fingers he ripped open the envelope and tore out the letter. His breath fluttering in his lungs, his eyes misty with emotion, he read the following:—

Dear Sir,—In order to boom the sale of your novel, *The Secluded Lily*, we took the liberty of inserting, on your behalf, three advertisements in the Personal Column of *The Daily Crier* early last month, at a cost, including incidentals, of £2 10*s.* 9*d.* We shall be glad to receive your cheque for this amount.

Since the appearance of these advertisements sixty-five copies of the book have been sold, bringing the total sale to date to sixty-nine copies. We should like to know whether you wish us to advertise further in this form.

We are, Yours faithfully,
Mush and Mush.

TO A YOUNG LOVER.

Fond Youth, I realised what you were feeling,
How Her arrival by it seemed to you
Proof that this Tube, which really comes from Ealing,
Ran straight from Paradise to E.C. 2;
I knew full well the rapture that Her nearness
Woke in your callow heart, for in my day,
Ere Time gave notice of approaching sereness,
I had been seized that way.

With friendly sympathy I watched you greet Her,
Nor found that sympathy untouched by pain,
Remembering how no maiden when I meet her
Will ever look at me like that again;
Sternly I stifled every ribald notion
And combated all tendency to laugh
That one a prey to such profound emotion
Should look so like a calf.

I knew you touched romance's deepest soundings,
Nor cared a button how the world might wag,
But, all oblivious of your surroundings,
Basked in her smile while carrying her bag;
But still I wished your love had been sedater,
Less prone to demonstration, when you placed
(And thereby blocked the whole long escalator)
Your arm around her waist.

Commercial Candour.

From a house-agent's advertisement:

"£1,100.—Two-story Eight-roomed House: e. l., gas, h. and c.; suitable letting as two flats; worth 30*s.* cash."—*New Zealand Paper.*

"Do the wildest dreams of romance beat the experience of the eighteen-year-old schoolboy of Wellington College?

He took five Australian wickets for twenty-four runs. If he had done such a thing in a Test Match he would have passed straight into history with Hobbs and W. G. Grace. He would have earned a statute at Lord's."
Sunday Paper.

For choice, we suppose, a statute to alter the l.b.w. law.

THE TINY TIM.

I HAVE no idea what salary the Tiny Tim people pay the demonstrator who called upon us, but he must be worth thousands to the firm. He was so impervious to the initial rebuffs administered by Jeanie while he stood beaming on the front-door mat; so bland when by arts to which I am a stranger he had induced her to admit him; so tactful at moments when tact was obviously required, as when he made Tiny Tim extract a quantity of dust from a mat which she had herself shaken that very morning; so jovial when the adjustment of the mechanism seemed likely to bore his audience; so persuasive when the financial aspect of the matter came up for consideration.

"He was a lovely youth! I guess
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he."

And his efforts were crowned with success, for we purchased a Tiny Tim.

It was delivered the next morning just as I was starting for the office. I told some other fellows in the train about it and was surprised and a little hurt at their lack of enthusiasm. Beale said they had a Puffer. He believed in getting the best. It paid in the long run. I told him that the Tiny Tim agent said his machine was equally efficient at half the price.

"Ah!" said Beale. "Well, ours is a Puffer."

Tickner remarked that his wife was old-fashioned. He believed that she was the very last woman in Balham to have her hair shingled. Mrs. Tickner thought that brooms were natural and, so to speak, meant, but with these things one never knew. They might turn on you and give you a shock. If ever she changed her mind he meant to buy her a Spruceall, having heard that they were the most satisfactory.

That evening I took home a couple of tickets for the theatre. Jeanie could not say she was too tired to go out, for I knew she must have had a very easy day with the Tiny Tim reducing housework to a minimum and transforming what had been a tedious routine into a delightful game. It even occurred to me that with so much spare time on her hands she might have prepared an unexpectedly dainty little dinner.

I peeped into the dining-room on my way upstairs.

"Hallo!" I said.

Jeanie stared at me stonily. She was flushed and dishevelled and was still in her morning overall. The chairs had all been pushed into a corner and she was standing in the space she had cleared with Tiny Tim festooned about her.

"It's this thing," she said. "It won't work. I've been at it, on and off, all day."

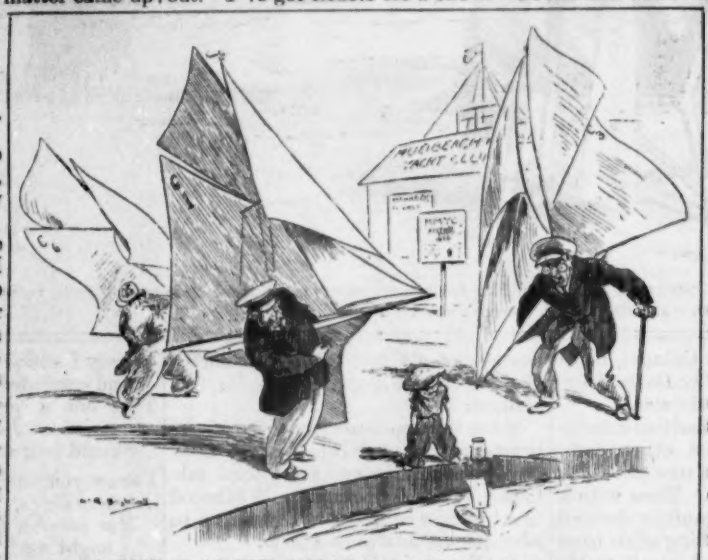
"My dear child," I said kindly, "it's perfectly simple. Leave it to me; I'll just get it to function, and then we'll put it away. I want my dinner."

"There isn't any dinner," she said.

"Never mind," I said; "we'll dine out. I've got tickets for a show. Go and put on your prettiest frock. I'll be up in five minutes."

"You won't be able to do anything with it," she said. "You know you're no use with machinery. Look at the mess you made of the lawn-mower."

The lawn-mower is a subject which I do not care to discuss. I waved her away. When she had gone I collected Tiny Tim's dorsal vertebræ and the various attachments by means of which he blows, sucks, hiccoughs and so forth, and put them together. There were more of them than I had thought, but in course of time they were all connected to the motor and the length of flex attached to the power plug. I lifted the motor with my left hand, as the demonstrator had advised, with the easy motion of a film heroine running away from home with an empty suitcase, and with my right attempted to grapple with the remainder of the machine. A piece of tubing fell off. I replaced it and started all over again. I caught a glimpse of myself in the glass of the sideboard. Something in my pose reminded me of LEIGHTON'S "Athlete struggling with a Python." I stopped and stepped out of Tiny Tim's aluminium coils. The flex for some reason was winding itself round my neck and my left ankle. I disengaged myself and switched on the motor. The demonstrator had called our attention to the beauty of its musical note, running up the scale to C, or possibly F. With him it had given tongue instantly; with me it declined to be vocal, and I ran up to D myself instead. I tried again and again. I stopped trying and thought hard. I went over to the switch in the wall. *The power had not been turned on.*



SACRILEGE AT THE MUDBEACH MODEL YACHT CLUB.

When Jeanie came in a few minutes later Tiny Tim was in full song and I was rehearsing for a *tableau-vivant* of the Laocoon. I stopped the motor and its voice dropped down the scale, fluttering away into silence with the melancholy grace of PAVLOVA'S Swan. Some of the sections fell apart and I climbed out of the rest.

"You've done it!" cried Jeanie in mingled surprise and admiration.

"It needed a little skilled adjustment," I explained. "I think you'll find it works now."

"What was wrong?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing much, really," I said modestly, "and I was able to put it right. Let's have a look at the bag."

The amount of dust I had collected in the time was really very gratifying. That was three days ago and we have had no further trouble with Tiny Tim. No real trouble, that is. He has twice attempted to strangle Jeanie with his flex, but that is only his playfulness. We are both convinced that he means no harm.

BALM FOR THE BALD.

THOU who hast paid Time's ruthless toll
And see'st thy top despoiled of thatching,
Although that pale and polished poll
An egg or billiard-ball be matching,
Do thou but daily take my hint:
Bid Phœbus beam his best upon it,
And thou wilt find, in gracious tint,
A solar toupet growing on it.



Client. "LOOK HERE—BEFORE I START THIS DIVORCE BUSINESS I WANT TO BE PERFECTLY CERTAIN THAT *I* GET THE CUSTODY OF THE COOK."

HUMANE ANIMALS.

THE following letters, part of an overflow from the correspondence which has appeared in an august contemporary, are printed for the delectation and instruction of all lovers of natural history and friends of the animal creation:—

ROOKS ON THE GREEN.

Having read in *The Times* the Bishop of ELY'S account of a friendly swift, I am moved to recount the following story of an amiable, if not very scrupulous, rook. About a month ago, when I was playing golf on the links at Bunkerston, I hooked my drive badly at the seventh hole and expected to find that I was in the rough. My caddie and I hunted in vain for the ball, and then walked on to join my partner on the green, where, to my surprise, I found that I was lying only about four feet from the hole. Surprise was converted into amazement when a fisherman, who had been watching the game from a neighbouring hillock, came up and informed me that he had seen a rook pick up the ball and drop it on the green. My opponent was so unnerved by this occurrence that he went completely off his game, and I won the match—on which we had a bet of a fiver—by 5 and 4. But the sequel was even more remarkable; for, on my return to the Dormy House, where I was staying, a rook was sitting on the lawn and greeted me with vociferous cawing. Needless to say I rewarded the bird with the choicest delicacies from the larder. It is only right to add that the fisherman, in spite of his calling, was known in the village for his notorious veracity.—*LEMUEL BOWLONG, The Oaks, Didlington.*

A MUSICAL MOUSE.

Many years ago, as I was playing BEETHOVEN'S Moonlight Sonata to my invalid aunt, I was suddenly aware of a faint squeak and, turning round, observed a mouse on the floor in the middle of the room. The creature did not run away when I got up from the music-stool but moved slowly to the wall, where I perceived that another and much larger mouse was firmly wedged in a hole in the wainscoting. I released the prisoner and, after a brief duet of grateful squeaks, they retired through another aperture. On the next day at the same hour I was again playing the pianoforte, but nothing happened until I began the Moonlight Sonata, when the two mice reappeared and remained on the floor until I had finished. This happened repeatedly; but one day, their attention being distracted by the music, they both met an untimely end through being trodden on by my aunt, who was very shortsighted and extremely bulky. A small memorial tablet let into the frame of the pianoforte, an old-fashioned square Broadstein, commemorates this touching incident.—(*Miss*) *MURIEL MUSSER, The Tall House, Fakenham.*

THE INDEFATIGABLE SPIDER.

The following experience, which indicates the existence of hereditary benevolence in the insect world, may perhaps interest your readers. During the recent hot spell we were much troubled in this neighbourhood by a plague of small black flies which made life a burden whether indoors or out, and rendered it almost impossible for me to continue my labours on a monograph on my namesake the great Scottish hero, ROBERT BRUCE. Imagine therefore my delight when one morning, on entering my library, I was aware of a large web ingeniously spun right across the open window like a mosquito curtain, with a huge spider ensconced in the centre. Hundreds of flies had already been entrapped, but not one was able to penetrate into the room or assail my delicate, sensitive, irritable cuticle. The situation was saved, and in a few days I was able to complete my MS. and send it in to my publishers, Messrs. Hookham and Bookham. But the strain on the textile activities of my rescuer was too great, and he expired on the very day on which I wrote the last words of my monograph.—*MAJOR BALMERINO BILGER-BRUCE, Lepidopter Lodge, Isle of Rum.*

"With their backs to the ball, the Australian batsmen played cautiously."
Evening Paper.

This of course is what is known as the no-eyed stance.

"A wedding in which many Kettering people were interested took place on Aunstg 1st. The Vicar of St. —— officiated at the Cemetery."
Northamptonshire Paper.

We are not surprised our contemporary should have endeavoured to conceal the date of this painful episode.



MANNERS AND MODES.

YOUNG LADY FROM THE *PUNCH* OF TO-DAY MEETS HER COUNTERPART FROM THE BACK NUMBERS.

MY COMPLAINT.

THE other day I made a complaint at my Club. I say it carelessly, but in reality it was the product of two months' deliberation, two months of working myself up to a state of indignation which would not be denied.

I have never dared make a complaint before, though I had always longed to. I used enviously to watch the old gentlemen sitting near me complaining of the *caviare* or the number of truffles to the cubic inch in the *pâté de foie gras*. And then I used to think mournfully about my tomato-salad. There—I've told you!

Tomato-salad in the Club book of words is sixpence, and I always order it. I am brought (*a*) a curved plate, (*b*) salad dressing and (*c*) a little dish on which are slices of tomato—a tomato-salad, you observe. But, on pushing these slices together with my knife and causing them to reassemble, I invariably find that they form only one medium-sized tomato.

Now I have been into the matter. I know that tomatoes are sevenpence a pound, and I know that you get about six tomatoes of varying sizes in the bag. And that is retail price. Therefore, at the most, one and one-sixth pence was the cost-price of my one medium-sized tomato. I had been overcharged by at least four and five-sixth pence, or over four hundred per cent. Excessive, I consider, for the use of a curved plate, salad dressing and unskilled slicing labour.

But I am not, as I said, good at making complaints. I lose my nerve. The first and second time it happened I gave the Club the benefit of the doubt. After all one cannot expect such a big concern to be exact to one tomato, and only one more—or less—would have changed the character of my salad completely. The third time, however, I called the waiter up and began by asking him quite severely whether he called that a tomato-salad. He said, Yes, Sir, he did. There unfortunately the matter seemed to drop. I didn't see any further opening. The fourth time I became quite angry. I asked for the head-waiter. He was very busy—poor fellow, he has a bit of a rush about lunch-time—and could not come for fifteen minutes. When he did come I had eaten my tomato, so I could not very well complain with confidence. I congratulated him on the cold beef instead. He remarked that he would pass on my favourable comment to the chef concerned.

The next time it occurred I caught him on the hop. I showed him the *menu* and the price, and put my slices together for him to see that they only made one medium-sized tomato. I said it was scandalous, and he oughtn't to allow it. He said he was sorry, but he could do nothing; he was a mere head-waiter; I was a member. Why didn't I "back my bill"? I replied in stern tones that that was just what I intended to do. Things can go too far, I said; like that—quite firmly. I then retired to the smoking-room to ask the Club Bore how exactly one did "back a bill."

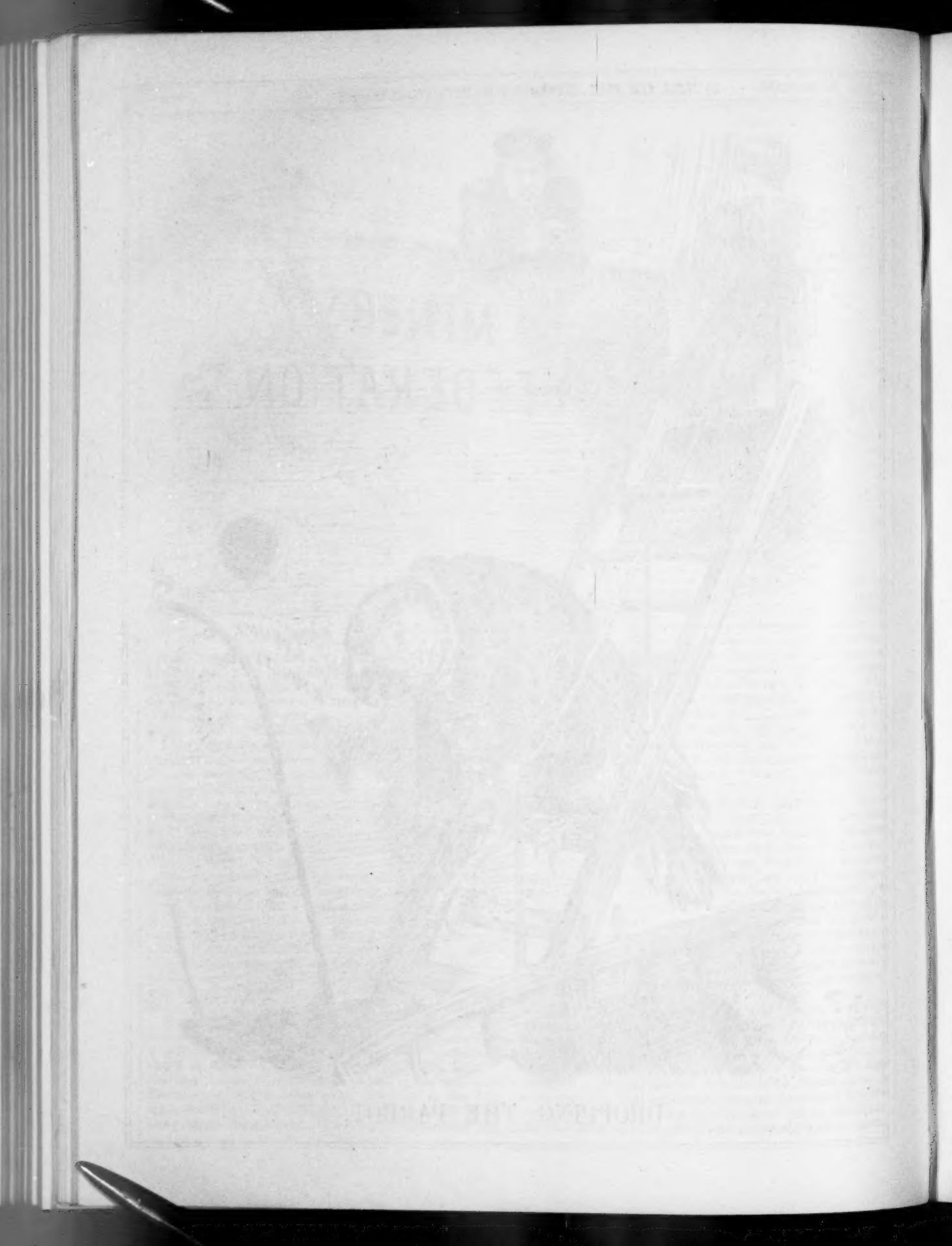
What the Club Bore doesn't know about "backing a bill" could be written on a postage-stamp, leaving wide margins and half-a-page over. He "backs" every bill he has ever had with some complaint or another, and, I understand, has even been known to "back" one with a complaint about the size of its back. By tea-time I had acquired a good working knowledge of what to do.

Next day at lunch I wrote on the back of my bill: "I consider sixpence an excessive charge for one medium-sized tomato."

I then waited eagerly for several days to see what happened. At last I got my bill back with a note to say my complaint would be attended to. I rushed instantly into the dining-room, ordered tomato-salad, reassembled it and found—one medium-sized tomato. I had my bill made out in duplicate, backed it both ways and awaited eventu-



DROPPING THE PARROT.



alities. These consisted, a week later, of a request to speak to the Club secretary. I prepared myself fully for the interview. I turned up with—

(*a*) A copy of the Club menu;
(*b*) A specimen pound of tomatoes from a grocer;
(*c*) The grocer's receipt showing price;
(*d*) A specimen tomato—equivalent in size to my one medium-sized tomato;
(*e*) A sum in arithmetic on Club note-paper.

The secretary however merely said to me, "Oh, I 'm sorry to trouble you, Mr. Apple, but the Club cashed a cheque for you the other day on which you had forgotten to put the *branch* of the bank concerned. If you wouldn't mind just filling it in. . . ."

I did so, opened my mouth to give tongue to my complaint, saw that he was busy and took my tomatoes and my bills and my sum in arithmetic away again.

I then returned to the Silence room for an hour and wrote a four-page personal letter to the secretary, explaining the matter and ending with a magnificent peroration, in which I suggested (*a*) that more tomatoes be supplied in a sixpenny salad, or alternatively (*b*) that the price of the present style of one-tomato-powered salad be reduced.

While waiting for an answer I told half-a-dozen of my friends about it, and they all agreed that it was scandalous and that they were glad to learn that someone had taken the matter up boldly. We talked a lot about the economics of tomatoes.

A few days later I received a courteous letter from the secretary stating that, while he hardly considered it necessary to convene an extraordinary general meeting, a full assembly of the committee had gone into the matter, and instructions had been issued that a tomato-salad should have more than one tomato in it.

I told all my acquaintances of my triumph and airily ordered tomato-salad at lunch. Several of my friends laughed at me, and I rather thought I heard one of the waiters whisper to another that the price of tomatoes was down on the Stock Exchange.

When my salad came I carefully put the slices together. They were badly mixed up—the chef's idea of revenge, I suppose. But I discovered at last that I had *two* tomatoes.

Even so I am rather worried, because they were both small ones, and, though I don't know enough arithmetic to work out cubic content, I have a strong suspicion that my two small tomatoes are only equal in total size to my original—one medium-sized tomato. A. A.



THE OPPORTUNIST.

Top-floor Tenant (to lady on floor beneath). "EXCUSE ME, MADAM, BUT WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE THIS PIANO VERY CHEAP? I ORDERED IT FOR MYSELF, BUT IT SEEMS THERE 'S A KINK IN THE ROPE AND THEY CAN'T GET IT UP ANY HIGHER."

The Peril of the Roads.

"The necessity of compelling motorists to insure against third party risks before being granted driving licences was urged at —— Town Council meeting yesterday.

The Council decided to extend the burial hours at the cemetery on account of the rush of business."—*Provincial Paper.*

A Cardinal Error.

"There were no paths or footwalks anywhere . . . and as we slowly sped along we were reminded of the line in Cardinal Manning's beautiful hymn—

'O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent.'"
Weekly Paper.

Hitherto attributed to NEWMAN.



["A new type of sport was introduced to England when the first meeting organised by the Greyhound Racing Association, with an electrically-propelled 'hare' as the quarry, was held at Manchester."—*Daily Paper.*]

IF THIS IDEA WERE EXTENDED TO FOX-HUNTING, A MASTER, WISHING TO PRESENT THE BRUSH TO A LADY FOLLOWER, MIGHT HAVE TO BORROW A SPANNER FROM A PASSING MOTORIST IN ORDER TO DETACH THE TROPHY.

MUSHROOMS.

O FASCINATING fungus
(I don't much like the name),
That no one yet has sung us
Your praises is a shame;
So I appeal, O mushroom,
To Mr. Punch, who may
Find in the weekly crush room
For this my modest lay.

Beneath the moonlight meeting
The fairies must, I think,
Sit in their circles pleating
Your petticoats of pink,
Which then by elfin glovers
So skilfully are hid
In smooth close-fitting covers
Of very finest kid.

When all the world is sleeping
They wander forth unseen,
And set your white tops peeping
Up shyly from the green
In August and September,
Mid early mist and rime
(I really must remember
This year to rise in time).

Let lazy folk abed doze,
I'll get up with the dawn
To trespass o'er the meadows
As lightly as a fawn,
Nor find amid the thick dew
The trace of alien boots
Where earlier thieves have picked you,
And left me but the roots.

Cry shame on greedy gluttons
Who HEROD'S crime outvie,
Dooming your infant buttons
Untimely death to die;
I'd lock the callous wretch up
In durance vile for years
Who turns you into ketchup,
You little baby dears.

No, grow to fullest vigour,
And then, ere Time begins
To tarnish or disfigure
The whiteness of your skins,
By loving hands be taken—
Myself I like you most
With just a slice of bacon
Fried, on a piece of toast.

An Old Friend Reappears.

From an article on "The Twelfth":

"Except for a troublesome wind in the early part of the opening day, the conditions favoured the rifles over the greater area."

Sunday Paper.

"The habit of social selection persists even in the nude. Rows of bathing-cabins, five or six deep, face the sea for over two miles, but the very best class of cuticle at the Lido is only to be found on the private Excelsior beach."—*Daily Paper.*

It has, we believe, a biscuit shade.

MARCUS, THE MAN-EATING FISH.

Marcus has never actually tasted human flesh, but there is a look in his hungry china-blue eye which says, "If I were only a few sizes larger . . ." To make up for it Marcus has tasted everything else that he can come within tasting distance of—everything, that is to say, except one thing. And thereby hangs this tale. A week ago Marcus was the finest three inches of fighting fish that ever whipped its weight in wild sticklebacks. To-day he is a mere ghost of his former self. Baffled ambition, not a shortage of rations, is responsible for the malnutrition that has set in. Nothing short of a complete change of water will, we fear, save Marcus.

You will have read in your natural history books that the ambition—nay, the life function, as they say at the British Association—of the adult male stickleback is to love, cherish and educate a mess of baby sticklebacks until such time as they are big enough to look after themselves. Not a dignified occupation for a man-eating fish, you might hastily conclude, but when you remember that a baby stickleback is looked upon as a sort of *hors d'œuvre* by everything that swims, and that to keep even a proportion of them intact

involves father stickleback in mortal combat—generally with an organism bigger than himself—about once every ten minutes you will realise that the village horse-pond is strictly a place for heroes to live in.

Unfortunately the infant hands that transported Marcus from his weedy home to our aquarium failed to companion him with a female of the species, and try as we might for the ensuing weeks no female stickleback able and willing to make Marcus a proud father could be found anywhere. Under these circumstances Marcus did his best. Preparing a small hole in the sand he pretended that it was full of baby sticklebacks and swam round and round it, daring all and sundry to come on.

To come on at Marcus's invitation is to court trouble, and multitudinous were the hosts of bloodworms, shrimps, infant minnows and what not that Marcus accounted for. The big water-beetle larva—a hideous brute with sickle-like mandibles which he uses to seize and suck dry his victims—grabbed Marcus by the hind end, a manœuvre that had never failed with sticklebacks of smaller calibre; but Marcus tore loose with one magnificent sweep of his mighty tail and, turning on his assailant, ripped him with his three formidable spines. The big dragon-fly larva that waited, head downward, on a stem of water-weed for three days before Marcus came within grabbing distance of his extensile face came to a like bad end. Even the nobby water-boatmen treated him with profound respect or contributed an odd flipper to his bill of fare.

All seemed to be going splendidly, and the imaginary brood of baby sticklers were getting to be quite big and adventurous fellows when the tragedy occurred. Somebody asked us to take care of a handsome pedigree fancy goldfish, quite a small one, but so fancy that the most ignorant goldfish-fancier would have recognised in it a potential sweeper of the championship board. Its golden body was completely spherical; it was pop-eyed; it had a top-knot and twelve tails. It had no fins, but propelled itself through the water by a sort of rolling motion.

Little suspecting the trouble we were about to cause we dumped this little monster into the aquarium. Rolling its telescopic eyes and opening its vacuous mouth it immediately made a wobbly line for Marcus's imaginary family. But Marcus was on the watch. Though terrified out of his life by the apparition—it could hardly have been otherwise—he hurled himself at it, his blue eyes blazing carnivorously. Taken squarely in the ribs, the fancy goldfish, instead of gasping for breath as an ordinary goldfish would have done, simply rolled over and directed its course elsewhere.

Danger was averted, but the foe was by no means defeated. Since then Marcus has made a gallant attempt to kill and devour, or, failing that, to devour without killing, the aureate monster about once every quarter-of-an-hour, but without success. As the makings of a quick lunch a spherical fish with no particular equilibrial axis and twelve enormous tails offers distinct disadvantages. The tails particularly bother Marcus. They swathe him about in voluminous folds, entirely spoiling his stroke and his temper. The fancy goldfish, which, like many well-bred things, is essentially brainless, takes it all in good part, rolling its telescopic eyes and sucking in Marcus's figmentary progeny with apathetic indifference.

I am afraid Marcus will have to go. We shall all miss him, but he is clearly determined to dine off fancy goldfish or perish of hunger, and the latter seems the more likely alternative. Besides, if he did achieve the physically impossible and by some super-zoological effort succeed in ingesting his enemy, we should have some difficulty in giving a satisfactory account of our stewardship.

Later.—The difficulty has been solved by transferring the fancy goldfish to a pickle-jar. Marcus thinks he has swallowed it and is beginning to perk up. Already he has assimilated two bloodworms and an embryo mosquito. The veterinary surgeon says he will live.

ALGOL.



Time, 5 A.M. August 15th.
Scared Child. "MUMMY, WHAT EVER WAS THAT?"
Mother. "ONLY AN EARTHQUAKE, DARLING."

"CHARLTON'S NEW SCOT.

R. John, the half-back Charlton Athletic recently secured from Q.P. Rangers, is a native of Aberdare."—*Evening Paper.*

Another injustice to Wales.

SUMMER IN ARCADY.

V.—THE FLOWER-SHOW.

"I HAVE been asked to take part in the flower-show," remarked Angela casually one morning when we had been at Arcadia Cottage about a month.

"As an exhibit?" I asked politely.

"No—as a committee."

"Impossible," I said, trying hard not to look jealous.

"It's quite true," said Angela, trying even harder not to look triumphant.

"There must be some mistake," I said firmly. "Obviously it was *my* experience which——"

"No, there isn't," said Angela. "The Vicar's wife asked me herself this morning in Mr. Snodgrass's shop. Mr. Snodgrass—he's the greengrocer, you know—is on the committee too. It's the only way we can prevent him from exhibiting from stock," she added in a lower conspiratorial tone.

I waved Angela's well-meant explanations aside and rose to my feet. I had come to a momentous decision.

"Angela," I said handsomely, "I have decided not to be small-minded in this matter. I shall take the large, the charitable view, and I shall do what I can to make your flower-show a success. I shall exhibit the carrot." And I sat down again, conscious that I had come well out of a very trying situation. A smaller man might have eaten the carrot and let the flower-show go hang. I knew now that I was made of nobler stuff. Strange how circumstances reveal us to ourselves. Besides, I don't care for carrots.

"That will be lovely," said Angela. "And I will see that you get a prize."

"I want no favours," I said proudly. "I shall stand or fall by my carrot. Have you *seen* it?"

"Oh, I know it will make all the difference to the success of the show, darling," said Angela hurriedly. "But I mean we didn't really *grow* it, did we? We only took it furnished."

"We have *watched* it grow, and we have—er—watered it, surely?"

"Only once, dear, and that was because you thought it was something else. I mean we didn't *set* it."

"This is mere quibbling, Angela. Besides, carrots are not set, you can take it from me. I am an authority on carrots."

"I'm so glad," said Angela. "Then that makes *that* all right." She gave a little sigh. "There are so *many* things one has to decide about when one is on a committee, you know," and she smiled a little tired important smile, like a Cabinet Minister in a crisis. Angela might wear herself to a shadow, one felt, but the flower-show was safe.

I could not but rise to such a noble example.

"Have no fear," I said. "I and the carrot will be there."

* * * * *

By the date of the flower-show I had the carrot trained to the last ounce.



"NOTHING BUT A PLAIN SHEET OF WHITE PAPER, AND IN THE MIDDLE OF IT . . . TWOPENCE."

I have never in my life seen a carrot in better form, and when, a couple of days before the great event, I laid him out for a trial exhibit on a piece of white paper on my desk, he surpassed all my expectations. His stable companions were simply nowhere. From that time I watched him night and day. There are dark stories in the annals of Carrot Exhibiting, if only we trainers cared to tell all we know.

From the fact that I saw less and less of Angela as the great day drew near I gathered that there were to be other attractions as well, minor events grouped about my carrot. I heard positive indications every time I ventured near the parish room that the local band was to be in attendance, but a generous offer on my part to draw up a purely horticultural music programme for the occasion—"The Last Rose of Summer," "Come into the Garden, Maud," "'Tis but a Little Faded Flower," and so on—was not treated with the consideration it deserved. Various persons in the village seemed to be getting strangely excited about their personal exhibits, and at more than one house the casual visitor was met at the garden gate upon arrival and escorted carefully back to it on leaving. The Vicarage garden was in a whirl of activity. Even the Vicar was lured away from his bees to search for a potato which should be a credit to orthodoxy. During the last few days not a stone, and very little soil, was left unturned in the entire village.

The carrot and I were early on the course and secured a good place near the rails whence we could watch the arrival of the other exhibits. Near us a few miserable competitors in our own class shuffled sheepishly into their places, but there didn't look to me to be anything that the carrot couldn't beat in a canter. I gave my entry a final rub down and moved away to have a general look round.

Rapidly the ground and the marquee filled up, and the village band, utterly disregarding the vegetarian nature of the festival, began to enliven the proceedings by playing "The Roast Beef of Old England." One distinguished visitor wore a grey top-hat.

"'Ave 'ee seen my kiddy-beans?" said a voice at my elbow.

"No," I admitted. "I'm afraid I've missed those. I'm—er—an authority on carrots myself."

"You did ought to see my kiddy-beans."

"I'll make a point of it," I said.

The flags fluttered and the sun shone, and the climax of excitement was reached when the Dowager Lady Shuffleton-Smythe drove on to the ground in a victoria which was itself worthy of a place in any exhibition.

"'Ave 'ee seen my kiddy-beans, Mister?"

"Not yet, but I'm hoping to—I'm hoping to."

The Vicar beamed and the trodden grass began to give forth the smell peculiar to school sports and horticultural shows. A gentleman with a com-



THE PIONEERS.

THE TOOTING-SMITHS, INSPIRED BY THE PICTURE PRESS, ATTEMPT THE LIDO TOUCH AT STODGINGTON-ON-SEA.

plicated camera turned up and began taking unrecognisable photographs at two for a shilling, mounted complete. The mad merry whirl was getting madder and merrier every minute.

"'Ave 'ee seen my kiddy-beans yet, Mister?"

"No," I said. "Have you seen my carrot?"

A Punch and Judy show! The excitement was becoming more than man could be expected to bear. The band, having exhausted its repertory, was now taking a second helping of "The Roast Beef of Old England." The Vicar's wife was performing miracles of disorganisation.

"Mister, won't 'ee come an' see they kiddy-beans?"

"One moment. Speaking of carrots——"

I caught a glimpse of Angela having her hand patted by the dowager. Our social position was going up by leaps and bounds, and I tried to indicate to her that now was the moment for her to exhibit the carrot to the astonished and delighted gaze of the Social Pinnacle.

"Why don't 'ee come and see my kiddy-beans?"

I caught a flicker of Angela's eyelid and dashed up, hat in hand, to receive my social *cachet*.

"Lady Shuffleton-Smythe would like so much to see your exhibit," murmured Angela.

"Always liked carrots," said the august lady graciously. "Particularly with boiled beef," she added.

It was a proud moment. The crowd fell back respectfully as we moved towards the marquee and approached the table where I had placed the carrot.

Suddenly I stopped, horror gnawing at my very vitals. Where the carrot had reposed in all its wonderful unapproachable glory there was nothing but a plain sheet of white paper, and in the middle of it, insult added to injury, twopence.

L. DU G.

WEDDING-DONG-BELLS.

I.—THE PAGE.

THE Page is a nice little boy
Who holds up the train of the Bride;
But I think he'd be safer outside.
If his duties he doesn't enjoy
It is risky to let him remain.
If he starts to stampede or annoy
And behaves like a bad little boy,
He may hold up the wedding instead
of the train.

THE LOST VILLAGE.

WE were trudging along a gritty moorland road under a merciless sun.

"I suppose we really are going somewhere?" I asked. "I've heard of lost travellers wandering the desert in circles——"

"This isn't a desert," snapped Tubby, who was acting as guide. "And we're not lost. It can't be far now. Leave it to me. I flatter myself I can read maps. Perhaps you'd like to look for yourselves?"

"No," I said. "But you're for it if you fail to produce an inn under half-an-hour. I suppose the map shows 'inn'? Ordnance maps display those human features. They're made for the Army, I suppose."

"I wouldn't go so far as that," said Tubby thoughtfully, "but the name of the village is printed in Old English characters. It's sure to be a considerable place, with old coaching-houses—big rambling places with oak beams and settles. A rubicund host, complete with churchwarden, and a rosy serving wench who brings up the foaming ale——"

"Say that again," implored James with a cracked tongue.

"Foaming ale!" declaimed Tubby lyrically. "Ice-cold from the wood, with a head on it and served in pewter. After that a bit of steak, underdone, with fried potatoes."

"Ah!" breathed James huskily.

"Or, if you prefer it," continued Tubby, "a slice of York ham with crisp lettuce. Served under the elms, with the creaking sign above us and something cool in big blue mugs."

"Isn't it time you delivered the goods?" I muttered.

Tubby spread out the map. "As far as I can calculate we're practically on top of it now. We'll climb to the crest and if we can't see it from there I'll—I'll never read a map again."

We agreed that this was probable.

Our blistered feet stumbled forward. Time passed like an eternity. James began to babble of fountains and trickling streams.

"Cheer up," said Tubby. "I can almost smell the honeysuckle in the gardens. There'll be thatched cottages with little cards in the windows, 'Teas provided,' and plump old ladies to bring out buttered scones and strawberry jam."

We staggered to the brow of the hill and looked down on our promised land. A wild trackless moor, scarred with abandoned quarries and rude cairns dotted among the gorse, stretched as far as the eye could reach.

"Where's your oak-beamed inn?" roared James.

"Your foaming tankards?" I growled.

"The rosy-cheeked wench——"

"The York ham with crisp lettuce——"

"It must be an old map," faltered Tubby. "It's marked right enough. Old English lettering. Look for yourselves."

"What's its name?" demanded James.

"Tumulus," answered Tubby meekly.

"The King was again out shopping on the Yorkshire moors yesterday."
Provincial Paper.

And was able, we learn from another source, to secure several pairs of braces.

When the Liberal Summer School met at Oxford—

"Sir John Simon gave the inaugural address, in addition to providing hospitality at Warren College, at which he was an undergraduate."
Yorkshire Paper.

"Warren College" is presumably a pet name for Magdalen. But we had always understood that Sir JOHN was at Wadham.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE LIGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN" (REGENT).

I SHOULD like to look into Mr. LOCKE'S mind and discover the idea which he had at the back of it in writing this play. The more so that for this purpose I should have to revisit his hospitable villa at Cannes, since, like MAHOMET, he refuses (and I don't blame him) to leave his fastness even to accept the homage of his worshippers in the King's Cross district. Was his primary motive to satirise the neurotic type that takes up some new esoteric craze by way of escape from the boredom of amusement? If so, he did not bring much subtlety to his task. The life of the fraternity of neo-theistic Buddhism, established in its Lamasery on the Tuscan hills and run by that patent impostor *Cheriton Wix*, who acted as a sort of Vice-Lama (the presiding Lama being reported as remaining aloof and invisible on an adjacent height), was conducted in far too broad a vein of humour. And the devotees were for the most part too young for any need of spiritual distraction to correct a surfeit of worldly pleasure; though I admit that the cocktail-and-jazz routine of modern existence is apt to produce a rather precocious weariness of the spirit. Even the noblest of them (for the aristocracy was well represented) never really recalled that lady to whom AUSTIN DOBSON foretold the day when

> "... your frothed-out life's commotion
> Settles down to Ennui's ocean,
> Or a dainty sham devotion.
> '*Belle Marquise.*'"

Or was the author's motive just to make matter for a pleasant little plot, in which an English soldier who knew his Thibet might, by impersonating the unseen Lama, impose himself upon the spiritual yearnings of one of the sisterhood and so capture her affections? In that case he succeeded, but only on the surface. He failed to make us understand the inwardness (if any) of *Lady Adela's* attitude to her lover.

Returning from the Indian frontier to find her a widow, *Major Peto* had pursued the siege, always honourable, of her heart, appealing to what he still supposed to be her tastes by conducting her on a steady round of gaiety. Already tired of this kind of life she rejects an appeal that offers no satisfaction of that spiritual craving which finds expression in her resolve to join the Buddhist fraternity. Here, while he is impersonating *The Lama* in a sketchy disguise, having temporarily ejected the unscrupulous *Wix*, she alone of the acolytes submits without protest to the severity of his ordinances, being deeply impressed by his lofty and austere personality.

Taking advantage of his spiritual ascendancy over her he tries to probe the secret of her feelings towards himself—in his capacity of *Peto*, the lover—and apparently persuades her (forgetting for the moment that underneath his disguise he is an English gentleman) that it was her "animal" nature that had been attracted by him, to the neglect of those higher aspects of life to which, as Lama, he had been directing her attention for the past month (calendar). All this seemed a little inconsistent with the view she had previously expressed on the unsatisfactoriness of physical indulgence.

When he throws off his disguise she is naturally pink with shame at her exposure, refuses ever to speak to him again and swoons. The gallant *Peto*, utilising this great opportunity, carries her off, unconscious, to a car *en route* for London.

On the strength of a statement in the programme to the effect that the scene of the Final Act would be the same as that of Act I.—*Lady Adela's* drawing-room in London—we were looking for-



BACK-CHAT IN THE LAMASERY.

Major Peto (as The Lama) . MR. ROBERT HORTON.
Cheriton Wix . . . . . MR. EDWARD RIGBY.

ward with resignation to the usual anti-climax which would show us the obvious reactions of physical contact on a mind rendered defenceless by spiritual disillusionment. Judge then of our consternation when at this stage Miss MADGE MCINTOSH came forward to make a little speech about Mr. LOCKE'S unavoidable absence, and the orchestra played "God Save the King."

It may seem priggish to wonder a little how the CENSOR came to pass this play. It is true that the author takes pains to insist upon the beauty of Buddhist ideals; but the behaviour of some of the worshippers, secular to the point of buffoonery, gave to the ritual an air, however undesigned, of travesty. I have never penetrated to Lhasa, and cannot say whether the Sacred City encourages the drama; but if it does, and if there is a local censor of plays, I feel sure that he would be more particular about the sensitiveness of those who follow alien creeds. Certainly I should be surprised if he allowed the symbols of the Christian faith to be presented in the same atmosphere of levity that permeates Mr. LOCKE'S Lamasery.

Miss MADGE MCINTOSH seemed to understand the character of *Lady Adela* better than I did; and if sincerity and sound technique could have done it she might have got me to believe in her.

Mr. ROBERT HORTON as *Major Peto* did some honest work. One guessed who it was the moment he put in an appearance as the Lama; and, if he was expected to create a surprise by removing his hierarchical head-gear and so revealing his identity, this ingenuous design was frustrated by his previous demand for a whisky-and-soda, a beverage, I take it, in which no true Lama would permit himself to indulge.

Though Mr. EDWARD RIGBY played with commendable restraint, the nefarious motives of his *Cheriton Wix* were too transparent to have deceived the most credulous of his clients. He lacked not only the insinuating and seductive qualities required to induce them to join the Tuscan fraternity, but also the remote air of authority which was needed to ensure discipline and retain their faith when he had got them there. Still, not a bad performance.

Mr. HENRY CAINE'S *Inigo Smith, V.C.*, who was destined to be the life and soul of the neo-theistic party at the Lamasery, where the conditions lent themselves to his particular brand of humour, was not so happy (though equally contented with himself) in the earlier atmosphere of a London drawing-room. Somehow one doesn't expect a V.C. to bound. I can't say why, for indiscretion is often the better part of valour. However, his native resilience came in very useful in more congenial surroundings; and I hardly know what we should have done without it.



VALOUR WITHOUT DISCRETION.
Inigo Smith, V.C. . MR. HENRY CAINE.

The dialogue, being by Mr. LOCKE, had of course its flashes of wit; and, if you are not too fastidious in your respect for other people's religions, you will get fun enough out of the situa-



THE EXOTERIC METHOD.
Lady Adela Wynne . MISS MADGE MCINTOSH.
Major Peto . . . MR. ROBERT HORTON.

tion; but I still take leave to doubt whether the stage offers the best medium of expression for that delicate fancy and nice sense of style which are of the essence of Mr. LOCKE'S art as a maker of romance. O. S.

"CAROLINE" (PLAYHOUSE).

Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S well-invented farcical comedy, now a decade old, on the pleasantly cynical theme that only the unattainable woman is the desirable, wears distinctly well and satisfactorily survives a radical change of cast. Miss IRENE VANBRUGH (*Caroline*), Miss EDITH EVANS (*Maude*, the liar and busybody) and Miss MARIE LÖHR (*Isabella*, the sentimental flirt) have no doubt gone to shoot grouse in Scotland. Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE, Miss ATHENE SEYLER and Miss FAITH CELLI take up their abandoned parts.

Not having seen the revival before the recent change I am happily absolved from making odious comparisons, though I regret an interesting opportunity missed.

Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE'S *Caroline* is a charming woman. This clever actress, now that she has escaped from a mournful succession of morbidly virtuous *rôles*, has taken on a new quality. *Caroline* is a well-written part, and a definitely IRENE VANBRUGH part at that, but Miss BRAITHWAITE has cleverly avoided anything like an imitation or caricature of her predecessor's rendering. She made all her points in her own skilful way and built up an entirely credible, lovable, amusing woman, devoted to her faithful honourable lover, but, now that death has removed the brandy-drinking obstacle her husband, dreading the plunge into matrimony that everybody expects of them both. Theatre fans have got into the habit of bracketing Miss EDITH EVANS and Miss ATHENE SEYLER as opponents in an honourable and distinguished rivalry which their moods and methods and their dangerous habit of using their brains make inevitable. I can imagine Miss EVANS'S *Maude* as more richly expansive, while Miss SEYLER chooses the more roguish interpretation and makes a highly diverting and finished business of it. Miss FAITH CELLI'S elfin quality seems to put her a little out of place in a drawing-room as the intensely sentimental and rather imbecile *Isabella*, but she made, I thought, a creditable attempt to assume an unaccustomed personality.

I have of late years seldom seen Mr. AUBREY SMITH, who plays the barrister lover *Robert Oldham*, so resolutely refuse to be merely Mr. AUBREY SMITH. For one thing he had admirably disguised himself (into a sort of cross between Lord CH-FL-S and Sir A-ST-N CH-MB-R-L—N) and had jettisoned a certain heartiness which is so often expected of him in his rather uniform series of parts. An excellent performance. Nothing could well have been

happier than Mr. ATHOLE STEWART'S intelligent physician with the admirable chesterfield-side manner. He most adroitly avoided the footlight medical tradition, no easy thing, I should guess, from continued observation. I liked Mr. ROBERT HOLMES'S gloomy young philanderer, *Rex*. This promising actor always seems to study his parts with intelligence. Miss DORIS COOPER, *Caroline's* maid, with more of a show than stage maids usually get, scored her points without that over-emphasis which throws out the balance of the piece, a balance which was throughout cleverly maintained by a well-drilled cast. T.

"R.S.V.P." (VAUDEVILLE).

Mr. ARCHIBALD DE BEAR'S cheery little revue at the admirably-reconstructed Vaudeville, having run for two hundred nights, is promoted to a second edition. The *Alice in Lumberland* ballet still remains the most ambitious and a sufficiently satisfactory number, and Miss MIMI CRAWFORD'S *Alice* is a really admirable interpretation. I suppose one oughtn't to complain of the rather rambling progress of the affair, but one may perhaps suggest that it is the externals rather than the spirit of the adventure that have been successfully presented.

Of the new items Mr. ROBERT HALE presents a *Master Magician*, a burlesque conjuring turn with sufficient quickness of this actor's versatile hand to deceive the untrained eye. A genuine illusionist, Mr. CULPITT, followed him in a similar vein with a travesty of his craft. All the same I wish I coul'd form some rough conception of how the charming lady was conveyed into the doll's-house. Miss JOYCE BARBOUR, a really admirable comédienne, made a delightful thing of IRVING BERLIN'S "Gentlemen prefer Blondes"—an inevitable joke, no doubt, but a distinct mirth-maker in Miss BARBOUR'S extremely competent hands. Miss MIMI CRAWFORD, as *Christopher Robin*, interpreted three of A. A. M.'s charming "When We Were Very Young" lyrics, set to music by Mr. H. FRASER-SIMSON with a very pretty sense of childish sentiment—a turn that fully deserved its enthusiastic reception.

Of the older items Miss BARBOUR'S "How now, Brown Cow?" an exercise in vowel sounds for a Cockney climber, is a delightful business; so too the family Bridge party, with Mr. J. H. ROBERTS, who takes to revue as duck to water, as the irrelevant Vicar; and the "Furniture Saga" in the Irish and Scots manners, showed Mr. HALE and Mr. ROBERTS in excellent form. Mr. HALE'S Hispano-Australian cricket turn, conducted to the tune of "Valencia," was a triumph of pleasant folly and well adapted to the evening of the Great Victory. Disguised rather mischievously as Mr. P. G. FENDER, Mr. HALE, whacked his Australian apples—the Australians, it was suggested, had come over not to play cricket but to advertise apples—to all parts of the house: a new form of contact between stage and audience which was immensely appreciated.

There are two outstanding features of this revue. The first is the perpetual youthfulness of Mr. ROBERT HALE. In his grotesque trapeze act he put up a genuine acrobatic performance. Earlier he had declared that he really was not the son of BINNIE HALE. If that charming lady will forgive me for the moment, the thing seems almost credible. The second is the surprising versatility and progress in technique of Miss MIMI CRAWFORD. Incidentally she contrives by some mysterious process to look any height from four foot nine to five foot eight and any age from seven upwards, to be sentimental, puckish, seductive, childlike by turns, and to dance like a fairy. Miss BARBOUR maliciously suggested in a gag that her success was due to managers preferring blondes. This is not, nor was meant to be, true. A thoroughly sound show. T.

THE GIRAFFE.

MEN have heard the bison bellow on
the transatlantic plains
And the caterpillar snore in his
cocoon;
They have heard the hippopotamus's
passion-freighted strains
As he serenades his love beneath the
moon;
While others yet have trembled at the
roar of a gorilla
Or heard them pipe the watch aboard
a nautilus flotilla.

Men have heard the grizzly grumble as
he ambles up the trail
And the Himalayan tiger at his kill;
They have dared the deepest basement
in the heart of Maida Vale
And heard the cockroach challenge
loud and shrill;
While eminent zoologists, who'd
scruple to hoodwink us,
Describe the broody crooning of the
hen ornithorhynchus.

Men have heard the ululations of the
llamas in Tibet
And the screeching of the monkeys
in Peru;
They have heard the vibrant growling
of an earwig in a pet
And the grunting of a purse-proud
kangaroo;
While even the okapi on the banks of
Lake Nyanza
Has been known to yodel now and then
his mild extravaganza.

Men have heard a chipmunk chuckle;
they have heard hyænas laugh
And admired the bullfrog's contrapuntal skill;
Yet the man has never lived who heard
the cry of a giraffe,
And I think we may assume he never
will;
But, lest my readers do not know, I'll
now proceed to show 'em
Why no cry is ever uttered by the subject of my poem:—

The queer giraffe
Can't bellow,
Poor fellow!
Can't howl
Or neigh,
Or growl,
Or bray;
Can't low,
Or roar,
Or crow,
Or snore;
Can't moo,
Or cry,
Or coo,
And why?
His neck
Is found
To check
All sound,
Which wanes
Ere clear
It gains
The ear;
And so he's mute.
I'll follow suit.

"'TIS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE."

IN reply to an article that appeared last week in these pages, under the above title, on the subject of "the scraping of the precious dirt from the columns of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields," Mr. Punch has received a protest from the Secretary of St. Martin's Parochial Church Council, pointing out that "no scraping or cleansing has been or is intended to be carried out at this church," and "that the scaffolding at present erected round the portico has been made necessary by the fall of a large piece of stone from the capital of one of the columns."

Mr. Punch begs to offer his best apologies for his contributor's error and to express his profound regret for any offence that has been caused by the critical comments based upon that error.

Making the Punishment Fit the Crime.

"Sir,—I see that a fine of £10 was imposed for gross cruelty to a cat.

Has not the magistrate the power to inflict twenty strokes with the cat, as well as the fine?"—*Letter in Daily Paper.*

Not the same cat, of course.



COUNTY SONGS.

XVI.—LINCOLNSHIRE.

ALL folk who go to Lincoln
  Ascend the winding hill
Whereon the great cathedral stands,
  So grave and grey and still;
It rises like a beacon,
  The Fen-men's hearts to cheer,
Supreme, sublime and changeless
  Throughout the changing year.

Among the many tablets
  Is one in praise of him
Who went about in Lincolnshire
  Its loveliness to limn;
He had not GIBTIN'S draughtsmanship
  Nor TURNER'S magic tint,
But calm and comely was the world
  As painted by DE WINT.

E. V. L.





"A BIT CASUAL, AIN'T 'E? DID YOU NOTICE 'OW 'E SAID 'GOOD-NIGHT'?"
"YES—I 'EARD 'IM SAY 'GOOD-NIGHT.'"
"WELL, ANYONE ELSE WOULD 'AVE SAID 'GOOD-NIGHT ALL.'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

EDIFICATION, to make it stick at all, should not be druv in with bagnets, and I have seldom encountered a more ruthless specimen of uplift than Miss MARIE CONWAY OEMLER'S *Shepherds* (HEINEMANN). The scene of the story is set in an American industrial town, where a twice-widowed rector and his family are depicted as standing like LEONIDAS and the Spartan Three Hundred between a slum parish and destitution. Every now and then it is suggested or occurs to the *Reverend Mr. Halsey* that he might be promoted to a pleasanter living, where his second wife's children could obtain nourishing food and suitable young society, and his first wife's pretty daughter, *Allie*, be relieved of the burdensome duties of perpetual curate. These insinuations of the enemy are however dismissed, their auditor perceiving, as *Mrs. Pardiggle* did on parallel occasions, that a taste for self-sacrifice cannot be inculcated too early. *Jack*, however, the eldest son, has heretical doubts. *Jack* is the chronicler of the family. In the forcible idiom of the American schoolboy he relates the discomforts of the "First-Aid-to-Everybody House," as "the old bishop used to call our rectory," the mutual loves of its inmates and their Irish cook, and the sorrows of an interregnum when *Allie* broke down and a conventional aunt reigned in her stead. His own, I think pardonable, aversion from the *régime* of compulsory self-denial receives a sharp lesson when he is adopted by a wealthy woman and allowed to taste the boredom of satiety; but a certain amount of temporal prosperity comes the way of at least one member of the household before the end of their story. With this is incorporated the misfortunes, rounded off by death and adoption respectively, of two extraneous orphans.

When the three hundred wives of a former Shah of Persia proposed to take refuge in the British Embassy at Teheran because they disapproved of the lineage of number three-hundred-and-one, our Ambassador there was no less equal to the emergency than he was on another occasion when suddenly called upon in public to interpret an indiscreet speech of the Amir of AFGHANISTAN. The story of this quick-witted tactician's life—*Sir Mortimer Durand* (CASSELL)—has been written by Sir PERCY SYKES, the Englishman whom destiny and the call of the Empire have ordained to wander perhaps more largely than any other of his generation among the deserts and mountains of Central Asia. In this biography he not only does honour to an old friend and colleague, but is provided with a legitimate reason for conducting his readers along those congenially distant boundary lines with the delimitation of which his subject is historically associated; for, although Sir MORTIMER was an able scholar, a writer of repute, a typically brilliant servant of India, moreover a man who in his later years made a reputation as a diplomat in three countries, yet he will always be best known for his negotiation of a permanent frontier with the notorious ABDUR RAHMAN KHAN. In telling the long story of these remote agreements the author re-

captures not a little of the atmosphere of wild Afghanistan, with its great hills and dazzling spaces, its mediæval Amirs summoning holy war or dealing frantic justice, its turbulent tribesmen raiding along forbidden borders. If this volume suffers just a little occasionally because the author finds himself also cramped within boundaries—the limits of a biography—still credit must be given for his self-restraint in making so comparatively few sallies over the fascinating frontiers he knows so well. In one respect indeed I was sorry he refrained. A chapter, even in an appendix, on the third Afghan war would have rounded off his admirable earlier sketch of Afghanistan's history.

The Perennial Bachelor reveals
By almost surgical dissection
The things that clog domestic wheels
Or make them run with smooth perfection;
ANNE PARRISH tells the tale, and she
Traces a single family's doings
Through fifty years of cups of tea,
Junketings, party frocks and wooings.

The title-*rôle* is filled by one
Who, from his birth caressed and pampered,
Takes a position in the sun
And, playing his own hand unhampered,
Fails to get married, proves inept
At business and as social leader,
And ends by boring all except
His loving sisters and the reader.

The story (HEINEMANN) is told
With literary charm and neatness,
Spiced with a wit that seems to hold
A flavouring of acid sweetness;
And, if this typifies her store,
ANNE PARRISH (Miss, I guess, not Mrs.)
Must hurry up and write some more
At least as readable as this is.

I believe I have petitioned Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY before now to allow her humorous and homely vein freer play than her sense of the melodramatic. But, though I see no reason to revise my preference so far as the greater part of *Fly Leaves* (COLLINS) is concerned, I own that one of its essays in terror and violence comes out bracketed equal in my estimation with one of its cleverest pieces of domestic drollery. "Jarman's Clearing" and "Ancient Lights" are the two best stories in an unequal book. The former tells how a woodman living alone with his dog loses his heart to a gipsy and betrays the old friend for the new. For tragic intensity and artistic thrift of means to this end, this is as notable a piece of work as its writer has given us. "Ancient Lights" relates the predicament of an elderly man of business who, having retired into the privacy of a spacious house, finds himself continually overlooked by a neighbour. The neighbour as a matter of fact is not watching *Mr. Stidworthy*. *Mr. Stidworthy* happens to be included in a line of vision whose objective is much more romantic. How his clever old wife ascertains the object of the next-door gaze, and uses the knowledge to compass her husband's wishes, is the theme of a highly entertaining little comedy. Too many of the remaining tales handle cases of mania, senility or some form of vice or affliction that obscures the normal human outline. Mrs. DUDENEY's doited old women are becoming almost as much of a feature as the innumerable *Poor Toms* of minor



OUR CRICKET WEEK.

"THIS MAN TOMMY 'S BROUGHT DOWN SAYS HE 'S A BOWLER. DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE 'S LIKE?"

"YES, YOU KNOW THE SORT OF STUFF. LOOKS AS IF IT 'S SIMPLE—*AND IT IS.*"



"A BIT CASUAL, AIN'T 'E? DID YOU NOTICE 'OW 'E SAID 'GOOD-NIGHT'?"
"YES—I 'EARD 'IM SAY 'GOOD-NIGHT.'"
"WELL, ANYONE ELSE WOULD 'AVE SAID 'GOOD-NIGHT ALL.'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

EDIFICATION, to make it stick at all, should not be druv in with bagnets, and I have seldom encountered a more ruthless specimen of uplift than Miss MARIE CONWAY OEMLER'S *Shepherds* (HEINEMANN). The scene of the story is set in an American industrial town, where a twice-widowed rector and his family are depicted as standing like LEONIDAS and the Spartan Three Hundred between a slum parish and destitution. Every now and then it is suggested or occurs to the *Reverend Mr. Halsey* that he might be promoted to a pleasanter living, where his second wife's children could obtain nourishing food and suitable young society, and his first wife's pretty daughter, *Allie*, be relieved of the burdensome duties of perpetual curate. These insinuations of the enemy are however dismissed, their auditor perceiving, as *Mrs. Pardiggle* did on parallel occasions, that a taste for self-sacrifice cannot be inculcated too early. *Jack*, however, the eldest son, has heretical doubts. *Jack* is the chronicler of the family. In the forcible idiom of the American schoolboy he relates the discomforts of the "First-Aid-to-Everybody House," as "the old bishop used to call our rectory," the mutual loves of its inmates and their Irish cook, and the sorrows of an interregnum when *Allie* broke down and a conventional aunt reigned in her stead. His own, I think pardonable, aversion from the *régime* of compulsory self-denial receives a sharp lesson when he is adopted by a wealthy woman and allowed to taste the boredom of satiety; but a certain amount of temporal prosperity comes the way of at least one member of the household before the end of their story. With this is incorporated the misfortunes, rounded off by death and adoption respectively, of two extraneous orphans.

When the three hundred wives of a former Shah of Persia proposed to take refuge in the British Embassy at Teheran because they disapproved of the lineage of number three-hundred-and-one, our Ambassador there was no less equal to the emergency than he was on another occasion when suddenly called upon in public to interpret an indiscreet speech of the Amir of AFGHANISTAN. The story of this quick-witted tactician's life—*Sir Mortimer Durand* (CASSELL)—has been written by Sir PERCY SYKES, the Englishman whom destiny and the call of the Empire have ordained to wander perhaps more largely than any other of his generation among the deserts and mountains of Central Asia. In this biography he not only does honour to an old friend and colleague, but is provided with a legitimate reason for conducting his readers along those congenially distant boundary lines with the delimitation of which his subject is historically associated; for, although Sir MORTIMER was an able scholar, a writer of repute, a typically brilliant servant of India, moreover a man who in his later years made a reputation as a diplomat in three countries, yet he will always be best known for his negotiation of a permanent frontier with the notorious ABDUR RAHMAN KHAN. In telling the long story of these remote agreements the author re-

captures not a little of the atmosphere of wild Afghanistan, with its great hills and dazzling spaces, its mediæval Amirs summoning holy war or dealing frantic justice, its turbulent tribesmen raiding along forbidden borders. If this volume suffers just a little occasionally because the author finds himself also cramped within boundaries—the limits of a biography—still credit must be given for his self-restraint in making so comparatively few sallies over the fascinating frontiers he knows so well. In one respect indeed I was sorry he refrained. A chapter, even in an appendix, on the third Afghan war would have rounded off his admirable earlier sketch of Afghanistan's history.

The Perennial Bachelor reveals
By almost surgical dissection
The things that clog domestic wheels
Or make them run with smooth perfection;
ANNE PARRISH tells the tale, and she
Traces a single family's doings
Through fifty years of cups of tea,
Junketings, party frocks and wooings.

The title-*rôle* is filled by one
Who, from his birth caressed and pampered,
Takes a position in the sun
And, playing his own hand unhampered,
Fails to get married, proves inept
At business and as social leader,
And ends by boring all except
His loving sisters and the reader.

The story (HEINEMANN) is told
With literary charm and neatness,
Spiced with a wit that seems to hold
A flavouring of acid sweetness;
And, if this typifies her store,
ANNE PARRISH (Miss, I guess, not Mrs.)
Must hurry up and write some more
At least as readable as this is.

I believe I have petitioned Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY before now to allow her humorous and homely vein freer play than her sense of the melodramatic. But, though I see no reason to revise my preference so far as the greater part of *Fly Leaves* (COLLINS) is concerned, I own that one of its essays in terror and violence comes out bracketed equal in my estimation with one of its cleverest pieces of domestic drollery. "Jarman's Clearing" and "Ancient Lights" are the two best stories in an unequal book. The former tells how a woodman living alone with his dog loses his heart to a gipsy and betrays the old friend for the new. For tragic intensity and artistic thrift of means to this end, this is as notable a piece of work as its writer has given us. "Ancient Lights" relates the predicament of an elderly man of business who, having retired into the privacy of a spacious house, finds himself continually overlooked by a neighbour. The neighbour as a matter of fact is not watching *Mr. Stidworthy*. *Mr. Stidworthy* happens to be included in a line of vision whose objective is much more romantic. How his clever old wife ascertains the object of the next-door gaze, and uses the knowledge to compass her husband's wishes, is the theme of a highly entertaining little comedy. Too many of the remaining tales handle cases of mania, senility or some form of vice or affliction that obscures the normal human outline. Mrs. DUDENEY's doited old women are becoming almost as much of a feature as the innumerable *Poor Toms* of minor



OUR CRICKET WEEK.

"THIS MAN TOMMY 'S BROUGHT DOWN SAYS HE 'S A BOWLER. DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE 'S LIKE?"

"YES, YOU KNOW THE SORT OF STUFF. LOOKS AS IF IT 'S SIMPLE—*AND IT IS.*"

Elizabethan drama. The best of the batch is the half-starved mother of "Dirty Weather," and the story itself, though a trifle mechanical, comes close in accomplishment to the couple already mentioned.

It seems in fiction a dangerous matter to marry a musician; and of musicians I suppose a violinist must be reckoned the most perilous matrimonial adventure. With all my extensive experience of recent novels I cannot remember such an alliance turning out really well for both parties. In *First Fiddle* (COLLINS) I thought for a moment that Miss JEAN GREIG, whose name appears on the title-page, was going to let us off more lightly than usual. *George Lucas* clearly made a hopeless mistake with his first attempt; in his second we were permitted for a time to believe that he had redeemed the past and sailed safely into the harbour of domestic happiness. *Moira* was obviously not the mate for him; *Irene* discovers her error more slowly but no less surely. But Miss GREIG has contrasted her two women very well. She has a decided sense of character, and can draw you the young lady of the present day as well as anybody. Also I should conjecture that she knows something of the musical world and that she has read, like most sensible people, *The Constant Nymph*. Not that there is any slavish copying, but it is a little amusing to find *George Lucas* voicing precisely the same opinions as the great *Sanger* on the thorny subject of Art and the Missionary Spirit. And it may be conceded that there is a certain resemblance between the two novels in general. *First Fiddle* begins better than it finishes, but it is a conscientious piece of work written, I should say, by a lady who does not find writing at all an easy matter.



OUR LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPION TAKES TO THE MOORS.

In spite of the fact that she was a perfect chameleon as to the eyes, for they turned to blue from brown and then to violet in a few pages, *Ursula Leonard*, née *Griffith*, the heroine of Lady TROUBRIDGE'S new novel, succeeded in impressing me with her beauty, always a difficult task for the ladies of fiction; but from other points of view she hardly convinced me that her history was worth telling. The *Dangerous Bonds* (METHUEN) of the story are those which bind her to her young husband, *Denny*, in a marriage singularly ill-assorted considering that they are both in love. Unfortunately *Ursula* has no interests beyond the superficialities of the moment, and *Denny*, unstrung by war experiences, is jealous and difficult to the last degree, besides being something of a bounder. So far it is such a situation as many a young couple have had to face, but Lady TROUBRIDGE complicates it by adding an earlier suitor of *Ursula's* to the *dramatis personæ* and screwing *Denny* to such a pitch of suspicion that a separation becomes inevitable. *Ursula's* charming mother and a pleasing if conventional parson, one *Bill Carmichael*, then take a hand and bring about a happy ending which cold common-sense, escaping from the spell of a pleasantly told tale, insists would probably in real life be no ending at all but only the beginning of a fresh series of matrimonial troubles.

The corruption of good manners is obviously, too obviously, the theme of Mr. ANTHONY WHARTON'S *Evil Communications* (T. FISHER UNWIN). Vulgarity grievously afflicts every person in the book, except the clergyman, who is merely foolish. His one virtue—and he had a monopoly of virtue in his parish—consisted in doing the washing-up of the household to relieve his miserable wife of a part of her labours. Standing at the sink, immersed in grease, the *Rev. Ludyard Crane, M.A.*, received his flock. All the Vicar's visitors came into the scullery as a matter of course. There were a ruffianly chauffeur, a gardener who was a blackguard, an odious feminine novelist, her husband the colonel, who was permanently intoxicated to the point of idiocy, and *Lady Diana Braberley*, a young woman who it is understood was dreadfully disreputable. According to the publishers' advertisement (always so helpful to the reader) Mr. WHARTON'S book is composed of comedy and farce. The comedy, I regret to remark, is to seek; and it is apparently the author's idea that fun consists in dull attempts at seduction. The best I can say of the book is that it is so silly as to be harmless.

I do not understand why "SAPPER" gave to his latest book of short stories the title *Word of Honour* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), for the tale from which he takes it is by far the feeblest and most unsatisfactory of the collection. Frankly it reduced me to feelings of despair; but better fare follows, and many of the succeeding stories are worthy of the "SAPPER" to whom (when he gives me the chance) I am delighted to pay tribute. "Marie," for instance, is a tale with a reasoned meaning, and "Mrs. Peter Skeffington's Revenge," "A Native Superstition" and "The Haunting of Jack Burnham" are cleverly contrived and written. I intend to forget "SAPPER'S" opening tale and devoutly to hope that he was here taking an eternal farewell of the crude sentimentality which, as I have observed with regret, has threatened lately to diminish the artistic value of his work.

Mr. RALPH BERGENGREN was happily inspired when he decided to create ten pirates and place them on a tropical island "conveniently out of the course of ordinary navigation." The nine tales which he tells of them are called *Gentlemen All and Merry Companions* (HAMILTON), and they are packed full of adventure and irresponsible fun. Whether they are adopting a derelict baby or kidnapping a schoolmistress in order to improve their education Mr. BERGENGREN'S filibusters are genuinely amusing and should make an instant appeal to the holiday mood. The exploits of these merry gentlemen took place apparently in 1825, which I am inclined to think must have been a vintage year for pirates.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Greeks have just experienced their seventh revolution since 1916. A Mexican has pointed out that they will have to do better than that if they want to get away from their amateur status.

* * *

Spain is persisting in her claim to a seat on the Council of the League of Nations. It is feared in some quarters that if this is conceded they will next demand a seat on the M.C.C. Selection Committee.

* * *

Speaking at Holyhead, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE said he had to earn his living. One recalls TALLEYRAND'S retort when a tradesman advanced a similar plea: "*Je n'en vois pas la nécessité.*"

* * *

In a recent speech Mr. LLOYD GEORGE told Mr. CHURCHILL what to do. Everybody is now afraid the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will tell the EX-PREMIER where to go.

* * *

A forecast of the future situation seems to be that while the Miners' Federation, that doesn't represent the miners, is still at a deadlock with the Mining Association, to which none of the owners belong, the owners and the miners will be all hard at work.

* * *

Miss EDERLE has gone back to America by boat. We hope she isn't losing her nerve.

* * *

Paris is shortly to observe the centenary of the accordion, invented in 1826. One feature will no doubt be a procession of grateful char-à-banc passengers.

* * *

"Football emerges from its summer sleep," says a writer. We understand, however, that several referees are still unconscious from last year.

* * *

A French ex-soldier has written a poem entitled "I Have Eight Children." But this isn't poetry. It 's a multiplication table.

* * *

"So much snow has fallen in the Engadine during the summer," says a daily paper, "that the higher peaks are draped in robes of glistening white." It is a relief to think that this charming effect is not produced by the litter left by mountaineers.

* * *

Mr. BEN and Mr. LEO FRANK, retired wholesale provision merchants of New York, have just concluded their third trip round the world. It thus becomes their own property.

* * *

Signor MUSSOLINI has been photographed in bathing costume. NAPOLEON never was.

* * *

It is feared that the newspaper announcement that the Charleston is banned at Isleworth Labour Party dances will have the effect of keeping away many of the really smart people.

* * *

Dr. SERGE VORONOFF is reported as expressing the conviction that monkeys were created for the purpose of supplying the deficiencies of our organs. We can only say that some of the organs we have heard would have been nothing without the monkey.



THE IMPROVED LADIES' TEE.

* * *

Stresa, on Lake Maggiore, where Mr. G. B. SHAW is spending a holiday, has been described as a lotus-eater's paradise. Hence its appeal to a vegetarian.

* * *

The trouble with trade is that, whereas people used to put something by for a rainy day, they now put it by for a fine day and spend it.

* * *

One Civil Service department has a tortoise. We understand that members of the staff are instructed to give the creature a clear course as it scampers along the corridors with urgent messages tied to its off hind-leg.

* * *

An evening paper reports that a canary has been seen flying about with the sparrows in Gloucester Crescent. We can only suppose the bird does not know that that sort of thing isn't done in Regent's Park.

* * *

Efforts are being made to evolve a musical instrument specially suited to broadcasting. We suggest a wireless piano.

* * *

"The average man is always ready to sit down and take a little nourishment," says a woman-writer. So unfortunately is the average mosquito.

* * *

Thirteen bell-ringers during a holiday tour in Somerset and Wilts visited thirteen places and rang a peal in each. We understand that the local authorities have taken a lenient view of the affair and have decided to take no action.

* * *

An exhibition of goldfish is to be held in London this month. We should have entered our Cedric, but some weeks ago he became embedded in the household cat.

* * *

Incidentally there may be no truth in the rumour that certain of the newly-rich now use goldfish in the place of sardines.

* * *

The natives of certain South Sea Islands can only count up to four, but they are said to be keen on golf. That 's why.

* * *

Recent excavations suggest that wigs were worn in England in 1200 B.C. But only by the very Ancient Britons.

* * *

Marshal CHANG TSO LIN has executed twelve bankers in Manchuria for speculating in the currency, no doubt with the idea that a little chopping would stop their changing.

* * *

Women who will insist on getting younger and younger ought to remember that children under sixteen must not be served with cigarettes.

* * *

Seeing that there is no neuter gender in French, how on earth do they describe persons with an Eton crop and skirts?

* * *

A plumber who called at a Greenock house found a burglar in the kitchen and informed the police. It is greatly to his credit that he had the presence of mind not to fetch his mate.

* * *

The man who is reported to be preparing to swim the Irish Sea has of course been crowded out of the Channel.

HOLIDAY REST AND CHANGE.

"We have had," she told me, "a perfectly lovely time at Veauville. And you in Scotland?"

"Most enjoyable," I said, "except for one slight misunderstanding when my host mistook his left leg for the grouse I had just shot at."

"Oh!" she said, thinking it out; "was he annoyed?"

"On the contrary," I said, "he has sent me a most pressing invitation to join him in Norfolk for the First. He says he simply won't hear of a refusal. And Veauville? You enjoyed your stay?"

"It was everything," she assured me enthusiastically, "that a holiday should be. A perfect rest, the sun, the sea, the air, no worries, and all so cheap with the franc so low; and then it's so nice to rub up one's French sometimes. Besides, abroad, everything is such a complete change. The Continental breakfast, for instance. And isn't it surprising what good tea one gets abroad now? After the first morning I always had it instead of coffee. They make good toast, too, so I had that instead of a roll."

"You found a good hotel, then?"

"Oh, excellent!" she said. "So thoroughly English; almost every one there was English, quite a lot of them people we knew. Of course there were a few foreigners, but one didn't notice them much."

"I daresay they felt shy," I said, "and kept in the background. I suppose," I went on, "the air at Veauville is very fine?"

"I think it would be," she agreed, "if only the ventilation were better, though even if you did get them to open a window in the Casino it didn't seem to make much difference. Tom said it was because it was so crowded there was no room for the fresh air to get in."

"But in the mornings?" I suggested.

"Oh, the mornings," she said vaguely. "Oh, yes—only, somehow, one didn't notice the mornings much. When one has been rather late at the Casino, and then very often after that a rubber or two of bridge in the hotel with some old friends we met there, one doesn't feel like getting up too early. After all," she pointed out, "one does go to the seaside for rest, doesn't one?"

"Or," I said warmly, "one might just as well stay in town."

"We went a good deal to watch the polo," she continued. "It was almost like Hurlingham. And then there was the racing. Tom had simply dreadful luck; he lost nearly as much as he did at Goodwood, and then he tried to get it back and lost some more. There were some pretty frocks, though," she added, brightening up, "only of course I had seen them all before at Ascot."

"At any rate," I said, "the exchange made everything cheap?"

"Yes, indeed," she cried. "When a franc is worth only three-ha'pence you can easily afford to give a hundred or more of them for what would cost at least five shillings in England. And at the Casino it was almost like playing for counters—one didn't mind losing a bit; only Tom would add it up and somehow manage to make it come to quite a lot, I don't know how."

"Exchange is always difficult to understand," I assured her.

"Still," she added with satisfaction, "my winnings at the Casino were enough to pay practically all our holiday expenses."

"Splendid!" I cried. "Then you had indeed a cheap holiday."

"Well, you see," she explained, "there were my losings as well. Tom says we shall have to be very economical this winter to make up for them."

"A pity," I said, "that losings count. Did you find the bathing good?"

"We hadn't much time for bathing," she confessed; "and then it was so crowded, beach and cabins and everything except the sea; only it's silly to pretend people at Veauville don't go in the water, because they often do. One day I saw several people in at once, and another time a big wave splashed over lots of them. Tom was disappointed with the bathing," she added. "He said it was over-rated. He said any evening frock in Wimbledon to-day showed more than any bathing-dress at Veauville."

"I shall have to go to Veauville to see for myself," I said, "or Wimbledon."

"What about Norfolk?" she reminded me, "Norfolk and the First?"

"Ah, yes," I agreed; "I mustn't fail Wilkins or he might think I was still annoyed about his clumsiness in mistaking himself for my grouse."

"He would be dreadfully disappointed," she said earnestly. "He was telling Tom so, because he's most frightfully hard up, and he's asked his rich uncle he has expectations from. He does so hope you won't fail him."

"I shall refuse his invitation," I said with dignity. "I'm not going anywhere just simply to be made use of."

E. R. P.

Harmony in the Mines.

"It is computed that 12,000 miners in Notts and Derbyshire have broken away from the M.F.G.B. by singing on for work on the basis of a 7½ hours working day and pre-strike wages."—*Provincial Paper.*

But Mr. COOK, we gather, would prefer the miners to be crying off rather than singing on.

ONE—TWO, ONE—TWO.

[It has been proposed that the New B.B.C. should broadcast physical exercises every day.]

Oh, give me warning
Of that great morning
When, happy in all her works,
The B.B.C.
Has ready for me
A programme of wireless jerks.

Oh, call me early,
When day breaks surly,
On tea let my lips be fed
That morn of grace,
And place, oh, place
Five loud-speakers about my bed.

A sergeant-major,
A stout old stager,
Let me remember then,
Whose tongue could sing
Like a moose in spring,
Whose strength was the strength of ten.

A mental etching
Of wild arm-stretching
Pleasantly let me recall,
Of good knees bent
To their last extent,
And his voice over all.

I have heard his bellow
When leaves were yellow,
For him I have fallen prone;
I have sagged and sunk,
I have twisted the trunk
When the winter's wind hath blown.

And now to be bidden,
In sheets half hidden,
To drift on that ancient road,
To waggle my torso
Like this—only more so;
To squat on my hams like a toad.

To number, renumber,
Then sink into slumber
And listen whilst numbering wrong
To the cultured words
Of the wireless birds
As the slow hours drift along.

Yet still, to remember
A dawn in November
By desolate huts of wood;
To think I am there,
And then—"As you were"
Will be good, exceedingly good.

* * * * *

Faster, faster,
O wise broadcaster,
Sweep through my prostrate head
That eddying chase,
And place, oh, place
Ten loud-speakers around my bed!

EVOE.

Commercial Candour.

From an estate-agent's advertisement of freehold houses for sale:—

"Houses guaranteed for 18 months."
Daily Paper.



THE RIGHT TO WORK.

STUDY OF A MINER WHO HAS BEEN TAUGHT BY HIS LEADERS TO BELIEVE IN THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.



THE CRICKET THAT WE WANT TO GET BACK TO.

Batsman. "'ERE, GEORGE, DOAN'T 'EE BOUNCE 'EM IN YON PUDDLE SO MUCH. THEE BE A-SPLASHIN' OI."

MORE HASTE . . .

THOSE of you who know Berlin will recall the chain of inland waters to the near west of it, of which the most easily accessible from the capital is Wannsee. These lakes, and particularly Wannsee, form the finest kind of "lung" for the city, and on fine summer days all Berlin hastens thither to sail, to bathe, to make excursions on the steamers, or merely to sit at a table in one of the shore restaurants and imbibe beer. Neither London nor Paris has anything of the kind, although the Thames and the Seine no doubt do their best: particularly the Thames, for navigation on the Seine, bureaucracy's own stream, is hampered by restrictions. I can best bring Wannsee before the stranger by saying that it is as though Southampton Water were distant from Charing Cross less than half-an-hour, with trains every few minutes, and every train full.

For the masses Berlin has its trains; for the few people who can afford to hire cars, and for the fewer who own them, it has made a motor-track five miles long between the city and Wannsee, on which you may drive at whatever pace you will. Now and then races are held there, but for the most part it is used as a thoroughfare for those in a hurry who would visit Wannsee, or play golf just beyond it, or reach their homes in this delectable neighbourhood. Sixty to eighty miles an hour is a common rate of progress, and even the smaller taxis can compass their fifties and are very glad to have the opportunity of doing so.

All except one, and this brings me to my story.

I had been spending the day very serenely in a motor-boat up and down these inland seas, admiring the skill with which the yachtsmen handled their fragile craft and doing my best to understand the boatman's guide-book remarks. All that I gathered was that any house in its own wooded grounds of more than common luxury and comfort belonged to a banker—with the exception of the mansion of Herr WERTHEIM of the Department Stores, who I suppose in a manner of speaking is a banker too. Hither and thither we pantingly sped, from the steps of the Royal Palace at Potsdam itself (Potsdam being a bit of a Venice) to the inlets of bourgeois Pickelsdorf, outdistancing everything, from the barges on their way to or from Hamburg, which was easy, to the ever-present police-boat, which was difficult. The sun shone, the breeze was just not strong enough to blow the spray into the boat, and the sandy shores set apart for bathers were a moving mass of gay costumes and the colour of flesh, under a belt of dark fir-trees. A very delectable day.

At about five I disembarked and, outside the Wannsee station, carefully selected a powerful-looking ex-private car, now a taxi, for the return journey to Berlin, having decided to go by the racing-track, or Avus as it is called, "all out." For this privilege—for a single bout of unrestricted impetuous onset—the trifling sum of eighteenpence is asked; and, having paid it, I sank back like a NERO, prepared for excitement and excess, even though the tyres should burst. To go as fast as possible, with no chance of meeting anything on the road, would be a new experience.

But once again, on a planet where frustration of anticipation is almost the only thing that its inhabitants can count upon, all my hopes were shattered. We began gloriously. We leapt forward with a rush and for half a kilometre boomed over the asphalt; and then suddenly the engine failed. Out sprang the driver and buried his head in the bonnet, while other cars fled past and I sat inside, feeling myself to be the most stationary object in Europe. Again we started and again we stopped, and the driver sprang out and buried his head in the bonnet while I sat inside conscious that I was plumbing ignominy's depths. And what about that eighteenpence, that one mark fifty? I was not only a figure of derision but I was losing money.

The driver on each return to his box told me all about his trouble, but, having no German outside restaurants, I was none the wiser. Besides, what did it matter? The speed 's the thing. Speed, however, was not to be mine that day, for six times in all did we fail, and we succeeded in only just reaching the gates.

There I bade the driver farewell and entered the adjoining beer-garden for a little restoration before resuming the broken journey to the centre of the city. The sun was still hot, the beer was cold and I loitered for twenty minutes or so watching the groups at the other tables under the striped umbrellas, all so happily assembled. For the Germans surpass any people that I know in their beaming and vocal content in each other's company.

At length I rose to go, first having sent a messenger to find me a cab: a good one. ("Taxi goot, goot taxi.") There is no rank thereabouts and I was still more than a quarter-of-an-hour from my hotel, even in a fast car. A fast car!—melancholy phrase.

The boy came back to say that for the high well-born he had a goot taxi secured, and out I went to get into it and away.

* * * * *

But I did not get into it.

* * * * *

It was the same cab that I had had before. E. V. L.

The Test Match—Intelligent Anticipations.

"The grand Cricket Match Anglo-Australian is going to take place, which will last four days. The number of spectators will be 103,000. The King Faycak, Baldwin and Prince Arthur of Connaught will be present. Bets amount to £11,470."—*Spanish Paper.*

"The ordinary girl has improved enormously. She looks the whole world in the face, like Tennyson's blacksmith."—*Daily Paper.*

And is, as LONGFELLOW described her, "a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair."

A SCHOOL FOR COURAGE.



THE MOTOR-CAR HAS CERTAINLY TAUGHT US—



NOT TO BE BUSTLED—



BY A MERE HORSE.

SIMPLE STORIES.

III.—THE PRINCESS.

ONCE there was a Prince who went to his father and said I want to marry Rose.

His father said who is Rose? and he said she is the girl I want to marry.

And his father said why do you want to marry her? and he said because I like the shape of her face.

So his father said well you can't, and he said why not?

And his father said because I have just arranged for you to marry a very nice Princess, and he said what Princess?

His father said I forget her name but she is the daughter of a King who is very rich and I owe him some money.

So the Prince went away very sad, and when he had gone the King clapped his hands together and his caitiff came to him and touched the ground with his forehead and said Salaam.

And the King said bring me my hookah, and when he had brought him his hookah he said do you know a girl called Rose? and he said yes.

And the King said well put her in a dungeon.

So the caitiff touched the ground with his forehead again and said Amen and went out.

Well that evening the Prince went to Rose's house and asked for her, and her mother said she is not here, and he said where is she? and she said I don't know.

So the Prince was very sad, and that night at the banquet he could not eat any of the rich and delicate viands but drank a little iced sherbet flavoured with pineapple because his father was looking at him.

And after the banquet he went out into the garden which was very lovely and had a million roses in it and a great many bulbuls which was what they called nightingales. And they were all singing and it was very lovely, but the Prince said I would rather hear Rose's bulbul than any of those, I think I will go indoors.

Now Rose had a tame nightingale which she had taught to speak, and directly the Prince had said that he heard a voice say Rose is here.

So he knew it was Rose's nightingale and he said where? and it said in the dungeon.

So the Prince rescued Rose out of the dungeon and he put her on his swift Arab steed and fled with her into the desert.

Well they came to a small oasis where there was a well and a palm-tree with some dates on it, but when they had eaten all the dates they were very hungry, and the Prince said if somebody doesn't come soon we shall die.

And Rose was very brave and she said oh well never mind.

Well just as they were going to die they saw a caravan coming with plenty of camels and dromedaries, and it was the caravan of the Princess who was coming to marry the Prince.

The Princess was a little old but she was very nice. The Prince did not tell her who he was at first but he told her that he wanted to marry Rose and his father wouldn't let him so he had fled with her into the desert.



"THEY SAW A CARAVAN COMING."

And the Princess said quite right too and you shall marry Rose, I will see to it.

The Prince said thank you, and the Princess said I like weddings and used to play at them when I was a little girl, and I have brought my private clergyman with me and if you don't mind my religion being a little different he can marry you now if you like, I expect it will count but if not you can be done again when you get home.

So the Prince was married to Rose and the Princess gave him a lovely kaboosh with rubies and emeralds for a wedding present, and she gave Rose a shawl to go on with and said she would give her something more when her camels were unpacked.

So the next day the Prince told the Princess who he was, and she said oh well it can't be helped now and you are a little young for me, perhaps I can marry your father, it would be a pity not to marry somebody as I have come so far.

So the Princess married the King, because his wife was dead and anyhow he was allowed by his religion to have as many wives as he liked if he didn't have too many and was kind to all of them.

And he forgave the Prince for marrying Rose, and he said she is very nice and I don't think you could have done better.

A. M.

BRIGHTONING LONDON.

IT is a curious but undoubted fact that, at a time of the year which is still foolishly described as the "silly season," memorable and even soul-shaking announcements and suggestions are frequently made. In proof of this one has only to cite the remarkable letter of Lord DYSART which has appeared in *The Times* and *The Daily Mail* in connection with the "Come to Britain" movement.

The proposal that an orchestra of one-hundred-and-twenty players should be organised at Brighton—where an orchestra of half that size was recently discontinued—is so conspicuously moderate that it may be passed over for the moment. The really luciferous and epoch-making part of his letter was that in which he suggested that the Promenade Concerts should be transferred rom London to Brighton during the months of August and September.

We Londoners are naturally proud of our institutions, amongst which the "Proms" hold a commanding position. But why should we keep all our good things to ourselves? It is at once more generous and human, and more in keeping with the spirit of a wise decentralisation, that we should be prepared to share them with, or even bestow them upon, other less favoured centres. It is to be hoped therefore that the migration of "Proms" and their supporters to the seaside will prove to be only the first of a series of similar benefactions, of which it may suffice to outline a few of the most obvious:—

(1) That the Tower should be removed to Dover, to familiarise foreigners on their first landing on our shores with the historic past of our country.

(2) That the new Madame Tussaud's should be erected, not in the Marylebone



Visitor to small French Hotel (to Proprietor). "I SAY, WHO ARE THOSE PEOPLE SITTING AT THE TABLE NEXT TO OURS?"
Proprietor. "JUST ARRIVED. ENGLISH TOUT LE MÊME QUE MONSIEUR ET MADAME. I SINK ZAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE NEAR TO ZEM."

Road, but at Folkestone or Newhaven, or possibly Southampton.

(3) That the pelicans in St. James's Park should be given an annual holiday at Blackpool.

(4) That the Rima relief should be lent for a period of years to Yarmouth or Barmouth, or possibly Bootle.

The Cricket Championship—A New Competitor.

"Both these games provided wins for Glamorgan, and this puts them second only to the mighty Yorkshire, the figures being :—
1. Yokohama . . 81.18 per cent.
2. Glamorgan . . 72.72 per cent."
Japanese Paper.

From an article on "Peaceful Picketing" :—

"It is a weak case that reasons with brickbats, and a short-sighted executive that does not deplore and discourage such palæolithic arguments."—*Daily Paper.*

It is also a short-sighted editor who mistakes a brickbat for "a chunk of Old Red Sandstone."

"The news that all this is to be altered is good, but we are afraid that it will have to be taken 'Cum grano Salis,' which literally interpreted means 'Wait and See.'"—*Essex Paper.*

Does Lord OXFORD know this?

WORSE TO COME.

IT 's a wise expression the old folk use
That THREE is calamity's sum;
So when things happen in ones and twos
You know there is worse to come.
When your favourite pugilist takes the mat
And a motor-lorry runs over your hat,
You will find that your luncheon beer is flat—
You *knew* there was worse to come.

An earthquake shattered my orchard fair,
Set thick with apple and plum;
My car blew up with a bang and a flare,
But I knew there was worse to come,
And, as I expected, before I could wipe
From my eyes the tears that were over-ripe,
I lost my oldest and strongest pipe—
I *knew* there was worse to come.

My horse ran second, a piece of luck
That made me mopy and glum;
My sister eloped with a negro buck,
But I knew there was worse to come;
And, sure enough, ere the day was dead
And I sought repose in my downy bed,
I had caught a thundering cold in the head—
I *knew* there was worse to come.

My uncle was pinched for a stumer cheque
That he cashed at a bank in Brum;
My aunt went hunting and broke her neck,
But I knew there was worse to come;
One more misfortune occurred to me:
As I drove my ball from the thirteenth tee
I smashed my favourite club in three—
I *knew* there was worse to come.

To-day Matilda, who seldom spoke,
Went suddenly totally dumb,
And Prudence married an artist bloke,
But I know there is worse to come;
I am sure that Fate will attack me again,
And in fact, as I look through the window-pane,
I see it is once more starting to rain—
I *knew* there was worse to come.

E. P. W.

The "Newest" Poor.

"Two Smart Ladies Require positions as Charwomen, cinema, theatre, or dance hall."
Evening Paper.

"A new innovation . . . . took place on Wednesday . . ."—*Local Paper.*

Quite the best sort of innovation, we always think.

THE FAR EAST, VIA SUEZ.

AN INSTRUCTIONAL SYMPHONY.

IN framing orchestral programmes for the coming concert season I hope that musical directors will give due prominence to the new Official Instructional Compositions which have been prepared for the benefit of emigrants and students by the Colonial and Dominions Office in close collaboration with the Ministry of Music. This series of works was begun some years ago, but the frequent changes of Government have rendered their completion with any degree of cohesion or continuity extremely difficult. "The Far East, *vid* Suez" is an excellent example of this new factor in education, and I feel that a brief outline of the work may be of wide interest.

At the outset there is a marked air of uncertainty, but after a few unexpected changes of quay the great hawsers (depicted by thick well-knit string parts) are cast off and we find ourselves immediately in mid-Channel (submerged reeds and considerable use of the swell). The passage that follows is one of well-defined and strongly-contrasted rhythms, but it is not easy to record any accurate impressions. We do not really begin to take any appreciable interest in the developments until we reach Gibraltar. Here the full resources of the orchestra are paraded and deployed for our benefit, a feature of the structural design being some extremely intricate canon.

As the primary object of the work is instructional it is not altogether surprising that in approaching the Gulf of Lions (renewed rhythmic activity with sustained rolls and frequent changes of pitch) no reference should be made to the well-known resorts, Barcelona and Valencia. Lovers of old tunes, however, should have no difficulty in recognising the excerpt which hints at our arrival at Marseilles. Shortly afterwards an ear-haunting *siciliana* (*rubato ma non rubattino*) with frequent *tromboni* interruptions draws our attento the volcanic region through which we are passing.

The rest of the Mediterranean is free from subterfugue, and yet we feel that Oriental influences are at work. The music becomes less Occidental and more chromatic. Once the Canal is passed the climaxes become oppressive to a degree, and the high notes of the thermometronomes would be quite unbearable were it not for a cleverly-devised contrast in the form of a tonic subject announced by the liquid clarinets. The danger to bathers is grimly portrayed by a short *macabre* theme on a xylophone made of shark's teeth.

The composers are aware of the value of apt quotation, as witness the inclusion, at the end of the Red Sea passage, of an air from one of the better known Aden quartets. Occasional notes, too, from PARRY'S "Blest pair of Sirens" go far towards dispelling our feeling of uneasiness during foggy passages. There is a regrettable inaccuracy, however, when the chorus of "She sells Seychelles" is introduced and developed polyphonically. Unless my map is at fault we have deviated considerably from the correct route.

Just as a feeling of Oriental *laissez-faire* begins to steal over us we are rudely carried away by a powerful wind-phrase on the B-flat alto monsoons. It is with profound relief that we recognise two Bombay ducks quacking in fourths, and we realise that our troubles are over.

"HOW TO SAVE THE FRANC.

"The idea is that the married women of France should give up their wedding rings to add to the gold reserve of the Bank of France. There are eight millions of married people in France. It is therefore estimated that no less than 4,000 tons—metric tons—of gold would be added to the national reserve if all the rings were handed in."
Sunday Paper.

Quite correct, assuming that the French wedding-ring weighs approximately an English pound.

SHE-SHANTIES.

"I CAN'T THINK WHAT HE SEES IN HER."

JEALOUSY 's an awful thing and foreign to my nature;
I 'd punish it by law if I was in the Legislature.
One can't have all of anyone, and wanting it is mean,
But still there is a limit, and I speak of Miss Tureen.

I'm not a jealous woman,
But I can't see what he sees in her,
I can't see what *he sees in her,*
I can't see what he sees in her!
If she was something striking
I would understand the liking,
And I wouldn't have a word to say to that;
But I can't see why he's fond
Of that objectionable blonde—
That fluffy little, stuffy little, flashy little, trashy little,
creepy-crawly, music-hally, horrid little CAT!

I wouldn't say a word against the girl—be sure of that;
It 's not the creature's fault she has the manners of a rat.
Her dresses may be dowdy, but her hair is always new,
And if she squints a little bit—well, many people do.

I'm not a jealous woman,
But I can't see what he sees in her,
I can't see what *he sees in her,*
I can't see what he sees in her!
He's absolutely free—
There's no bitterness in me,
Though an ordinary woman would explode;
I'd only like to know
What he sees in such a crow
As that insinuating, calculating, irritating, titivating,
sleepy little, creepy little, sticky little TOAD!

A. P. H.

The "Implacable."

Mr. Punch has more than once supported the appeal made by Admiral-of-the-Fleet Lord BEATTY for funds to restore the old Trafalgar line-of-battle ship *Implacable* and fit her out for holiday training purposes. Two colour block prints of the ship have been designed and cut by Mr. HESKETH HUBBARD, R.B.A., and are on sale in aid of the *Implacable* Fund. They measure 10¾ inches by 15, and the price of each is £1 2*s.* 6*d.*, postage and packing included. They can be supplied mounted for an additional 2/6. Orders should be sent to the Secretary of the *Implacable* Fund, Captain ALTHAM, C.B., R.N., at the Royal United Service Institute, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

Sir Boyle Roche Redivivus.

"The rich man's motor may sow the seeds of the class war, but the landlord's horse yielded the milk of human kindness."
Provincial Paper.

And that 's why the cow jumped over the mare's nest.

Our Helpful Press.

"I met yesterday one of the few men who see in the coal dispute the fulfilment of their life-long dreams. He is an expert on the soot problem. 'Anyone who uses their eyes can see how very much clearer London is, and how much farther one may see,' he said. An American photographer said almost the same thing about the London atmosphere last week. 'It 's a magnificent improvement,' he said."
Morning Paper.

"The effects of the foreign coal we are now burning are unpleasantly noticeable. In the still heavy air of this morning, with a neighbouring hotel chimney belching black smoke, Pall Mall smelled like Wigan. Suburban gardeners are complaining of their smoke-begrimed foliage, and the trees in Hyde Park are distinctly darker than they were at this time last year."—*Evening Paper.*

OUR VERSATILE POSTER-ARTISTS.



THE SECRET—



OF THE POPULARITY—



OF THE PICTURES—



IS THE INFINITE—



VARIETY—



OF THEIR SUBJECT-MATTER.

A SHEIKH IN WHITE KID GLOVES.

He got into our carriage at the last moment, just as the train was leaving Biskra, a personage attired with more than Oriental splendour. All one could see first of all was a turban of white-and-gold silk, an all-enveloping haick of white shantung, and a burnous of white cloth. His face, by the way, was the face of a sheikh in a best-seller—eagle nose, flashing dark eyes, pale olive skin and snowy teeth. I saw Sheila cast him an admiring glance from her grey-blue eyes, and I am prepared to swear he returned it.

I was wondering just how long he was going to stand all his voluminous clothing with a temperature of 110 in the shade as the train loitered through the sunbaked Algerian uplands. But in a few moments he peeled off the burnous and the white silk haick followed. He was then revealed in a gorgeous waistcoat of blue and silver, beneath which blushed a vest of the subtlest pink, all this topping pantaloons of finest white linen. And at this moment the men of our party were moved by Providence to go and smoke cigarettes in the corridor, so he was free—and somehow I knew he had wanted it—to open his heart to me. He began, very properly, with a demand as to whether I would like the window open.

"No, thank you—not in this heat," I assured him.

"It must be very hot for English ladies," said the sheikh in excellent French, "particularly as in their country they never see the sun."

"Oh, yes, we do sometimes," I assured him. But it was one of those conversations where I was destined simply to play the part of feeder. He hurried on rapidly.

"I have always immensely admired English ladies. You see, I am not at all *vieux jeu*, like most of my countrymen. I am *très instruit*. I admire Englishwomen because they are so independent, and so large in their ideas. Now I would not like to marry a Frenchwoman. They keep their husbands like little dogs on chains, the French ladies."

"Your own countrywomen are more submissive?" I hazarded.

"Submissive? *Madame se moque de moi!* Of course I have had but one wife, but she certainly is not submissive. See you, Madame, I came to Biskra for three days on business from Constantine, where I have my home, and look what I have had to bring my wife back, what I had to promise her before she would let me go at all!"

He dived laboriously in hidden pockets and produced three leather cases. They contained a large Hand of Fathmah set with pearls, a gorgeous silver-and-enamel bracelet, and lastly a diamond ring of native workmanship.



Visitor. "DON'T YOU FIND IT AWKWARD TO KEEP A DOG IN SUCH A TINY FLAT?"
Bride. "OH, NO. TOOTUMS UNDERSTANDS, AND HE ALWAYS KEEPS HIS TAIL BETWEEN HIS LEGS—DON'T YOU, DARLING?"

"And all that," he murmured, fixing me with a wistful dark eye, "just for three days' liberty."

"And on business too," I added.

"*Parfaitement.* As a matter of fact she wanted to come too, so I preferred this way out of it. I said I would bring her back a present for every day I was away from her—that is why I come back so quickly."

"It must," I urged upon him, "be so very dull for her while you're away, shut up like that, seeing no one."

"*Seeing no one!*" He took off his turban to mop his brow and instantly ceased to look like a sheikh and looked, with his close-cropped head, like a French restaurateur. "One sees that Madame does not know any Arab ladies. My wife sees as many people as she likes. Doubtless she will have given several parties in my absence. She is very *moderne*. She gets her clothes from Paris (I have just had to pay a bill for five thousand francs—that will show you!), plays Bridge and drives her car, and is always entertaining."

"But she is veiled?" I almost pleaded with him, clinging wildly to tradition.

"Yes—*pour ainsi dire*," he remarked doubtfully.

"And she never sees any man but you?"

He laughed hollowly. "Only *all* the husbands of her French friends, Madame—and the men of her own family, of course. You would never imagine how many cousins a woman can have."

He shook his head mournfully and replaced his turban, instantly becoming once more a lord of the desert, to my great relief.

"What I should like," he confided to me, "is a European wife—an Englishwoman. Naturally I should divorce Halima. It is so simple, since we have no children. Only I should have to return her *dot*—but *que voulez-vous?*"

I gathered that it would be worth it.

"But English girls never have *dots* at all," I warned him.

"That does not matter. I have plenty of money, *Hamdullah!* My brother also. I have a younger brother who is not married and who also seeks an English wife. He also is *très instruit*. He has a magnificent bathroom in green marble and all the beds in his house are feather beds. A woman would not be better lodged in Paris."

"I'm sure of it. But tell me—if your second marriage was a failure what would you do? Divorce again?"

"Why not?" said he simply. (And why not, indeed, if it comes to that?)

"I do assure you," said my sheikh, looking at me very earnestly and handing me an ornate visiting-card, "that I should be a very good husband. Halima has seen to that. I should give my wife everything she wanted. My brother also . . . Madame, if you should hear of any English girl who would consent I beseech you to write to me."



DOWN "ONE-WAY" STREET.

Taxi-driver (to driver who has bumped him). "WOT YOU WANT IS A ONE-CAR STREET."

He leaped up and began drawing on a very tight and perfectly new pair of white kid gloves, while I stared at the card he had given me:—

"MANSOUR-BEN-MUSTAPHA-BEN-LAKHDAR,
Sheikh des Roum-Rassin.

Constantine."

"I won't forget," I murmured, and, being devoured by curiosity, "Tell me—*why* are you putting on white kid gloves?"

"Because we are getting in to El Guerrah and my wife is meeting me there with the car. She always insists on my wearing white kid gloves when I ride with her. She is *très correcte. Nous voilà! Au revoir, Madame*—and do not forget, I beg you."

He kissed my hand in a way that no E. M. HULL sheikh could have surpassed, and, draping himself once more in his series of burnouses, jumped out, with a final emotional glance in the direction of Sheila. We watched him getting into a very neat little car, whose chauffeur was sitting behind, while a fascinating creature in filmy black draperies, her face hidden—*pour ainsi dire*—by a wisp of white chiffon, had her slim henna-tipped hands on the wheel. As the car sped off I thought I caught a flashing black glance from above that little white veil—none too friendly.

"Sheila," I said after a pause (Sheila knows no French to speak of), "I have just received a proposal of marriage for you."

"My dear!" cried Sheila. "I hope you accepted it."

"Well, no—but it isn't too late. It was from the Sheikh of the Roum-Rassin, who's just got out. The poor dear is dying to marry an English girl."

"Oh, well, why shouldn't he?" said Sheila carelessly. "It doesn't much matter whom you marry these days; you can always divorce them."

Who was it said that East is East and West West?

Our Helpful Journalists.

From articles on the coal stoppage:—

"What is needed is a gesture leading to a formula that can be fashioned into a convenient bridge for a general return to work."
Weekly Paper.

"However . . . it is thought the crisis will now pass, though it would be more quickly over . . . if the men returned to work in a body . . . than be allowed to drift back."
Daily Paper.

WEDDING-DONG-BELLS.

II.—THE ORGANIST.

THE Organist deserves a word;
He's seldom seen but always heard;
In surplice redolent of starch
He thunders out the Wedding March
And renders hymns with practised ease,
Knocking the stops in with his knees,
Pulling the stops out with his teeth,
Pounding the pedals underneath,
Crashing the keyboard with his fist,
A busy little Organist.
And yet, despite his wealth of chord,
The Organist is often bored
And frankly wishes he were not
So impotent to stop the rot.
(This is the outcome of immense
And sinister experience
Of happiness in married life,
Beginning with his *own* dear wife.)
But Duty, Duty, must be done,
So when the twain at last are one
And Parson, beaming down below,
Signals aloft to let her go,
He blows for joy (but not his own)
A final blast of MENDELSSOHN.

"COOK'S SECRET OUT."
Newspaper Placard.

Our cook's secret has been out a long time. She can't cook.

OUR REGIMENTAL TELEPHONE.

WE've just had a local telephone put in in our barracks to connect up the Adjutant's office with the Quartermaster and all four Company Commanders. Previous to this, of course, when the Adjutant wanted to give "A" Company some information, he had the following two ways of doing it. The first method was for him to ring a bell, tell the clerk, who subsequently appeared, to take down in shorthand a letter containing the information for "A" Company, and then send him off to type it out. Returning after lunch, the Adjutant would sign the typed letter and a copy. The letter would then be entered in a register by another clerk, sealed up in an envelope, and finally taken to the orderlies' room. From here, if the orderlies were not too busy eating, shaving or playing with cats, the things which orderlies always appear to be doing when you want them, the letter would be taken across to "A" Company late that night or early next morning, so that "A" Company Commander would get it immediately after breakfast—about a quarter to eleven.

The second method was for the Adjutant to go to the door of his office and shout the necessary information across to Captain Bayonet in "A" Company office twenty yards distant.

But now we have a telephone. I don't quite know, however, that the Adjutant gains much in speed over the first method. It depends on the orderlies' meals in one case, and the Company-office clerks' cross-word puzzles in the other. Some day we are going to have a stop-watch trial.

The most interesting point, however, about our new telephone is that it is a circular one. Everyone is on the one wire and there is no exchange. The telephone-bell, rung by a handle in one office, rings in all the others. It was obvious therefore that a code of rings had to be prepared for the different people on the wire, and this the Adjutant did. He drew up the following list, which he posted up in his own office and sent out to the others:—

"A" Company . One short ring.
"B" Company . Two short rings.
"C" Company . Three short rings.
"D" Company . Two long rings.
Quartermaster . One long ring.

Everybody was frightfully pleased and started immediately to try to think of something to ring somebody else up about.

The Adjutant was the first. He remembered something he wanted to tell "D" Company about the Quartermaster, so he seized the handle and, having inadvertently given a short ring before he realised that "D" was a long ring, hurriedly made it into a long one and added another. Then he took up the receiver.

Now Private O'Jector, "A" Company clerk, had been sitting over the telephone ever since it had been installed in a state of suppressed excitement, with the result that as soon as he heard the first short ring, "A" Company's call, he grabbed the receiver without waiting for any more. In "B" Company office the clerk, hard at work on a football coupon, heard two rings, but, having as yet had no chance of comparing one ring with another so as to be able to distinguish a short from a long one, thought they might be two shorts and so took up the phone. "C" Company heard three rings, certainly of varying lengths, but knew that no one else except himself had three rings, and "D" Company rightly guessed that the call was obviously for him. Captain and Quartermaster Ledger of course took his receiver off too, just to listen in, because no Quartermaster has yet been made who can resist picking up gratuitous information in a barracks.

"Hullo!" said the Adjutant.

Four eager voices promptly roared "Hullo!" simultaneously.

Then four angry voices bellowed "Get off the line!"

None of them was the Adjutant, who was so overcome at the unexpected outburst he had evoked that he hung up his receiver and tenderly caressed his ear-drum. When the subsequent inconclusive argument between the four heated clerks as to who had rung the other up had died down after lasting six minutes and concluding very blasphemously, the Adjutant rather timidly gave two very long and very definite rings.

The voice of "D" Company clerk suddenly burst upon him with: "Nah, then; there you go again! I keep telling you that's *my* number you're ringing. If that's you, O'Jector, playing your —— games again I'll come round and —— —— —— . . ."

"Is that 'D' Company?" said the Adjutant in his most refined Sandhurst voice. "Adjutant speaking."

There was a heavy silence. Then "Blimey!" floated down the wire, after which there was another silence. In a short while "D" Company Sergeant-Major was heard.

". . . and answer the telephone properly next time, m'lad, or I'll be after you. . . . Yes, Sir, Sergeant-Major Magazine speaking."

The Adjutant, very pleased with himself, began his conversation. He was getting well away about the delinquencies of the Quartermaster when Captain and Quartermaster Ledger's voice broke in upon them from apparently nowhere:—

"'Ere, Sir, that's not true what the Sergeant-Major says. What I mean to say is, that married coal* wasn't signed for, and Sergeant-Major Magazine knows it . . ."

"Beg pardon, Sir; you know you only told me to . . ."

The Adjutant again hung up his receiver and left them to it. On investigation half-an-hour later he found the argument still in progress, only now "B" Company Commander, under the advantages of the new system, had been raked in as well to support Sergeant-Major Magazine.

The high-water mark, however, of our telephoning efficiency came later in the afternoon when the Adjutant, having consistently written letters to the Company Commanders for the remainder of



Garrulous Landlady. "DO YOU KNOW, WHEN YOU FIRST COME, I KNEW WE'D GET ON TOGETHER. I SAYS TO MYSELF, 'THAT'S JUST THE SORT O' COUPLE I LIKES TO DO FOR—PLEASANT AN' AFFABLE AN' NOT TOO MUCH CLASS.'"

* Coal for married quarters.



Owner of Dog (to timid stranger). "JUST GIVE HIM A GOOD WHACK AND SEND HIM HERE."

the day, received a messenger from "A" Company.

"Captain Bayonet's compliments, Sir, and he would be wishing to ring you up. Would you let him know your number of rings?"

The Adjutant referred to his list and found that, though he had given numbers to everyone else, he had left out any reference to himself. He invented a number—three long rings—and rang up "A" Company to tell them, but could get no reply. Determined to use the telephone or die in the attempt he went to the office door and shouted loudly for Captain Bayonet.

"What-ho!" said Captain Bayonet, appearing a short way away at his office door.

"Tell your clerk to attend to the 'phone."

"Right-o, Sir. . . O'Jector, go and answer the 'phone, and keep your ears open."

A little later Private O'Jector's humbled voice sounded in the Adjutant's receiver—

"'A' Company speaking, Sorr."

"Tell Captain Bayonet that my number is three long rings."

"Very good, Sorr."

A moment later three long rings sounded in the Adjutant's office. A voice said:—

"Is that the Adjutant, Sorr? Hold on, Sorr, a minute; Captain Bayonet would like to speak to you." A. A.

SILENT STREET.

I SOMETIMES go down Silent Street,
The street that never ends,
And knock at ghostly doors to greet
A host of vanished friends.
I visit Madame Memory—
It doesn't take me long;
In most departments you can buy
Old Kisses for a Song;
And worn-out Aches and Pains hang there,
All really very cheap,
For Time, the general manager,
Is scared that they won't keep.

The Bargain Floor, my dear, 's a Dream;
You ask Romance the way;
They let me have an old Moonbeam
For love, down there, one day.
The Faults and Follies, almost new,
Have been reduced by half,
And Wisdom (just turned twenty-two)
Will sell one for a laugh;
And you should see the Sentiments
Upon the Remnant Pile,
One, six weeks long, for thirty cents,
Three Sighs and half a Smile.

One section stocks some fine Regret;
The liftman 's called Despair;
It 's quite expensive stuff, and yet
It fades in open air.
The keeper of the Lucky Dip,
Young Innocence, is shy
And has a slightly pouting lip;
Most people pass him by;
But you may get a Golliwog,
An ounce of Nursery Rhyme
Or (well wrapped up in years of Fog)
A "Once-Upon-a-Time."

So, when I 'm feeling out-of-sorts
And liverish and sore,
And there 's no pep in winter sports
And cocktails are a bore,
I go to Madame Memory's—
The store stays open late;
It 's bigger far than SELFRIDGE'S,
Though not so up-to-date.
And when I long for something sweet—
Youth or a Teddy Bear—
I just go down to Silent Street;
They always have it there.
The Cat still keeps his Fiddlestick;
The Man 's still in the Moon;
And when I 'm good they let me lick
The honey off the Spoon.



DISTRESSING MOMENT FOR THE GENTLEMAN IN THE JERSEY WHO WISHES HE HAD BEEN A LITTLE LESS EXPANSIVE IN HIS YACHTING TALK WHEN INVITING A CLUB ACQUAINTANCE TO COME OVER FOR AN AFTERNOON'S SAIL.

TO JANE AUSTEN.

["In the hall they parted."—*Pride and Prejudice*, chap. lviii.]

My dainty, my attractive, most adorable of Janes,
My JANE, by whose accomplishment we hear
Of *Mr. Bennet's* household and the ladies it contains,
Especially *Elizabeth* (a dear),
If anything that 's perfect can be held to have a blot,
As e'en the very sun has been convicted of a spot,
I wish to bring your notice to a matter which is not
Quite clear.

When Pride has done with Prejudice (or Prejudice with Pride),
And *Darcy*, though a prig when he began,
Has proved about as worthy an incomparable bride
As any humble specimen of man,
We 're anxious for the happy end that everyone prefers
For people of his merit and, particularly, hers,
And, looking at it baldly, you might say that it occurs
"To plan."

You start that poor young couple on a pleasant country walk,
You bring off the proposal very pat,
And coolly pass them on to an unenterprising talk
That lasts them till they reach the front-door mat;
And we wait on in patience in the hope that they 'll betray
Some element of rapture in the customary way,
Till "In the hall they parted"! One can almost hear you say,
"That 's that."

My pretty JANE, I take it you are perfectly aware
That when these new adjustments have begun
A coy exchange of kisses will set in between the pair;
It 's not a case for argument—it 's done.
For young men it 's a method of expression that they 've earned,
For maidens it 's a compliment that has to be returned;
Did nothing of the kind occur? As far as you 're concerned,
Not one.

How any sort of novelist, if given such a chance,
Would tackle it, you know as well as I;
He 'd simply take a bucket to the water of romance
And pump away until the well was dry;
Yet not an arm encircled that Elizabethan waist,
And not a sound is heard of a salute, however chaste;
It wasn't due to shyness, or to prudery misplaced;
Then why?

It may be that such passages afflicted you with chill,
Or, seeing you might readily suppose
Your readers could elaborate the details at their will,
You left it them to do it as they chose;
Or was it that the young men of your era were so dense,
So utterly bereft of Sensibility and Sense,
That you, my JANE, were lacking in the right experience?
Who knows?

And yet—I know a portrait; I have looked on it with sighs—
A little lady, very far from plain,
With a little lurking devil in a pair of large round eyes,
A darling, with a twinkle, and a brain;
And I think, if I 'd been living in that age instead of this,
And you 'd been uninstructed in the rapture of a kiss,
It wouldn't have been my fault. Oh, to think of it! Oh, bliss!
Oh, JANE!

DUM-DUM.



MEDITATION ON A GRECIAN URN.

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI. "AH, WE MANAGE THESE THINGS BETTER IN ROME."



THE CONSCIENTIOUS OYSTER-LOVER WAITS FOR THE BIRTH OF SEPTEMBER.

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

MR. POTSNAFFLE AND THE FAIR AGANIPPE.

(*After Mr.* ROBERT NICHOLS.)

I.

IT was dawn at the foot of Mount Helicon. Aganippe, laving her shapely limbs perfunctorily in the light of the quotidian spectacle, now pearl, now sombre red, looked across the Bœotian plains and sighed. The sacred airs of the mountain, perfumed with violets and lilies, paused in their deliberate uncoiling to hear the earliest sigh of the half-awakened nymph; the eastern light assumed a delicate peach-like quality in sympathy; all was still save for the sound of that one unaffected gush of feeling and the crisp murmur of beauty-troubled waters. Dabbling her glossy breasts and hips as she had done in ten thousand similar dawns Aganippe gazed upward at the still-dark summit and cried a'loud for sheer vexation.

"Hateful existence!" she complained. "Who would be a nymph petted by the Muses? To bask and frisk here day in and day out, with for visitors only bores like pompous Clio and shrill Euterpe or that mugwump Melpomene. Erato's tolerable, but you can't have one without the others, and I'm sick of the whole blessed Nine!"

The brightness of her habitual smile fled as she reflected upon the dullness of being the custodian nymph of so select a stream, nor did it return when she lifted the jewelled comb and mirror that Erato had given her to commemorate two particularly felicitous moments with ANACREON and HERRICK. She kicked viciously at the water. After all, this constant titivation, this perpetual combing of one's hair under the unregardful eyes of Phœbus or the self-enamoured eyes of the Nine, was a tedious occupation. Beauty was in the eyes of the beholder, and preferably, she thought, in those of a male mortal. So thinking, the discontented nymph stretched herself in a rainbow spray and yawned as widely as good breeding would permit.

But now the dusk pall on the top of Helicon was lifting. Waves of amber and purple and rose shifted and flowed about the sacred peak. Aganippe paused in her yawning for a moment to admire the decision with which Phœbus, curled and conceited as ever, drove his celestial omnibus in top gear over the rim of the near horizon. But soon her yawns kept time with her combing, and as that morning she had reached her millionth combing it was scarcely surprising.

"Oh, for goodness' sake, Mother Hera," she said, "send me a man to talk to or I shall go mouldy with boredom."

The prayer was a thought indelicate in its phrasing, but, as it happened, it found a ready listener. Since midnight Hera had been bitingly remonstrating with Zeus upon his ill-concealed affair with Amphitrite, the wife of his brother Poseidon. The din of connubial disagreement had shaken the night sky.

"A pretty figure you make indeed, coming home here all seaweedy and briny. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, at your age too! And if it isn't one it's another. Any wet little fool will serve your fancy. If you didn't hold the position you do d' you think one of those nereids or oreads would look twice at you?"

Thus the heavenly tartar was raging when Aganippe's heartfelt cry arose, and, knowing her spouse's partiality for the nymph—quite avuncular, of course—Hera saw a way to give his self-conceit a jolt. Zeus had left her chamber, throwing a cowardly thunder-

bolt over his shoulder as he went, but this Hera had caught and neatly dropped into a London newspaper office.

"By all means, dearie," she purred in response to Aganippe. "Send you a man? That will I, and in double quick time!" And since it was the prayer of the Nine's prettiest favourite she felt it only right to call her stepson Apollo and ask him to make a suggestion.

Apollo was affability itself. "Dearest stepmother, I have a votary who'll serve your turn to a nicety. A touch from me and he will be translated in seeming substance to the minx's fountain. It will be a pleasant enough experience for him, and I venture to think, without filial disrespect, that the pater, in his present state, will be completely taken in. I'm not the son of the Chief Illusionist for nothing. As for little Aggy, she's in that happy state when a clothes-horse would win her affection. Leave it to me."

And thus it was that Aganippe saw, and was seen by, Mr. Potsnaffle.

II.

He came slowly to the brink of the stream, blinking at the now effulgent morning through shell-rimmed spectacles. He was wearing flannel trousers and a coat of Donegal tweed, with a knapsack on his back, a notebook in one hand and a stout ash stick in the other. For an appreciable fraction of a minute the two looked at each other, Aganippe in mid-stream, a blurred pinkness in the now radiant water, and Mr. Potsnaffle on the bank.

His eyes fell before hers as speaking rapidly and nervously, he said—

"I beg your pardon most awfully, but I had no idea—I assure you I had not the slightest idea—I should find anyone bathing here. I hope, my dear young lady, my sudden appearance has not distressed you."

Mr. Potsnaffle jerked his straw hat from his bald head and dipped his stooping shoulders as he turned to go, but the nymph stayed him.

"Oh, but you mustn't *think* of going. I am Aganippe and this is the stream bearing my name. That one over there is the rare, the blushful Hippocrene. I'm the pet of the Muses and an honorary niece of Zeus himself. But don't let's talk about him; he's a little too free with his nieces. Isn't it wonderful? I've waited thousands of years for your coming, and now at last you have come. My hero! My beloved! You have come to give me freedom and delight; you will take me right away from here, won't you?"

Mr. Potsnaffle was dazzled by the peach-like contours of her dawn-flushed body as the water rippled joyously over its fair surfaces. He permitted himself a glance, and then another. He saw the gold of her luxuriant hair spread fanwise on the stream. In his nostrils was the fresh fragrance of violets and wood anemones. Music was being woven about him in skeins of liquid enchantment. A dizziness seized him, and involuntarily he sank to his knees on the green-and-gold sward.



"TUPPENCE, PLEASE, SIR."
"BUT I'M NOT SITTING IN YOUR BEASTLY CHAIR."
"CAN'T 'ELP IT, SIR. YOU 'AS TO PAY FOR A NICE BIT O' SHADE LIKE THAT."

"No, do not worship me, my ideal. It isn't adoration I ask but freedom, freedom to follow you to the ends of the world." And then, on a sudden impulse of coquetry, the nymph darted behind a rock and improvised a garment of weeds and water-flowers. Mr. Potsnaffle arose unsteadily.

"And now," she said, reappearing and lazily resuming the combing of her tresses, "we can talk. But first you must take off those foolish garments which obscure your lower limbs. The young sons of the gods have skins as brown as bees; the legs of the fauns from whom I hide are shaggy. Only elephants have grey legs. Please take them off and you shall come to me and sit with me on a boulder in the sunlight. Come, my hero! You shall sing and pipe to me all a summer day, and tell me how beautiful I am and comb my hair and dry it with kisses. And when the blue night comes and the malicious fauns peer with burning eyes in the darkness you shall bear me away. But first be as the fauns and the sons of the gods."

Mr. Potsnaffle was confused, but inclined to compromise. He began to roll his trousers to the knees. Tentatively he began to wade through the sparkling waters towards her. She called herself Aganippe, but she spoke like Circe and the *Arabian Nights*. This was Helicon Hill and this the fountain of the Muses. He paused in the stream, trembling with bewilderment and desire. But she called to him in a voice soft and sweet as the honey of Hymettus. Greece was Greece, her glory eternal. Septimus Potsnaffle, Rocknegie Professor of Greek Literature at Yarvard, Ba., if not lusty, was adventurous. He rolled his flannel trousers a little higher and advanced into the stream. His ardour mounted momently though the water was ice-cold to his feet. Arms outstretched, his right hand clutching his note-book, he went forward to clasp immortal beauty in the cool haunt of the Muses.

Suddenly the expectant nymph was aware of an intrusion cyclonic in its intensity. The stream hissed with flame and steam where Mr. Potsnaffle had stood. About her was the sound of javelins and hurtling bolts. Lightnings and thunderous crashes shook the base of the sacred hill. Face downward in the stream she shrieked for Clio, Melpomene, Erato, any and every Muse to protect her from the wrath of Zeus, who strode to and fro on the hilltop cursing his honorary niece. And from her cloudy coign Hera leans with that scamp Apollo and laughs unpleasant laughter: "One for you, you old fool! Cut out by a Yankee Professor with a bald head and flannel trousers. Ha, ha!"

III.

Mr. Septimus Potsnaffle awaked suddenly with a sense of being stifled by the mosquito curtain which hung like a cloud in the blue moonlight. His slumber had been fitful and uneasy. Perhaps it was the excitement of being in Athens. But Athens had not come up to his expectations; it was modern and cosmopolitan and tawdry. Yet



Father. "BUT YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HOUSEKEEPING."
Modern Daughter. "PETER DOESN'T WANT A HOUSEKEEPER. WE'RE TO LIVE IN A HOTEL, AND HE'LL JUST KEEP ME AS A PET."

to-morrow he would see the Parthenon. The Parthenon! How strange everything was! Awaking as he had just done he had a curious feeling of disembodiment. It seemed almost as if his astral body had been wandering; he wished he could remember where. He felt too restless to fall asleep again. Perhaps he might if he tried the old incantation. Beginning with the A's—Achilles, Acontius, Actæon, Adonis, Æolus, Agamemnon, Aganippe . . . Aganippe . . . It was a stifling night. . . . Aganippe, Aganippe. W. K. S.

Our Bright Boys Again.

From an answer to a preparatory school General Knowledge paper:—

"The Invisible Armada was so called because it was not seen in England."

Historians, Don't Worry.

"Miss Loos' own speech was the joint work of herself and her husband, and was exactly three words, 'Authors prefer Leicester.'"
Evening Paper.

"'I had to go on the stage after the show,' continued Miss Loos, 'and they made me make a speech. I said these words, for I am not good at making speeches. They were, "Gentlemen prefer Leicester."'"
Same Paper.

We prefer the first version.

"Deer forest stalkers report that stags are in excellent condition, and should weigh well. One fine eight-pounder has been grassed in Glenfiddich."—*Scots Paper.*

Poor little deer! They ought to have put it back.

THE PURPLE EMPEROR.

THERE were Skippers all a-quiver
To the Admirals of the White,
There were Fritillaries flashing
Tiger-tawny tricks of light,
There were Ringlets bobbing coyly,
There were Peacocks pert with pride,
When the Emperor came bowing
(Was there ever such kow-towing?),
When the Emperor came soughing
Zephyr-softly down the ride.

The Hairstreaks warned the Coppers,
And the Coppers warned the Blues,
And Speckled Wood and Wall and Heath
Went zig-zag with the news,
But the Painted Ladies glided
To the mirror of the brook,
Where sat an urchin angling,
Bare-armed with toes a-dangling,
And his eyes glued on the spangling
Of the minnows round his hook.

On the wood-wind's scented sighings
Sailed the Emperor, full and by,
And the azure of his slanting
Mocked the azure of the sky,
And the purple of his sunning
Mocked the violet's velvet bud
As he settled in abstraction—
Now, how *did* he find attraction
In the noisome liquefaction
Of malodorous black mud?

So ecstatic his imbibing
That unmarked above him rose
The uplift of the small brown arm,
The body's eager pose,
The creeping of the shadow,
The poising of the trap—
Thus his purple pride was humbled,
And his raiment torn and tumbled
And his legs and feelers jumbled
In an urchin's ragged cap.

On the furnace of the noon-tide
Fell a momentary chill,
The bumble stayed his bourdon
And the grasshopper his shrill,
The froggin's croak was stifled
In a timid little cough
As the cap was slowly shifted,
As the brim was slowly lifted,
As a half-inch span was rifted
And—the Emperor was off!

"BRITISH MINE CRISIS.
OFFER FROM COOK.
READY TO RESIGN.
Headlines in New Zealand Paper.

But alas! for our hopes the paper in question is dated June 8th, 1962.

There was an Archdeacon of Bristol
Who murdered his niece with a pistol,
"For," he said, "I can't bear
Your absurdly cropped hair
And your listening-in with a crystal."

"Rangoon's new race-course has been opened. To mark the occasion disqualification orders against fourteen owners and trainers, eight jockeys and seventeen ponies were cancelled."
Chinese Paper.

The report that to celebrate the introduction of the betting-tax the Jockey Club is contemplating a similar amnesty has not yet been confirmed.

SUMMER IN ARCADY.

VI.—THE FAIRY RING.

"You 've got a canoe," said Charles, smiling broadly. Charles always smiles broadly because Nature has built him that way.

I admitted it.

"How topping!" said Sylvia, clapping her hands. "Does it float?"

"Always on weekdays."

"Then I propose we have a picnic," said Charles, whose thoughts run rather to food even in the most sylvan surroundings.

Angela looked a little doubtful about the canoe, but, as Charles and Sylvia were our guests at Arcadia Cottage, she didn't like to veto the suggestion outright.

"I know a lovely place," said Charles with new enthusiasm. "As a matter of fact it 's only about a mile away along the river, and absolutely nobody knows about it but me."

Judging from the amount of traffic carried by our river this seemed unlikely, but Charles was quite positive about it, and he told us a long, rambling and highly unlikely story to prove it. He had, he said, started out with the idea of doing a little fishing about dawn one summer morning (thus laying the whole narrative open to the gravest suspicion from the start), and, as he was taking a short cut to the towing-path, he met a wrinkled old crone with cross eyes and a hooked nose. At this point the story became a little confused, but it would seem that, after gazing very hard at the unfortunate Charles (who, cross-questioned, does not remember whether he crossed his fingers or not), the old crone vanished, cleverly mumbling the Lord's Prayer backwards, an extremely difficult thing to do, especially so early in the morning.

Anyway, Charles staggered along, evidently under a spell of some sort, and he declares positively that he was led by fairies to a wonderful backwater. The last thing he remembers is lying down on the grass whilst the fairies danced round and round him in a ring.

When he awoke the whisky flask which he had taken as a protection against the treacherous morning mists was empty, a proof, so Charles insists, that the fairies had really been there. As he very reasonably points out, *somebody* must have had it.

That is the gist of the story so far as I have been able to gather it, but Charles got quite upset about it in the canoe. Somehow, before we 'd even begun to say all the amusing things which we could think of about them, the very mention of fairies seemed distasteful to him. He even went so far as to say he wished he had never mentioned them at all.

Be all that as it may, it looked a very nice place for a picnic. At a wide bend in the river a discreetly hidden backwater led to a stretch of smooth turf, surrounded on the landward side by thick bushes; there was even a convenient stump to which to tie the canoe.



"'YOU SEE,' SHE SAID, 'WE WANT TO SEE THE FAIRIES DANCE IN THE FAIRY RING.'"

We disembarked cheerfully, the near prospect of food acting like a ray of sunshine upon our hearts.

"There," said Charles as proudly as if he 'd made the place himself and then created the rest of the world just to put round it—"how 's that for a picnic pitch?"

"That must be a very difficult thing to say on an empty stomach, Charles," I said. "Did the fairies teach it to you?"

"No," said Charles shortly, going back for the basket and stepping partly into the canoe and partly not. "Curse it!" he added, standing on one foot and shaking the other in the air.

"You hear that?" I said in a loud whisper to Sylvia. "Poor Charles, I 'm afraid the fairies must have been a bad influence; he never used to use language like that. And you see what he 's doing? That 's called the Witch's One-step. But it 's best to pretend not to notice anything. We 're going to boil a newt at midnight where the moon throws the shadow of the blasted elm and try to take the spell off."

"Never mind the blasted elm," said Charles. "Come and take the [here he controlled himself with an effort] basket."

"Oh," said Angela suddenly, "look!"

"What?"

"A fairy ring. Charles must have been speaking the truth all the time."

"How strange!" said Sylvia, looking at the ring but perhaps not referring to it.

"Now look here," said Charles—"that 's enough about—er—fairies and that sort of thing. If there 's any more of it——"

"*Dear* Charles," said Sylvia, going close to him and stroking his arm. "*Do* dance round it. *Please*. Just once, to show us how they do it."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said Charles. "I 'm not a bally fairy."

"It 's no use, Sylvia," I said. "That 's a fairy secret, and Charles isn't allowed by the union to give it away. The only way to get it out of him is to put three pieces of witch hazel down his back the first time you hear the cuckoo on a Friday."

"You seem to know a lot about it," grunted Charles.

"I 've had dealings with witches too in my time," I said sadly, glancing at Angela.

But Charles turned away and began to dig food out of the basket like a terrier on the trail of a rat.

* * * * *

It was a very nice picnic. Little ripples lapped gently against the bank and little gnats nibbled gently at the backs of our necks; a big white swan floated noiselessly on the stream, and a big black-beetle floated equally noiselessly in the lemonade. Sunshine and spiders descended upon us through the canopy of leaves above, and everything drowsed in the still heat—except five million ants. It was a perfect picnic.

All of a sudden a merry whistle sounded from the thicket.

"A fairy!" said Sylvia.

"Now look here——" said Charles.

"But it *must* be a fairy," persisted



Husband of rescued Lady. "GOD BLESS YOU, MY MAN. I——"
Local Hero. "OH, THAT 'S ALL RIGHT, GUV'NOR. IT MEANS ANOTHER BLINKIN' MEDAL TO CLEAN, THAT 'S ALL."

Sylvia, "because you said no one knew about this place except you and them."

"If you say another word—" began Charles.

But no one needed to. Suddenly a large red-faced man broke cover with a final crash, the whistle dying on his lips as he caught sight of us. For one long unblinking minute he stared.

"He doesn't *look* much like a fairy," said Angela in a whisper.

"It 's all right," I whispered back. "It 's a magic disguise. You see, he 'll change into a toad or something when he sees that Charles is a friend of his."

"I expect he 's come to dance round the fairy ring with Charles," said Sylvia.

The fairy whistled again, a shrill piercing sort of whistle this time, and a large black fairy bull-dog came out of the bushes and stood beside him. The two advanced slowly towards us.

"Do you *really* think he goes to bed every night in a cowslip?" asked Sylvia.

"It seems impossible, but you might get Charles to ask him to show us how it 's done."

Six feet away the fairy paused.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Now watch Charles," I whispered. "I expect he 'll blow a dandelion clock at him or something—a secret fairy-sign, you know."

But Charles did nothing of the kind.

"Just having a pic-nic," he said.

"Oh!" said the large red-faced man shortly. "And who asked you to come?"

Charles hesitated.

"Go on, Charles," I whispered. "Tell him. Tell him about the fairies."

Charles took another look at the fairy and two at the fairy bull-dog and gave up the unequal contest.

"Nobody," he said.

But Angela was on her feet in the fairy-ring, close to the envoy of Oberon. She smiled, and the little imps whom not even a fairy could resist danced in her eyes.

"You 'll let us stay a little while, won't you?" she said.

The big red-faced man was obviously wavering. Angela sank her voice to a confidential whisper.

"You see," she said, "we want to see the fairies dance in the fairy ring."

A slow smile spread over the large red face.

"That 's all right, missy," he said. "I often see 'em here myself," and, turning again to the thicket, he vanished.

But it was Charles who scored. With masterly effrontery he snatched victory out of defeat.

"What did I tell you?" he said.

L. DU G.

"MITCHAM FAIR FIGHT.
KNIVES AND FISTS USED FREELY IN A GIPSY BATTLE."
Evening Paper.

This may be Mitcham's idea of a fair fight, but it isn't ours.

THE VULTURE.

THERE 's nothing much to recommend
The vulture as a "children's friend";
And it is not at all invidious
To call him positively hideous.
His shaven pate, disdainful look,
His beak with its repulsive hook,
His horrid taste for putrid food
(His only means of livelihood)
Make him a most unwelcome pet;
In fact, so far I 've never met
A man who 's kept one, never heard
Of anyone who 's tamed this bird.
He is, to say the very least,
A thoroughly disgusting beast.

Things That Might Have Been More Happily Expressed.

"If a man is seriously ill it is certain that he may be killed by a little bad advice, and since a great deal of it is already provided by those who have spent their lives learning how to give it professionally, with the whole weight of considered medical opinion behind them, it seems that the time has arrived when the dangerous activities of the amateurs should be checked."—*Sunday Paper.*

"CHICAGO, Friday.
A man named Albert Blichmann wants a new face, and is anxiously awaiting the decision of plastic surgeons as to whether they can do anything for him."—*Evening Paper.*

If successful these surgeons might attend Mr. A. J. COOK, who by now perhaps has realised that the acquisition of a new face would be cheaper than an attempt to save the existing one.

AT THE PLAY.

"THY NAME IS WOMAN" (CRITERION).

WHEN *Mrs. Arling*, who moved in what she would call "Society," made a claim on the Unicorn Insurance Company for the loss of an expensive pearl necklace which had never existed, the news leaked out that the Board of that institution had decided to prosecute her in order to discourage a habit which had apparently grown too popular in the best circles. The Chairman of the Board—I nearly said its Actor-Manager—was *Sir James Carruthers, Baronet*, a dour Scot, who professed the very strictest morality but had an eye for the beauty of *Mrs. Arling*. Indeed, when we first meet him, he had just returned from Ascot, where he had been watching her all day through his field-telescope—an instrument that distinguished him from the less godly lovers of the Turf.

What object he had in threatening to prosecute her never really "emerged." You would guess that his idea was to force her to buy him off on the usual terms. If so, he should have given us some clearer indication of his designs upon her virtue. As it was, whatever the nature of his scheme, he simply dropped it—and the prosecution—for the sake, so I gathered, of the husband, whom he discovered to be a good fellow. I do not complain of this conversion, which was good for his own soul and tended to our edification; I only complain that we never got a satisfactory view of his motives.

Meanwhile *Janet Arling* finds herself in a painful predicament. Either she must look forward to doing six months in jail, or she must prove the existence of the necklace by procuring evidence that she had received it as a present from somebody, she herself being too poor to have bought it. Expressing a preference for the second alternative, she is abetted in it by an unscrupulous admirer, *Mervyn Bland*, who undertakes to get the evidence she requires. But *Carruthers* is too quick for him, and exposes, by means of an imaginary *dossier*, the career of the little Polish Jew who had been prepared for a consideration to give evidence that he had sold the necklace to *Bland*.

Failing here, *Janet* is not yet defeated. She changes from her pyjama tea-suit into an evening frock; and having accepted (to all appearance in good faith) a proposal from *Bland* that she should elope with him and get clear of the country before the trial can come on, she secures from him an undertaking, written then and there on a scrap of paper, to settle five thousand pounds a year on her. This document—worthless of course except on the stage—she flourishes in the face of *Carruthers*. Won over by her bravado—she even has the effrontery to tell him that it was he who gave her the imaginary necklace—and recognising that, whatever happens, she is lost to him, he withdraws his threat, on the alleged ground of generous motives.



I *DO* LOVE ASCOT.

Janet Arling . . MISS HEATHER THATCHER.

So all ends happily with *Janet* in the arms of her husband, who seemed to think it nicer that she should have tried to obtain money on false pretences than that she should have accepted a necklace from a lover; nicer, in fact, for his wife to have been dishonest to somebody else than unfaithful to himself. We leave him about to start on a mission to Tibet (a country that appears to be in the theatrical air just now), accompanied by *Janet*. I wonder what the DALAI LAMA will make of her and her pyjama tea-suit!

As *Carruthers*, Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL was naturally very much in his element, though he was late in one of his entrances to it, and so caused a rather embarrassing hitch in an otherwise smooth production. He darkened the mystery of *Carruthers'* motives by the reticence of his facial expression, which only varied from a sombre and devastating stolidity to a pale and almost equally devastating smile. It is too late in the day to expect Mr. MCKINNEL to change his skin; and, after all, he is as good as anyone can want in the one that he's got.

Miss HEATHER THATCHER—her first venture in comedy—improved as she went on. At the start, when she came on giddy with rapture over her Ascot winnings, we should not have been greatly surprised to see her turn a revue somersault. And throughout the play she moved with the old jauntiness. But when she kept still she did better. I admit that, as the only woman in the play, she escaped comparison with her sex; but she held her own with the men, and gave a very promising account of herself.

As for the character of *Janet*, no doubt before we met her she had shown "frailty" (whose "name is woman") in this matter of making a false claim; but in the play itself her pluck and resourcefulness went far to stultify its title.

I must pay my compliments to two excellent character-sketches: Mr. SYDNEY BENSON'S Warsaw Jew (*Donald*



BRITHER SCOT.

Sir James Carruthers . . . MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL.
Donald Campbell . . . . . MR. SYDNEY BENSON.

Campbell) and Mr. HAY PETRIE's *Bulstrode-Smith*, clerk to the Unicorn Insurance Company. Much fun, if not very new, was got out of the Jew's Scottish *alias*; and the clash of wits between the true Scot (*Carruthers*) and the false was a pleasant thing to watch. Mr. PETRIE's clerk, a humble and loyal adorer of *Janet Arling*, whom he had met at a Surbiton dance (for, though as a member of "Society" she addressed the Foreign Secretary, Lord Rivington, as "Rivie," she seems to have been catholic enough to permit the suburbs to come within the ambit of her social activities), was a happy blend of pathos and humour.

The others, including Mr. GERALD AMES as *Mervyn Bland*, and Mr. TRISTAN RAWSON as *Raymond Arling*, were equal to their respective occasions.

Mr. NEIL GRANT's comedy has stood the journey from Kew to Piccadilly Circus very well, and looks as if it ought to make a long stay. I may be wrong in doubting the clarity of *Carruthers'* motives, but if I know anything of Criterion audiences they will not worry over such trifles. They take their fun and their intrigues where they can find them, without analysing them too curiously. Nor do I imagine that they will share my captiousness on two small points that disturbed my evening's serenity. But purely as a matter of personal interest I should like the author or the producer very kindly to tell me (1) whether a man in the diplomatic service would be likely to address his chief, even on the telephone, as "Your Lordship"; and (2) whether it would be possible, without offending his susceptibilities, to ask the actor who had to use the word "acumen" to accent it on the right syllable. O. S.

"THE CO-OPTIMISTS" (HIS MAJESTY'S).

Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose, and the Co-Optimists are still the Co-Optimists, notwithstanding some changes amongst the fair members of the company and Mr. DAVY BURNABY's diminishing bulk. See to it, DAVY, slimness would but ill become you!

Has co-optimism become a habit both with audience and players? Both are apparently satisfied with a new programme (No. 12), which closely resembles the old programme (No. 11, 10, 9—it matters little). In spite of the efforts of some eighteen gentlemen, who have received "grateful acknowledgements" in the last page of the programme for their collaboration in "sketches, scenas, lyrics, ideas, words and music," perhaps so many cooks spoiled the broth. It is certainly somewhat lacking in the expected sparkle, a little too strained at times, even occasionally flat, and Mr. BURNABY's best efforts could not quite reanimate it.

By far the best item was "Mary-Rose-Marie," by Messrs. REGINALD ARKELL and ARCHIBALD DE BEAR, as spontaneous and joyous a piece of work



MR. STANLEY HOLLOWAY PLUS A BABY GRAND.

as one could wish for, in which Mr. BURNABY's appearance as "Rose, the half-starved Rambler," was easily the hit of the night.

For the rest, Mr. GILBERT CHILDS seldom had a chance to display his genius for humour. The ladies danced,



MR. "W. G." BURNABY.

Mr. STANLEY HOLLOWAY sang, and Mr. MELVILLE GIDEON was Mr. MELVILLE GIDEON. R.

An "Agony":—

"CLEOPATRA.—You will soon hear from a friend.—Antony."

"Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt."—*Antony and Cleopatra, Act I., Sc. 5.*

TOILERS IN THE DEEP.

EVERYONE was made deaf by the sea. The Atlantic Ocean, so called either from Mount Atlas or from the fabulous island of Atlantis, makes a charming barrier between the Old and the New World, and has been crossed from time to time by no less notable persons than CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, PAUL JONES and Mr. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. But on its westerly fringe the breakers are apt to be so large and so unruly that they make a simple bathe resemble a boxing match.

When one has been hurled head over heels once or twice before getting to swimming distance there is a loud perpetual singing as of sirens in the ears. For myself I took the precaution of approaching the waves always with my head turned in a southerly direction, so that I was only deaf on the right side.

Mr. Chugworth had made no such provision. He came out of his hotel dressed in a slatternly fashion, carrying the moist apparatus of the sea-dip and having the usual modish maritime *coiffure* as illustrated in the old picture of *Struwwelpeter*.

Standing close to the lych-gate, which is the spot where we assemble to talk about the weather in the morning in order to take sanctuary from reversing four-seaters, he cried out something in a loud voice, which, since I had my right ear towards him at the moment, I did not catch. Not wishing to seem unmannerly, however—

"A glorious end to the rubber, wasn't it?" I shouted, flapping my towel at him and preparing to face right about in order to hear his reply. "A veritable triumph for WILFRID RHODES!"

"Yes, he's going prawning," said Mr. Chugworth in quiet tones.

I doubted the truth of this statement.

"I was talking about the last Test match," I bellowed.

"Only a passing shower," said Mr. Chugworth.

"How did your brother Henry get on in the tennis tournament yesterday?" I inquired, relinquishing my first subject with a touch of annoyance.

"Murdered his wife with a coal-hammer," said Mr. Chugworth pleasantly.

I did not want to know what his brother Henry did between the sets; I was only interested in the result of the game. It seemed to me that Mr. Chugworth had an irrelevant mind.

"Are you going to bathe?" I asked him, changing the subject once more.

"Great day for young LARWOOD," he replied.

Despairingly I put my towel and bathing-suit down on the old grey steps

of the lych-gate and made with my hands the motion of a man preparing to swim. Mr. Chugworth nodded his head, and we proceeded together towards the cove, making no more effort at conversation, but each conducting a loud monologue on his own account, he about the difficulty of obtaining Devonshire cream, and I upon the subject of railway accidents in France.

As we went down the steep and rocky path, Mr. Chugworth changed gear suddenly to the supposed discovery of Lord KITCHENER's body in Norway, but I countered him rapidly by describing the trouble I had had with a burst tyre at Appledore. As a cautious interchange of views between the Mining Association and the Miners' Federation the conference might have been regarded as normal and subtly diplomatic in tone. As a candid outpouring of soul to soul it perhaps left something to be desired.

A few minutes later, however, the Atlantic Ocean having landed Mr. Chugworth one on the point of the chin, he arose gasping and spluttering to cry—

"Delicious, isn't it?"

And I, recovering from a severe blow in the solar plexus, ejaculated—

"Heavenly!"

We were *en rapport* again.

I am inclined to think that far too much stress is laid upon the desirability of listening to other people's views. One is, after all, more interested in listening to one's own, especially on a holiday by the [illegible]. But if the sense of hearing is a over-rated gift, the sense of sight is, at any rate, valuable.

Mr. Chugworth's brother Henry is short-sighted. It was for that reason that I had made polite inquiries about his welfare in the lawn-tennis tournament. There are so many hard-hitting young girls of fourteen in this place. He escaped from this sharp ordeal, it appears, without accident, but he was not so fortunate upon a later occasion.

Very short-sighted indeed, I repeat, is Mr. Chugworth's brother Henry, but he is a good swimmer withal. The two of them happened to be standing together on one of those strange jagged rocks that jut out into the Western sea. Here, I believe, or not far from here, one of the great ships of the Spanish Armada was driven ashore by the gale, and the simple village folk were made happy for months afterwards by the rich plunder that they got from the dead grandees. Nowadays, I suppose, they have to be content with miserable wretches like the two Chugworths and me.

It was a grey rainy morning with a south-west wind, and the Atlantic foamed and heaved.

"Look there!" cried Mr. Chugworth's brother Henry suddenly, and, removing his glasses but not his plus-fours, he plunged headlong, like HORATIUS, into the tide.

Mr. Chugworth shouted a remonstrance, but even if Henry could have heard him—which he could not—it would have been too late. Henry swam strenuously and skilfully up and down, his shining red face with the wisp of down-drawn hair kept appearing and disappearing as he ploughed the swell. But all too soon it became apparent that he was in trouble, and he called for aid. His brother ran to a party of tourists who were picnicking higher up the slope. One of them was despatched to the lighthouse, and came back running with a man, a lifebelt and a rope. Henry was fished for and with great difficulty captured and beached alive. Jumped upon, pommelled in the kidneys and otherwise treated in the manner proper to the apparently drowned, he was at long last revived.

"Did you see him? Did you see him?" he gasped when breath came.

"See *what?*" said those of us who can still hear.

"Old man—swimming—came up—several times—couldn't reach him."

With these few words Mr. Chugworth's brother Henry gurgled and collapsed.

Everybody scanned the deep. There was no sign. Mr. Henry Chugworth came to himself again.

"Nearly got him once," he spluttered; "but he kicked me aside—old man with a bald head—in terrible distress—must save him if we can."

The waters churned against the rocks and sent up great clouds of foam. But on all the wide Atlantic there was still nothing visible. Then fifty yards away a dark speck was seen swimming.

"There! there!" shouted everybody, pointing with outstretched hands.

The dark speck disappeared.

"It's a seal," said the man with the lifebelt.

So it was.

Mr. Chugworth's dripping brother, Henry, put on his glasses.

"Dear me!" he said. "What a remarkable thing!" and then, turning to Mr. Chugworth, "Why, I was very nearly drowned, Arthur, that time."

"Thank Heaven!" responded Mr. Chugworth fervently, raising his face to the skies. EVOE.

"BEER GOES DOWN IN ONTARIO."
Headline in Irish Paper.

This has been known to happen in England also.

RHYMES OF MY GARDEN.

THE HEDGEHOG.

THE hedgehog is a knowing fellow
Who, when the leaves fall sere and yellow,
Retires to seek his cosy bed,
All snug beneath the potting-shed;
And there he sleeps the winter through,
A most sagacious thing to do.
But when the blithe impetuous Spring
Sets all my garden blossoming
He wakes and yawns and toddles out
To stretch his legs and look about.

On summer nights, from dusk to dawn,
He cruises up and down the lawn
Searching, for pleasant things to eat,
The tall grass by the garden seat.
His nimble jaws are swift to seize
Those pests that mar my early peas,
And, unsuspecting in the gloom,
Marauding wire-worms meet their doom,
While noxious grubs turn faint with dread
To hear the hedgehog's stealthy tread.

To add to his domestic joy
He has a wife and baby boy.
His wife, a fleet and agile dame,
Hunts with her spouse and heads the game;
His son is plump, to say the least,
A round and jolly little beast
Who trots beside his sire and feeds
On young and tasty centipedes.

It gives me vast delight to see
This amiable family
Devouring with prodigious zest
Those insects that I most detest.
I cannot but admire and praise
Their unassuming quiet ways,
And long acquaintance only tends
To make us closer firmer friends.

Another Headache for the Historians.

"PORPOISE ATTACKS CHANNEL SWIMMER."
Scots Paper Poster, Aug. 26th.

"DOGFISH UPSETS CHANNEL SWIMMER."
Another Scots Paper Poster, same date.

"CHANNEL SWIMMER BEATEN BY SHARK."
A third Scots Paper Poster, same date.

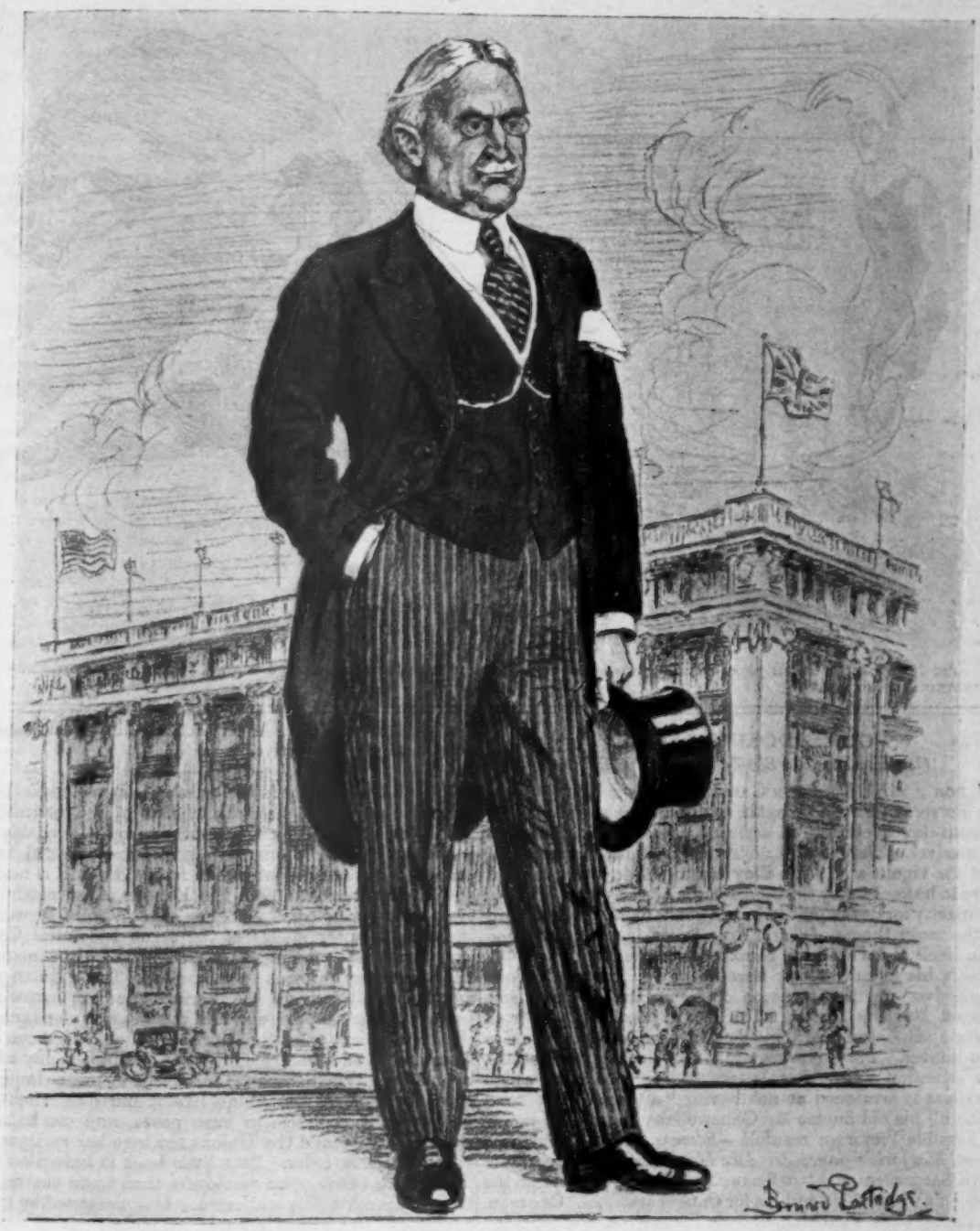
Personally, we think that it must have been a cod.

"The present Maharajah is entitled to a salute of fifteen buns."—*Liverpool Paper.*

On reading this Smith Minor decided to abandon his ambition to be either an engine-driver or a "movie" star and to be an Indian Prince instead.

"GRAND ANNUAL GYMKHANA. KOMICK RACES. SNAPPY STUNTS.
Seats, including entertainment tacks, 2/6, 2/-, 1/6, 1/-, and 6d."
Channel Islands Paper.

Furnishing the seats with "entertainment tacks" strikes us as a particularly snappy stunt.



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

XXIV.—MR. GORDON SELFRIDGE.

HE sallied from Chicago, Ill.
(Gay go the Gordons to a fight),
Prepared by native "sand" and skill
To put our retail merchants right.

All arts he has, this Mr. SELFRIDGE,
For hustling to the topmost pelf-ridge
(Except the Muse's gifts, and these
Are furnished by "CALLISTHENES.")



Art Editor of humorous paper (returning to his clothes). "I NEVER THOUGHT ANYBODY WOULD BE ABLE TO GET THIS OLD CHESTNUT OFF ON ME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I DON'T think Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY is getting tired of the *Forsytes*, but the *Forsytes*, with admirable truth to the present-day evolution of their type, are getting tired of themselves. They exhibit a strained and jaded appearance, and the vigour and poise they fail to infuse and maintain have to be kept up by the introduction of new blood. *Fleur's* incapacity for development from a spoilt child into a woman is the main theme of *The Silver Spoon* (HEINEMANN), the title itself re-echoing old *Soames's* bitter reflections on the wealth his daughter was born to enjoy. The reflections themselves are the outcome of a "scene." *Soames* has evicted *Marjorie Ferrar*, "The Pet of the Panjoys," from *Fleur's* salon for describing her hostess as a snob and a lion-hunter. *Fleur* storms at her father for mishandling the situation and writes letters to her friends in which *Marjorie* is arraigned as not having "a moral about her." With all his old finesse Mr. GALSWORTHY shows two camps of sensible Victorian menfolk—*Soames*, *Michael Mont*, old *Mont*, *Marjorie's fiancé Sir Alec MacGown*, her grandfather *Lord Shropshire*, and two firms of solicitors—drawn into the women's undignified actions for slander and libel. One man, an earlier than Victorian, deserts *Fleur's* trenches for *Marjorie's*. This is *Francis Wilmot*, an American, whose sister has married *Jon Forsyte*. *Wilmot's* passion for "The Pet of the Panjoys" is the most interesting thing about him. He lives in his lady's lustre; but, as this is one of the most brilliant effects Mr. GALSWORTHY'S art has ever produced, I suppose *Wilmot* may be counted a happy satellite. As for our old friend *Michael*, he is as pleasantly indicated as ever. But his political eloquence—he is now an M.P.—produces much less effect on his world than his wife's talent for invective.

In Sir ERNEST BENN'S *If I were a Labour Leader* (BENN) there is shrewd and helpful criticism of the institution of Trade Unionism. Quite naturally and inevitably the fact that its whole energies have been confined to the conduct of wage disputes has forced it into a negative and obstructive attitude. Sir ERNEST, a successful and sympathetic employer, who has done admirable work in the early pioneer stages of the Joint Industrial Council experiment, is by no means a smash-the-Unions man, but, on the contrary, foresees an extension of Trade Union power and responsibility in the performance of constructive functions, such as the maintaining of craft standards and the improvement of methods of production. He even dares to comment on a notorious formula, "Not a penny off, not a minute on," and to declare that it is by no means impracticable, that indeed something like it must be adopted by employers if they are to have peace, and can safely be adopted if they and the Unions get together and put both their houses in order. This little book is indeed likely to have more effect upon employers than upon the men, to whom it is ostensibly addressed. It is weakened by certain prejudices and unwarrantable simplifications of complex issues. Sir ERNEST has no patience with civil servants, who are to him just bureaucrats and an evil thing, and has a professed contempt for all politicians. He sees untrammelled production as the cure-all and would be by no means disposed to apologise for this unblushing materialism. But he does useful service in pointing out that bad employers, whether hard-hearted or soft-headed, have every whit as much to do with our present discontents and disasters as

bad trade unionists. Our author resolutely maintains his consistent attitude of Liberal Democrat—is in fact that ideal Demo-Liberal so ruthlessly abolished by Signor MUSSOLINI.

Those who believe Victorian boys
At school or home were treated badly,
Will read with wonder of the joys
Tasted in youth by A. G. BRADLEY,
Whose *Exmoor Memories* (METHUEN)
Recall, before the age of hustle,
Scenes of the lives of simple men
And mighty hunters like JACK RUSSELL.

Though happy 'neath his father's rule,
A wise and eminent head-master,
He owed his training less to school
Than to the fortunate disaster,
The lucky chance, that sent him twice
From Marlborough's rigorous refectory
To spend long months in Paradise
(And plenty) at an Exmoor rectory.

He tells of truly glorious times
With rod and gun and Exmoor ponies;
Of rustic sports, of bathes and climbs,
And talks with priceless village cronies;
Of golden sunsets, amber streams,
Good comradeship, Homeric laughter;
Of boyish fantasies and dreams
Still vivid sixty long years after.

Deep were his joys from Devon won,
And fine the homage he has brought her,
For ever through his pages run
The melodies of her running water.
Clean are his memories and sweet,
And free from any jar or jangling;
And you will find it hard to beat
His noble eulogy of angling.



Young Lady. "ER—I SEE IN THIS MORNING'S PAPER YOU ADVERTISE TWO THOUSAND AUTUMN FROCKS IN STOCK. ER—MAY I SEE THEM, PLEASE?"

The story of *Beau Sabreur* (MURRAY) comprises in itself a prelude to and a continuation of Mr. PERCIVAL CHRISTOPHER WREN'S *Beau Geste*. The prelude, which describes the training of *Henri de Beaujolais* as a *volontaire* of the Blue Hussars, has documentary interest; the continuation, which relates his further adventures in Africa, I should have set down as "the vain outpourings of a film-fed imagination" if Mr. WREN himself had not expressly assured me that it wasn't. Perhaps it does not very greatly matter whether you have pastured on vast tracks of reality (as I gather from his publisher's puff has been the author's case) or done your grazing in film-land, so long as you have the film-mind. I do not question the possibility of Mr. WREN'S French hero, American heroine, German villain and Arab-American low comedians having prototypes in the Algerian world. All I note is that they are handled as if they hadn't. The story itself is a haphazard affair, its aims being apparently as subject to improvisation as its details. *De Beaujolais*, the Eton-bred Gallic aristocrat, passes from moods of crude jocularity to moods of still cruder patriotic exaltation. His uncle, a general and empire builder, secures him a commission in the Spahis, with the proviso that if secret service claims him he is to renounce every other ambition and duty at a moment's notice. Landed with a fair American and her Cockney maid in a native rising, *De Beaujolais* receives his relative's signal; and, after a short debate as to the expediency of leaving them behind, carries *Mary* and *Maudie*, disguised as his harem, on a diplomatic mission. The thrills and humours of this excursion hardly maintain the level of interest aroused by its leader's sojourn in barracks.

The eminent gentlemen who a few years ago undertook to revise the map of Europe found their job a very exasperating sort of jig-saw puzzle. Many of the pieces were too large or the wrong shape for the scheme. The advantage of those kingdoms of the imagination, of which Ruritania is the classic example, is that they possess an accommodating elasticity. You may set them down where you like and no neighbour will be fretted by the angles in their ambiguous frontiers. Their usual site is somewhere vaguely in Central Europe, where heaven knows there are actual states enough. Mr. G. P. ROBINSON, by making his Maranos an island of the Ægean, not only showed some originality, but gave his hero, *Tom Weymouth*, the chance of an exciting voyage. Indeed it was on the cards that he would never reach Maranos or meet *Nadine* (DUCKWORTH) at all, for his travel-

ling-companion, *Davreau*, a genial French giant who talked American, was the right-hand man, you might almost say the impresario, of *Alexander III., Prince of Maranos*, and the Captain of the *Andromache* belonged to the revolutionary party and was out for royalist blood. However, pluck, luck and cunning defeated murderous intent, and *Weymouth* set foot on dry land, only to find himself drawn, through *Davreau's* embarrassing friendship, into a whirlpool of intrigue. He was not at first very pleased about this, for he had set out on holiday intent, and the bibulous *Prince of Maranos*, whose chief aim in life was to make his capital a rival of Monte Carlo, was hardly a worthy object of championship. But when he had seen *Nadine*, the *Prince's* daughter, matters took on a different complexion, and an unromantic Englishman was ready to play the part of knight-errant *con amore*. In working out the plot Mr. ROBINSON shows an ingenuity which makes his book one of the best of its kind. And in *Davreau*, the exuberant Gascon, he has created a figure of the true *D'Artagnan* breed.

To a large band of readers the announcement of a new book by Mr. ALDOUS HUXLEY brings a sense of pleasant anticipation. He is so remarkably penetrating in his analysis of character, so frank in speech, so careless whom he may offend—in a word, so eminently readable, that it is no wonder if his latest work is sometimes difficult to procure at once from the libraries. *Two or Three Graces* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) contains four stories, of which the first, giving its name to the volume, is by far the most important. It opens, in the best Huxleian manner, with an excursus on Bores that might well be reprinted for presentation to club libraries; and it goes on to describe the extraordinary development of *Grace Peddley*, the young wife of one of the most fearsome examples of the species, under the fostering care of the musical critic who tells the story. *Grace* herself is admirably drawn; *Rodney Clegg*, the successful painter of nudes, is even better; and I have none but words of praise, with a devout thankfulness that I do not know them personally, for the two chief Bores, *Herbert Comfrey* and his brother-in-law. The other three stories in the book are mere sketches by comparison with this, but all four show Mr. HUXLEY as one who understands, if he cannot always admire, his fellow-man. His drawing of *Mrs. Escobar*, in the last few pages, is almost too cruel. He despises all these figures of his a little too much for our comfort; now and then it would be a relief if he were not quite so mordantly clever.



Departing Batsman (given out l.b.w.). "I WAS NEVER OUT!"
Umpire. "OH, WASN'T YOU? WELL, YOU 'AVE A LOOK AT THE PAPER TO-MORROW."

People who travel for travelling's sake may be divided into two main classes—those who do so with the highest degree of safety and comfort possible in the circumstances, and those who go out of their way to seek the most dangerous or, failing that, the most uncomfortable mode of progression that offers. Of the latter class, whose most finished exponents are those inexplicable beings who set out for the Antipodes in converted ship's-lifeboats, Mrs. ELINOR MORDAUNT is a whole-hearted member, and in *The Venture Book* (LANE) she describes with unbounded zest her unconventional voyagings among the islands of the West Indies and the South Seas. She is perhaps a little too much given to running amok among the gaudier adjectives when she is confronted with tropical scenery, and her book would be all the better for a shade less self-consciousness; but she contrives, aided by her unorthodox methods of approach and by her own evident relish for anything in the nature of a thrill, pleasant or unpleasant, to convey a sense of freshness and discovery even when she is writing about places which have been a trifle over exploited by writers of travel books.

The young Anglo-Catholic priest usually makes good fiction, but as drawn by Miss PAMELA WYNNE in *Penelope Finds Out* (ALLAN) his outlines are a little blurred. *Paul Coward* was the incumbent of St. Jude's, Clapham Park, where his ritualistic practices were the talk of the neighbourhood. He had of course the usual crowd of adoring women at his feet, and he treated them with almost more than the customary contempt. But *Penelope Page*, caring nothing for him and looking, with her dark shingled head, like a "little wet seal," brought him to his knees in a fortnight. Now it was no surprise to me that this young fanatic should have fallen to a wet seal—it is just what would have happened—but it is hardly credible that he would not instantly have seen the necessity of choosing once and for all between *Penelope* and the Church. *Paul* however tried to run them in double harness, and the result was tragic. Within a few weeks after marriage he was finding his wife a nuisance, a feeling which was more than reciprocated when they reached India, whither he is sent on a mission and where his fanaticism develops into homicidal mania. It would have fared ill with *Penelope* but for a gallant young Englishman, who, after *Paul's* most opportune death, reaps his reward. Miss WYNNE's style is pleasant, but a little slipshod.

In her quiet competent way J. E. BUCKROSE provides her readers with more than one problem in *The Dark Curtain* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). *Mrs. Russell* had two daughters, one of them adopted; was she wise or foolish in determining at all costs to make them happy? Again, to the adopted daughter a mystery was attached, a mystery that in the social world carries pain and humiliation with it. Were the *Russells* acting with wisdom in concealing the truth from this unfortunate girl? The author answers these questions with admirable calmness and skill. If I wanted breathless excitement I should never seek it in her novels, but for rest and unperturbed refreshment she is hard to beat. In this story she gives us one incident that is really violent and sensational, but it seems out of place and almost forlorn amid its placid surroundings.

CHARIVARIA.

MANY Government officials who have spent August at the seaside with their children have now returned to their offices to begin their holidays.

* * *

Those who are so ready to cavil at our legislators should reflect that Mr. JACK JONES interrupted his holiday in order to be suspended.

* * *

A cockpit in Denbigh is to be preserved by the Government as an ancient monument. Nothing is said about the other one at Westminster.

* * *

There appears to be no truth in the rumour that the French Government have offered to pay their War debt to the United States if they will swim over and fetch it.

* * *

The recent earth tremors in Greece were ascribed to the trepidation of the supporters of General PANGALOS.

* * *

There is still a possibility that Spain may be allowed a seat on the Council of the League of Nations if she promises to sit still.

* * *

One Channel aspirant wore webbed gloves. We are glad that Captain MATTHEW has not been forgotten, in spite of the multitude of his successors.

* * *

Another Channel aspirant was bitten on the hand by a dogfish. It is thought the creature was jealous because the swimmer had paused to stroke a catfish.

* * *

A Chinaman in Paris who shot two Arabs explained that he didn't like Arabs. Anybody less childlike and bland would have put forward the excuse that he hated the way they folded their tents.

* * *

A recent speaker said that "artificial silk is the ladder on which Lancashire will climb to prosperity." True. It's the ladder that makes the girl go out and buy another pair of stockings.

* * *

Frantic efforts are being made to revive the popularity of Russian boots. The most hopeful suggestion so far is that they should be made of transparent leather.

A man left his home recently at Finsbury Park and has not been heard of since. It is feared that he may be stranded on an island in Piccadilly, waiting for the traffic control experiments to cease.

* * *

In answer to a correspondent we are unable to ascertain if HOBBS's recent feat of hitting a sparrow at Lord's was ever performed by W. G. GRACE, or if it constitutes another record.

* * *

When a rabbit ran across a football ground at half-time the other day it was chased by hundreds of spectators. They mistook it for the referee.

* * *

"Heat from a Bedfordshire rick fire baked apples on the trees," says a news item. Still, that is not the most economical way of baking apples.

* * *

A new refreshment-room is being built at Finsbury Park station. The ceremony of laying the foundation sandwich does not seem to have been reported, so we presume it was a private affair.

* * *

A North London librarian's objection to Miss ANITA LOOS's book because it can be read in an hour helps us to understand why suburban readers prefer WELLS.

* * *

Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY'S reported decision to reside in Sussex is rather a shock to those who have always admired his originality.

* * *

It is reported from a Scottish golf-club that a sea-gull settled on a ball and tried to hatch it. Golfers all over the country are trying to think of a better one before America reminds us that GEORGE WASHINGTON settled on a cherry-tree and did hatchet.

* * *

One of the characters in a new play is a dramatic critic. His performance is said to be so lifelike that all the other actors tremble.

* * *

An American revivalist says that confirmed smokers have no hope of heaven. They must take what consolation they can from the fact that he has consigned them to a place where they won't need matches.

* * *

A critic says that the modern family consists of a man and wife, one child and a car. One consolation is that the baby is a bouncing one if the car is of a certain make.

* * *

A Cardiff man claims that he can hold two motor-cars travelling in opposite directions, and tear up thicknesses of cloth with his fingers. And yet he has never been asked to play for Wales at Rugby football.

* * *

Finding a cat had been gassed in a Blackburn shop a police constable applied artificial respiration and saved one of its lives.

* * *

A Bethnal Green man told a magistrate that he went to Kensal Rise for his holidays this year. The bulldog breed again!

* * *

The HOME SECRETARY has warned motorists that their vehicles must be effectually silenced. It was hoped in certain quarters that a similar instruction would have been issued in connection with saxophones.

* * *

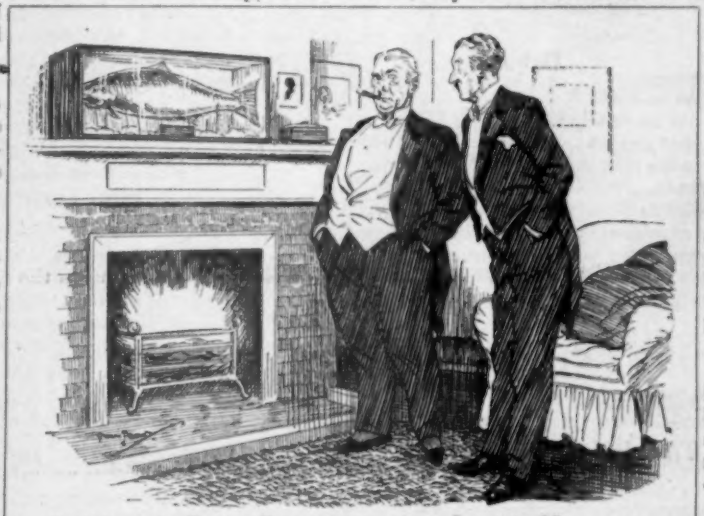
Nine barges recently ran away at Richmond. Some of these punt cushions are certainly startling.

* * *

Plants, according to an investigator, are so sensitive that they can be tickled. One can picture an unscrupulous greengrocer trying to make a pale beetroot blush before he sells it.

* * *

Chicago fashions are said to be a year behind the times. Guns, for instance, are still worn on the right hip.



Guest (to angler Host). "YOUR BIGGEST CATCH, I SUPPOSE?"
Angler Host. "NO. I PRESENTED MY BIGGEST TO THE CLUB. THIS ONE WAS FOUND IN ITS STOMACH."

CUPID AND THE P.M.G.

He wrote to her. She expected it.

For months now a letter from Harry had set her dear heart fluttering. How she started up from her chair when the village postman clicked the latch of the rectory gate! Harry's handwriting! His own fine, brave, manly consonants; his delightful vowels; the force he gave the capitals; the flourish he put into the address! The divine little space which he always left just under her name! The other divine little space between the county and the town! Furtively she would kiss the envelope before placing it beneath her washing-silk over-blouse, and then run upstairs to her room. There she would gloat again on the superscription before tearing the flap. How beautiful it was!

Miss Lavinia Perkins

The Pines
Tivicombe

Devon

Harry had written that to her!

Of course Harry did not know all this. But he did know, or rather he did guess, that she was pleased. He had her dear delightful answers in her own dear delightful envelopes (lilac they were) to prove it.

Until the day came when a pale frightened Harry found inside one of those lilac envelopes no dear delightful answer at all, but only his own letter to her, returned to him unopened and unread.

Yet not precisely as he had written it. The address now ran—

SUFFERED FROM PIMPLES FOR FOURTEEN YEARS

Miss Lavinia Perkins

BOUGHT BLOGGO AND WAS CURED

The Pines
Tivicombe

SIMPSON'S HEREFORD CYDER

Devon

How different his letter appeared!

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL had been at it. No wonder that Lavinia was shocked. Many were the tears and explanations before two fond hearts could be united again.

The matter, of course, is not quite so serious as this just at present, but there is no saying what may not happen soon when our postal authorities get thoroughly bitten by the advertising craze, nor how much of the exterior part of our correspondence will be left immune from commercial enterprise.

It might be thought that when a man or woman had gone to the expense of purchasing the best white or azure cream-laid water-marked stationery, not to speak of the iniquitous exaction of a penny-ha'penny stamp, the postmark would be a sufficient sign that the Government had been playing about with it and fingering it whilst they did the duty, for which they are so highly paid, of passing the communication on.

These are hard times, I know. The Government has to turn an honest penny where it can, to relieve the burden of the taxpayer. But it should be an honest penny, not obtained by trespassing on property not its own. There are red pillar-boxes which can be smothered with advertisements of memory-training courses and fountain-pens. There are mail-vans and parcel-delivery vans. There is the uniform of postmen themselves. There is no reason that I can see why all our postmen should not be turned into sandwich-men, or why they should not carry advertisements on their hats. Any advertisement of Bootjoy or Footbliss, any recommendation of Globbo's Ointment for Blisters, carried conspicuously by a postman in the street, would have an urgency worth many many pounds. I can conceive no adequate reason for complaint if the POSTMASTER-GENERAL were to advertise on his own motor-car, on his own front-door or on his own hat, or plaster the G.P.O. and the district post-offices with electric sky-signs, to render beautiful the night and divert the star-gazers from Coventry Street. But I cannot see that he has any more right to advertise on the taxpayer's private letters than to hang out his shirts in the taxpayer's back-garden.

On the taxpayer's private letters, I said. But the taxpayer receives a number of letters which, until they pass into his hands at any rate, are the property of the State. Is there any better field for advertisement than the envelopes of those garrulous cheery communications from the officials of the Inland Revenue? All those sovereign balms for worry and nerve strain and wrinkles, those adjurations to get rich quick and make money by the pencil or pen, would find effective publicity here.

But Harry's own letter to Lavinia! Fie and for shame! Let the busy Government Babbitts hold aloof. EVOE.

THE MARTYR.

(A true and recent incident.)

I SAT behind the bowler's arm at Lord's;
Apollo beamed upon the happy throng,
While figures proved the fact on busy boards
That HOBBS was going strong.

You too sat—on the turf—amid your kin,
Wolfing a worm or wind-swept crumb, no doubt,
Nor recked, poor sparrow, the uprising din,
Nor what 'twas all about.

For Surrey's Hope had made a mighty whack;
Swift to the ropes we watched the red death come,
And suddenly upset *en route*, alack!
Your equilibrium.

Feebly you strove to mount the ambient air;
The game was stopped, and while the curious host
Murmured its grief, you fell to earth, and there
Gave up your tiny ghost.

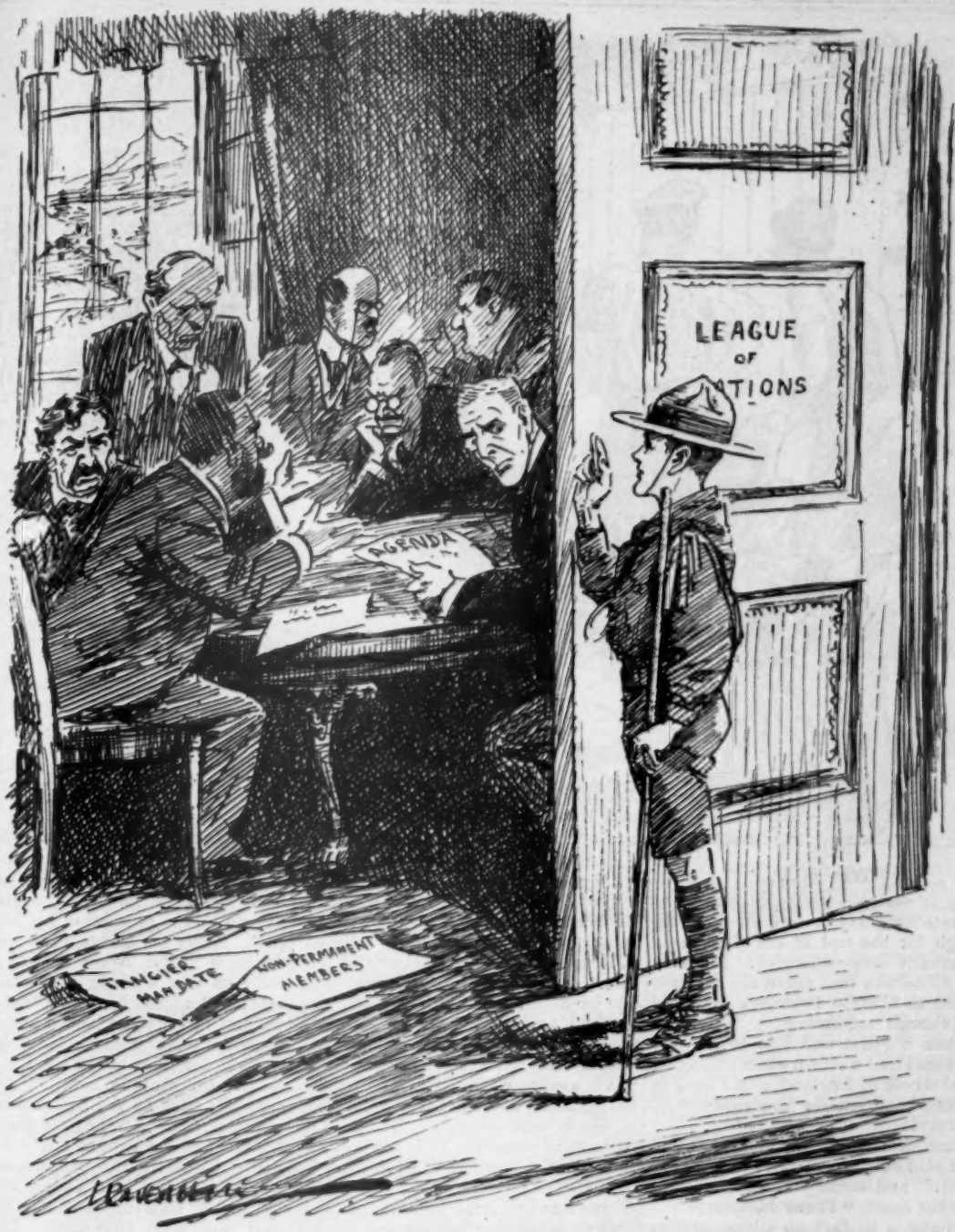
And to my mind there came from days long gone
Dim memories of a yarn I used to know
Told of another sparrow, close upon
Two thousand years ago.

But, ah! no peril followed in his wake
When he with Roman Lesbia chanced to play;
While you, alas! were massacred to make
A British holiday.

"Herbert Smith and himself were going to fight together. They were a pair of Siamese twins."—*Speech of Mr. A. J. Cook, reported in "The Times," June 7th.*

"Mr. Cook desired that proposals should be framed which would enable the Government to take steps to bring about a resumption of negotiations. Mr. Smith, in opposing this policy . . ."—*Report of Miners' Federation in "The Times," September 1st.*

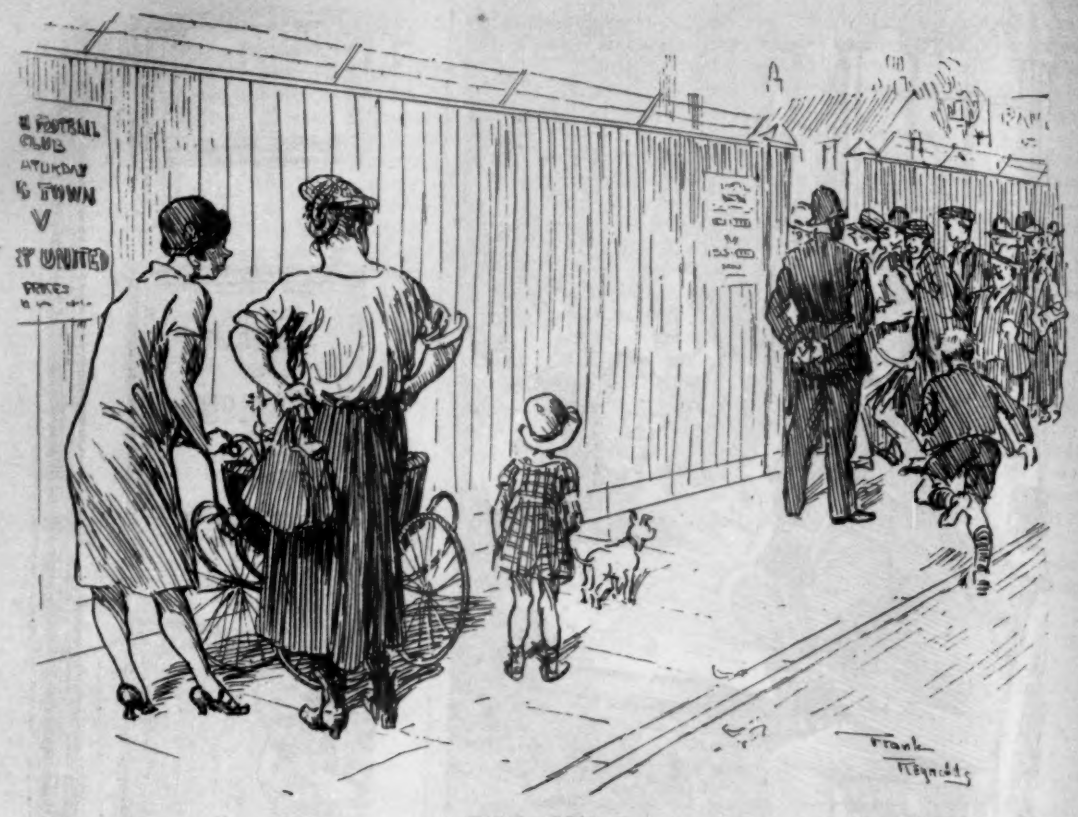
"I loved that Cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshipped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see."
—*The Yarn of the "Nancy Bell"* ("*Bab*" *Ballads*).



THE DAY'S GOOD DEED.

BOY SCOUT. "YOU SEEM TO BE A LITTLE STUFFY IN HERE. COME OVER TO OUR NEW BROTHERHOOD SETTLEMENT AT KANDERSTEG, AND WE'LL SHOW YOU WHAT INTERNATIONAL GOODWILL REALLY IS."

[A châlet and grounds have been acquired at Kandersteg, in Switzerland, for the use of Boy Scouts of all nations.]



FULL CRY.

Mrs. 'Arris. "I SEE THE FOOTBALL SEASON 'S STARTED."
Mrs. Brown. "STARTED! I SHOULD SAY IT 'AD STARTED. WHY, MY OLD MAN'S THROAT GIVE OUT A WEEK AGO."

WHANG.

HE is really a white Pekingese, at any rate for a day or so after his bath, though for the rest of the time he is a gradually deepening grey. It seems hard to believe that there can be such a thing as a white Pekingese, but it is true, though uncommon.

When we first had him there were only about half-a-dozen white Pekingese in the whole of England, and I used to impress the fact on everybody with great pride.

Some said casually, "Indeed!" and some said enthusiastically, "How *wonderful!*" and some just said, straight from the heart, "Thank Heaven!"

Whang is in fact an albino, and as such is very precious. Only the Emperors of China were allowed to possess him and his breed—just as rajahs of native States alone possess white elephants, though of course Whang is more convenient, we find, to have about the house than a white elephant would be. But one thing was borne in on me from the very start, and that was that their Emperors can't have much of an eye for beauty.

For Whang is no picture-postcard. He is very difficult to describe; in fact he has really to be seen to be believed, and even then guests of convivial tendency, noticing him for the first time late at night, have to have him very carefully explained. Briefly he has a flat sort of face with a perpetually half-open mouth, like a man dozing opposite you in a railway compartment, to which the years have now added an impression of senile toothlessness. His nose is more than *retroussé*, it is *repoussé*, as though in a moment of aberration he had tried to torpedo the side of a house. Above this two large pink bulbous eyes project, something like pale and ghostly cairngorms, though they bear a very strong resemblance, in his more thoughtful moments, to those of a very dead cod. As eyes they are almost unique, but I have once seen a rich young Hebrew wearing something very like them as cuff-links.

Whang carries most of his fur on his shoulders, and with some originality wears his whiskers on his elbows, which gives him a very impressive front view. Seen sideways, however, he does not live up to the promise of his north aspect. Abaft the bridge, so to speak, he dwindles sadly. Were he not admittedly so rare a thing as a white Pekingese, I should have said that, when we first had him, he looked more like a white rat. Nor does his tail dispel this illusion, for later on in his life, owing to the unfortunate habit of standing with his back to the fire, picked up, I presume, from watching old gentlemen, his tail one day caught alight and was not put out till the parlourmaid had sat him forcibly in a bucket of water, by which time most of the covering hair had been consumed. This was very unfortunate, for, besides the loss of dignity, the majority of our visitors are now under the impression that all white Pekingese are like that.

Whang is rather lonely at times; though he has been with us a long while he has no friends among the village dogs. They are, I say it with shame, frankly rude to him; and

Whang has never got over his first and only walk in the village.

It was soon after he arrived that I took him out on a lead for a little exercise down to the village green. The first to notice him was the Major's fox-terrier, who came hurriedly out of a gate on some important errand, saw Whang, remarked quite simply, "Good Lord!" and went hurriedly back again, to return a moment later in company with what the Vicar, mistakenly, we think, calls his "pure-bred spaniel." They followed Whang and myself slowly down the village street and passed audible remarks at first about the prevalence of aliens in England. Whang, I could see, felt it a little, having no doubt been accustomed in his childhood to the most servile reverence from other dogs owing to his status as an imperial pet. He turned round after a while and told the fox-terrier to "be pleased to remove his offensive carcase from high-born eyes." The fox-terrier merely laughed and called in a loud voice to Miss Yates' Sealyham to "come and see what the tide had washed up."

The Sealyham, who has a pedigree and tells everyone about it, was inclined towards irony. She affected to desire a lot of information: was it really a dog, or had there perhaps, she hinted in rather an unladylike fashion, been a *mésalliance*, a few generations ago, with a rat? Or, with regard to that tail, perhaps there was even a touch of a fox-brush in the family. The Vicar's spaniel laughed loudly at these sallies and began to follow up the line of thought in a rather coarse and Rabelaisian manner of his own. I never cease to wonder where he can pick up such ideas—and a clergyman's dog too. He was becoming positively indelicate, when the Doctor's four puppies arrived on the scene and created a diversion by deciding to play with Whang.

Whang, I admit, does not play well. He hasn't the figure for it. Besides he kept treading on his ears, a habit that is always subversive of dignity. The "pure-bred spaniel" laughed all the while in a raucous pot-house fashion. That dog's manners are a disgrace to the cloth.

When the party was joined outside the village shop by four mongrels and a supercilious Aberdeen, I picked Whang up in my arms and carried him home. The other dogs roared with laughter and followed us back, making humorous remarks. We left them in a jeering half-circle round our gate, and I distinctly heard one of the mongrels remark that he supposed it must be for a fancy-dress dance.

Altogether that first walk was not a success, and Whang has never really got over it. Even now, at the age of eleven, about seventy-five human years, he confines himself to the garden for his constitutionals. He is an old fellow and has had bronchial trouble—indeed he has to have his dinner from a plate because he makes a bowl echo so much. When he sits wheezing in front of the fire I can see that in his imagination he is remembering the porcelain dishes and silken cushions and imperial favours of his youth, and, if a shadow comes into his bulging eye, it is, I am certain, at the painful recollection of the spaniel's coarse remarks that day; or it may even be, for Whang is but human, that he is thinking of the splendid retorts he could have made if only he had thought of them at the time, instead of two days later, as is unfortunately so often the case.

Poor Whang! Village life is a come-down after a palace, and ours is a democratic and irreverent age. But I do wish he had known enough English to have told that spaniel that his (the spaniel's) grandmother was a whippet. For disparagement of an opponent's ancestors is a recognised form of abuse in the East, and in this case Whang would have been absolutely right, though nobody dares suggest such a thing to the Vicar.

A. A.



"ENORMOUSLY WEALTHY CHAP! THEY SAY HE HAS A NEW RAZOR-BLADE EVERY DAY."

"Fewer babies were born in England last year than in the previous year, it seems. It has been decided not to publish their names and addresses."—*Birmingham Paper.*

But will that encourage the others?

"6*d*.—French, Spanish, German, English, Shorthand, by Natives, 6*d*. a lesson."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

We should like to meet a native of Shorthand.

SIMPLE STORIES.

IV.—THE WELL.

Jessica and Peter were the children of Mr. and Mrs. Willing, and when their father was in a good humour he often said Barkis is willing though his Christian name was Herbert but he liked to say funny things out of books. They lived in a house called Woodleigh and there was a large garden with a well in it, but Jessica and Peter were not allowed to go near the well because their father and mother thought they might fall in.

Well one day they did go near the well and Peter fell in. But there was no water in the well so he was not drowned, and it was not so very deep and there were plenty of dead leaves at the bottom so he did not hurt himself, but he was frightened and began to cry, because he was only nine and two years younger than Jessica, and he said take me out take me out.

Jessica was frightened too when she first saw him fall in, but when she saw that he was not hurt at all she said look here let us play at you being Joseph and I will take your coat of many colours to father and say a wild beast has devoured him.

But Peter didn't want to play that game then and he said take me out take me out.

Then Jessica said I'll tell you what, we will play at me being a fireman and rescuing you, and I will go and fetch a ladder.

So first of all she got an old helmet that was in the hall and put it on for a fireman's helmet though she was not allowed to touch it, and then she got a small ladder from the potting-sheds and went to the well with it.

And when she got there Peter was crying because he wasn't very old, and he said why have you been so long I don't want to play at anything I want to be taken out of this well, there is a great toad here and it is looking at me.

Then Jessica said I'll tell you what, you shall be St. George slaying the dragon and the toad shall be the dragon. I will just go and get a sword and you shall have it, you will like that, and I will give up the helmet to you too.

So she left the ladder and went in to get a sword out of the hall which she was not allowed to do, and when she got back to the well Peter was still crying because he was quite small and he said I want to be taken out it is so smelly down here.

Jessica said are there noxious fumes? and he said it smells simply disgusting.

So she said I'll tell you what, we will play at you being a miner in a mine who has been overcome with noxious fumes and I will rescue you, but I must first go and get a gas mask.

So she went into the hall and got a gas mask which she was not allowed to do and went back to the well with it.

And Peter was crying and saying I want to be taken out. He was not really uncomfortable but he was only nine on his last birthday.

So Jessica put the ladder down the well and it was just long enough, and Peter got on to her back because she was bigger than he was and she rescued him.

And her father said she was a very brave little girl for rescuing Peter out the well, and he forgave her for taking the things out of the hall.

And he said Peter was a very naughty boy for falling into the well when he had been told not to go near it and he would have the well filled up, and Peter should go to bed without any supper.

But his mother begged him off and he had some.

A. M.



"AND HE SAID PETER WAS A VERY NAUGHTY BOY."

A Case of Overloading.

"Eleven thousand Liscard and New Brighton working-men's children left Wallasey on Saturday, in 19 charabancs, for their annual outing."—*Provincial Paper.*

Where were the police?

SUSIE THE SOCIALIST.

HER short wavy hair gleamed golden in the sunlight, her blue eyes were dancing with the *joie de vivre*, and her dainty feet in their light kid shoes seemed as if they wanted to dance too.

She was dressed in palest yellow, and altogether she looked a golden girl. Men—ay, and women too—turned to glance after her as she walked with her companion in the Row; but she did not even notice their admiration, for an utter lack of self-consciousness was one of her greatest charms. She thought as little of men's approving glances as the butterflies and the flowers, but only felt that it was very good to be alive on such a glorious summer day.

But that was before she had realised the vast inequalities of life. Somehow the mere sight of the happy riders in the Row had changed all her joy to bitterness and the general unfairness of things was brought home to her as never before.

Why should they—those fortunate ones—thus ride along the highway of life while she perforce must trudge afoot?

The handsome young man at her side felt that all was not well with her. Her joy was ever his joy and her sorrow his sorrow.

"Tired, old girl?" he asked. The words indeed were banal but there was tenderness in his eyes, tenderness in his voice.

She only shook her pretty head, for how could she tell him of the black thoughts, the deadly envy that filled her heart?

At last it seemed she could bear it no longer. She turned suddenly to the tall man who loved her but who didn't understand and, with tears in her eyes and in her voice, she asked him passionately, "Daddy, *why* won't dey let me have a wide too?"

Another Impending Apology.

From a theatrical criticism:—

"I never see Mr. —— act without wishing that his appearances were more fragrant."
Indian Paper.

"In the Mansfield district alone there are now more than 5,300 men engaged in getting coal—a great advance over any previous total."
Daily Paper.

This fortunate result will confirm the faith of those who have always held that the ending of the coal dispute would follow the opening of the football season.



MANNERS AND MODES IN THE CORNISH RIVIERA.

THE BARN-DOOR DANCE CLUB.

LYRA LUNATICA.

WHEN I find my friends and neighbours flown to holiday resorts,
Seeking respite from their labours in the usual games and sports,
Envy never once assails me of their lotus-eating lot,
For a solace never fails me which they none of them have got.

Borne aloft on fancy's pinions, my indomitable soul
Seeks delectable dominions at the tropics or the Pole,
And, invoking the assistance of the astro-psychic Muse,
Spans the gulf and mocks the distance twixt the earth and Betelgeuse.

Oftentimes I swim the Channel when I want a morning dip;
I require no furs or flannel for a Trans-Siberian trip;
Others turn to wine or toddy when they're feeling faint or ill,
I refresh my astral body from the Heliconian rill.

I can track the hippocampus to his subterranean lair,
Easily outstrip the grampus, and out-hug the grizzly bear;
I in half-an-hour can clamber on to Siniolchum's peak;
I can dive for pearls and amber off the coast of Mozambique.

If the day be dull or murky I elope to Timbuctu,
Or the Isles of Greece, or Turkey, Patagonia or Peru;
Oft I hunt the young opossum in the wilds of Yucatan;
In the time of cherry-blosssom you will find me in Japan.

Not for me the lure of Yarmouth or the revels of Ostend,
Or the shrimps of balmy Barmouth or the flappers of Southend;
No, I much prefer to hurtle through the air and join the romps
Of my friend the snapping turtle in Louisiana's swamps.

In the dark and tangled copses of the Hinterland of Nupe
I pursue the ampelopsis or the hairy cantelupe,
Spear the truculent porbeagle as he lurks in the lagoon,
Or confront the bearded eagle in the mountains of the Moon.

I can fly to farthest starland, scour the Caribbean main,
With no help from WOLFF and HARLAND, no reliance on a plane,
And, while roosting in my villa in the heart of Peckham Rye,
Watch the grim and grey gorilla as he goes galumphing by.

Mighty minds there are who carve in wondrous ways their path to power—
Porphyrogenetes like GARVIN, purplest emperor of the hour;
HENRY FORD or ROCKEFELLER—but their feet to earth are bound;
Space translunar, intrastellar, is my happy hunting-ground.

* * * * * * *

Some there be who mutter "looney," but you probably will find
They, not I, have more *lacunae* in the outfit of their mind;
So, disdaining those who cavil at my habits, I intend
In my course of spirit-travel to continue till the end.

FATHER AND SON.

To the question "What did Mr. GLADSTONE say in 1876?"—the year is a matter of choice—I can supply no answer; but no memory could be clearer than mine as to certain words that failed to emerge from my own lips in 1882.

In 1882, as I was reminded the other evening while following the irregular course of a revue in a London theatre, I was at school in a southern watering-place. It was a curious school, a mixture of boarders and day-boys or, as these were, in the discriminating and careful language of the boarders, more properly called, day-bugs. In fact there were three sections: boarders, about thirty; day-bugs, thirty more; and parlour-boarders, four in number, aloof and superior beings, entitled to mysterious disappearances from routine, to better food than was handed to us and to some of the freedom of the town, which, I hardly need say, they abused.

Chief of the four, I recollect, was a rich and spendthrift youth from the North—Manchester, I vaguely fancy—who even my unformed observation could tell me was being scandalously toadied to and battened upon by one of the junior masters, a Scotsman (who, by the way, robbed me of an early example of a fountain-pen which an uncle had given me). A strange man, this Scotsman: an athlete, even a champion at one particular feat of strength, a voluptuary and a martinet in spasms. He was also so profound a sentimentalist that the tears used to run down his cheeks as he read to his class (when he ought to have been observing the curriculum) OUIDA'S short stories—"A Dog of Flanders," "A Leaf in the Storm" and such moving matter. Instantly, if the door opened, he would clap the true text-book over the false and assume a pedagogic voice again. Not a good influence for the young.

The second parlour-boarder was a dark silent Greek, reputed to be enormously wealthy, and rightly unpopular, not only for his aloofness but on account of certain of his exasperating countrymen, one XENOPHON not least. The other two were brothers, the sons of a famous actor who was too busy with the triumphs of his profession to be able to give them much paternal attention, and was therefore glad to hand them over to the care of our Headmaster and his wife and daughter, with whom, I have a misty notion, they spent the holidays as well. As for that Headmaster, there is no need for words of mine to describe him to any one who has read *Vice Versâ* (and is there any one so pitiful as to have not?). Our Headmaster—a Doctor of Letters too—was Mr. ANSTEY'S *Dr. Grimstone* to the life.

All these are the reminiscences of 1882.



"YOU REALLY MUST TRY TO TAKE A BETTER POSITION IN THE SCHOOL THIS TERM, DEAR."

"WELL, MOTHER, I HAVEN'T BEEN THERE LONG, AND I'M NOT HIGH ENOUGH YET TO BE A PREFECT."

Now, at the revue which I witnessed the other night, forty-and-four years after my brief sojourn at that school, was a young man capering and singing and filling one part after another in the superficial semi-charade manner that we associate with this easy and flexible form of beguilement; and gradually I was aware that about this young man—his movements and profile and voice—there was something faintly familiar, something which touched a chord in my brain. Where had I seen before either this young man or another very similar? Where and when? On looking at the programme this mystery was solved, for his name was identical with that of my old school-fellow, the elder of the two parlour-boarders with the Thespian association. Of course! So I was being entertained (more or less) by the son of that tall lean youth with the classical features whose stilted ways and rather too precise and perhaps somewhat affected speech were a source of mirth and mimicry among the ribald. Poor ——, he never quite hit it off with the others; he was made of more sensitive material than the ordinary barbarian, and he had obviously not mixed much with his kind; but one need not expend too much sympathy on the matter, for parlour-boarders are of the elect: they receive preferential treatment; and he could always escape to his own sitting-room.

Well, boys can say odd things to each other, and I have no doubt that I was capable of saying odd things myself, but in the course of whatever conversations we had together I am more than sure that in 1882 I said nothing so strange as this: "My dear——, I look forward to the time forty-four years hence when I shall see your son performing in revue." E. V. L.

ON 'CHANGE.

(*An intelligent anticipation of a Financial Article of the Future.*)

London, 8th September, 1936.

PRICES ruled firm on the Football Exchange to-day, but there were not many transactions, most clubs having bought forward to cover their requirements over the next six or eight months.

Goal-keepers, exceptionally, fell smartly and closed with a net loss of two points on the day.

Full-backs were on the heavy side, but they remained steady throughout, notwithstanding a little pressure towards the close.

Half-backs presented a solid appearance, and at present prices they are considered a reasonable purchase for the long shot.

Forwards advanced smartly, though their movement was erratic at times.

Referees and Linesmen were in plentiful supply.

There is not likely to be much doing in this market during the next few months, but prices are expected to improve in the New Year, and investors who buy sound stock at the present quotations are not likely to come to much harm.



Excited Mother. "OH, PLEASE, HAVE YOU SEEN MY LITTLE EMMA?"
Stranger. "I 'VE NO IDEA. WHAT 'S SHE LIKE?"
Excited Mother. "SHE HAS HER FATHER'S NOSE, BUT SHE 'S THE IMAGE OF ME—WHEN I WAS A CHILD."

"NEW PUMPS FOR OLD."

OLD Tom Luckin
Never went to school, and
Ever since his accident he
Walks on a stump.
Old Tom Luckin
Was always thought a fool, and
All day long he leant against the
pump.

Old Tom Luckin
Lived with his son-in-law,
Saving up his pension as
He was past his prime;
And Old Tom Luckin,
Whenever people asked him to,
Filled up their buckets at a half-
penny a time.

Now Old Tom Luckin
Once spent a shilling on
An Old Folks' Outing and
Went up to Town.
Old Tom Luckin
Didn't speak a word but
Thought very hard the whole way
down.

Old Tom Luckin,
Who hadn't learnt arithmetic,
Reckoned that he 'd saved up
"A tidy little lump."
And Old Tom Luckin,
What did he do but
Spend every penny on a brand-new
pump.

Old Tom Luckin's
Pump is a red one.
Leaning up against it
He manages to thrive;
For Old Tom Luckin
Is often asked for petrol and,
Instead of a halfpenny, he pockets
one-and-five.

CHICKEN.

"COME in," said Arthur.

I went in.

"Awfully glad you could manage it," said Arthur.

"Very kind of you to ask me," said I.

"Lucy still at the seaside?" said Arthur.

"Yes," said I.

"And little Tom and Nancy?"

"Yes," said I.

"Mabel 's still at the seaside," said Arthur.

I nodded.

"And her invalid Aunt Jane," added Arthur. "Come into the dining-room," he continued.

I went in.

"Just the two of us, you see," said Arthur.

"Very nice," said I.

Dinner was served.

Arthur carved on to each of our plates half the breast and a wing.

Arthur said nothing.

Neither did I.

At last, "Ah!" said Arthur.

"Ah!" said I.

"Ever tasted it before?" said Arthur.

"No," said I.

"Before there was always Lucy and little Tom and Nancy?" said Arthur.

"Yes," said I.

"And before that always mother and the girls?"

"Exactly," said I.

"It 's been a marvellous experience," said Arthur.

"Marvellous!" said I.

"The evil system of picketing must be done away with root and crop."
Letter in Daily Paper.

Or, at any rate, neck and branch.

TESTS AND A STORY.

Cynthia had taken up the Girl Guides and I was privileged to go with her on one of her Brownie evenings. She said that I could help her in her work. On the way she was so sweet and gracious that I nearly took courage to tell her what I had been longing to tell her for weeks. But on arrival at the arena she became a brigadier-general or something equally distant and official.

"I'm taking tests to begin with," she said; "you can act as judge;" and she placed a pencil and notebook in my hand.

An inward tremor shook me. I am a nervous man. In the presence of this austere Cynthia I was doubly so.

"Don't hesitate," she said; "they spot indecision instantly."

Then she gave an eerie cry, "Twit, twit, twit!" In an instant she was surrounded by dozens of black legs. She sorted them with rapidity and waved her arm at me. "These are elves and those are fairies," she said.

Before I could discover any difference between them she was starting them on the first test, which consisted of hopping a given distance in and out between flower-pots, with Cynthia as leader, choice of leg left to competitor. Cynthia chose the left; it was in silk and curved ravishingly at the ankle. My eyes followed it all down the course. "Passed with honours," I shouted, and waved my hat as it rounded the last pot.

"What—every one of them?" said Cynthia incredulously.

I felt myself flushing. I had taken no notice of the black worsted queue; but I recalled Cynthia's warning. "Every one," I said firmly.

"Oh—h!" The Brownies closed round me tumultuously. "Molly Briggs put her foot down." "Paula Davison kicked over a flower-pot." "Di Roper changed legs."

Cynthia looked at me and weighed me in the balance. I tried to stammer an excuse. She turned on her heel. "The hopping test will be repeated," she said.

This time she acted as judge herself. Only three competitors got through, so high was the standard demanded by Cynthia. Subsequently she took a ball-throwing test, a running test and a balancing test, completely ignoring me and my note-book.

Then she sat down on the grass and gathered the Brownies round her in a ring. "We'll finish up with a story," she said, and signed to me. "I think you can join in this. It's quite easy. Paula and Betty, make room between you. It's a never-ending story," she explained; "we just go on from one to the other. I'll begin: Once upon a time there was a princess. She was the loveliest princess in all the world and she lived in a palace in the middle of a forest. The palace was made of butterscotch, and when the princess was hungry she bit a piece off the front-door."

The wonder of it! To break into fiction right off the reel like that! I sat hugging my knees like the Brownies with my eyes fixed on her face.

"There was a well in the courtyard full of treacle, and when the princess wanted a drink one of the royal footmen let down a bucket."

Cynthia stopped suddenly. "Next one," she said.

The Brownie on her right blinked a moment and then took up the tale. "At the bottom of the treacle well there was a subgeranium passage which led into Giant-land, and there was a wicked giantess living there who kept a knight in armour chained up to a maypole and made him dance to amuse her when she got tired of going out to parties. Go on, Doris."



"COME ON, GRANDMA! LET'S PLAY WHO CAN WALK NEAREST THE EDGE."

These were astonishing developments. I wondered what Doris would make of them. A momentary spasm shook her. She swallowed several times.

"Quick," said Cynthia.

Doris made a gigantic effort. "He wasn't a knight, not really. He was a rags-and-bone man and he bought rabbit-skins at the back-door of the palace, and one day one rabbit-skin came alive and bit him and he went mad and sold it to a conjurer and he pretended to swallow it and then brought it out of his trouser-leg at the princess's birthday party. The princess and all present were much astonished—and—and—— Now it's you, Paula."

If ever I sympathised with anyone it was with the hapless Paula. Her mouth opened feebly; her forehead crinkled; but she uttered no sound. Cynthia waited. The Brownie by the side of Paula prodded her. "Hurry up or you'll be out." Still there was silence. Then Cynthia said "One." The entire circle joined in and counted slowly up to ten, while Paula wriggled in despair.

"Out!" they all shouted in chorus. It was rank cruelty. How could a child of Paula's tender years be expected to continue a narrative the plot of which was so involved that it would take a grown-up novelist all his time to carry it on? For a moment I was almost angry with Cynthia and flashed a glance of indignation at her.

"Next one," she said.

There was another silence. Then Paula poked me in the ribs. "Go on," she said; "it's you after me."

Me after her! My brain reeled. When I sat down I had never pictured myself in such a situation.

"Quick!" said Cynthia.

I felt my mouth opening like Paula's. I wriggled like her. I clawed the grass. Where were we? What thread could I drag out of the weltering chaos of knights in armour and giantesses and rabbit skins?

"One," said Cynthia.

I gasped like a fish. I shuddered at the thought of failing her again. She had brought me to help her in her work. Couldn't I even point a moral to a children's fairy tale?

"Two—three—four—five," said Cynthia, and the Brownies chimed in. At five she paused and her eyes dwelt wistfully on me. Somehow, something told me that she didn't want me to be



Lady (who has been asked by friend to a dance). "LET 'S SEE—I KNOW BOB AND HAL ARE BOTH ENGAGED, BUT I MIGHT BRING MY HUSBAND."

Friend. "OF COURSE, POOR DARLING. ANY MAN WILL DO."

out. I took heart. Words rushed to my tongue.

"He wasn't a rabbit-skin really. He was an electrical engineer, and she wasn't really a princess. She was a Captain of the Girl Guides, and he loved her to distraction and——"

"Next one," said Cynthia hurriedly.

"And so he married her and they lived happy ever after," wound up Betty, without a pause.

Blessed Brownie! She is to be one of our bridesmaids.

The Wonders of Science.

"The Crewe committee has arranged to apply the bovine vaccine to 20 calves in October and three months later five or six more will be inoculated with the bacilli of tuberculosis. Later some of both will be killed for post-mortem examination, and if it is considered that it is likely to prove beneficial, human beings will probably be similarly treated."

Australian Paper.

We disapprove of this.

"There is always a thrill for the American traveller when he lands in Plymouth, for he can visualize that dramatic exodus of the Pilgrims more than three thousand years ago."

Travel Magazine.

The writer appears to be a better authority on Exodus than on Numbers.

SHE-SHANTIES.

"MY SISTER 'S GOT THE VOTE."

Ah, why am I so gay?
My pretty sister 's got the vote.
Just thirty yesterday—
And I let everybody know 't.
My sister 's on the shelf,
And there 's chances for myself,
For sister Sybil 's thirty,
Darling Sybil 's thirty,
My sister 's thirty,
For my sister 's got the vote!

When anybody dines
I bring the conversation round
To the management of mines
Or the condition of the Pound;
And it doesn't take me long
To impress upon the throng
That sister Sybil 's thirty,
Darling Sybil 's thirty,
Sweet Sybil 's thirty,
For sister Sybil 's got the vote.

She goes a queer complexion
When I ask her, loud and clear,
"Are you voting for Protection?"
Or "Which Party are you, dear?"
Oh, it won't be long before
She 'll be twenty-six no more,
For Sybil 's got the suffrage,
Dear Sybil 's got the suffrage,
Old Sybil 's got the suffrage,
And it tickles me to death!

So here 's my hearty thanks
To the devoted little band,
To the FAWCETTS and the PANKS,
Who freed the women of our land!
Anyhow, I bless the she
Who emancipated me—
For my sister 's got the suffrage,
Sweet Sybil 's got the suffrage,
Good old Sybil 's got the suffrage,
And it tickles me to death!

A. P. H.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Tate, who took thirteen wickets in four matches—the Nottingham game cannot count—has taken thirteen wickets."—*Sunday Paper.*

"REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE IN CONNECTION WITH LOCAL SHOW.

Mr. D. —— purchased two tickets for the show and found that they were numbered 1354 and 1855. These figures, strangely enough, coincided with those of the years in which Mrs. —— and her husband respectively were born."—*Provincial Paper.*

We congratulate the lady on having survived till the arrival of the millennium, or at least half of it.

GAS AND THE SOCIAL ORDER.

Mr. Albert Perks had undoubtedly made headway. Beginning as office boy in the firm of Crump and Co., Wholesale Merchants and Foreign Exporters, he had graduated, through the ranks of male typist and junior clerk, to the dizzy height of record clerk. He had come to manipulate the card-indexes with unerring skill; he knew exactly where to find any paper the manager required. In fact, as he often said, he was the hub of the organisation. The dignity of his position was appreciated and maintained by his subordinates, and, in a letter disputing with a rival firm, the manager himself had said, "Our Custodian of Records, Mr. Perks, in whom I have every confidence . . ." It was true that the Old Man had jolly well blown him up afterwards, but there was his true opinion in black and white. Mr. Perks always kept a typed copy of these words, carefully folded, in his pocket-case beside his season ticket.

Mr. Perks, as I have indicated, was getting on. To announce his progress to the public he deemed it advisable to leave Colenso Terrace for another house, situated in Bloemfontein Avenue. It was, said the house agent, a better neighbourhood, and he would be well advised to quit the Greenlands Lawn Tennis Club and join the Oaks Lawn Tennis Club. Besides, Emmie didn't like the neighbours.

The exodus was accomplished without a hitch, Albert having taken a day off for the purpose. As he pointed out to Emmie and the pantechnicon men, organising skill and experience were bound to tell. The same evening the curtains were hung and Uncle Joshua's portrait fixed over the dining-room mantelpiece. These labours ended, Albert suggested that the occasion should be celebrated with a draught of that wholesome and not too tonic beverage, cocoa. Emmie at once assented; Albert lifted the board beneath the front-door mat where the main was situated. It was then that the dreadful discovery was made: the gas was not turned on. The cook was smothered in red-lead, and a sealed notice threatened all kinds of punishment to "whoever, not being an accredited official of the Company, etc." The Perkses went cocoaless to bed.

Fortunately Albert, as he himself said, possessed executive as well as administrative ability. He went the following morning to the Gas Office and made known his complaint.

The brilliantined Apollo behind the counter was one of those refined persons who are chosen for their ability to be equally rude to all classes.

"You want," asked Apollo, "gas admitted to No. 5, Bloemfontein Avenue? Are you quarterly or slot?"

"Neither; I am Mr. Perks," replied Albert.

"Listen. Do you pay a bill at the end of every quarter, or do you put coins into your meter?"

"Well, it's like this. We've moved to Bloemfontein Avenue. In Colenso Terrace we used to put in shillings, but Bloemfontein Avenue must be quarterly; the agent had said that it was a desirable residential thoroughfare. Well, he would find out when he got home.

On his arrival Emmie's face told him that all was not well. He was strengthened in this belief by her first remark. It was, "You won't get any dinner and that's flat."

Without pause she continued, "The gas is there all right behind the meter, but it won't come any nearer, not unless you bring up coins in a wheelbarrow. I've used up all mine."

"Ah," said Albert, "then we are not quarterly, even here."

So the agent had deceived him; Bloemfontein was no higher than Colenso Terrace. His little dream of climbing still another rung of the long ladder faded. After a few moments of black depression he bravely took up life again.

"Fortunately," he observed to Emmie, "I have maintained the habit I acquired in Colenso Terrace and I have provided myself with a number of shillings."

"Shillings!" repeated Emmie blankly. "Do have some sense in your head; this meter eats pennies." E. P. W.



Artist. "WOULD YOU MIND ME MAKING A SKETCH OF YOU AS A TRAMP?"
Tramp. "NOT IF YOU DON'T MIND ME MAKING A SKETCH OF YOU AS AN ARTIST."

Bloemfontein Avenue, the agent says, is a more toney quarter—if you understand me."

At the back of Albert's mind lurked an idea that in Bloemfontein Avenue, where life was on a grander scale, the coin which procured gas might be a florin or perhaps a half-crown.

"I dare say you're quarterly," hazarded Apollo.

"Whatever I am, will you undertake to have the gas turned on?" insisted the practical Albert.

"Yes. Good day."

With this Albert was satisfied so far as the actual gas was concerned, but he was worried all day about this new distinction, quarterly and slot. Some new social division, evidently; he understood that from Apollo's tone. Quarterly was clearly the higher grade; it meant the Gas Company would trust you to pay at the end of the quarter, and not in advance, as slotters did.

THE MINISTER'S LAPSE.

How the story of Podgy McSumph's encounter with the minister became known to the members of our parish church congregation I am not exactly sure. I suspect that Podgy himself must have talked about it to his parents. At any rate, the result is that the Reverend Mr. McHoolish is now living in dread of being called upon by his Kirk Session to defend himself against a charge of latitudinarianism. I myself may be served with an indictment as accessory before the fact.

Podgy McSumph is the infant son of our village blacksmith. Podgy is a particular friend of mine and last Sunday evening he came to see me about a personal matter. I was sitting at an open window when I became aware of his sturdy little figure trotting round the corner of the house. He planted himself in front of the window and stood staring up at me.

"Hullo, Podgy!" I exclaimed.

"Are ye comin' oot?" asked Podgy.

"I wasn't thinking of coming out to-night."

"I've got five."

"You've got what?"

"Five," repeated Podgy. "It's my birthday."

"Your birthday, Podgy. Are you five to-day?"

"Ay," said Podgy. "But I'm not to get holdin' it till to-morrow. Maybe I'm to get an engine. I'm to be an engine-driver when I'm a big man. Are ye not comin' oot to play at engines?"

He took a tiny whistle from his pocket and put it to his lips.

"Don't blow it, Podgy," I cried. "This is Sunday. The people will be passing to church in a minute. Come round to-morrow and we'll play at engines."

"I'm going to be terrible busy with my birthday to-morrow, and you're not to get comin'."

"Why?"

"Because ye're too old," explained Podgy. "Come on oot just for a wee while and play at engines."

"But, Podgy," I began hesitatingly.

"Just for a wee while," urged Podgy, "because I've got five."

The pleading note in his voice and the look of wistful entreaty in his blue eyes overcame me. I rose from my chair.

"Well, Podgy," I said, "this may mean serious trouble for you and me."

As I left the room I heard him giving a little squeal of delight.

But when I got to the front-door I found that Podgy had disappeared, and I was startled to behold the venerable form of the Reverend Mr. McHoolish passing my gate. The minister paused to greet me.

"Isn't it a beautiful evening?" he said.

"It is, Sir," I replied, my eyes searching anxiously for Podgy.

"I envy you your garden," went on the minister with a complimentary smile. "I often wish——"

Here he was interrupted. From behind a rhododendron bush came the sound of a tiny whistle, followed by the apparition of a little boy.

"Dear me!" gasped the minister.

"This is the London train skooshin' into the station," cried Podgy, rushing towards me.

"Podgy," exclaimed Mr. McHoolish, "what in the world are you doing?"

"Stop her," cried Podgy, coming to a halt. He turned to the minister. "Him and me's playin' at engines," he explained.

"But you cannot play at engines on the Sabbath-day."

"But I've got five," said Podgy.

I explained matters.

The minister opened the garden-gate and came forward.



Householder. "ER—DO YOU MIND SIGNING YOUR NAME ON THIS PAPER TO SAY YOU *DID* STEAL THESE THINGS IN CASE THE INSURANCE PEOPLE WON'T BELIEVE ME?"

"And so you are five years of age to-day, wee man?" laying his hand on the top of Podgy's curly head. "Well, just have patience until to-morrow and then you can play at engines all day."

"I'm to be an engine-driver when I'm a big man. Can we not get playin' just for a wee while?"

I saw the look of entreaty coming into Podgy's eyes. The old minister wavered—and fell. He bent down and spoke confidentially.

"Well—perhaps—as it's your birthday. But you had better go round and play at the back of the house."

"We was wantin' to play at the front," pleaded Podgy.

"Yes, yes," replied the minister; "but it's Sunday, Podgy. The people would see you at the front. Go round and play at the back."

"At the back?" repeated Podgy perplexedly. "But—but will it not be Sunday at the back just the same as at the front?"



THE ETIQUETTE OF SEASIDE GOLF.

Young Lady (to new-comer). "GO ON—YOU CAN DRIVE INTO THEM. THEY BOTH DANCE WITH ME."

EXTREMELY PROVOKING.

(Everybody seems to be swimming the Channel successfully nowadays except the English and the French.)

HAS earth any limit
To lords of the Channel?
Will Chinamen swim it
When Swedes are grown banal?
Will no one at Calais,
Will no one at Dover
Say Muscovites bally
Well aren't to swim over?

This sea is no plaything
For all to try pranks in;
'Twas put there for bathing
Ourselves and the Franks in;
Constructed quite simply
For resident waders,
The foam is now pimply
With forms of invaders.

They come with their steamer,
Their lunch and their goggles,
The mind of the dreamer,
Beholding them, boggles;
They sit on our beaches—
Thrice bronze, oaken-hearted—
And eat their tinned peaches
Before they have started.

Untaxed in their entry
By Gauls and by Britons,
No uniformed sentry
Denies them admittance;
Their constant appointment
They keep with the briny,
Smeared over with ointment
Which renders them shiny.

Ecstaticised flounders
Observe them by dozens,
These record-confounders,
To codfishes cousins;
The coastguardsmen ribald
Revive with rum-toddies
Their halibut-nibbled
Yet glorious bodies.

The Greeks and Italians,
The Czechs and the Chilians,
They come by battalions,
By thousands and millions;
They calmly examine
The horse-marines' stables;
They drop bread-and-jam in
The joints of the cables.

Will no one police 'em,
The strong, the rapacious?
VAN TROMP with his besom
Was not so audacious.

It makes my blood tingle.
Ho! Frenchmen, our neighbours,
Come forth on the shingle
And greet them with sabres.

EVOE.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"I saw the man turn dizzy with what Ovid, that wonderful old Greek poet of passion, called 'the pains of love.'"—*Weekly Paper.*

"The Duke and Duchess of New York are to open Canberra, Australia's new capital."
Chinese Paper.

But it is not true that New York will in future be known as the British Empire City.

"It was determined on Saturday that the Notts Association should be granted authority to negotiatiate with the colliery proprietors locally."—*Daily Paper.*

We trust the negotiatiations will not be protracted by the addition of any more syllables.

"The bride on the arm of the bridegroom walked up and cut the cake, which was served with champagne. Mr. —— then proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom in his usual brilliant manner, which was enthusiastically drunk."—*Burma Paper.*

We fear he had paid too much attention to the champagne.



THE DEMON BOWLER.

FIRST MINER (*to second ditto*). "DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT CRICKET. YON'S THE CHAMPION—GOT US ALL OUT FOR NOWT!"





QUI S'EXCUSE S'ACCUSE.

Policeman. "'FRAID YOU 'LL HAVE TO ACCOMPANY ME TO THE STATION, MISS."
Garrulous Lady. "REALLY. WHATEVER FOR?"
Policeman. "'COS ME NOTEBOOK 'S FULL."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, August 30th.—Some two-hundred-and-fifty M.P.'s assembled at Westminster to-day to maintain the Emergency Powers Regulations in force. Another hundred arrived for the purpose of voting (without success) that they should not be maintained. Mr. CHURCHILL, who led the House in Mr. BALDWIN'S absence, looked in the pink. But then he is one of the pink sort. Mr. MACDONALD, tanned by the breezes and bunkers of bracing Lossiemouth, was full of vigour, and his effort to hole out the HOME SECRETARY in one was vain but gallant. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was in his place, and Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, who is becoming more and more like a battleship every day, was in quite a number of places. One bronzed Conservative Member had brought a dove-coloured top-hat with him and wore it steadily, a mute but not inglorious intimation that this sort of thing must not be taken as a precedent. All present glowed with rude health. Mr. JACK JONES glowed so rudely that the SPEAKER had to call on him to desist from his back-chat and eventually, as Mr. JONES was not in a desisting mood, ordered him to withdraw from the House. There are two possible ways of leaving the House in these embarrassing circumstances. The wordy warrior may bow his crested head and tame his heart of fire and stalk down the central aisle with an "I banish *you*" expression. This is the dignified method. Mr. JACK JONES took the physically high but psychologically low road, the gangway at the back of the Liberal benches. Each time he came to one of the pillars that support the gallery he embraced it warmly and, turning to the House, threw off another Silvertown snippet. At the sixth extempore speech (at the sixth pillar) the SPEAKER got impatient and named the Hon. Member for being too long about it. Only fifty-three comrades voted against his being suspended from the service of the House.

It having been agreed that the Regulations themselves should be debated first, and the larger question of policy on the following day, Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS moved that the Regulations continue in force. He was not at his best and rather delivered himself into the hands of the Philistines—to be strictly accurate, into the hands of Sir H. SLESSER—by stressing the fact that Chief Constables could come to *him* for advice as to whether to prosecute or not to prosecute. The fact presumably is that they get the needed advice from some person in the Home Office familiar with the law and the conduct of prosecutions; but Sir WILLIAM, whom nobody has ever suspected of egoism, continued to give the impression that *he* was the person who gave the advice. Was it not, Mr. MACDONALD subsequently asked, a sound Conservative policy that there should be no political interference with the administration of justice?

The HOME SECRETARY began his speech by stating that the value of the Regulations must be assessed not by the prosecutions that had taken place but by those that had not taken place, and might well have ended with that sound assertion. He continued however to expound what "in his view" was meant by the Acts of Parliament which make all but "peaceful picket-

ing" illegal, and was promptly pounced upon by Sir HENRY SLESSER, who invited him to propound not merely the statutes but the judicial interpretations of those statutes. This being manifestly beyond the powers of the HOME SECRETARY, to say nothing of the endurance of the House, "JICKS" did not attempt the feat, but warmly denied the suggestion that his speech would be taken as an instruction to magistrates as to why and when to convict. He next read extracts from speeches of certain Members made in the country, but desisted on its being pointed out to him that it was not customary to refer to Members or their speeches without giving them notice. He warned them however that no distinction would or could be made between Members and others who incited miners to break the law.

This cap seemed to fit Mr. TINKER, who when on the stump is evidently a Flaming Tinker, for he subsequently arose and informed the House that when he had led an "orderly procession" to a certain colliery to protest against the winding of coal, not only had the "pulleys gone round" but "blacklegs" had actually appeared in the face of the crowd. Could there be any greater incitement to violence than that? he naïvely asked. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL later observed that the speech and the mentality of the Hon. Member furnished sufficient reason for the Emergency Powers Regulations. No other argument was necessary. Mr. MARDY JONES also said he stood by every word he had uttered in public, but as nobody present seemed to recall what the words were there were no cheers of encouragement or shouts of "Shame!"

The House passed the Regulations by a majority of 141 and got away shortly after ten o'clock.

Tuesday, August 31st.—Sir REGINALD HALL drew the House's attention to the sad plight of the Seven Sisters whom somebody is threatening to turn over to the tender mercies of the Jerry Brothers. Captain HACKING pleaded the utter powerlessness of the COMMISSIONER OF WORKS, but was otherwise full of bright suggestions. Why not ask the Treasury to contribute a little something, or invite some influential member of the public to rush to the rescue? Sir J. NALL asked why the town of Eastbourne, so ably represented by Sir REGINALD HALL, did not purchase the endangered beauty-spot; while the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, to whom Sir REGINALD appealed for sympathy, felt that the case was clearly one for "a public subscription and a national effort." The rapid extinction of other objects of local interest, including the Chester-le-Street Guardians and the Patrington Farm Settlement, was the subject of further inquiries, and Mr. LOOKER went a step further and asked the Government to see that the British residents in Hankow were not extinguished. Mr. LOCKER-LAMPSON replied that they were watching events in China very carefully, to which Mr. LOOKER fretfully retorted that watching events in China from here was not much good when British subjects were in danger there. Mr. CHURCHILL moved that the SPEAKER do adjourn the House at five o'clock of that day without question put, and the motion had to be carried to the Lobbies, both Mr. MACDONALD and Captain W. BENN deeming it an intolerable hardship that the House should be deprived of some tremendous contribution to the solution of the coal dispute which the contributor might find himself unable to throw off before 5.15 or so.

Exception was likewise taken to the further motion that on rising the House do adjourn until November 9th. Mr. MACDONALD thought that as long as the coal dispute remained to be settled the House should stand by. Mr. CHURCHILL disagreed. In the first place no settlement seemed imminent; secondly, if it were, it was more likely to be harmed than helped by House of Commons' oratory; and lastly, if it were necessary, the House could always be summoned. Commander KENWORTHY said there was creeping paralysis in the North of England; but the House's flesh refused to creep except in the general direction of the seaside. Followed a discursive debate on the coal dispute which added nothing to what has been already said and from which it was quickly apparent that, as the Parliamentarians like to put it, no new situation had arisen. Mr. MACDONALD twitted the Government with being an efficient sub-committee of the mine-owners. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE warned the Government against thinking that the coal strike was about to collapse. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL appealed for an offer by one or both parties to the dispute which recognised that there was going to be no subsidy, and assured the House that the Government meant to press on with the question of reorganising the mining industry. As the House bounded out to play on the stroke of five, Mr. WOMERSLEY was warning it that dearer coal would blot out the fishing industry.

"Wanted, Second Hand Pastrycook; all-round knowledge of trade."—*Trade Paper.*

The specialty of a second-hand pastrycook, we suppose, is to make the stale tarts so frequently encountered.

HISTORY FOR THE UNCRITICAL.

[A recent Civil Service examination question required the candidate to explain a matter "as to an ignorant but intelligent audience." Thus might be described the death of JULIUS CÆSAR.]

FAMILY traditions are generally merely red-hot prejudices. Just as the family of Little-Red-Riding-Hood never could bear the sight of a wolf—even though upright in his mode of life and affiliated to the N.S.P.C.C.—and were inclined to shoot on sight, merely because of the narrow escape of their progenitor, so Marcus Brutus, a noble Roman, believed that his family had been given a mandate to rid the world of tyrants because of the part his ancestor had taken in the Roman 1688. Possibly Brutus was himself a tyrant in his own household, but nobody published memoirs in those days, and cheap journalism did not stumble over epigrams it did not understand, so very little, true or untrue, is known of his domestic affairs; but what the Brutus family would not have done to Mussolini, Riza Khan, Horthy and Mr. Cook would not have been worth doing.

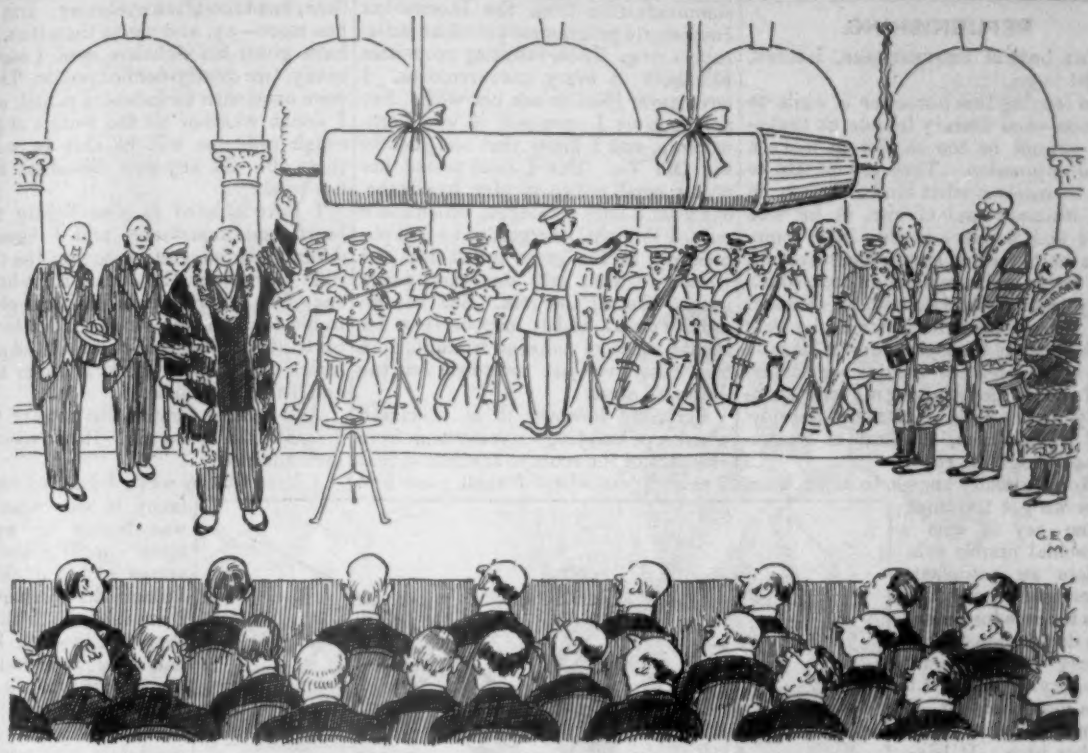
Politically speaking, Julius Cæsar and Brutus were friends, and everything went smoothly until Brutus began to suspect that Cæsar was nothing more nor less than the hereditary family bogey. The symptoms appeared to tally, but symptoms generally do. Moreover, he suspected Cæsar of a leaning towards the Left, when by birth he should have inclined to the Right, being deaf in the left ear. So when one of the Proletarian party called Brutus a thug, and the Member for Blasto told him that his spiritual home was a sewer, he resigned and remained in splendid isolation until Cæsar appointed his successor, when Brutus said that he had forgotten about Goschen. Thereupon Spurius Mnemonicus sent him his prospectus for a course which only cost a few guineas and there was no obligation to purchase, so Brutus didn't.

Later there passed between Cæsar and Brutus a few private communications published simultaneously in all the papers, in which each protested his high regard for the other, so that everybody knew there was no quarrel and nobody hit the Chairman at the Party conference.

Then one bleak March morning Brutus and a few friends, notably Cassius and Casca, went into the park to arrange to kill Cæsar, a crude though effective way of settling differences, but always practical politics in those days.

"We are observed," said Brutus to Cassius.

"No, Marcus," replied Cassius, "it is



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

THE WAX CHANDLERS' COMPANY PERFORM THE CEREMONY OF "BURNING THE CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS."

only the chair-attendant coming to collect our twopences."

"Ah!" said Brutus, rising hastily, for he was descended collaterally from the Scotch. "Let us walk beside the Serpentine, where aquatic persons disport; the chattering of their teeth will drown our conversation."

On the same morning Cæsar prepared to go to the House as usual, though his devoted wife, Calpurnia, begged him to rest at home after his fainting-fit of the day before; but he pooh-poohed the idea.

"Don't you worry, Cal," he said affectionately. "I'm just going to do a little log-rolling and I'll be back for lunch. I may bring J. H. Thomas along, so make it just-so. How sweet you look this morning! I'm glad I married a looker as well as a cooker. If only there were a little Julius," he added wistfully as he shut the gate.

He had barely entered the House when the conspirators drew round and stabbed him; and the Speaker was awfully cut up about it. He said that this was going a bit too far, that honourable Members were setting no sort of example to another place, and that he did not know what Lord Ullswater would think about it. Cæsar was also very much cut up and called his late friend a brute, which he was, because it was a most unkind thing to do; and the First Commissioner of Works said that he should have been consulted before such a scene took place in a public building.

Then Brutus went into the Forum, a place something like the Marble Arch, to tell the world—or as much as had then been discovered—about his day's good deed; and when he told the citizens that Cæsar had just been about to put a shilling on the income-tax he received congratulations from all sides, especially from the local Chamber of Horrors, the Income-tax Dodgers' Protection Society, Dr. Faustus and Lord Species.

But he reckoned without a friend of Cæsar called Mark Antony, who had made a pile on the Borsa during the ice-cream boom, and who now appealed to the Left at a well-attended open-air meeting. His speech—which it must be acknowledged in case Mr. T. P. O'Connor is about, was not written by himself, but prepared for him by William Shakespeare—was calculated to buy the multitude, quite in the present-day manner. He mentioned that Cæsar had always sympathised with the proletariat, had just been about to increase the relief scales all round, to extend extended benefits, and that he had in his will made generous legacies to the National Playing Fields Association.

Antony's speech was therefore a huge success, and everybody said what a fine fellow Cæsar must have been, and what an awful night it was last night; and the crowd got a little restive and there were a few mansion fires; and Brutus said to Cassius, "What about a race to Sardis?" And they went through those gates just as if they were behind schedule in a reliability trial.

Then Antony led out his army against Brutus and Cassius, and they fought at Philippi. Each side had six men—at least they had at our theatre, but I expect they had eleven really—so the contest was stubborn, and Antony only won on the last green.

Everyone got his deserts. Brutus and Cassius both played the Roman fool—a manly game, but bad for the heart; and Antony married the Queen of Sheba.

"Alsatian Golf Dog Puppies, fully pedigreed."—*Scots Paper.*

Are these the lost ball retrievers for which the golfing world has long been waiting?

REFURNISHING.

THE bust of SHAKESPEARE, I think, ought to go.

In lending this house for a while to friends—and literary friends at that—one cannot be too careful to make a good impression. They are certain to ask themselves what kind of a man, in the intimate soul of him, is he who toils and ponders in this little room. Has he the calm sunny temperament, the serene philosophical outlook which they usually associate with his name, or are these a mere mask which he puts on before the world, in order to disguise the seven devils of mental self-torture and doubt? Scrutinising my study carefully, these people will attempt to reply.

I repeat, then, the bust of SHAKESPEARE ought to go.

Nobody really knows, to begin with, how we got the thing. Some say it was a parochial jumble sale; others an ectoplasm. There is the theory that it is the sole testamentary disposition of some vainly-beloved aunt. Gregory conceives it to be a motor mascot. It stands about eight inches high. It has—I should rather say it had—all the smugness of its Stratford original, intensified perhaps a little by faulty reproduction. It is—I should rather say it was—composed of white earthenware. It leads a roving life.

Personally I maintain that the proper place for it is on the mantelpiece, between the hand-made pipe-rack and the small brass letter-weight or sealing-wax stamp, made in the shape of a dwarf, which I bought at Bellaggio in some wildly extravagant mood on the occasion of the visit of MUSSOLINI. But the bust of our great national dramatist is for ever straying on to the top of one or other of the book-cases, or else on to the writing-desk. Wandering round the room, I seem to meet him at every turn. Whenever I am in search of a word or an idea, his beard, his moustache, his bland eyes, his indefatigable pen, annoy me with their suggestion of a mind that never faltered, a flow of diction that never ran dry. It is at such moments that I have fallen into the bad habit of redecorating the BARD OF AVON . . .

Sometimes they are mere temporary ornaments—an inverted ash-tray, a paper cocked hat made out of the last communication from the Income-tax Inspector, a programme-pencil, an india-rubber ring. These insulting properties Elizabeth in every case removes. I have never liked to ask her why. For a long time I supposed it was hero-worship, and I know that she goes to the Old Vic. But I once tested her with a small crown of pink hyacinths, cut from a bulb catalogue, which could only, I thought, be regarded as complimentary to the great man's life and work. It went into the waste-paper basket like all the rest. She has an orderly mind, and it may be that her innate sense of tidiness triumphed in this case over her reverence for the dramatic muse.

Certainly however it is Elizabeth who keeps harrying SHAKESPEARE from one part of the room to another so that I never know where I shall meet him next. Why does she do that? She never changes the position of the brass dwarf from Bellaggio, though she polishes him brightly every day.

But there is no reason, you will tell me, why I should be ashamed of leaving the effigy of SHAKESPEARE in my room. It is clearly not one of those chaste apartments in which only the higher expressions of the plastic arts find a resting-place.

Alas! I have not told you all.

In my more desperate moments, as, for instance, when thinking out a rhyme for "trigonometry," my treatment of SHAKESPEARE'S bust has grown to be still more lacking in elementary courtesy to the dead.

It began with his eyebrows. There is something about a small expressionless earthenware bust reposing upon a bookcase which in moments of strong mental strain irresistibly provokes the idle hand to the etching in of eyebrows with a fountain-pen. SHAKESPEARE, then, has blue-black eyebrows. But he has more—ay, and worse than that. I have given his sightless eyes, I regret to say, two clearly-defined pupils. They were done with an indelible pencil, and I doubt whether all the waters of the rough rude sea will be able to wash them off. At any rate Elizabeth has not tried.

I have shaded in also lightly the beard and moustache, and I have a difficulty in suggesting to you the terrible leer which the curled right-hand end of SHAKESPEARE'S moustache gives to his countenance when shaded in on his white earthenware bust. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this one little moustache.

And I have treated the nose of the dramatist with red ink. It has become incarnadined.

I do not know when I did this, but I fancy it was when I was trying to write some simple prattling verses about a child. I blame Elizabeth here. I am inclined to think that if Elizabeth had had any real feeling for SHAKESPEARE'S art she would have removed this stigma immediately with salts of lemon or the white of an egg, or whatever detergent commonly is used for removing red ink from the noses of the mighty dead. I strongly suspect Elizabeth of preferring MARLOWE or even DEKKER to the SWAN OF AVON.

I notice that she has placed him this morning in an unusually prominent position, near the golf-calendar and the old menu-card, where the light reveals his rather repulsive features to the full.

Finally, I am bound to admit I have given WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE buttons. He has one row on his bust already, right down the centre of his doublet. But I have given him two extra rows. They are larger and better buttons than his own, and impart an exquisite finish to the *tout ensemble*, especially on the days when he wears also a paper hat. I often think that, so accoutred, SHAKESPEARE looks more the man of the world, more the man who might have possessed that wonderful knowledge of human nature, its passions, its lusts and follies—but never mind.

I am lending this house, not indeed to strangers, but to people who will scarcely understand, when they first look at him, the intimate reactions between SHAKESPEARE'S soul and mine.



Wife (a little bit tired of fishing honeymoon). "CLARENCE DARLING, ARE WE REALLY TOO POOR TO BUY FISH?"



Fair Critic. "MR. AND MRS. JONES ALWAYS GIVE ONE THE IMPRESSION THAT THEY BOTH REALISE THEY HAVE MARRIED BENEATH THEM."

They may judge him harshly. He must be put away. I should have liked to do more refurnishing even than this. I should have liked to rearrange the whole room, so that the great English classics should not have been mixed up with modern detective novels and old school texts. It is a little hard to say, for instance, what *Religio Medici* is doing between *The Wisdom of Father Brown* and MOLIÈRE. I should have liked also to get the seat of the basket-chair mended, because one goes right through that on to the floor until one gets used to the trick.

When my friends are sitting here, as no doubt they often will be, there is nothing to look at but the ceiling, and we have a small crack, I notice, in the plaster. . . .

But a few things, at any rate, must be altered before they come. The study putter must be locked up in a cupboard with the bill-files and the "pending" basket. It would be more merciful, perhaps, to Enderby if I took away the snapshot, taken in strong sunlight, of him and his wife about to motor to the Norfolk Broads. . . .

But at any rate the bust of SHAKESPEARE must go. EVOE.

LINES FOR A BATHROOM.

THIS is a bathroom; do not spread
Yourself as if it were a bed.
Don't contemplate your past when in it
And do not emulate the linnet,
Nor, though you feel inspired to do so,
GROCK, TETRAZZINI or CARUSO.
Be gentle with the bathroom sponge,
And, if you can't turn off the Plunge,
Turn off the Shower first, then the Spray,
Don't ring the bell and run away
Or terminate the well-earned rest
Of some poor friend or fellow-guest.
Don't over-splash or wallow, dress
Or shave within these walls; for less
(In point of common law, not crime)
Poor Englishmen are doing time.
Go easy with the bath-salts, *please*,
Don't EPSTEIN's-Rima-handfuls seize;
Far better manfully dispense
With softening and seductive scents.
The primrose bath of dalliance is
Bad for the human arteries,
Wherefore be resolute and bold,
Turn on—and then turn off the cold;
Deep water is an ugly sin
And beauty only deep as skin.
Be quick, be brave and grave and calm,
Chant softly (if you must) a psalm,
And do not drink from either tap.
This is, dear lady (girl or chap),
No place for even the softest drinks—
You are in church, or on the links.

Another Romance Gone Wrong.

"Exchange beautiful diamond engagement ring, set in platinum, for 2½ h.p. motor-cycle."
Scots Paper.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"If some means could be found to allow mills . . . to work 24 hours per day, their machinery . . . would be working all the time."
Daily Paper.

Another Impending Apology.

"Sir Matthew Nathan has been appointed Chairman of the Advisory Robber Committee in succession to the late Lord Stevenson."
West African Paper.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE QUEEN WAS IN THE PARLOUR" (ST. MARTIN'S.)

IT was inevitable, in the unlikely event of Mr. NOEL COWARD'S (of all people!) making the Ruritanian excursion that he should carry unusual baggage. There is in *The Queen Was in the Parlour* more humour of the pleasantly idiotic kind and more human feeling than this traffic usually bears. And his instinctive sense of the theatre guides this attractive *tour de force* of an absurdly versatile person past the usual perils of the romantic play. There are no manifest absurdities. For, though my acquaintance with royalties is necessarily strictly limited, I see no reason why *Princess Nadya*, after three years of married torture with a brute of a Middle-Eastern princeling, should not have cast the dust of her native Kraya off her feet and, after a little too free a life in the pleasant exile of Paris, have fallen simply and desperately in love with so attractive a youth as *Sabien Pastal;* nor why, on the very morning of her projected marriage with him, she should not have let her old mentor, *General Krish*, persuade her that princes belong, not to themselves but to their country, and that, as the assassination of the king without issue makes her his legitimate successor, she must forthwith abandon her lover at whatever cost and return to her distracted kingdom; nor, again, why, when a year afterwards the hand that strikes up the pistol of her would-be murderer turns out to be that of *Sabien*, she should not yield to his desperate and despairing importunity for one night of human happiness, even on the very eve of her marriage to a consort, however charming, chosen for her by her counsellors.

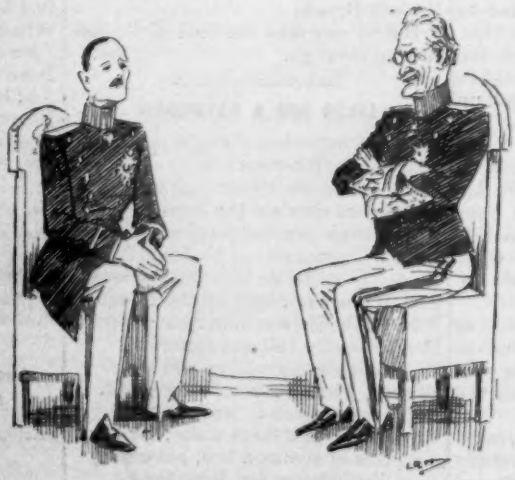
It is perhaps just a little too Ruritanian that this should happen while the crowd gathers before dawn in the Palace square to howl for her blood; but quite plausible, after Mr. COWARD'S deft preparation, that, instead of escaping discreetly over the frontier, she should appear on the balcony, and in an ecstasy of remorse invite the demonstrators to kill her as a woman unfit to be their sovereign; thereby taking the wind out of their sails and distracting their purpose. It is a little ultra-romantic, perhaps, but theatrically effective and reasonable, that the quiet rather-bored "Why don't you all go home to your beds?" spoken by her sporting consort-elect, *Prince Keri*, should turn their now rather half-hearted demand for death into the singing of the Kraya National Anthem—which incidentally seemed to have a compass of about three octaves and to be quite beyond the larynxes of the citizens. The pistol shot by which the doomed *Sabien* ended his adventure and the perfect understanding of his consort's position by the morrow's bridegroom—he had himself been forced to abandon a private romance—with whom *Nadya* had already established the promise of an intimacy not expected of marriages of State convenience, seemed to round off the business inevitably without leaving any untidy ends dangling loose.



NADYA TURNS HER BACK ON HER FUTURE (ACT I.) AND ON HER PAST (ACT II.).
Nadya . . . . . MISS MADGE TITHERADGE.

Naturally our vivacious author can't altogether keep his tongue out of his cheek or resist the temptation of partly, yet not inaptly, referring to *Colonel Sapt* and *Prince Rupert of Hentzau*, the two distinguished exemplars of this romantic vogue. But this is much better stuff theatrically, it is interesting to note, than the inadequate stage versions we have had of the two admirable romances of Sir ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS. *The Queen Was in the Parlour* is not an imperishable work of art, needless to say, but it is emphatically a jolly good entertainment and an excellent technical achievement, planned skilfully for its frame.

Miss MADGE TITHERADGE (*Nadya*), having now thoroughly disciplined her once too monotonously reverberating alto, has added much to the range of her powers. Her part contains laughter and tears, flippancy and sensibility. She contrives with much subtlety to achieve the plausible progressions from mood to mood. Mr. FRANCIS LISTER managed with a charming ease the lighter passages of *Sabien's* love-making. He did equally well the much more difficult business of suggesting with considerable power the devastating effect of *Nadya's* renunciation and flight upon *Sabien's* sensitive nature and the desperate undercurrent of hopelessness in the moments of their brief reunion. Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL had an admirably conceived and worked-out part provided for him in the gentle, punctilious and perceptive *Prince Keri*, and played it with a fine dignity, delicacy and humour. I find one can



STUDIES IN REVOLUTION.
THIS SUSPENSE IS TOO AWFUL.
Prince Keri of Zalgar . . . . MR. HERBERT MARSHALL.
General Krish . . . . . MR. C. M. HALLARD.

easily under-estimate the skill of this thoughtful player if one does not remind oneself that the apparent ease and inevitability of his work is the result of a sound technical mastery of his job.

Mr. C. M. HALLARD has not in my recollection done anything better than, nothing perhaps quite as good as, his quite admirable kindly-gruff *General Krish*. He built up the part with many skilful touches (including an astonishingly effective make-up) and without a lapse into exaggeration or betrayal of his own rather mannered personality. A very sound performance. Lady TREE played a charming *Grand Duchess* cleverly in a humanly modified grand manner; Miss ADA KING imparted her sense of humour and character into the slight part of the stolid Englishwoman, *Miss Phipps* (though I could wish she wouldn't say "umberella"); and Miss FREDA GODFREY was effective in the by no means easy *rôle* of *Zana, Nadya's* maid.

An excellent feature of the production and the playing was that a pleasantly exotic foreign air was skilfully contrived without the rather tiresome device of everybody's offering us various brands of guttural and battered English. T.

In our notice last week of *Thy Name is Woman* at the Criterion Theatre it was stated that Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL was late in one of his entrances "and so caused a hitch in an otherwise smooth production." We are now informed that the slight delay that occurred was due to the non-appearance at the proper moment of another character, and that Mr. MCKINNEL was in no way to blame. We regret that through ignorance of what had occurred behind the scenes we should have seemed to cast any reflection upon an actor who is as conscientious as he is accomplished.

The New Hat-trick.

From a description of the Australians *v.* Lancashire:—

"Richardson was uneasy against Macdonald's fast deliveries and went out to a ridiculous stroke, putting his hat to a ball which rose above his head and deflecting it to the hands of Watson at second slip."

New Zealand Paper.

The home journals missed this picturesque detail.

A NEW WAY TO WORLD-PEACE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I think you will agree with me that the discovery and promotion of some method for the future safeguarding of the peace of the world is not without interest in contemporary topics. I believe I am safe in the assumption that people have from time to time discussed this subject and that journalists have been known of late years to formulate opinions and deliver them as facts for our education.

Sir, I have a scheme which, if and when adopted, will, I am confident, put to shame the efforts of the late President WILSON, the First, Second, etc., Communist Internationale and the League of Nations.

I had the good fortune recently to visit the Niagara Falls. As you will doubtless remember, they are divided into two by an island, forming the American Falls on the side of the United States and the Canadian Falls on the Canadian side. We have therefore the spectacle of two great nations existing side by side, sharing the glories and the profits of a world-famous phenomenon of nature. Now, Sir, comes my point. At exactly 9 P.M. powerful searchlights of divers hues appear from the Canadian shore, wandering about the skies in an unsettled manner. Suddenly, to the general applause of the spectators, these hues steady themselves, arrange themselves in parallel formation and impinge—mark this, Sir—on the *American* Falls. The precision, I may add, with which they impinge eliminates all suspicion of undesigned accident.

What an example, Sir, to Europe! The beauty of the American Falls deliberately enhanced by the Canadians at the expense of their own.

Nor is this by any means the only example of brotherly love. The Americans run an excursion steamer to the very foot of the Canadian Falls, and their citizens smilingly bask in the spray of Canadian waters and openly admire them. Beer is freely advertised and sold on the Canadian shore. Do the Americans treat this as a flaunt and despise their delinquent cousins? Not a bit of it. They flock across by the thousand for a drink.

Again, on either shore they teach their young the same language, so that on attaining maturity they may the more easily understand one another. This appeals to me especially as an example of that broad-minded unselfish treatment of essentials so much needed in this modern fitful world. All rivalry is scorned. Each nation owns a power-house to collect what power it can from the rushing waters, but neither attempts to outdo the other. Each openly admits that its own is the largest and most costly of its kind in the world.

Sir, it is my belief that in this admirable attitude lies the possibility, even the probability, of future peace for Europe, and I have therefore drafted a brief scheme which I am confident will be acclaimed eagerly by the great European nations, and submitted at once to professional draughtsmen for presentation at the next International Conference. It is as follows:—

(1) All nations shall forthwith adopt the same language. I strongly recommend the English tongue as being the least trouble to master. I anticipate no difficulty in the settlement of this question at the Conference.

(2) Every alternate country, geographically, shall be under Prohibition, the adjoining ones on both sides being a hundred per cent. wet. This would encourage thousands of one nationality to flock over their neighbour's border for refreshment and to avoid any form of difference with that country at all costs. Again, merely as a suggestion of course, I should propose to arrange the alternation somewhat as follows: British Isles, wet; France, dry; Belgium, wet; Holland, dry; Germany, wet, and so on. Such a scheme I feel sure would be



Lady. "CAN YOU TELL ME IF THERE ARE ANY VITAMINES IN LETTUCE?"
Greengrocer. "WELL, MUM, THERE'S BOUND TO BE A FEW IN MOST GARDEN PRODUCE, BUT THERE AIN'T NO REASON WHY YOU SHOULDN'T WASH 'EM OFF."

quickly accepted and enforced. Having some knowledge of their nature, I think the French first and foremost would be alive to its advantages.

(3) This, Sir, is the framework of the whole scheme. Some phenomenon, natural if possible, is to be erected at a prominent point on the border dividing every European nation. Where that border is above the average in length, two or even more such phenomena might be considered. Each phenomenon will be, again naturally if possible, divided into two equal parts, with the international border running between them, and *the chief vantage-point from which to view either half of the phenomenon will always be across the border, and after dark each half will be illuminated by searchlights from across the border.*

You will appreciate the enormously beneficial effect this will have, Sir, on the mutual relations of the two countries concerned. That it would be attended by great expense I do not doubt for a minute. But what a security! I admit too that the onus would fall unequally on the nations. Britain would continue to speak her own language, would remain wet and avoid the burden of the construction of any phenomenon. France, on the other hand, would surrender her language, become dry, and be obliged to consider some five such constructions. But who can doubt that our gallant neighbours would in this, as always, meet us in that never-failing spirit of unselfishness which we associate with their record?

I hesitate to give examples of suitable phenomena; these will be propounded and settled upon by abler brains than my own. The English-French border of course would not need one; it already possesses the Channel, which, I understand, many persons, while the crossing is still in their mind, for various reasons place in that category. On the German-French border a canyon, after the style of the Grand Canyon, Arizona, but rather larger if possible, could be constructed. World records are advisable where convenient; they undoubtedly appeal to the imagination of the populace; but such world records may take any shape or form, *e.g.*, the highest mountain in the world, the deepest valley, the bluest lake, the coldest glacier and so on. I understand our American cousins are well in advance of us in ideas of this kind and would doubtless have some very useful suggestions to make.

I leave the scheme in your able hands, Sir, to deal with as you think fit. I wish only for the future peace of the world, and, scorning publicity, sign myself PHILANTHROPIST.

A FORECAST.

AUGUST, 1927, IN DOVER.

August 9th.—At the meeting of the Town Council to-day it was decided that a statue (companion to the Captain WEBB memorial) should be erected to commemorate the wonderful performance of Miss GERTRUDE EDERLE, the first woman to swim the Channel.

Councillor ADAM made an impressive speech, in which he pressed the claim of Mrs. CORSON, the first "mother" to accomplish the feat. After a heated discussion it was decided that statues should be erected to both ladies.

August 10th. — CHARLIE CHAPLIN swam the Channel yesterday. He landed at the bandstand, having been forty-eight hours in the water. Mr. CHAPLIN would have accomplished the distance in less time but he constantly lost his hat and stick and had to swim after them. He explained that his moustache acted as a rudder and took him out of his course several times. He had no sustenance during the ordeal except an occasional custard tart. He received an ovation from thirty thousand people, who had waited patiently ever since the news of his start had been received. The Mayor said that he felt sure that the people of Dover would wish that a statue should be erected to Mr. CHAPLIN.

August 11th.—Felix the Cat and Rin-tin-tin the Wonder Dog arrived at Gris Nez to swim the Channel. There was a painful scene when Felix discovered that it could not be done walking. Rin-tin-tin wasted no time, but jumped in at once and crossed in the record time of two-and-a-half hours. His trainer said he had been worried on the journey by spiteful cat-fish. When congratulated on his performance, the talented animal barked modestly and said it was nothing to what he had to do in the studio.

August 12th.—The Mayor issued a proclamation stating that Channel swimmers arriving on Saturdays, Sundays or on Early Closing Day would jolly well have to land by themselves. Miss Betty Bird of Battersea, who had already started from Cap Gris Nez, reached the Admiralty Pier at 3.30 P.M. on Saturday. On being informed of the warning she swam about outside the harbour till 10 A.M. on Monday morning, when she landed in an exhausted state. In reply to a reporter she pointed out that she was the first woman to swim about for a whole week-end. It is probable that her claim to a memorial will have to be considered.

August 16th.—A "Nippy" swam the Channel to-day. She carried with her two cups of tea and two on toast twice. She was welcomed by the Mayor and an enthusiastic crowd who were vociferous in demanding a statue for her. The Mayor pledged himself to secure that the lion's share of the available funds and space for memorials should be hers.

August 17th.—Two Serbs, a Patagonian and an Irishman from the Irish Free State were successful in swimming the Channel to-day. About a hundred people watched them land. The Mayor welcomed them to Dover.

August 18th.—The Mayor is confined to bed with a nervous breakdown.

August 19th.—Thirty-three women and two men accomplished the swim from Gris Nez to Dover to-day. Four small boys watched them land and cheered them enthusiastically.

August 22nd.—Seventy females and seven males swam the Channel. Nobody was there to see them land.

August 23rd.—At the meeting of the Town Council held to-day it was decided to charge Channel swimmers an Entertainment Tax.

August 24th.—Three hundred and ninety-nine women and eleven men are said to have started to swim from Gris Nez this morning. The Mayor, who was slightly better, had a relapse on hearing the news. His deputy has broadcast an appeal to them to go to Blackpool instead.

WEDDING-DONG-BELLS.

III.—THE IN-LAWS.

IN-LAWS come down like wolves on fold,
Refuse to sit where they are told,
And snatch each other's places;
The church in consequence of this
Is not so much replete with bliss
As full of scowling faces.

The loving couple plight their troth;
The sniffy families of both
Examine reputations;
His folk start criticising *her*,
Her costume and her character,
Her friends and her relations;

While *her* folk's estimate of *him*,
Delivered with arresting vim
The organ cannot smother;
Throughout the church it 's understood
The Happy Pair are Not Quite Good
Enough For One Another.

"The police were called, and helped in distinguishing the blaze."—*Ulster Paper.*
There is no eluding these sleuths.

"A dense cloud of mosquitoes 'came in with the tide' during the band performance on Southend pier, and several bandsmen were temporarily placed out of action. Two girls fainted from the excitement and the pain of the strings."—*Evening Paper.*
Nothing, we observe, is said about the sufferings of the wood-wind.

BOIS DE ROSE.

Aunt Emily had always been attracted by the name of this colour, though she was hazy as regards its exact translation. With three friends she discussed it between the hands at bridge.

"Rosewood," decided the acknowledged oracle of the party—"the colour, I should say, of that piano or work-table. Not very becoming, I should think."

No more was said. They were all busy sorting their cards.

That week Aunt Emily went to her club in London for a couple of days, intent on buying a new best dress. She never had difficulty, as a rule, in finding a "ready-made," as she was medium stock size. She said she could always get on best alone, so when her niece, Evelyn, came and volunteered to go with her, she gently but firmly refused.

"Evelyn's a perfect dear," she thought as she floated away on the wings of a perfect morning down Knightsbridge, "but she would have expected me to change my stockings and put on my new slippy princess petticoat."

Being so early she was served with alacrity. Beautiful young women hovered near to fly at her bidding. If she admired a frock ever so little, the next minute, by magic seemingly, there it was parading before her on a lovely mannequin.

So many pleased her that it was with quite an armful that the charming assistant conveyed her to the fitting-room.

Pretty styles, pretty colours—greys, clarets, blues. But so often spoilt by the sleeves. When long enough they lolloped so at the wrist. That would never do for bridge-playing. She saw those hanging frills disarranging the tricks, fidgeting, drawing off her attention when playing dummy.

Other frocks seemed oddly small and short.

"Moddom wears much underclothing," said the perfect-mannered assistant. Aunt Emily felt she was trying not to notice the Woolbred stockings and the unsilky petticoat.

More struggles, more disappointment with some detail.

At last the assistant brought a pinkish georgette.

"Isn't that too light?"

"It's a most becoming shade, Moddom, especially to ladies of your complexion and hair. It's a colour that gives a kind of soft warmth."

"What do you call it?"

"*Bois de rose.*"

"Oh, but I thought *that* was like rosewood?"

"It has so many shades, Moddom; this



"'MODDOM WEARS MUCH UNDERCLOTHING,' SAID THE PERFECT-MANNERED ASSISTANT."

is one of the prettiest. Neither too light nor too deep . . . Yes—you could wear this for dinner, for bridge or for a garden-party. And it fits exactly. Too short? No, not if—(Oh, she *ought* to have changed those Woolbreds!)—Moddom,



"A WOOD OF ROSES ON A SUNNY JUNE MORNING."

wears grey silk stockings. With an old-lace collar—perfection."

Aunt Emily looked in the glass at her wispy grey hair, whose wispiness just now was as the quills of a fretful porcupine, through unkind resistance of small-necked gowns. Pale cheeks annoyed her less, and by the time she got to her arms she felt positively impudent. She pirouetted a little as she thought of playing a no-trump hand. The dainty wristlet into which the long sleeve was gathered—the slits to the elbow revealing bits of an arm of which she was still quite pardonably proud. Her inward eye visioned all these as she made grand slam.

In a flash she saw too her three bridge cronies, receiving her ocular demonstration of real *bois de rose*. Not that she would chortle over the "oracle." She would say, "My dear, you were right, and you were wrong. There are so many shades. . . ." Back she was in the fitting-room.

"I'll take it," she said.

Again at her club, reaction set in. It was much too grand. She would never dare to wear it.

She was too old, too careless of accessories. She had been a fool. But she wouldn't own it just at present. And she could always veil and lengthen the dress somehow, with black scarves and things.

The dress was to arrive to-morrow morning. Evelyn was coming to dinner to-night.

* * * * *

"Well, Auntie, did you get a dress?"

"Oh, yes, dear. A darling dress. A *darlin'* dress." (They had both been to *Juno and the Paycock* the night before.)

"Well, *I* saw a darlin' dress yesterday, but I just couldn't afford it. It was in that loveliest shade of *bois de rose*. It would have done for anything—bridge, dinner, dance or garden-party. And the slits in the sleeves—— Oh! but I won't think about it. Now tell me about yours, Auntie."

"Not till it comes to-morrow. Eat your dinner, child. That play starts at eight precisely."

In all the theatre there was no heartier laughter than Aunt Emily's.

Next morning, when the dress duly arrived, Aunt Emily did not even unpack it. On an adhesive label over her own name she wrote Evelyn's name and address.

When she returned from the post-office it was through a March blizzard; but she felt—well, she felt as if she were walking through a wood of roses on a sunny June morning.



Owner. "I 'VE DONE EVERY MORTAL THING TO MAKE IT A GOOD PUTTING-GREEN. I 'VE CUT IT, AN' ROLLED IT, AN' WATERED IT, AN' GIVEN IT FERTILISER, AN' DRESSED IT WITH LAWN-SAND AN' DAISY-KILLER AN' WEED-KILLER, AN' YET THE GRASS ISN'T ANYTHING LIKE WHAT IT OUGHT TO BE."

Local Expert. "WELL, NOW, IF YOU WAS TO STOP TORMENTIN' IT FOR A BIT IT MIGHT 'AVE A CHANCE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THROUGHOUT *The World of William Clissold* (BENN) runs an increasing purpose—to get from the world to *William*. I am forbidden under the terms of Mr. H. G. WELLS's foreword to identify *William* with Mr. WELLS, but "naturally his point of view is like Mr. Wells'" and his interpretation of the world somewhat similar. Occasionally Mr. WELLS's reading of the universe is perverse and his schemes for its regeneration cloudy. But Mr. WELLS's reading of Mr. WELLS—or the gentleman who for the time being adopts a similar standpoint—is charitable, and schemes for his regeneration are non existent. Between these poles of dubious interest there is a host of minor matters which Mr. WELLS can be relied on to illuminate; and as the present work is to occupy six books and three volumes there should be ample space to cope with them. In Book I. the speculative *William*, "vaguer and more acutely critical" than most men, arraigns the religions of the world. They are all moribund except the Roman Catholic Church, which lives because its priests have no chance of a livelihood elsewhere. God has never been. He is perhaps to be. Omega, if you like, but not Alpha. So much emerges from a welter of pre-historical lore mingled with exalted hopes for a "Racial Man" of co-operative habits. Book II. develops *William* himself, his defaulting father, shabby Continental childhood and scientific youth—all adequately treated but not in the writer's happiest vein. The autobiography doubles back to include a "History of Toil," a pocket monograph on "Money" and an interesting comparison between Feudalism and Capitalism, in which both "systems" are stigmatised as "driftage." I hope no critic of *William's* philosophy will thank Mr. WELLS for teaching him that word without a qualifying allusion to the valuable flotsam found floating among the *débris*.

Miss FOX SMITH, whose astonishing acquaintance with the men and ships of the merchant service so often delights Mr. Punch's readers, tells in her *Tales of the Clipper Ships* (METHUEN) of the life on board these immortally famous craft with an understanding which suggests the impossible conclusion that the authoress herself must have shipped before the mast. In truth, the stories of the officers and men, as Miss FOX SMITH narrates them, are much more interesting than the records of the ships the old seamen handled with a skill and a courage unmatched in the world. If it be sad to see a fine old vessel abandoned to base uses or rotting neglected alongside a decaying wharf, what of the old sailing captains turned adrift when steam invaded the peace of the ocean? In "The Last Voyage of the 'Maid of Athens,'" Miss FOX SMITH narrates the dealings of the old hard-fisted shipowner with his loyal skipper, and that sturdy officer's sublime revenge. The controversy between steam

and sail continues perennial; and in "The End of an Argument" all good seamen will rejoice at the triumph of the sailing-mate over the Scotch engineer. "Oranges" is a delicate piece of romance impinging upon the realism of the sea. There are an entertaining episode of the crimp who was delivered over to the will of an angry forecastle, and two sinister yarns of the inescapable ill-luck which haunts the sea. In fact Miss FOX SMITH has provided a set of six as good stories as may be found outside the pages of CONRAD.

A Village Millionaire provides
Two problems deftly co-related;
One 's whether love or wealth in brides
And grooms should be more highly rated;
The other—not perhaps so old
But hardly less profound—is whether
Labour and Capital can hold
Each other's hands and dwell together.

Dick's father runs a huge concern
Where *Lucy's* dad picks up a living;
They love, and, though the parents learn
The news thereof with some misgiving,
They let things take their course; but when
A strike reveals the damsel's father
Among the leaders of the men
It strains the situation rather.

But RICHARD KINVER—he whose plot
(From LEONARD PARSONS) I 'm pursuing—
Is not the man to tie a knot
Without an eye to its undoing;
Sweet *Lucy's* strike-supporting sire
Inherits a vast sum in dollars,
And all that you could well desire
In novels naturally follars.



MANNERS IN THE BALLROOM.

She. "WHAT 'S THIS—A NEW STUNT?"
He. "NO, JUST BOWING TO A FRIEND."

The general reader who is interested in the government of his country is placed last on the list, augustly headed by Members of Parliament, of those whom the publishers of the Whitehall Series of volumes hope to attract to their histories of the different Government Offices. Yet, even though it may be less entertaining to be governed than to govern, most of us will read with patience Sir MALCOLM SETON'S book, *The India Office* (PUTNAM). You have my assurance that it does not at all resemble an official blue-book, and, though no doubt much dry dust does from time to time accumulate in Whitehall, the presence of which may by an occasional sample be suggested here, yet behind the surface-values of Sir MALCOLM'S study, behind the grinding departmental work it records, one feels looming as a great reality the smoky plains and hills of illimitable India. When the Indian Civil Service was inaugurated by the engagement of "half-a-dozen youths of meane parentage who write good hands and shall be willing to be employed upon all occasions without murmuring" there was begun the weaving of a fabric of administration, not only of such honourable texture as to be cause of pride to all decent Britons, but also of unmatched complexity. In summarising the story of the relations between the Home Authority and the Governor-General with all his men abroad as concisely as perhaps is possible, the author no doubt fulfils his primary purpose, yet again and again he slips away from the India of reports and schedules and council tables to wander off into an Oriental dreamland—a country of bullock waggons and jewelled princes and irrigation canals, a country where temple-bells tinkle and temple idols may hold property and engage in litigation—only waking with a jerk in the last paragraph of his chapter to find himself back in his office chair in Whitehall with his latest report still to write. I like him best in these unofficial excursions.

It is a rather perfunctory Ruritania that Mr. J. C. SNAITH has depicted in his latest novel, but any reader with an unquenchable appetite for the ermine and intrigue of small imaginary kingdoms will find these interests lavishly represented in *What Is To Be* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). The hero of the

book, *John Rede Chandos*, raised my hopes in the opening paragraph by announcing that his birthday was All Fools' Day. But this, I regret to say, was his first and last venture into Quixotic irony. He developed by casual touches from a solicitor with "a gently subsiding practice" into "a lineal descendant of Henry VI. of England," married "a lovely authentic daughter of the Royal House of Carmania," enjoyed a short debauch of high living financed by English aristocrats and American millionairesses, and was then hurtled through the air with his bride to fish in the troubled waters of Carmanian politics. The ex-solicitor as Prince Consort, pitted against the all-powerful *Krazhbin*, leader of the Reds, and *General Rtezavon*, unmanageable protagonist of the Whites, is handled throughout his own autobiography with dignity tempered by commiseration. *Queen Ysa's* difficulties—mainly arising from her own supporters' inclination towards tyranny and torture—are sympathetically described, and the advice of the American Minister to her husband, "Quit at once and take her with you," is feelingly quoted. The quitting, an involuntary but none the less final exit, is preluded by an anonymous letter "crudely decorated with a skull and crossbones" and "written in red ink, doubtless to simulate blood," and the adventures of the couple in exile have their fair share of similar artifice. I am afraid Mr. SNAITH takes dynastic romance too lightly. This school has been so long a favourite with writers of notable skill that even a pass degree in it demands exertion.

Stories about Armageddon—the next Armageddon—are always popular, possibly because it is pleasing to know that our own foolish little wars are not a circumstance to the things our descendants a few generations hence will do to each other. I confess that I always put down an Armageddon book feeling that no future generation will ever be quite as bloodthirsty as the fellows who write the books, and I desire to record my opinion that of all Armageddon-mongers Mr. SHAW DESMOND takes the palm for bloodthirst on a grand scale. In *Ragnarok* (DUCKWORTH) he depopulates about three-fifths of the civilised globe. London is wiped out by poison gas, Reds from the East End and French black troops. Paris is wiped out by the Germans and Berlin by the French after the whole German army of ten million or so has been exterminated. New York is erased by the Japs and Chinese, and all the other large American cities are depopulated by a private American war between the Ku Klux Klan and the Jews, negroes and Irish. And so on. There is nothing of your amateur scientist about Mr. DESMOND. When he wants another sort of gas or a death-dealing ray or a new sort of aeroplane with which to devastate a continent or two, he just imagines it and there it is. On the other hand our hero and heroine manage to be in the thick of it all without being gassed, poisoned, disembowelled by Senegalese, murdered by the Reds or "done in," as one might have expected, or even hoped, along with the rest of the human race by some one of their author's implements of wholesale slaughter. Mr. DESMOND is well enough posted on the things of the present. He has written three or four quite good novels and has been described by one critic as "the "Carlyle of the Irish struggle." He is fairly entitled to call himself the Munchausen of Armageddon.

It seems a long while since I last enjoyed a story by Mr. EDWARD NOBLE, a writer whose name was pleasantly familiar to me some fifteen years ago, but who has never quite redeemed the considerable promise of his youth. Yet he has many excellent qualities. For one thing he is a sailor, and in all his books we can perceive the splendid sanity of the sea. Then he can write—even though he is on occasion rather weak in his spelling, especially when he deals with foreign languages. And he has the crowning merit of a firm faith in his own views, which means also that he has courage enough to let a touch of melodrama creep in here and there—an excellent spice to a story. It is true that I do not think he chooses his titles very happily. *The Fire of Spring* (HEINEMANN) is a name that has no particular relation to the contents of the book, and can hardly be said to possess any outstanding merit of its own. Mr. NOBLE, we can see, is all for stern discipline, but he contrives to be quite reasonably fair in his picture of the young and beautiful Suffragette (how antique the word seems now!), *Miss Iphigeneia Massenshaw*, commonly and more mercifully known as *Effie*, and her eventual capture in the best romantic style by that gallant Irishman, *Captain Patrick M'Grath* of the Wexfords, just as he embarks for the Front in Flanders. Interwoven with this affair we have a sinister band of cosmopolitan scoundrels, all with names clearly indicating their origin, who have agreed to finance the militant movement for reasons of their own. Possibly the author is a trifle obsessed with this sort of Hidden Hand idea, but he has written an eminently readable novel.



THE DISCOVERY OF THE "CHARLESTON."

In these days when novelists pay too little attention to the construction of their stories *In Minden Town* (FABER AND GWYER) is both rare and refreshing. Very carefully Miss M. A. CURTOIS lays the foundations of her tale and proceeds to build it. A murder had taken place in Minden, and for the time being this crime and the mystery attached to it were the only topics of conversation in the little town. But the murder is merely the peg on which Miss CURTOIS hangs her story—a peg, let me add, which is quite capable of bearing the weight imposed upon it. The excellence of this tale is not due to its sensationalism, but to the history of Minden and its inhabitants. Miss CURTOIS has placed both the one and the other under a microscope, but she examines them with eyes which are as kindly as they are critical.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that the HOME SECRETARY'S refusal to admit TOMSKY to this country also applies to Dicksky and Harrysky.

* * *

Speaking at Bournemouth, Mr. J. WALKER, of the Steelworkers' Union, expressed the opinion that Mr. JACK JONES would be very much better if he had had twelve months in college. We ourselves are of opinion that it would have spoiled his style.

* * *

It seems that the only way to settle this Geneva question is to form a junior League, with promotion and relegation at the end of every season.

* * *

In withdrawing her representative from Geneva, Spain seems to have made the mistake of thinking that she could sit on the League of Nations more effectively by staying away.

* * *

A European delegation has been invited to examine Labour conditions in Mexico. The desire is to dispel the belief that the Mexican working-classes spend all their time looking on at revolutions.

* * *

Dr. YOSHITOMI claims that the Japanese are one of the Lost Tribes of Israel. We don't see what can be done about it; but perhaps it accounts for Jew-jitsu.

* * *

General HERTZOG claims that South Africa should be as independent as Britain. This means that if he succeeds South Africans will not be able to buy cigarettes after eight o'clock at night, except through automatic machines.

* * *

To all appearances what most of these Dictators seem to dictate are special cables to the London morning newspapers.

* * *

Scotland's third campaign between the "wets" and the "drys" has been launched. Scotland can do as it likes, but we are all for St. George and the Flagon.

* * *

With reference to the cat burglar now being sought by Scotland Yard, there is a theory that it is a woman disguised as a modern girl.

* * *

It is predicted that in four or five years' time, for lack of eligible candidates, there may be no Lord Mayor of London. We are keeping this gloomy prospect from the children.

* * *

The news that a turtle which had escaped from an aquarium was at large in the Great Ouse was another possible cause of the recent excitement in aldermanic circles.

* * *

Viscount GREY is urging us not to let the motor-car deprive us of the use of our legs; but one can get very good artificial ones these days.

* * *

A London bus is said to be touring Europe. We always thought this gyratory traffic system would be carried too far some day.

* * *

A critic says that poetry is "the expression of feeling without the thought that it may ever be heard by anybody." To think of the times one has been poetical in a telephone box without knowing it!

* * *

With reference to Italian monetary reform a contemporary points out that this has been assisted by the liquidation of certain "frozen" assets. We are requested to state that this does not specify ice-cream.

* * *

Luton farmers are advised by the police to proceed against children who tramp on any growing corn. It must be a very bold child who would tramp on the growing corn of a farmer—or anybody else.

* * *

In swimming circles some recent achievements are regarded as evidence in support of the theory that the Channel is shrinking.

"The work of building Piccadilly Circus was commenced at the beginning of the nineteenth century," says a weekly paper. Nobody seems to know when it will be finished.

* * *

Foreheads are to be concealed during the coming winter, according to a Paris fashion expert. This, says a cynic, will prevent people seeing if ladies have any marriage lines.

* * *

A new football-ground has been laid out in Epping Forest. Probably referees will be too, if they can't climb trees.

* * *

Man cannot live by bread alone, but now that a German inventor has produced a machine that will make bread and alcohol at the same time there will be many people who will have a good try.

* * *

It is said that so many magistrates and journalists are trying to study tramps at first hand that the London County Council are thinking of building another lodging-house especially for vagrants.

* * *

A baby born in South Wales has been christened Cook Richardson Herbert Smith. Luckily the N.S.P.C.C. is still in existence.

* * *

The carpenter at Portpatrick who is also a barber ought to be able to save sawing when he mends a table. He can just talk the hind-leg off it.

* * *

The discovery of a Lancashire tenor who can sing three notes at once is the more remarkable in view of the number of tenors who can't even sing one note at once.

* * *

A teacher of singing complains in a daily paper that many young singers deliberately shake the voice. Their excuse is that their liquid notes have a good deal of sediment.

* * *

In a booklet published by a bank attention is drawn to the increasing practice of initiating school-children into the mysteries of banking. It is just as well to prepare them for the time when they will have overdrafts of their own.

* * *

The recent arrival at Plymouth of twenty tons of silver from Mexico is regarded locally as quite in keeping with the DRAKE tradition.



"I SAY, OLD CHAP, WHERE DID YOU SHOOT THIS?"

MR. STONER AND CROWLINK.

CROWLINK FARM, which lies behind the Seven Sisters, has been rescued from the builder by a generous benefactor, and it is hoped that the nation will see fit to subscribe some of the purchase-money.

But the nation cannot have Mr. Stoner, who used to farm Crowlink Farm long ago, while it was still a farm. Mr. Stoner is mine. He farms, when the spirit seizes him, my small garden, lying under Friston Hill. It consists of about half-an-acre of practically untouched downland, with two exiguous flower-borders, but even the flower-borders are composed of chalk. There is no "mole," as Mr. Stoner calls it, in them. He thinks they asters and they sweet williams would do better if there were mole. I daresay he is right.

I do not want asters, and nobody that I have ever heard of, except Mr. Stoner, does. When he told me that he could get some asters for me, I said emphatically No. I did not care for the plant. But when I next saw him he said to me confidentially, as between two conspirators, "I 've got they asters fer you."

I concealed my disappointment like a man. Then later on I encountered him again.

"I 've planted they asters fer you," he informed me with some pride.

He planted them in a single row, and watered them carefully by dipping a small tobacco tin into a bucket, in order that the right amount of moisture might be secured for each.

Mr. Stoner informed me that the other border was in dishabill and that he proposed to clear it out. He is still from time to time engaged in that task; but there are days when he feels too ornery to do much, and this is not surprising, seeing that he is sixty-nine.

Small triumphs however he does continually obtain. On one occasion he saved a rose-tree for the nation; or perhaps I should say for me. It had been thrown away by somebody else, and he brought it down to my garden and planted it there. The restoration of this withered shrub now became the chief object of Mr. Stoner's life.

"They say as it *won't* blow, but I say as it *will* blow," he used to tell me, inveigling me into the cabal. Finally it blew. It is the proud dream of Mr. Stoner that he will one day train it to grow round the porch, to the shame and confusion of his enemies.

It is when scything, however, that we see Mr. Stoner at his best. When I said that the garden consisted of half-an-acre of practically untouched downland, I did not mean to imply that the ragwort and toadflax and poppies and vetch had it all their own way. Mr. Stoner, taking his time about it, mows them down. I do not want to seem boastful about the labour of a man who works on my behalf, but I assert confidently that there is no man in Sussex who can scythe longer than Mr. Stoner scythes. I have seen him whet his scythe for nearly an hour without ceasing, and I think it pleases him, while doing so, to gaze at the motor-cars and motor-buses as they change gears on Friston Hill and symbolise, as it were, the passing of time. He smiles kindly under what is undoubtedly a Norman nose, but he is very contemptuous about the decadence of scything to-day.

There was one morning when two young men were busily employed in a nearby garden cutting down the grass with hooks. Mr. Stoner could hardly take his eyes from them.

"Look at them with they swaphooks," he said continually; "they won't do no good to that job there with they swaphooks. They don't know how to use a scythe nowadays;" and he went off into a fit of chuckles at the idea.

Three times this summer Mr. Stoner has scythed my garden, according to a computation of hours which, as we have no sundial, and I am not very often here, I have left entirely to him. When I come down there is a kind of district settlement, and Mr. Stoner has it all his own way.

He does not, for instance, make any deduction for time spent in conversation, and with a sense, I think, of true politeness he always ceases to whet his scythe when he is talking to me.

We have talked a good deal of Crowlink Farm lately, and the way Mr. Stoner used to farm it when he was a younger man. Both of us are pleased that it has been saved for the nation, Mr. Stoner because he would like to see it scythed, I mean farmed, again, and I because I have seen Peacehaven, which Mr. Stoner has not. But I do not know that either Mr. Stoner or myself cares much about having the nation on Crowlink Farm.

It is perhaps one of the main advantages of the beauty-spots that are saved for the nation by beauty-lovers that the nation does not visit them very much. It is more than probable that beneath the unaccustomed burden of a visit from the nation the Seven Sisters, from the largest to the smallest of them, would crumble away into the sea.

Mr. Stoner's fear is that they may turn Crowlink Farm, where he spent his much-remembered days, into some kind of hotel or restaurant, and improve the road so that they charrybangs will drive up to it. That would certainly be a pity, for they charrybangs already hold Wannock Glen and Beachy Head, and would disturb the rabbits and the wheatears which in the present month have the Seven Sisters almost for their own.

I feel a sense of duty in putting Mr. Stoner's views about this place before the general public, since he certainly knows more about Crowlink than even the many well-intentioned gentlemen who have written about it to *The Times*. There can be no real beauty, in Mr. Stoner's opinion, without agriculture. When he farmed Crowlink he grazed sheep there, and when he farms my back-garden he plants asters and whets his scythe and talks to me. And I agree with him that it would be a pity if the Seven Sisters were delivered from they bungalows merely to be handed over to they charrybangs.

EVOE.

THE BY-ROAD.

THE main road swings serenely
Across the rustic shire,
Disdainful, calm and queenly,
Fit course for racing tyre.
But I prefer the by-road,
The modest humble by-road,
The pot-holed bumpy by-road,
With all its dust and mire.

The great cars go careering
Along the broad highway,
Past Fords and Cowleys veering,
Round charabanc and dray.
But down the peaceful by-road,
The cow-congested by-road,
The bramble-spangled by-road
The little children play.

The main road bleakly dashes
By village, field and moor,
And straight to London flashes,
Where dwell the slum-bound poor.
But down the winding by-road,
The twisty-twirly by-road,
The wriggling, curly by-road
You win to Eden's door.

Along the main road streaming
The reeking lorries run;
Its surface, tarred and gleaming,
Shines oily in the sun.
But give me back the by-road,
The flower-encircled by-road,
The lover-sheltering by-road
Before my journey 's done.

I 'm weary of the flurry
Of cars that bleat and blare—
By day the whirlwind hurry,
By dusk the headlights' glare.
I 'm off to seek a by-road,
A woodland-shaded by-road,
A silence-haunted by-road—
My childhood's dreams are there.



AVE ATQUE CAVE.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS. "DELIGHTED TO WELCOME YOU IN OUR MIDST, BUT JUST ONE WORD OF ADVICE: DON'T RATTLE YOUR—ER—PLOUGHSHARE TOO MUCH."

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Small triumphs however he does continually obtain. On one occasion he saved a rose-tree for the nation; or perhaps I should say for me. It had been thrown away by somebody else, and he brought it down to my garden and planted it there. The restoration of this withered shrub now became the chief object of Mr. Stoner's life.

"They say as it *won't* blow, but I say as it *will* blow," he used to tell me, inveigling me into the cabal. Finally it blew. It is the proud dream of Mr. Stoner that he will one day train it to grow round the porch, to the shame and confusion of his enemies.

It is when scything, however, that we see Mr. Stoner at his best. When I said that the garden consisted of half-an-acre of practically untouched downland, I did not mean to imply that the ragwort and toadflax and poppies and vetch had it all their own way. Mr. Stoner, taking his time about it, mows them down. I do not want to seem boastful about the labour of a man who works on my behalf, but I assert confidently that there is no man in Sussex who can scythe longer than Mr. Stoner scythes. I have seen him whet his scythe for nearly an hour without ceasing, and I think it pleases him, while doing so, to gaze at the motor-cars and motor-buses as they change gears on Friston Hill and symbolise, as it were, the passing of time. He smiles kindly under what is undoubtedly a Norman nose, but he is very contemptuous about the decadence of scything to-day.

There was one morning when two young men were busily employed in a nearby garden cutting down the grass with hooks. Mr. Stoner could hardly take his eyes from them.

"Look at them with they swaphooks," he said continually; "they won't do no good to that job there with they swaphooks. They don't know how to use a scythe nowadays;" and he went off into a fit of chuckles at the idea.

Three times this summer Mr. Stoner has scythed my garden, according to a computation of hours which, as we have no sundial, and I am not very often here, I have left entirely to him. When I come down there is a kind of district settlement, and Mr. Stoner has it all his own way.

He does not, for instance, make any deduction for time spent in conversation, and with a sense, I think, of true politeness he always ceases to whet his scythe when he is talking to me.

We have talked a good deal of Crowlink Farm lately, and the way Mr. Stoner used to farm it when he was a younger man. Both of us are pleased that it has been saved for the nation, Mr. Stoner because he would like to see it scythed, I mean farmed, again, and I because I have seen Peacehaven, which Mr. Stoner has not. But I do not know that either Mr. Stoner or myself cares much about having the nation on Crowlink Farm.

It is perhaps one of the main advantages of the beauty-spots that are saved for the nation by beauty-lovers that the nation does not visit them very much. It is more than probable that beneath the unaccustomed burden of a visit from the nation the Seven Sisters, from the largest to the smallest of them, would crumble away into the sea.

Mr. Stoner's fear is that they may turn Crowlink Farm, where he spent his much-remembered days, into some kind of hotel or restaurant, and improve the road so that they charrybangs will drive up to it. That would certainly be a pity, for they charrybangs already hold Wannock Glen and Beachy Head, and would disturb the rabbits and the wheatears which in the present month have the Seven Sisters almost for their own.

I feel a sense of duty in putting Mr. Stoner's views about this place before the general public, since he certainly knows more about Crowlink than even the many well-intentioned gentlemen who have written about it to *The Times*. There can be no real beauty, in Mr. Stoner's opinion, without agriculture. When he farmed Crowlink he grazed sheep there, and when he farms my back-garden he plants asters and whets his scythe and talks to me. And I agree with him that it would be a pity if the Seven Sisters were delivered from they bungalows merely to be handed over to they charrybangs.

EVOE.

THE BY-ROAD.

THE main road swings serenely
Across the rustic shire,
Disdainful, calm and queenly,
Fit course for racing tyre.
But I prefer the by-road,
The modest humble by-road,
The pot-holed bumpy by-road,
With all its dust and mire.

The great cars go careering
Along the broad highway,
Past Fords and Cowleys veering,
Round charabanc and dray.
But down the peaceful by-road,
The cow-congested by-road,
The bramble-spangled by-road
The little children play.

The main road bleakly dashes
By village, field and moor,
And straight to London flashes,
Where dwell the slum-bound poor.
But down the winding by-road,
The twisty-twirly by-road,
The wriggling, curly by-road
You win to Eden's door.

Along the main road streaming
The reeking lorries run;
Its surface, tarred and gleaming,
Shines oily in the sun.
But give me back the by-road,
The flower-encircled by-road,
The lover-sheltering by-road
Before my journey 's done.

I 'm weary of the flurry
Of cars that bleat and blare—
By day the whirlwind hurry,
By dusk the headlights' glare.
I 'm off to seek a by-road,
A woodland-shaded by-road,
A silence-haunted by-road—
My childhood's dreams are there.



AVE ATQUE CAVE.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS. "DELIGHTED TO WELCOME YOU IN OUR MIDST, BUT JUST ONE WORD OF ADVICE: DON'T RATTLE YOUR—ER—PLOUGHSHARE TOO MUCH."



AUNTIE, LEFT IN CHARGE, POSES BABY FOR HIS PHOTOGRAPH.

TWO CHILDREN OPPOSITE.

THERE are two children in the house opposite. But I don't look at them now. Our acquaintance has sprung up, budded, blossomed and is now no more.

It began while I was writing "another engrossing instalment to appear next month." I had just got Derek Malony suspended with arms tied behind his back half-way down a disused well, while the rope slowly frayed on the edge of the stone coping, when I looked up for inspiration and saw two small bobbed heads regarding me solemnly from the window on the opposite side of the street.

I hurriedly gave Derek Malony a new rope and returned the scrutiny. The heads at once disappeared, and after a while I came back to Derek, whose language at being thus left in mid-air while I gave glad-eyes was becoming disgraceful.

That was, so I speak, the introduction. After that I soon learnt quite a lot about Joan (I felt sure her name was Joan) and Dick (I felt sure his name was Dick). They had a cup of milk every morning for breakfast and the bottle was put on the window-sill till tea-time, when they polished it off. They had a nice nursery and a nice house. They went to bed at a quarter-to-seven. They went out for walks in Hyde Park quite close and took scooters with them—on a scale of "Scooters, pneumatic-tyred . . . one per two children."

I didn't, however, learn all this at once. The first three or four days were confined to our looking at one another when the other wasn't, and looking away if caught. Then I became forward and waved. I was instantly snubbed. Joan turned her back, tossed her head to the left, hitched her right shoulder upwards and probably, though I couldn't see, gave a backward kick of the heel. The effect was rather spoilt, however, by (*a*) her peeping round to see how I was taking it, and (*b*) her young brother, Dick, waving back.

The next day both returned my wave a little shyly; the day after they waved first; and the following day they waved about once every ten minutes. Derek Malony had rather a thin time of it. He kept getting left in the most awkward situations while I broke off to wave back.

I'm afraid it was I who was originally responsible for the Grand Display of Toys.

Dick one morning brought to the window a bow-and-arrow, which he aimed at me. I pretended to be shot and hid behind my desk. When I emerged again I got an encore, and then Joan unearthed a toy pistol. Some blood-thirsty work ensued for ten minutes, till I drew a target in blue chalk on a sheet of paper, which I pasted in the window for them to aim at, and thus found time to write an uninterrupted chapter.

When I looked up again I was being shown Golliwog—a coloured gentleman. A fine figure of a man, but I felt his taste in clothes was rather loud and he could have done with a shingle. I retorted with a little Egyptian statuette which stood on my desk, and instantly three Dutch dolls and a railway-train appeared, with some soldiers in close support. I had to leave my work, go downstairs and borrow Pat, my land-

lady's puppy, before I could re-establish my prestige.

Pat kept me ahead for three days, when apparently their cat, in a most interfering manner, went and had three kittens, which were proudly displayed in a variety of uncomfortable positions. This was a set-back, and so that afternoon I proceeded to purchase a coloured balloon by way of revenge. It went down well. The day I finally burst it was, I say it with pride, the high-water mark of my success. It amused them almost as much as it surprised me. Not even Joan's picture-books could compete with it.

The picture-book business was in fact rather a nuisance. Each book in turn was held flat against the window-pane for me to see and approve. Then it was removed, the first page turned, the picture placed against the pane upside down, rectified and eventually approved again. Then we went on to page two. I worked through a book about engines and a book about animals and two other books the plots of which I couldn't follow at all, and I had nothing to retaliate with except a *Roget's Thesaurus* and an *Everyman's Encyclopædia*. I did try them tentatively with Volume III. of the latter, *Bri—Chu*, but it wasn't a success.

Then I had a brain-wave. I initiated a new game by going and hiding behind the curtain of my other window and appearing from there while they were looking at the first one.

This was highly successful; I could hear shrieks of delight right across the street. I bobbed about unexpectedly from window to window, and they took it up. But when, weakly seeking further triumphs, I appeared at my bedroom window on the floor above, I found I had made a tactical error. In the vernacular I had "started something." For I had only those two rooms, while the whole of the house opposite belonged to them. They began to appear at every window, from the kitchen to the attic. Moreover, there were two of them to one of me, and I got quite dizzy. I borrowed the sitting-room of the man below once, but it took a bit of explaining, and was promptly capped by Joan's waving a hand at me through the letter-box of her front-door. My hand is too big for the letter-box of our front-door.

The following afternoon I had a great idea. I took off the green electric-light shade and placed it on my head. *Succès fou.* The house rose at me. I became intoxicated with triumph. I put on a red nose, an opera hat with the electric-light shade atop, and hung a paper chain round my neck. Then I bobbed down out of sight and began to crawl stealthily across the room for a sudden appearance at the other window . . .

It was unfortunate that my Aunt Jessica called on me at that moment and I didn't hear her enter. I tried to explain, but she left hurriedly.

The next day a man came round to visit me, with an introduction from my Aunt, on some very flimsy pretext. He was totally unable to hide his medical appearance and asked me searching questions about going out in the sun without a hat.

I have now moved my desk away from the window. There are two children in the house opposite. But I don't look at them now. Our acquaintance has sprung up, budded, blossomed and is now no more. A. A.



Red Tie. "THE OWNERS WANT TO THROW ALL THE ONUS ON THE MINERS."
Blue Tie. "AND THE MINERS WANT TO THROW ALL THE ONUS ON THE OWNERS."

A Modest Requirement.

"STENOGRAPHER—(Lady). Capable for about two weeks."—*Advt. in American Paper.*

"I agree with Mr. —— that fishing is the most absorbing of all sports. I was fishing in the Rother and was without a watch. When I returned for luncheon I found myself late for tea."—*Letter in Daily Paper.*

The question, of course, is what had the writer absorbed?

TRYING TO HELP.

"IT'S a great, a wonderful movement," she told me enthusiastically as soon as she saw me, "and we must all help."

"If you're thinking of the Brighton road on a fine Sunday morning," I said, "it is indeed, and all do help. Why, the last time I drove to Brighton I never used a drop of petrol."

"How was that?" she asked, puzzled.

"Oh, pushed along," I explained—"just pushed along. The car behind got its nose well into mine and never let go till we got there. The only thing was I had started out for Bournemouth, but the car behind wouldn't take any notice, and of course escape was impossible."

"You ought to have known," she told me severely, "that the only way to get anywhere nowadays is to stop there."

"Which is, I suppose," I mused, "the Miracle of Modern Transport, or Man's Conquest over Space and Time."

"Exactly," she agreed; "but I didn't mean that sort of movement. I mean the 'Come to Britain' movement that every one's so interested in. Every one can help—even you."

"So long," I cried, kindling at once, "as you don't want from me either cash, of which I have none, or credit, of which I have less, or work, which my doctor should long ago have strictly forbidden me, I am utterly at your service in every way in which supreme good will and all the best powers of my intelligence can help."

"The good will may be useful," she said a little doubtfully, "one never knows. Dear Lady Jane is most enthusiastic; she says if only we can get people here from the Continent perhaps she won't have to sleep in a railway carriage on a siding next time she goes to Deauville in August."

"I hope, at any rate," I said anxiously, "that Lady Jane slept well."

"Too well," she sighed, "because when she woke she was miles and miles in the country, far from human aid, and all the guard said was that he thought she asked if that carriage went there, and it did, while what she had really asked was, if it stopped in that siding, and it didn't. But, as she says herself, her accent is so pure only the really well-educated French can understand her, those who can speak English themselves."

"I can quite realise," I said, "that Lady Jane wishes to help. Have you anyone else?"

"Oh, yes—Blanche. She's most keen. She says she has seen so many English people paying hotel-bills in France and Italy, she just yearns to see Continental people doing it here. She says she will sit in hotels all day long and do nothing but watch."

"Vindictive," I said, shaking my head gravely. "Not at all the right spirit. How are you going to set to work?"

"Well, we did think," she admitted, "of forming a committee."

"Splendid!" I exclaimed, a good deal impressed. "Grand idea. I wonder who thought of that?"



Constable. "AND WAS THERE ANYTHING ELSE MISSING?"
Maid. "OH, YES, SIR. WE COULDN'T FIND THE BURGLARS ANYWHERE."

"I think we all did," she confessed modestly. "A kind of collective inspiration."

"Why not," I suggested, wishing to show I too could be inspired, "have a dinner, with someone really important for chairman, like a Test match cricketer, or a golfer who's never holed out in one, or even perhaps someone who's been rude to the acting profession and wakened next morning to find himself famous? All the speeches broadcast, of course."

"Well, we had thought of a bazaar," she said doubtfully. "Blanche wants a ball, but that's only because she thinks she can do the Charleston really well now the football season's started and she's been able to study all the best kicks. But I think a bazaar would be better; don't you?"

"Perhaps you're right," I admitted. "At a ball people are apt to think they are there to enjoy themselves, and, every dinner has its moments, even if more of anticipation than of realisation; but a bazaar's always the stern daughter of the stallholders' voices all the way through; people know they're only there to pay. By the way, I shall be out of England—a long way out of England—when this one comes off."

"Now isn't that disappointing?" she exclaimed. "Every single man I've told about it is expecting to be abroad just at that very time."

"A strange coincidence," I said, "but one that proves how the 'Come to Britain Movement' is spreading."

"Well, it's nice if you look at it that way," she agreed. "If there are any profits we shall spend them on publicity abroad. We thought of adapting the Naples slogan—'See England and die.'"

"Don't you think," I asked, "that that is perhaps a little liable to be misunderstood?"

"Perhaps it is," she agreed. "There was another we thought of—'Come to Britain—weather guaranteed.' Because," she pointed out cunningly, "we don't say what weather, and there always is some here, isn't there?"

"There is indeed," I agreed; "and anyhow, like TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE, you have great allies; all are doing their best to attract the foreigner. I read in the papers only the other day that two hundred—or is it two thousand?—inns and hotels are going to show a sign which will mean that they are always ready to provide at any moment either bacon and eggs or cold meat and pickles. Do you suppose," I asked with a certain natural patriotic pride, "the French will be able to resist that once they get to know about it? Why, the cross-Channel boats will be crowded out, and every Channel swimmer will have to tow at least one or two others across as well."

E. R. P.

"A Refined young Lady wishes to mind elderly Children, youngest not less than two years."—*Irish Paper.*

Under that age, we infer, she would regard them as merely middle-aged.

"The fell race was the fastest for several years, the time taken by Lord Lonsdale being 15 min. 7 sec., against 16 min. 9 sec. last year."
Cumberland Paper.

And did his Lordship manage to keep his famous cigar alight all the time?



Country Visitor (up in London). "DO YOU KNOW, THE DAYS HAVE BEEN SHORTENING QUITE PERCEPTIBLY IN LITTLE PEDLINGTON."

A SEALYHAM BY THE SEA.

IF you 'd hear something sad, attend to me:
I am a Sealyham of pedigree,

A jovial dog, and one whose fancy lies
In playing games and active exercise.

Such is with Sealyhams the common rule;
My mistress is an idiot and a fool.

She calls me "darling," "duck," and names like that,
Terms applicable only to a cat;

Kisses my nose, and pats me on the cheek,
And carts me round as if I were a peke.

She took me down this summer to the sea:
I am a Sealyham of pedigree.

There were fine sands, and dogs with whom to bark,
And friendly children ready for a lark,

And digging to be done, and lots of stones,
And games for which one would have given bones,

And jolly sunlit water, bright and cool:
My mistress is an idiot and a fool.

She dressed me in a suit of bathing togs,
A thing that 's never done with decent dogs,

A cap included, and some canvas shoes,
Laced up, which I could not kick off and lose,

And there exposed me to the public glee:
I am a Sealyham of pedigree.

The children mocked me in my fallen state,
And pointed fingers at me, which I hate;

Dogs of good breeding shuddered at the view,
And curs grew audibly derisive too;

For that indeed they could not well be blamed,
Nor did it matter; I was too ashamed.

And thus, unwanted and an outcast, I
Sat all alone and watched the hours go by.

Once, when I tried to run about and play,
Just by myself, the shoes got in my way;

Once, when I tried to swim, I could not get
Dry with a shake, because my clothes were wet;

I could not even paddle in a pool:
My mistress is an idiot and a fool.

And so I spent my summer by the sea,
Wond'ring why such a lunatic should be
The mistress of a dog of pedigree. DUM-DUM.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"The chief executive force in the architectural plans of Signor Mussolini for producing a new Rome in five years is his old-time socialist mentor and recent biographer, Signora Margherita Sarfatti. The general plan is to clear the area of modern closely-built streets around the Parthenon down to the level of the Rome of the Cæsars."
Indian Paper.

No wonder there is tension between Greece and Italy!

From a police-court report:—

"Many of the dancers were under the influence of drink, and one man was squirting soda-water from a syphon on people in a corner of the room."—*Daily Paper.*

The symptoms seem to point to the presence of something stronger than soda-water.

SIMPLE STORIES.

V.—THE CAVALIER AND THE ROUNDHEAD.

ONCE there was a Cavalier who was very brave and handsome, and he had a friend who was a Roundhead and he was brave too but not so handsome as the Cavalier, and he didn't wear such nice clothes because the Roundheads didn't believe in that.

Well one day the Cavalier went to the Roundhead and said look here I want to marry your sister, and he said which one? and he said your sister Margaret.

And the Roundhead said won't Alice do?

And he said no she won't, she is very nice but she isn't pretty enough for me.

So the Roundhead said well we had better wait until after the next battle and see who wins, and the Cavalier said oh very well.

Well the Roundheads won the next battle and the Cavalier had to run away, and he didn't like doing that because he wasn't used to it, but his Colonel told him he was to.

So then he went to the Roundhead again and said what about me marrying Margaret?

And the Roundhead said oh you can't, and he said why not? and he said because you ran away.

And the Cavalier said well I do call that unfair, I couldn't help it because my Colonel said I was to.

And the Roundhead said well then your Colonel is a coward, and he said no he isn't, and the Roundhead said yes he is.

So they quarrelled, and then they thought they had better have a duel.

So they had a duel and the Cavalier won it, and then he said what about me marrying Margaret now?

Well the Roundhead didn't like being beaten in the duel because he was quite brave, and he said I'll tell you what let us have a race, and if I win you can marry Alice, and if you win perhaps you can marry Margaret, we'll see about it.

Well this wasn't quite fair, but the Cavalier wasn't very clever and he thought he could beat the Roundhead, so he said oh very well, and they had a race and he won it.

So then he said now I suppose I can marry Margaret, but the Roundhead didn't like losing the race and he said well of course you can run faster you've had more practice.

The Cavalier said what do you mean?

And he said well you ran away in the last battle.

And the Cavalier was angry at that because it had been settled by the duel, but he couldn't do anything more then because they were just going to have another battle, and he had to go and get ready for it.

Well the Cavaliers won that battle and this time the Roundhead ran away, but he didn't run far because the Cavalier caught him up, and he said ah who is running away now? you are my prisoner.

So he took him prisoner but he was quite kind to him and gave him plenty to eat and drink because he loved his sister Margaret and he rather liked the Roundhead too although they were on opposite sides, but they had been at the same school together and liked some of the same jokes.

But the Roundhead was very disagreeable about it and wouldn't say he could marry Margaret, but at last he said well perhaps you can if you let me go free.

So he let him go free, but soon after that the Roundheads won altogether, and they took away all the Cavalier's money and he had to fly to France.

Well then the Roundhead was rather sorry, because he thought he hadn't been quite fair, and his sister Margaret wouldn't speak to him because she loved the Cavalier. So he wrote to the Cavalier in France and said you can come home now if you like, I have made it all right with OLIVER CROMWELL, and perhaps I can get you some of your money back if you leave off being a Cavalier.

The Cavalier said well I can't do that but I'll tell you what, I'll promise not to fight any more against OLIVER CROMWELL, will that do? and he said it would.

So he came back, and the Roundhead let him marry his sister Margaret because she said she wouldn't ever speak to him again unless he did.

Well they were very happy and had several children, and Alice married too though she was rather ugly, and the Roundhead married himself soon afterwards, and they always used to spend Christmas together with all their children.

Well that went on for some time and then KING CHARLES won the throne, and the Roundhead was afraid he might have to fly to France himself. But the Cavalier arranged it all for him and he only had some of his money taken away, but his wife had plenty, and the Cavalier had all his money given back to him.

And the Cavalier and the Roundhead liked each other more and more, and when they were both quite old they often used to tell their grandchildren about the duel and the race and laugh about it.

And they said they had had a lot of fun when they were young and the times now weren't what they were then.

A. M.



"THEY OFTEN USED TO TELL THEIR GRANDCHILDREN ABOUT THE DUEL."

Hint on Grouse Driving.

When grouse come streaming down the wind
On my six brace-buttons I fix my mind;
"Two brace in front and a brace behind,"
And my bags keep up very well, I find.

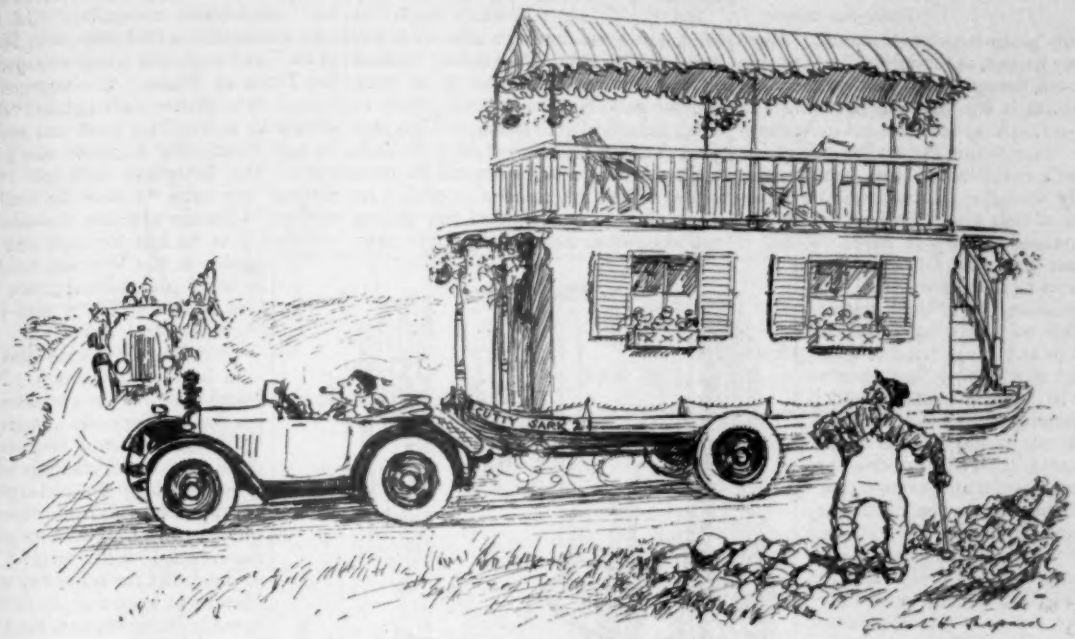
J. L. M.

From an article on photography:—

"HOW TO MAKE SEA PICTURES.

Sea-sick pictures can be made if suitable subjects are chosen."—*Scots Paper.*

No doubt they can, if the subjects do not object; but in the best photographic circles it is not done.



THE VOGUE OF THE CARAVAN.

AMPHIBIAN TRAILER FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO COMBINE THE JOYS OF THE RIVER WITH MOTORING.

COME TO BRITAIN

A HUMBLE CONTRIBUTION TO THE MOVEMENT.

Oh, why does New York go to France for its fun
When they might be as jolly in South Kensington?
Why flock to the Continent? Surely they know
We've got a whole Continent parked in Soho.

Come to Britain! for Britain's the best.
It's eleven o'clock and the nation's at rest.
The curfew is pealing, all's quiet at Ealing,
And no one can say we're offensively gay;
An income-tax form is the only thing cheap,
But come to Britain and have a good sleep.

Why go to Paris, you travelling swells,
When you've never had fun in our country hotels?
There isn't a bath, and the bell doesn't ring,
But you don't come to Britain for that sort of thing.

Come to Britain! The rooms are so old
And so picturesque that you won't mind the cold.
The bed's over there and the light's over here;
Don't put out your boots if you want them this year;
The maid has a beard, the cold mutton perspires,
But come to Britain and visit the Shires!

Some of you find that Mentone is dull—
Come over and try a wet Sunday in Hull.
But take tea in bed and get up when you dine,
And there may be a picture-house open at nine.

Come to Britain and lead the gay life!
As a rule it's illegal to bathe with your wife;
There's a Councillor watching to see you behave,
But still you may stand at your window and wave;
You mustn't buy choc'late, you mustn't buy ale,
But come to Britain and see our new jail!

Come to Britain! You will have a time.
Our hot-water-bottles are now in their prime.
We censor all dramas that mention pyjamas,
But to get a good thrill see our girl-guides at drill;
Then we've swings in the parks, and municipal boats,
So come to Britain and sow your wild oats!

Come to Britain! We've done what we could
To make the place healthy and wholesome and good.
Your whisky may cost you much less in the States,
And here between drinks we have tedious waits,
But IVOR NOVELLO *is always on show,*
So come to Britain and let yourselves go! A. P. H.

Cause and Effect.

"FORTY-THREE JAZZ BANDS.

During the afternoon the band discoursed several items of music. A squad of ambulance men were present, and rendered valuable assistance."—*Welsh Paper.*

"Wanted for a weekly journal of the highest class a Chief Sub-Editor of first-rate ability in the handling of news and make-up—including headings and introductions."—*Daily Paper.*

But not, we trust, the washing of dirty linen in public.

From a report of Australia *v.* Civil Service:—

"Taylor joining Woodfull soon settled down, and neat strokes all round the wicket brought runs at a good pace. Total (for five minutes) 257."—*West-Country Paper.*

Who said that our visitors were slow scorers?

At the recent Army manœuvres:—

"It was unfortunate that the operations were abandoned, since . . . lachrymatory gas actually was to have been used."—*Provincial Paper.*

Many privates were disappointed, we understand, at missing the chance of seeing their sergeant-major in tears.

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Dolce-far-niente.

This place is not well named. *Dolce* it may be, but, as for doing *niente*, people are still doing things just as they did all through the season. Bathing and surf-riding have been cut out by shrimping. 'Course one knows the things one doesn't catch along this coast aren't really shrimps, but sardines or something of that kind. Still, as we English introduced the sport here, we call it shrimping, and all the other nations have followed suit. The Americans, with their natural dislike of following England's lead in anything, tried to get it called surf-fishing, but they've had to toe the line and call it shrimping, same as all the others.

The shrimping toilette is quite amusing, like a bathing-dress but rather less of it and, as one doesn't go right into the sea, of the very richest materials. Any amount of jewellery may be worn while shrimping, not only heavily-jewelled armlets but leglets worn above the knee. In addition to all other jewellery the shrimping toilet demands a long chain of pink enamel shrimps, and on the front of the silk or satin shrimping turban there should be a great big enamel prawn with diamond eyes.

Both our rival climbers, Mrs. Tinkeur-Tinkeur and Mrs. Smith-Green-Jones, have been here, and people are still talking of a little episode (not *à propos de bottes*, but *de bas*) that happened on the Nuovo Esplanado, where everyone walks in the late afternoon and where one sees absolutely the last gasp in frocks and legs. Mrs. Smith-Green-Jones was one of the first to adopt the fashion of legs painted to match or contrast with the frock, and on the afternoon in question she wore a little silk petal-frock, alternate blue and scarlet petals, one leg painted blue and the other scarlet, a blue shoe being worn with the scarlet leg and a scarlet shoe with the blue leg. She was the what 's-it-called of all eyes; and Mrs. Tinkeur-Tinkeur, consumed with envy, congratulated her, adding, "But what a pity, dear, that your stockings don't fit better!"

"Oh, my dear! I'm sorry *for your own sake* that you've said that," cried S.-G.-J.; "I've no stockings on. And I was just going to remark to *you*, dear, that, as you wear seamed stockings, your maid really *ought* to be more careful. One of your seams is quite *quite* crooked!"

Mrs. Smith-Green-Jones's triumph was brief, however, for next afternoon the beautiful Princess Dollydolsky walked on the Nuovo Esplanado in an even shorter petal-frock, alternate petals of black satin and gold tissue, and her legs gilt! They were finished off with black satin sandals, a big diamond on each instep where the ribbons crossed. As she walked in the rays of the setting sun she rather defeated her own ends, for people, with all the *will* to stare, found that she hurt their eyes. As Colonel Chalfont said, "One wants a bit of smoked glass to look at Princess Doll this afternoon."



Bobby (to little sister who has lost her money down the grating). "WELL, NEVER MIND; LET 'S LOOK AT WHAT WE WOULD HAVE BOUGHT ANYHOW."

Cassandra Vandollarbilt, otherwise Sandy Van, who had hoped to get all the staring with a blue-and-silver toilette and her legs silvered, finding herself a bad second, hurried off the Esplanado in such haste that someone said her legs must be quicksilvered. This richest girl in the world is eligible again now. Everyone still remembers how she eloped from Plage Frivole last year with the fascinating Théophile, *maître de nage*. The swim-away match wasn't quite a success, and later, during a visit to her own country, she divorced him for "inadequate mentality." In her own words, she 's "through with Théophile," and says she 's still engaged to the Duke of Wessex, was engaged to him all through her marriage, and "concludes to marry him good and soon." In the meantime, however, she 's accepted the Archduke Sigdolph. "Of course," she says, "I know he 's only a siddivy"—(Sandy's version of *ci-devant*)—"and that he lost his cash and his castles in the War and has had to be a professional guest, but I 'm tickled to death with that triumphal arch of his."

Lady Manœuvrer is still at her villa here with Daffodil. Poor Maud! we've always admired her for the way she 's managed her daughters and disposed of them so well. Perhaps it was a mistake to keep Daffodil in plaits and a pinafore till April was married, for, now that the door of her cage is open—well, *really!* I was at their villa the other day when Maud was lecturing her unmanageable youngest, and, 'cos I just put in a word in support of her mother, Daffodil turned to me and said, "Seconds out!"

"Once for all, Daffodil," said Maud, "I will *not* have you play about so much with Archie Lacksiller. *All* Lord Bleakmore's sons are impossible, and he 's the most so. Besides, people say things about him."

"Oh, I know he 's a bit of a lad," answered Daffodil calmly; "but what a dove! His profile 's the joy of my life."

"You've nothing to do with profiles," said Maud angrily; "you've got to obey your mother and do as your sisters have done—marry well."

"Come, little woman," drawled Daffodil, "don't hand out any more lecture-dope just now, and I 'll take two at bedtime."

And then Maud Manœuvrer lost her poise and gave the girl a jolly good shaking.

Daffodil only laughed and said, "Well done, little woman! I've heard of that shake. You've been learning gogetu and practise it now on your loving child."

Maud subsided into a chair quite *affaissée*.

"SYMONDS YAT."

SIR,—What does Yat mean in Symonds Yat? Why is it called Symonds Yat? Who was Symonds?"—*Letter in Welsh Paper.*

We have not the faintest idea. And yat 's yat.

THE SLIPS AT PHYSICAL DRILL.

NO, I HAVEN'T HAD A DULL MOMENT ALL THROUGH THE SEASON; BUT THEN I CAN ALWAYS SIT ALL DAY—



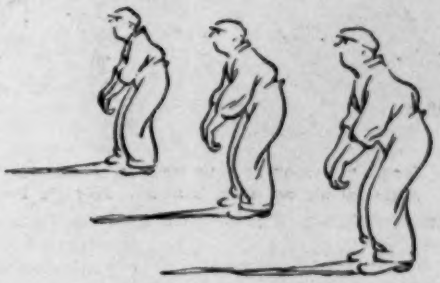
WATCHING—



THE—



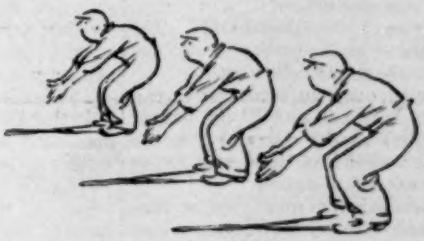
SLIPS—



GOING—



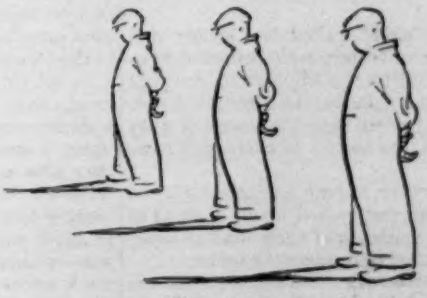
THROUGH—



THEIR—



PHYSICAL—



DRILL.



Maud. "AS SOON AS YOUR HOLIDAY'S OVER YOU'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT ME, *I* KNOW."
Bert. "DON'T BE SILLY, DARLING. HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU I'VE JUST COMPLETED A MEMORY TRAINING COURSE?"

THE HARVEST.

BEHIND them the blue mist was softly swathed about the moorland they galloped over; ahead the sun, sinking far across the sea, spread colours as gently over the summer sky.

"Come on; we can just do it!" The leader turned in his saddle to urge on his four-and-twenty followers.

"Come on, come on, come on; we can do it, can do it, can do it!" the horses' hoofs replied as the riders took to the road that would lead them straight to their unsuspecting quarry.

For three minutes no one spoke, then from ahead came a whirr and a roar that died down to a steady hum; a moment later the sounds were repeated by a second monster in the same direction.

"Got 'em!" yel'ed the leader, and the five-and-twenty sent their stentorian war-cry up to the highest heaven, out to the far Atlantic, and struck terror and amazement into the hearts of sixty merrymakers seated in cushioned rows ahead.

In another minute the riders turned the corner and reined up in a cloud of dust six yards away from the two charabancs that were about to leave.

The horsemen wore black pants and vests, and black masks on their faces, black berets and black cloaks. They confronted the holiday-makers with twenty-five six-barrelled revolvers.

The trembling motorists gazed at them in dismay. The women shrieked, the men regretted "that last hasty one," the children wept and the drivers switched off their engines.

"Say, driver—I had no idea we were to wind up with this cute lil show," came a voice from the nearer vehicle.

The leader took two paces forward. "Neither had anyone else," he remarked pleasantly, and silence, tense, quivering, settled upon the crowd.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the leader went on, "we are, as you know, at Land's End. Land's End!" he repeated with smiling emphasis. "You may be missed, you see, but probably not found. You have all spent a very enjoyable day; I am sure of it; and you now propose leaving this glorious part of the Delectable Duchy. Am I right? I feared so. Well, whether you leave or whether you remain depends partly upon my companions and me, and partly upon yourselves. You have invaded this area of perfect scenery and you have left behind you a pernicious nauseating testimony to your vandalism—in other words, a hell of a mess. *You* ask—within yourselves—no doubt, how do I know since I have not seen it? The answer is 'Because I know your sort.'

"This peninsula, from the hand of Nature, was wild, majestic, carpeted in the luxurious purple, emerald and gold of low-growing heather, grass and broom. Your sacrilegious hands leave it now an offal-heap, a derelict tract of filth-besmattered ground that heats the blood of Cornishmen and stimulates our trigger fingers. Can one of you solemnly declare that you have left neither a bottle, nor a piece of paper, nor a fruit-rind, nor a cigarette packet, nor a morsel of waste food strewn on the moor, the rocks or the sand? . . . No! . . . Not one!

"Very well. You will leave here when every visible trace of your obnoxious visitation has been removed. You will *all* leave your seats—sit still there!—when and as I tell you, and you will all gather up the rubbish that you and your kind have scattered here and return with it to your charabancs. You see the idea? You will take your refuse home with you!

"Gentlemen—comrades, to your posts. TRIPPERS, DESCEND!"

In vigorous haste the erstwhile revellers dispersed under the calm determined vigilance of the riders. Women and children naturally were not spared. Men were persuaded specially to collect broken bottles. And for long the tired frightened figures, whimpering, cursing or shamefully silent,

could be seen looming out of or fading into the subdued tenderness of gathering twilight as they reaped where they had scattered.

At length the "All clear" signal was given, the charabanc parties were reassembled and made to take their places encumbered with their pestilential harvest. As they drove away the riders fired a volley over their heads, half for warning, half for fun.

When the throbbing of the engines faded in the distance and quietude possessed Land's End, when the gentlemen-companions, dismounted and unmasked, stood silently looking down at the sea, it was not shrouds of mist that drifted towards them from behind the longships and from the coves along the shore; it was a company of phantom Cornish men and women who had dwelt in fabled Lyonnesse or gone down to the sea in ships against the Spaniards, come to give salutation to the last Lovers of England.

A PLEA FOR PAGEANTRY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have read with a sinking of my heart the attacks which unfilial writers of to-day have been launching of late against the alleged sins of their fathers — floridity and circumlocution. To begin with, it is not a new complaint. It began with MATT ARNOLD in *Friendship's Garland*, and he said all that could be said against the excesses of the old journalism. But after all how splendid was the pageantry of the old picturesque and periphrastic style! Could anything be finer than the superb expansion of your own historic "advice to those about to marry" into "the memorable monosyllabic monition of the Democritus of Fleet Street"? or than the exordium of a leading article on the death of VICTOR EMANUEL I.: "The King of Terrors has clutched the King of ITALY by the throat"? These fine flowers of speech, moreover, were not confined to leading articles; they were to be found in rich profusion in the notices of concerts and operas. WAGNER was not merely WAGNER, he was "the Bayreuth Colossus." I remember with what delight I welcomed the reference to *Telramund* in *Lohengrin* as "the unfortunate Brabantian nobleman," and the description of a violinist at a rural merrymaking as "PAGANINI'S representative."

To call this "slipshod English," "jargon" or "gibberish" is a libel and an outrage. It was rather, as the old lady once said of swearing, a great embellishment of conversation. The "mighty monosyllable" may have its uses, but life and letters would become dull and drab without a liberal resort to purple, pontifical and polysyllabic periphrasis.

I am, dear Mr. Punch,
Yours respectfully,
SEXAGENARIUS SESQUIPEDALIS.



Helpful Lady (to fellow-passenger who has been stung by wasp). "YOU SHOULD CLAP ON A BLUE-BAG AT ONCE, WITHOUT ANY DELAY."

"Though there had been some talk early in the season of a possible abandonment of the historic Highland Gathering and sports meeting at Strathallan Park, Bridge-of-Allan, on account of the industrial situation water counsels prevailed."—*Scots Paper.*

And this in Scotland!

"He did not know a more potent instrument . . . than the drama, and he did not know another instrument more capable of expressing the real genius of a nighty people."
Weekly Paper.

A delicate reference to those popular "bedroom" scenes, we suppose.

The Simple Life.

"Although such an enormously wealthy woman she dresses with charming simplicity, and generally wears simply a glorious string of pearls."—*Provincial Paper.*

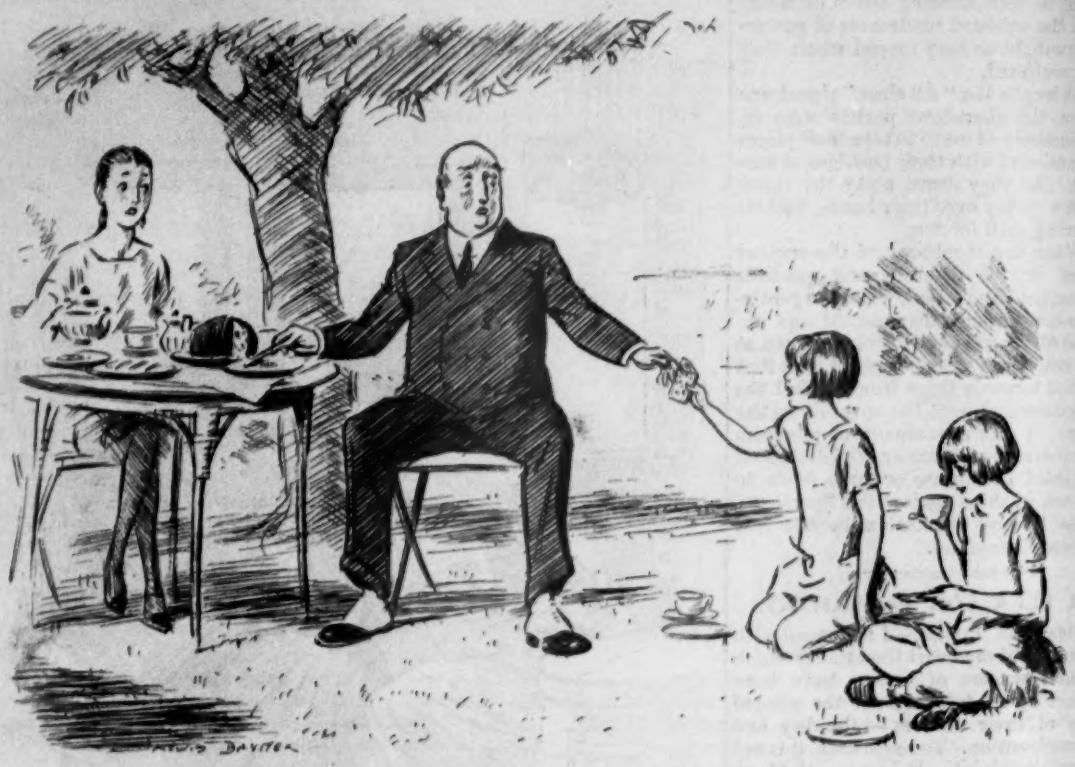
"BROMLEY (Kent), Tuesday.
Two silver-grey pigeons, after an absence of seven years in Scotland, have just returned to their former owner. Both have his name stamped on their wings."—*Daily Paper.*

Apparently they did not moult while in Scotland. Economy, we suppose.

At a seaside fire:—

"The Mayor was the first to discover the outbreak, and quickly stamped it out. The only damage done was the singeing of his spots."
Provincial Paper.

We trust that—more fortunate than the leopard—he will be able to change them.



Important Caller. "HAVE A BIT OF CAKE, MY DEAR"—(*pause*)—"WELL, WHAT DO YOU SAY?"
Daughter of the House. "THANK YOU; AND WHAT DO YOU SAY—'EXCUSE FINGERS'?"

SAFEGUARDING OF INDUSTRIES:

AN INDIAN APPLICATION.

WHEN I left India my old bearer, Fusaldar, retired from business and took up residence in Amballa City. Since then he has been in the habit of sending me monthly reports of the little ups and downs of his quiet life. About the end of last year he intimated that he was getting rather tired of the monotonous round of the bazaars. "There is not anything to do," he complained, "but chat chat with other lazy old mans." In his next communication he made the surprising announcement that he had opened what he described as a "Cheap John shop of all sort and condition of thing." He had already sold twenty rupees worth of soap "for much profit," and a number of clocks "that makes loud ringing in the morning fit to wake the dead." From a later report I gathered that the first purchasers of the alarm-clocks had demanded their money back because "clocks have ring at all wrong times." But Fusaldar got over this difficulty by disposing of his clocks to "far, far away poor visitor people that will not any more ever come back to Amballa City."

Apart from minor troubles of that description, Fusaldar's shop seems hitherto to have been very successful. "Morning, noon, night," he told me in one of his letters, "I am sweating over back with busy." In another he proudly informed me that "all the people is giving me the congratulation for giving the long felt want with Cheap John shop. Far and wide is customer coming. I am shaping for rich rich man."

In view of this happy state of affairs Fusaldar's latest report makes very painful reading. His letter speaks for itself. He writes as follows:—

"Master will be downright vexed to know of tragedy coming in my shop. One day cunning dog man Subrati is starting shop same like mine. Next day is silence of tomb with me and no customer coming. I am make the investigation with moonlight visit to shop-window of Subrati and finding all thing with ticket of price one anna, two anna less than me. To-morrow I have expose beautiful bill making advertise of Ruination Reduction of Cost with new ticket of price. Then, lo and behold! with corner of eye I am suddenly observe creeping crawling Subrati making saunter up and down in front of my shop. With aroused suspicion I am making another moonlight visit and finding dark foreboding is true with lower ticket of price for everything in shop of Subrati. Therefore with pernicious process of every day coming and going of dirty beast Subrati and moonlight visit for me there is price coming down to rock bottom of no dam profit and ruin staring the face.

"Now Babu is telling me of new law of Safeguarding of Industries for giving stop to vile tricks same like evil business of Subrati. Therefore I am praying that Master will make necessary steps for putting lid on this howling scoundrel man and helping his old Fusaldar in these poorless days."

It looks as if Fusaldar and Subrati were taking the "necessary steps" to put the "lid on" each other.

A message from Mr. ALAN COBHAM:

"We landed here at 4 p.m. yesterday, after flying from Koepang since dawn, a distance of about 900 miles, landing in Bima Bay, Dutch East Indies, en route to Refuel."

Evening Paper.

We cannot find Refuel on the map, but presume it is in the neighbourhood of Umbrage, which, as every schoolboy knows, the Dutch took many years ago.



CHURCHILL THE CHARMER.





M.F.H. (*returning from cubbing*). "I 'D LIKE TO GIVE YOUR CUBS A TURN NEXT WEEK. HOW WOULD MONDAY SUIT YOU?"
New Proprietor (*lately from U.S.A.*). "SURE. WHEN WILL YOU COME?"
M.F.H. "ABOUT FIVE, I EXPECT."
New Proprietor. "THAT WILL BE FINE. COME A LITTLE EARLIER AND HAVE TEA."

THE WAY OF A LIZARD.

IT had been raining since eight o'clock. Apart from three meals the day had been uneventful. In the morning Marjorie practised the piano and I read *The Morning Post*. After lunch Marjorie again practised the piano. I slept very soundly on the sofa—but Marjorie had then played BACH'S *Prelude and Fugue in C Sharp Major* twenty-one times. I counted. When I want to go to sleep I generally count sheep; however, it is well to make a complete change on a holiday.

I expect I should never have seen the lizard if Marjorie hadn't stopped in the middle of the Fugue. But suddenly she ceased playing and I heard an emotional voice exclaim, "How marvellous! It's stopped raining." Alarmed by this I jumped up and went to the window and tried to count the drops. None. It was truly marvellous.

"I'm going out."

"I'm going out."

We both spoke together. Marjorie rushed upstairs for her waterproof. I waited. I grew impatient. How long would she be? Why wait? Really it would be much better for us to go out separately.

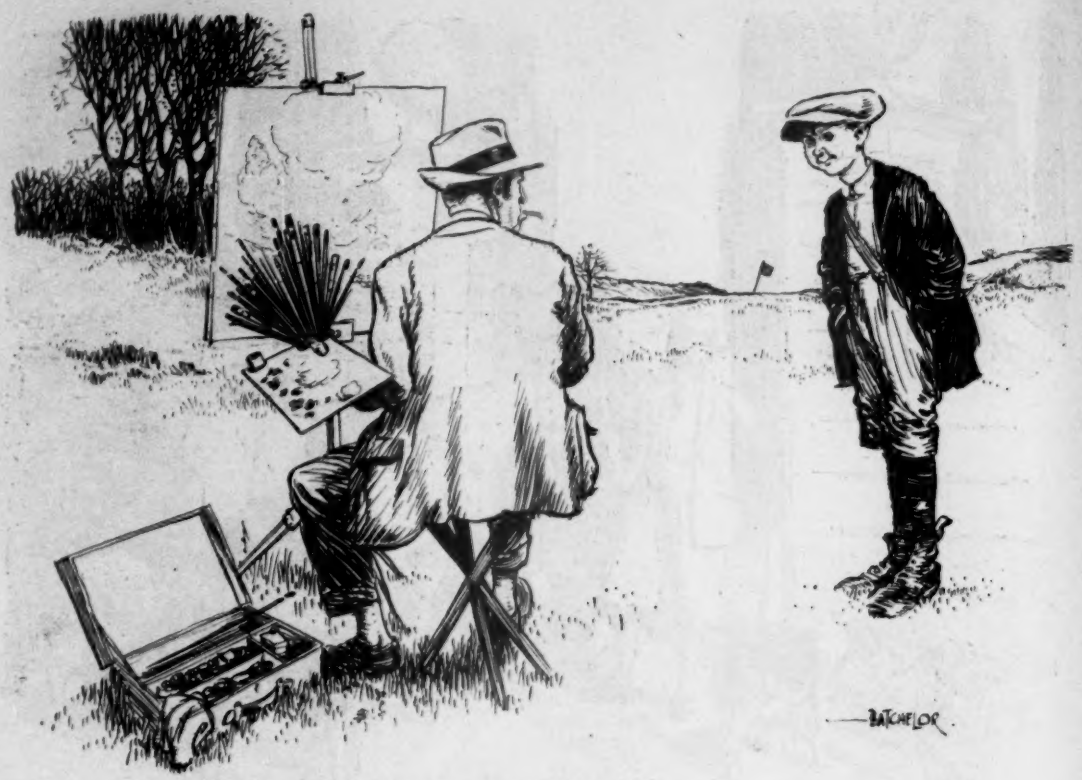
"I'm going to stroll down the hill," I shouted. "I can't wait."

Although we love each other dearly I am quite certain I heard Marjorie murmur "Good."

Ah! It was wonderful after the rain. I almost ran down the hill. How grey and misty the sea looked! I decided not to go to the beach. A walk to Bospethy, six miles away, would be pleasanter. At the seaside one so often forgets the country. A holiday by the sea generally means lunch (the same lunch) on the beach (the same bit of beach), and tea on the customary rock. Twice on our Cornish holiday this year Marjorie and I had to defend ourselves against large families who accosted us with "Excuse me, but this is our rock." Once, after a long argument, Marjorie concluded by saying, "I can't think what psychological motive always prompts you to desire the same rock." They immediately left us in peace. The word "psychological" did it. We had a similar success when we travelled to Cornwall during Bank Holiday week in a compartment entirely to ourselves. Marjorie read *Some Aspects of Psychology in Music*, and I read *Psychology and Crime*.

* * * * *

I soon came within sight of the turning at the bottom of the long hill. I passed a small boy who was gazing at something in the ditch, and about fifty yards further on I came to a stationary motor-car. Motor-cars are so rarely stationary that I was a little bit alarmed. My first impulse was to shout out "Why aren't you moving?" But in spite of there being no one in the car I suppressed my emotions. I stopped to stare at the car. I was amazed. On the radiator was a real lizard. His head was back and the



"WHAT ARE YOU HANGING ABOUT HERE FOR?"
"THERE 'S NOBODY ON THE LINKS. CAN I CADDY YOUR BRUSHES FOR YOU?"

expression on his face said, "How lovely to be warm and dry!" I was too thrilled. I turned round and shouted to the small boy. He hurried to me.

"Do you see the lizard?" I said.

"Oh, yerrsr."

"Didn't you notice it as you walked up the hill?"

"Yerrsr; but didn't know what it was. Is it alive, Serr?" replied the Cornish boy.

"Of course it is. Look! There! Did you see him move his head?"

"Oh, yerrsr."

"Extraordinary, isn't it? You often see them sunning themselves on the rocks. They love warmth, and I suppose after all this rain the poor chap feels cold and so he 's climbed up the radiator to warm himself. Pretty, isn't he?"

"Yerrsr."

And whilst the boy and I stared at the lizard my excited mind composed a vivid letter to *The Daily Times*:—

"SIR,—To-day in Cornwall I had the most amazing experience. Whilst out for a walk after some heavy rain I passed a stationary motor-car, and to my intense surprise I noticed a green lizard climbing up the radiator. Is not this a most unusual occurrence? And can any of your readers relate a similar experience?

I am, etc.,

GRAHAM MUNDY."

My reverie was disturbed by the boy's remark: "I suppose it belongs here to the car?"

I grew pleasantly indignant.

"My dear child, this is a real wild lizard that has crawled up the radiator. But it is quite harmless. Look, I 'll touch it gently with my stick." I did. At the same time I went very pale. The lizard was certainly quite harmless—I was right; but unfortunately it was a metal one. I was speechless. Fortunately the boy was well-brought-up; he looked terribly disappointed. Then we both laughed.

"What were you looking at up there in the ditch?" I inquired, after our laughter had diminished.

"A bees' nest, Serr."

As I turned round to walk towards the bees' nest I espied Marjorie bending over the ditch.

She beckoned. When we got nearer she shouted, "A bees' nest, Graham!"

Yes, they looked like bees. They were moving too.

"Are you sure they are real live bees?" I asked.

"Of course. Don't be silly."

"Very well; I 'll believe you if you 'll come and look at this lizard on the motor-car."

"On a motor-car?"

"Yes, on the radiator."

"How marvellous!"

Down the hill we went—the boy too. Soon we reached the car.

"There you are, my dear; a beautiful green lizard, you see."

"But how amazing! Fancy climbing up a radiator! Poor thing; it needs warmth, I expect. . . I long to touch it, only I daren't. . . He *is* pretty. . . I wonder if this has ever happened before? It 's extraordinary! I must write to the papers about it; it will create great excitement. Yes, I 'll write to *The Weekly Observer* to-night."

But she didn't write to any paper. As I said before, I love Marjorie very dearly. We both walked to Bospethy, and the few people we passed stared very hard at us because we looked so happy.

PENELOPE.

Penelope of old
Was as good as tested gold,
Or so I 've oft been told.
An effort this is
To describe with verve and life
The truly trying strife
Which befell the charming wife
Of Ulysses.

When Uly (was it fair?)
Rushed away for change of air,
Did Pen rage? No. Did she swear
E'en—ahem!—a cuss?
No. Although her heart was bleeding,
She smiled as one unheeding
And betook herself to feeding
Young Telemachus.

She was never really strong,
And it happened before long
There came a lusty throng
Of amorous warriors,
Who every man jack
Had a lamentable knack
Of entering her shack
(Yes, I 'm sorry—hers).

They simply wouldn't quit,
And they wouldn't work a bit;
They wouldn't turn a spit
Or even shell a pea.
They ate up all the courses
With the appetites of horses—
Quite a drain on the resources
Of Penelope.

And, not content with dining
And prodigiously wining,
They became still more designing,
Did these schemers;
For each thought that, after marriage,
He could keep a pony-carriage
And go saloon from Harwich
In the steamers.

But Penelope (of old)
To their blandishments was cold,
And of parting with her gold
She was chary.
Besides, her spouse, quite clearly,
Might return and act severely,
Proving his absence merely
Temporary.

Pestered with so much attention
(Pressing really beyond mention)
Pen made a wise convention—
A protecting one;
Promised, when she 'd done some knitting
Which would not take many a sitting,
She would choose—herself committing
To selecting one.

The suitors heard and laughed
As much bottled beer they quaffed,
But they little guessed the craft
Of the adored;



Schoolgirl (who is not returning to school till next day, to friend). "ISN'T IT SIMPLY TOO GHASTLY TO THINK I SHALL BE LOOKING SOMETHING LIKE YOU TO-MORROW?"

For each night she rose from bed
And unravelled all the thread.
(So with truth it may be said
They were floored.)

Then Ulysses, long since burning
From his jaunt to be returning,
Did return and, suitors spurning,
Set them wailing
As with bow and several arrows
He pierced them through their marrows
Like a row of small cock-sparrows
On a railing.

Thus, unless old HOMER lied,
They with ignominy died,
And not one person cried
O'er their bodies. He
Remarked, "An epic poem
Is the proper place to stow 'em,
So posterity shall know 'em
In my *Odyssey*."

"IOWENSTEIN'S LOANS."
Headline in Provincial Paper.

Did he always spell his name like that?

"Lady Breaking Collection of Pottery Birds has several left."—*Advt. in Ladies' Paper.*

Presumably the ones she missed.

"One thing which would do more than any other to popularise the idea of the League would be for the League itself to do something towards improving the state of the world."—*Provincial Paper.*

But why begin by turning it upside down?



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"My dear child, this is a real wild lizard that has crawled up the radiator. But it is quite harmless. Look, I 'll touch it gently with my stick." I did. At the same time I went very pale. The lizard was certainly quite harmless—I was right; but unfortunately it was a metal one. I was speechless. Fortunately the boy was well-brought-up; he looked terribly disappointed. Then we both laughed.

"What were you looking at up there in the ditch?" I inquired, after our laughter had diminished.

"A bees' nest, Serr."

As I turned round to walk towards the bees' nest I espied Marjorie bending over the ditch.

She beckoned. When we got nearer she shouted, "A bees' nest, Graham!"

Yes, they looked like bees. They were moving too.

"Are you sure they are real live bees?" I asked.

"Of course. Don't be silly."

"Very well; I 'll believe you if you 'll come and look at this lizard on the motor-car."

"On a motor-car?"

"Yes, on the radiator."

"How marvellous!"

Down the hill we went—the boy too. Soon we reached the car.

"There you are, my dear; a beautiful green lizard, you see."

"But how amazing! Fancy climbing up a radiator! Poor thing; it needs warmth, I expect. . . I long to touch it, only I daren't. . . He *is* pretty. . . I wonder if this has ever happened before? It 's extraordinary! I must write to the papers about it; it will create great excitement. Yes, I 'll write to *The Weekly Observer* to-night."

But she didn't write to any paper. As I said before, I love Marjorie very dearly. We both walked to Bospethy, and the few people we passed stared very hard at us because we looked so happy.

PENELOPE.

Penelope of old
Was as good as tested gold,
Or so I 've oft been told.
An effort this is
To describe with verve and life
The truly trying strife
Which befell the charming wife
Of Ulysses.

When Uly (was it fair?)
Rushed away for change of air,
Did Pen rage? No. Did she swear
E'en—ahem!—a cuss?
No. Although her heart was bleeding,
She smiled as one unheeding
And betook herself to feeding
Young Telemachus.

She was never really strong,
And it happened before long
There came a lusty throng
Of amorous warriors,
Who every man jack
Had a lamentable knack
Of entering her shack
(Yes, I 'm sorry—hers).

They simply wouldn't quit,
And they wouldn't work a bit;
They wouldn't turn a spit
Or even shell a pea.
They ate up all the courses
With the appetites of horses—
Quite a drain on the resources
Of Penelope.

And, not content with dining
And prodigiously wining,
They became still more designing,
Did these schemers;
For each thought that, after marriage,
He could keep a pony-carriage
And go saloon from Harwich
In the steamers.

But Penelope (of old)
To their blandishments was cold,
And of parting with her gold
She was chary.
Besides, her spouse, quite clearly,
Might return and act severely,
Proving his absence merely
Temporary.

Pestered with so much attention
(Pressing really beyond mention)
Pen made a wise convention—
A protecting one;
Promised, when she 'd done some
knitting
Which would not take many a sitting,
She would choose—herself committing
To selecting one.

The suitors heard and laughed
As much bottled beer they quaffed,
But they little guessed the craft
Of the adored;



Schoolgirl (who is not returning to school till next day, to friend). "ISN'T IT SIMPLY TOO GHASTLY TO THINK I SHALL BE LOOKING SOMETHING LIKE YOU TO-MORROW?"

For each night she rose from bed
And unravelled all the thread.
(So with truth it may be said
They were floored.)

Then Ulysses, long since burning
From his jaunt to be returning,
Did return and, suitors spurning,
Set them wailing
As with bow and several arrows
He pierced them through their
marrows
Like a row of small cock-sparrows
On a railing.

Thus, unless old HOMER lied,
They with ignominy died,
And not one person cried
O'er their bodies. He
Remarked, "An epic poem
Is the proper place to stow 'em,
So posterity shall know 'em
In my *Odyssey*."

"£OWENSTEIN'S LOANS."
Headline in Provincial Paper.

Did he always spell his name like that?

"Lady Breaking Collection of Pottery Birds has several left."—*Advt. in Ladies' Paper.*

Presumably the ones she missed.

"One thing which would do more than any other to popularise the idea of the League would be for the League itself to do something towards improving the state of the world."—*Provincial Paper.*

But why begin by turning it upside down?

MY THRILLER.

Robert FitzCharles slipped through the office door and closed it behind him, just as his partner seized the heavy typewriter and flung it with a crash against the stout oak panels.

Robert paused for a moment on the landing. Inside the office all was now quiet, and, taking his eye-glass from his office eye, he polished it lightly with his handkerchief before transferring it to his other or street eye.

"Peevish," he muttered to himself, shaking his head sadly, and, descending the time-worn stairs, he slipped out into the sunlit street.

* * * * *

For the life of me I can't remember what was going to happen next. You see, when I had got that far I was interrupted. I forget what the interruption was—a man selling packets of seed for the canary or something—but anyhow it absolutely drove all the rest of the story clean out of my head.

It is a pity. It was so obviously going to be a story with money in it. I mean, no one would fling typewriters about in that careless way except in a story which was certain to bring in a handsome return. They are expensive things.

And there is another thing. It was going to be a thriller—anyone can tell that from the opening. It has got all the marks of the thriller about it, right from the start. Action—that was obviously the keynote. You can't throw typewriters about without an action of some sort resulting—probably one for damages, I should imagine.

Anyway it 's gone, and now the only thing to do is to examine the available data and try to arrive by a process of deduction at the rest of the story.

What was the name of Robert's partner? Something impetuous, I should think; Claude perhaps. But was Claude the hero or the villain, and what was Robert's *rôle* in the story? All this is important, because if Claude is the hero his name couldn't be Claude. It would have to be something strong and silent, like John.

Yes, that was it, John. He was so very obviously a strong silent man, a man of few words, who preferred to express himself rather in actions. His very hints probably took the form of homicidal gestures. In fact, when he flung the typewriter at Robert, I expect he was just hinting to him that he had stayed long enough. He didn't mean to be rough, but men like John don't know their own strength. Cave-man stuff.

And what about Robert, for whom the part of villain seems indicated? Had he done John some cruel wrong, or just exasperated him momentarily? Or stay, was there a woman in it? Why, yes, of course, the typist! John had come in and found Robert paying undesirable attentions to his favourite typist, and with a fine sense of dramatic fitness he had flung the typewriter at him.

Robert, being a villain, was naturally a well-groomed man. He wore an eyeglass. He was what the popular press calls a "monocled man." But perhaps he was not all bad. FitzCharles is a very suspicious name, of course, but there is an honest sort of ring about the name Robert. Probably he really had a heart of gold, but had fallen among bad companions in his youth. Anyway, he had a clear intelligence; he saw things coming—the typewriter, for example.

The opening of the story states definitely that they were partners. Partners in what? It couldn't be crime, because John wouldn't stoop to that sort of thing. Besides he hadn't the brains for it. These cave-men are wonderful in some ways, but they haven't the quickness of mind for a successful criminal. No, it was a business partnership, distasteful perhaps to John, certainly a little hazardous for Robert. He couldn't really have put his best work into the business either—there were too many distractions. You can't do yourself justice, you know, in an office in which typewriters are always whizzing about. And if it wasn't a typewriter it was probably something else, a roll-top desk or a filing cabinet or, in moments of extreme exasperation, the office safe. John was like that—quick-tempered, impulsive.

Besides, there was that typist, a distraction in herself. But then you can't blame her; she had nothing much else to do. Obviously she couldn't type on a machine which was rocketing about the office all the time. Now and again perhaps she would pick it up and straighten it out and play a few pensive notes, but she couldn't settle down to it seriously. John might want it at any moment.

I know! Of course the business was failing, all owing to John's impulsive nature. With an idle typist simply eating her head off, what could you expect? Robert had been remonstrating with him, and John, honest, upright, bluff, quick-tempered John, had given way to a momentary feeling of annoyance. That 's what it was. No crime, no sordid underhand intrigue—just playfulness.

By Jove, I 'm glad of that. Robert wasn't really such a bad fellow after all. Good old Robert!

John was quite all right too, really—they were both all right.

And the typist was all right. Everyone was all right. Whew! that 's a relief.

But on mature consideration I 'm afraid that can't be quite right. There doesn't seem to be much matter for a thriller in it. I shall have to write another one instead. I 'm sorry, particularly about the typewriter. I hate waste.

L. DU G.

WEDDING-DONG-BELLS.

IV.—THE WEDDING GROUP.

THE composition of the group
Is easy to decide:
The Best Man and the Bridesmaids,
The Bridegroom and the Bride.

The problem of the photograph
Is how we should *divide*
The Best Man and the Bridesmaids,
The Bridegroom and the Bride.

Put the Best Man among the girls
To guard him either side,
Lest otherwise he come between
The Bridegroom and the Bride.

PINXIT.

THE implements of his craft around him; and beyond the little crowd of inquisitive people eager to probe the mysteries of the master hand.

The artist unhurriedly proceeds with his work, seemingly oblivious to outward distraction, and yet anon pausing to answer such of lower grade as pass remark.

Careless habit and cigarette alight continuously proclaim the Bohemian.

Gradually the painted surface nears completion, vivid in colour and true to line.

As chimes and bells ring forth the hour of 5.30 (summer-time) all is finished, the impedimenta alertly packed away, and the worker moves homewards, reporting at the Corporation depôt as having painted Pole 76, duly numbered.

Poetic Injustice.

"Mr. —— paid a high tribute to the work of Canon ——, who acts as Secretary to the Legal Board, and quoted Goldsmith's lines—

'Still they gazed; still the wonder grew;
That so much knowledge in one head lay.'"
Diocesan Leaflet.

Though not on the Legal Board, we advise "The Deserted Village" to appeal against its quoter.

"A fast game at Preston ended in a draw, Preston North End and Clapton Orient sharing four foals."—*Daily Paper.*

We are afraid there must have been some horse-play in this match.



Mistress. "WHEN MY VISITORS COME, MRS. GREEN, WE 'LL JUST HAVE BOILED EGGS FOR BREAKFAST."

Mrs. Green. "YOU CAN'T 'AVE 'EM BOILED, 'M, 'COS THERE AIN'T ONLY TWO EGG-SPOONS; AN' YOU CAN'T 'AVE 'EM FRIED, 'COS THE FRYIN'-PAN 'S WORE OUT, 'M. I WEREN'T NEVER NO SCRAMBLER OR POACHER, SO YOU 'LL 'AVE TO 'AVE 'EM BEAT UP IN MILK."

SUSAN'S ROYAL HALF-A-MINUTE.

Susan was tired of Susan, but she didn't know what to do,
She wanted to go princessing for half-a-minute or two;
She wanted to be quite royal and walk in a dragon's wood,
To wander in golden slippers, but didn't know how she could.

Susan was tired of Susan, so she wanted to be instead
A wonderful maid and carry a silver crown on her head;
She wanted to go princessing, but didn't suppose she might,
For both of her socks were rumpled and none of her clothes were right.

Susan was tired of Susan, so she went to the woods, and there
The raindrops fell from the branches and caught in her tangled hair,
They shone like a crown of silver, they circled her head, and oh!
Susan was really royal for half-a-minute or so.

Susan was tired of Susan, so the buttercup fairies spilt
Out of their goldenest goblets the glistening elfin gilt;
Over her heels and her tip-toes, it sparkled on either shoe,
So Susan became a Princess for half-a-minute or two.

Whenever you feel like Susan, and if you are tired of you,
While there is rain on the branches and buttercup gold and dew
You can walk in a crown of silver, over a golden floor,
And *you* can become a Princess for half-a-minute or more.

AT THE PLAY.

"VIRGINIA'S HUSBAND" (COMEDY).

To appreciate the full flavour of this farcical comedy you must be convinced that there is something intrinsically funny and improper in pyjamas and the presence of two unmarried persons in a bedroom. My grip on these fundamental postulates having weakened through weight of years or the corruption of the times, I found a good deal of the jesting rather needlessly furtive and rather dull. Still, no doubt there are jokes familiarity with which breeds affection in many simple breasts, and the well-tried pyjama joke is no doubt one of them. Let it flourish, then!

Virginia had in fact no husband. But because her aunt, from whom she drew supplies, was a fanatical believer in matrimony, our *Virginia* falsely represented herself to be married lest those supplies be cut off or so reduced that the cause to which she is devoting her life may suffer. That cause is the spreading of knowledge among her sex of the unspeakable degradation and insufferable pretensions of Man.

When therefore the Aunt announces her imminent arrival on a fortnight's visit, *Virginia* hastily advertises for someone to play the part temporarily, and, with the help of her comic maid, selects one who shall very roughly correspond with the description she has sent to her obsessed relative. His instructions are that he shall represent himself as a journalist on a morning paper, because then he will not need to be in the house at night, while by day he can sleep, if he must sleep at all, in the box-room.

Quite reasonably amusing if a little over-elaborate developments are contrived from this beguiling situation. *Aunt Janet* naturally disapproves of all this modern separatism. Not thus had she and her *Josiah* lived their blissful life—*Josiah*, being dead, cannot give us his version of the matter. *Virginia* and her hireling, *William*, are positively forced and locked into her hitherto vestal apartment, whence the tactful *William*, escaping by the drain-pipe to spare *Virginia's* blushes—after a reluctant apology had been extracted from her for sundry insults—sets going the incredibly efficient burglar alarm which had been installed for *Aunt Janet's* comfort. The disclosures, misunderstandings and mistaken arrests that follow; the attempted escape of *William* in trousers forcibly removed (OFF, I am glad and almost surprised to say) from



MAID AND SUPER-MAID.

Virginia Trevor . . . . MISS FRANCES CARSON.
Elizabeth . . . . . MISS ENA GROSSMITH.

an effeminate suitor of *Virginia's;* the embarrassments and gambols of *Aunt Janet;* the inevitable surrender of *Virginia* to her shameless and resourceful accomplice, *William*—these all combine to make a diverting enough last Act, which tended to lift a dejection which had settled upon me earlier in the evening; and all 's well that ends well, no doubt.

Miss FRANCES CARSON'S *Virginia* did not make serious demands on her gifts. She had to appear plain and frumpish at first (a difficult task), pretty and smart at the last (an easy matter). The heroine in farce, indeed, is seldom to be envied. Miss ENA GROSSMITH'S genuine talent for burlesque was seen to good effect in the part of the maid-servant, *Elizabeth*. Miss HELEN FERRERS was called upon to go through many elaborate antics, and surrendered herself to the business with a praiseworthy heroism. Mr. EDMOND BREON has a gift of seeming to enjoy a ludicrous situation, and of laughing with such a natural zeal that he compels us to share his amusement. His *William*, which opened in perhaps rather too resilient a vein, though I suspect that *William* was intended to be rather a bounding person, developed into an agreeable enough buffoon. Mr. WILFRED SHINE'S study of *William's* Dumbartonshire uncle, who had evidently paid many visits to Ireland, was, as one would expect, a skilful piece of work. I liked too Mr. TOWNSEND WHITLING'S grotesque detective. Mr. DAVID KEIR gave a clever little portrait of a deaf inventor. Mr. WALTER HUDD'S impersonation of a modernist imbecile youth was, through no fault of his, rather a tiresome affair. The addition of a tedious counterpart, the ultra-*blasée* young woman, played by Miss MILLIE SIM, was, I think, a failure on the part of the author to observe a tactful proportion. It is only proper to record that the performance was received with the compliment of persistent laughter. T.



OH MY PROPHETIC SOUL, MY AUNT!

Aunt Janet . . . . . MISS HELEN FERRERS.
William Hemingway . . . MR. EDMOND BREON.

"AND SO TO BED" (QUEEN'S).

Mr. PEPYS (the autobiographist) was honest with himself, as other men are not. A humbug, like most people, he confessed it on paper without cynicism and without serious loss of self-esteem. That has always been a mystery to the world. It would be rather a fascinating theory, I think, to suppose that the real Mr. PEPYS was an arch-humourist who imagined this character for himself and presented it to posterity as a searching satire on man. But I must develop this theory elsewhere.

Mr. FAGAN'S play at the Queen's

Theatre does not introduce Mr. PEPYS the autobiographist. It begins, as we are carefully told, just after the Diary ends, and what is a loss to literature is a gain to the stage. In recording so gay and merry an entry—in cipher too—Mr. PEPYS would never have gone to bed at all, or not at least until candle-light had been exchanged for the chill of dawn. No hard-working Admiralty official could have stood the treble strain.

For here was *Mr. Pepys*, mightily interested in the new music from France with a supper-party arranged at his own well-appointed home, faring forth to an assignation, not unsuspected by his good wife, with none other than the notorious *Mrs. Knight*. To hear her sing, forsooth, a trifling composition of his own, but carrying a monstrous fine pair of green silk stockings withal. Protesting his flame, he is surprised by the sudden arrival of the *King*, and popped unceremoniously into an Italian chest. There follows *Mrs. Pepys*, breaking through all remonstrance and locking the door. She cannot find her husband (not even in the bedroom), but she can and does discover (behind a curtain) the *King*. *Mr. Pepys* lies low and says nothing. His Majesty, however, having been apprised through an incautious movement of the strange part occupied by one whom he has hitherto regarded as a sober civil servant, and plaguily dull at that, sits on the chest and flirts with *Mrs. Pepys*. When she has departed, and not without a hint or two of the manners proper to Restoration comedy, out comes the abashed ex-diarist, one green stocking still adhering to his shoulder, and, despite confusion, delivers a tirade to Royalty upon its sad neglect of the British Fleet. (Loud cheers.) This to show you, if by any chance you were in danger of forgetting it, that *Mr. Pepys* had his serious side. When he too leaves, *Mrs. Knight* is petulant. *King Charles* orders his coach. *Mrs. Knight* retires. The *King* thinks better of it, and, remaining, takes candle and follows *Mrs. Knight*.

Mr. Pepys' supper-party, for which he is very late, occupies Act III. It is a mighty fine noisy supper-party, with a great quarrel and reconciliation at the end.

There is not very much then to the play, but the manner and spirit of it are excellent fun. It is splendidly enlivened also by music of the period, contrived by Mr. HERBERT HUGHES, including (besides those strains which are heard OFF) two special interludes for quartets consisting of harpsichord, viola da gamba, viol and flute.

Mr. EDMUND GWENN is probably a more sprightly and captivating civil servant than the actual Mr. PEPYS, for I doubt if Mr. ALLAN JEAYES, a shrewd and properly saturnine *Charles*, could ever, even at the most formal interview, have mistaken Mr. GWENN for a dull dog. He would have spied the *bon vivеur* through the bureaucrat; or perhaps Mr. GWENN grew more fantastic in manner when he had got the great load of the Diary off his mind and could throw more of his soul into the matter of hares and Burgundy wine and the kissing of servant-maids.



Bridegroom (in a fine poetic frenzy as they stroll along the seashore on their honeymoon). "'ROLL ON, THOU DEEP AND DARK BLUE OCEAN, ROLL!'"
Bride. "OH, GERALD, HOW WONDERFUL YOU ARE! IT'S DOING IT."

Miss MARY GREY was a splendid *Mrs. Knight*, who must have found constant use for the Italian chest, and might well have fascinated an Admiralty poet as well as an idle King. The supper assembly was all of it excellent. There were two fine ladies excessively *à la mode*, who giggled mightily, *Mrs. Knepp* and *Mrs. Pierce*, very well portrayed by Miss GWENDOLEN EVANS and Miss KITTY DE LEGH. *Mr. Creed* (Mr. ELLIOTT SEABROOKE) had bidden himself to supper, sending a hare, and subtly blended joviality with a tinge of Puritan disapproval. Mr. IVAN SAMSON as *Pelham Humphrey* talked French and was almost too extravagantly gorgeous and graceful to believe. Finally, *Mrs. Pepys* was delightful. Using a semi-Gallic accent, justified, I suppose, by history, Miss YVONNE ARNAUD, in her sudden storms, her relentings, her protests and roguery and tears, was so irresistible that even a less versatile husband might have been inspired to explain away green silk stockings to her on Bible oath.

The real PEPYS was vastly troubled by his failing eyesight and the loss of fun that it would cause him at the time when his Diary came to an end. Mr. FAGAN is to be heartily congratulated on persuading him to cheer up and indulge in this final bout of revelry on our behalf.

EVOE.

"THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE" (BARNES).

Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER, in his short speech of acknowledgment of a friendly and distinguished audience's appreciation of the first-night performance of *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, told us that the task of dramatising Mr. THOMAS HARDY'S novel had been undertaken by himself, and the version presented by Mr. PHILIP RIDGEWAY, as "an act of homage to the greatest of living writers." Let us admit the sincerity and seemliness of this, admit also that the work of selection, reconstruction and compression has been very ably done—how ably, loyally and with how adroit a conquest of many difficulties of time and scene, a careful survey of the novel will prove.

That said, is it also permitted to regret that the business was ever undertaken? For it is a frankly impossible task, artistically indefensible, which should surely rule it out as an act of homage to an artist who is artist in the noblest sense of that rather lightly attributed title; and the result, as presented, seems to me very definitely an artistic failure, however interesting in its parts, its subject-matter and the homely pageantry of its setting.

If some unknown writer—and this is a useful situation to imagine—had offered us this we should, I hope, have recognised that he had invented an absorbing dramatic theme—this man doomed to disaster by the make-up of his character, by his commerce with another more sterling, forceful character, and by circumstance arbitrary and cruel; and that not only had he a good story to tell, but knew how to open it arrestingly, as in that scene of the sale of his wife by *Henchard* to the casual sailor-man. But we should have pointed out that his design was much too large for the frame;

that he had given himself no room to develop his characters—not even his central character — and make their actions plausible. And if we can accept a rough definition of tragedy as unusual and sombre action which is unfolded so as to seem inevitable, and of melodrama as similarly unusual or violent action which progresses in a merely arbitrary manner with an effect of crudity and falseness, we should be tempted to place our young author's work in the less flattering category.

For it is not a mere prejudice of academic criticism to insist that scale is of the very essence of the problem. Mr. HARDY had a moving and a not easily credible story to tell. He prepares every situation in a leisurely, apparently casual but actually very deliberately contrived way so as to induce belief in his readers. The absurd compression of the dramatic version makes certain episodes, and therefore certain characters, startlingly unreal, notably the sudden passion of the young Scotsman, *Farfrae*, and *Henchard's* mistress, *Lucetta*, and the startlingly sudden drunken fury of *Henchard* in his attempt on *Farfrae's* life. Nor is young *Farfrae*, who is quite as important a character as *Henchard*, because the chief instrument of his unhappy destiny, given time to show his deep and solid character and real ability, against which *Henchard's* moody charlatanism, bitter waywardness, easily-wounded vanity, and streak of crookedness cannot stand.

And possibly we should have told our imaginary young author that he had allowed himself to be seduced by Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER'S chronicleism—a method which, however appropriate to the known historical character moving on a world-stage, is distinctly unsuitable to an invented creature set in a homely and obscure environment.

It was most interesting to see how often Mr. LYN HARDING, in his admirable presentation of a part which gives superb chances to a clever character-actor, was constrained to drop into the technique of the cinematograph, with its inevitable inference that (given enough reels) this insurgent and pervading new art could have done better all that the stage version attempted.

Mr. HARDING'S *Henchard* was a memorable and resourceful performance. It would have been easy for him to focus himself on the more violent and bitter passages and to miss the subtlety of the gentler and finer traits in this complex character. He did not fail in this way, and gave a performance, in fact, so good as, I gladly confess, to make criticism of the whole as a whole seem a little ungracious. I found Mr. COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON (*Farfrae*), usually so effective, a little disappointing, and I think this must be because he was too severely handicapped by circumstance. *Elizabeth Jane*, developed with patient care in the novel, became a mere pale wraith in this play; but Miss MOYNA MACGILL made a sweet and wistful thing of her. Miss LOUISE PRUSSING was, in *Lucetta*, set an even more difficult task, which, it seems to me, she performed very creditably, and certainly looked very lovely. Mr. BASIL DYNE'S genial and potentially Rabelaisian rustic, and Mr. DAN F. ROE'S half-witted *Abel*, were notably well done.

The other players were, in the conditions of the piece, little more than patches of local colour, admirably arranged by the producer (Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER) against a charmingly simple and unmannered setting by Mr. MILTON ROSMER. But something has been taken from *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, a deep, an elusive something, for which we have a strange and difficult term—Art. T.

THE COMPLEAT MOTOR-OWNER.

A LITTLE while ago I contributed to these pages an analysis of "The Complete Chauffeur," which I hoped then was accurate, and now feel certain must have been, because it has drawn a reply from a company of chauffeurs met in consultation for the purpose, who, says their spokesman, desire my blood; and it is only the truth that really stings. Whether the counterblast that they have prepared (printed below) is any less accurate I leave to the decision of those readers of *Punch* who are also gods in the machine. E. V. L.

He changeth his mind in the busiest spots.

* * *

He mindeth not how suddenly he stoppeth you.

* * *

He imagineth that you drive for pleasure and have an inexhaustible energy after a fourteen-hour day.

* * *

He looketh upon every defect in the machinery as the result of your own incapacity or perversity.

* * *

He giveth you five minutes to get tea or lunch.

* * *

He always wanteth to try a new way to somewhere that you don't know.

* * *

He readeth the map without such a wonderful amount of intelligence.

* * *

He giveth you half-an-hour to wash, polish and grease the car, and then, if it is raining, as it usually is, desireth to go for a joy-ride.

* * *

Unable himself to drive, he continually proffereth you advice concerning your job.

* * *

He changeth his mind in the busiest spots.

* * *

He mindeth not how suddenly he stoppeth you.

* * *

He never wanteth to go down side turnings until you have passed them.

* * *

He getteth tight himself but insisteth on your being a teetotaler.

* * *

He forgetteth that he did not tell you where to go, and is testy at your ignorance.

* * *

He changeth his mind in the busiest spots.

* * *

He mindeth not how suddenly he stoppeth you.

* * *

He cannot understand why a man intent on steering cannot see the names of inns and shops or read sign-posts.

* * *

He treateth your advice with contempt and buyeth all manner of gadgets that are a nuisance, especially those made of nickel-plate.

* * *

He faileth to understand that atmosphere affects the brightness of newly-cleaned metal.

* * *

On your day off he remembereth an important journey that cannot be postponed.

* * *

He is amazed at the amount of petrol the car needeth and expresseth his surprise in terms that make you feel like a suspected thief.

* * *

He changeth his mind in the busiest spots.

* * *

He mindeth not how suddenly he stoppeth you.

* * *

He always hath financial disappointments just before you ask for a rise.

"THE MINERS MAKE AN OFFER.
ONE PENNY."
Newspaper Poster.

Bang goes a slogan!

"Want to Joint the Police?—Study at home to pass educational test."—*Daily Paper.*

Correct articulation of course being a *sine quâ non*.



Where men of weight are found combining
To serve the public weal by dining,
From your scholastic lips the speeches
Fall thick as leaves from Burnham Beeches;
They're full of matter, bright and meaty,
And get reported in "The D. T."

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

XXV.—VISCOUNT BURNHAM, C.H.



Young Man (making conversation with fellow-passengers on home-coming Channel boat). "I BEEN 'AVING A WEEK AT OSTEND—MOSTLY IN THE CASINO. 'AVE YOU BEEN STAYING IN OSTEND?"

Lady. "OH, NO! WE 'VE BEEN IN BRUGES. WE LOVE THE OLD CITIES."

Young Man (slightly pitying). "OH! *Ascetic*, I SUPPOSE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is nothing markedly strange about *The Strange Family* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) except their surname. They are a widowed Canon, the scholarly incumbent of a Midland vicarage of the 'eighties, his son, a lame delicate youth, and his daughter, a shallow but comprehensive charmer. When the story opens, with the lad *Rudolf Strange* as its chronicler, the children are *in statu pupillari*, *Elsie* twining a simple old governess round her fascinating fingers, *Rudolf* sharing lessons in the paternal study with the son of the village blacksmith. Ironically, the child of the forge has all the endowments for gentlemanly success that the heir to the pulpit possesses inadequately or not at all—health, strength, a taste for scholarship, a genius for cricket and a genuine but conventional gallantry of outlook. Yet the boys are close friends. *Jonathan's* father lost his life in a successful effort to save *Rudolf* from drowning, and the *Canon* in reparation has practically adopted *Jonathan*. That the pair may proceed to Cambridge together he recommences work as a coach, with the result that *Percy Cudden*, the good-hearted bourgeois hope of a stocking-factory, and *Reggie Hicks*, a young cur of a baronet-presumptive recently expelled from Eton, are added to the tale of *Elsie's* admirers. Youthful rivalries in love, theatricals and sport are the mainstay of the chronicle at home and at Cambridge; and the reader who has little taste for these may console himself with the mellower activities of their onlookers. The old governess in particular, with her paucity of book-learning and her wealth of minor social wisdom, is a pleasant and pathetic memory of an older age than the 'eighties. Mr. LACON WATSON is to be congratulated on a quiet honest rendering of a world certainly quieter and on the whole more honest than our own.

The year 1912 was historically notable, it is now recognised, for the gradual stoking up of fires which were eventually to blaze out in the Great War. Most of Europe's diplomats and other official firemen were kept very hard at work running up and down presenting little notes and squirting rose-water generally, in a way which, though it gives an impression, in the telling of it, of very fiddling fire-brigade work, yet was perhaps the best that could be contrived in the circumstances, since it is quite clear that Berlin and Vienna were already determined to have the flare as soon as convenient. In *The Memoirs of Raymond Poincaré* (HEINEMANN), the man who proved himself the most redoubtable of French fighting statesmen, once the fight was on, shows that at this period he was no less earnest in diplomacy that made for peace than he was later in policy that shaped victory. During the year dealt with in this volume he was wholly concerned, in his dual capacity as Premier and Foreign Minister, not only to strengthen the Triple Entente, but even more to keep all the Powers working harmoniously, and it was largely thanks to him that the fighting which broke out in the Balkans was, if not prevented, at least localised. His book suffers, as literature, from being too much the statement of a case, since it is hardly possible to maintain a sense of artistic

values when detailing all the stages of complex diplomatic history. His translator has certainly tried to enliven M. POINCARÉ's rather austere narrative by attributing to him English colloquialisms that come sometimes with the quaintest incongruity. He makes him say, for instance, that "M. Isvolsky was always playing off his own bat." But in spite of such adventitious aid I fear this volume will not have much appeal for any but the most earnest seeker after such historical truth as is here presented in respect of the causes of the War. On that question most of us have made up our minds long ago.

I, driving the reluctant quill,
Note with amaze the speed and skill
With which for every step of mine
JOHN BUCHAN takes his thirty-nine.
Excessive industry enfeebles
Some scribes, but not the pride of Peebles,
Who shows an equal apt addiction
For sport and history, fact and fiction.
These *Homilies and Meditations*
(NELSON) are void of all sensations,
But, tried by any higher test,
Reveal him at his very best.
Whether he writes of War or Peace,
CATULLUS or the bards of Greece,
Of Oxford and its changeless spells,
Of Tweeddale or of Mr. WELLS,
Of BURNS, or BURKE, or WALTER SCOTT,
Or modernists, and gives it hot
To jargon that is stale or precious,
He's always certain to refresh us.

The drama of a sudden and uncompromising religious conversion and its devastating effect on the domestic and social life of a married man is hardly a theme for merely amiable handling; and unluckily "amiable" is about the most powerful adjective I can find to qualify Miss VICTORIA T. COATS's *Discovery* (METHUEN). The hero and agonist of the novel is a Scots Naval captain of the Napoleonic wars, retired while still in his prime to a Lowland estate and a decorous wife. Unhappily for *Kathleen Halton*, who had set her heart on an Abbotsford *régime* of tree-planting and county visits, her husband is struck by a thunderbolt of grace (nature unspecified) during a wild ride home from a sedate party, and he inaugurates a radical change of life by understudying an itinerant preacher at a revival meeting in the nearest market-town. It is hinted that his *volte-face* is not only religious but political, and that his new opinions embrace the very heresies he had combated in BONEY's legionaries. But Miss COATS is no more precise as to *Halton's* faith than she is as to the divine *coup* that begot it. She apparently holds the fatal belief that mysticism is a vague affair, with the result that her story on its most pretentious side is uninformed and flimsy. Its secondary and domestic aspects, however, are very capably seized. From the moment when the stubborn-pliant *Kathleen* and a spinster confidant receive the dark intimation of *Halton's* purposes, to the hour when, forsaken by his followers, he turns to the former for loyalty and comfort, the feminine reactions of the piece are conscientiously and gracefully indicated. A whipper-snapper youth, adopted by the preacher to his own undoing, is chiefly important as revealing the human weaknesses of his otherwise unconvincing benefactor.



Nervous Lady. "WOULD YOU MIND NOT WATCHING ME DRIVE? THE SMALLEST THING PUTS ME OFF."

"Sure, Father dear, I like to talk about it!" cried the old Irish woman when asked why she confessed so fully a peccadillo of fifty years' standing. I feel that the same might be said by Lord WALSINGHAM and Sir GEORGE ASTON with regard to fishing. And how charmingly they practise this their conjectured sentiment you'll see in two companionable and companion fishing-books, both published by PHILIP ALLAN, to wit, *Fish*, by Lord WALSINGHAM, and *Letters to Young Flyfishers*, from Sir GEORGE. Lord WALSINGHAM, whose style is as direct as his all-embracing title—his book's title—devotes himself chiefly and very interestingly to incident, commencing with Thames trout at Eton and finishing with the capture of a big salmon in Norway, and an expression of his pious hope, to which I beg leave to join my own, that he may kill many another. He has the jolliest knack of "thumb-nailing," and I wish I could quote his quick work on a big trout incident (p. 58) or give you at second hand his momentary but vivid glimpse of a bevy of

baby golden tench. Sir GEORGE ASTON, on the other hand, is more the mentor, and his book, with its lucid and useful diagrams of knots, should be digested, if for these aids to tackle-tying alone, by every flyfisher's son. But the *Letters* may be read for far more than their practical worth, for they are the work of one who is, as was "dear Andrew," happy starred "the pen to guide, the fly to throw," and you will lay them and their kindly counsel down with a sigh.

I hope I should have recognised the sterling merit of *The Two Sisters* (CAPE) without the more or less detailed examination of its beauties in a preface by Mr. EDWARD GARNETT, who tells us that the author, Mr. H. E. BATES, is but twenty years old. It is a strange story, set in a drab Midland environment, of a queer lower-middle-class family with a mad father, two devoted but contending sisters, a crude ne'er-do-well of a brother and a stalwart shy wharfinger who, loving *Jenny*, the less comely of the sisters with the more lovable character, is thought by *Tessie* to be in love with herself. The bitterness of this misunderstanding does not break down the deep affection between the two girls, and the subsequent more dramatic tragedy—the drowning of *Michael*—brings them together again in a beautiful patient acceptance of their loss. If the situation is indeed imagined and not merely the imaginative rendering of a known story it is a notable creative achievement. It is an astonishingly complete and finely felt piece of work, whatever its origin, with an occasional touch of the macabre. Mr. BATES has a sense of style, a rare gift of selection of the salient points of character and of the details that build up a scene in the reader's mind. The character of *Jenny*, the sensitive girl full of the imaginative child's beautiful dreams and ardent affections, the development of her self-sacrificing tenderness for her younger impetuous sister, the lovely awakening to love and her joy in her man's quiet strength and fine moral and physical courage, are exquisitely set down. The slight story is admirably handled, and I commend it to the fastidious literary epicure, while assuring those who look for interest and excitement that they will not be disappointed. But it is not a book for the over-eager skipper.



"THE TIDE BE GOING OUT FAST, MAISTER."
"WELL, I DON'T CARE; I SHALL NOT REQUIRE IT AGAIN UNTIL NEXT YEAR. I'M GOING HOME IN THE MORNING."

Since the title of Mr. BOOTH TARKINGTON'S latest book, *Women* (HEINEMANN), might mislead one into thinking that, forsaking fiction, he had broken out into a learned treatise on its subject, I hasten to assure his many admiring readers that nothing of the sort has happened. *Women* is fiction pure and simple, a rather cunning compromise between a full-length novel and a series of short stories dealing with life from the point of view of the ladies of a prosperous American suburb—in which part of the United States I am not, alas, expert enough to decide. Since nothing seems to attract women more than discussion of their own characteristics, even when it is uncomplimentary, Mr. TARKINGTON is sure of a considerable success with them; and I need only recommend his book to men. Slight as his stories are, there is much shrewd understanding of their theme scattered through them, and their value on this score is considerably higher than their value from the point of view of thrilling plot and incident. Personally, I was much attracted by *Mrs. Cromwell* and her daughters and downright *Mrs. Dodge* and their set. Some of them seemed a little sillier than can possibly be true to life, but perhaps a book which had no silly women in it might be regarded as unconvincing.

My pleasure in reading *Peacock House* (HUTCHINSON) would have been increased if I had not found over forty lines of print on each full page. But that is a minor blemish, for which, I take it, the publishers and not Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS are responsible. Personally I like him better as a writer of long than of short stories, but upon whatever branch of literature he may be engaged his work has a definite quality peculiar to himself. This quality is especially obvious in the first of these fifteen stories, and "Peacock House" was rightly chosen to give its name to the collection. "Count Rollo" and "Grey Lady Drive" have seriously shaken my profound conviction that undetected murderers invariably suffer from alarms and remorse. Occasionally Mr. PHILLPOTTS' methods are over-leisurely, and in "The Cairn" he is slow in relating what is really the mildest of bamboozles. But taken as a whole his XV. is a good side, with a most excellent captain to lead it.

If it be a fact that there are only seven original or, as we should nowadays call them, "key," plots in the world, and that every story which has been written since the beginning of time is a variant upon one or another of them, the story of the princess who married the swineherd must assuredly be one of the seven. Mr. BASIL KING'S *The High Forfeit* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a shining example of a variant of it. Mr. KING has woven an exceedingly absorbing story around the world-old theme. Not that his pretty brainless *Theo* is really a princess at all. She is the daughter of a self-made New York bank president, whose head is as inflated as his money-bags, and her swineherd, otherwise *George Pevensey*, is a teller in the parental bank, and incidentally a War hero, who, like many others, has to learn the bitter lesson that the levelling of social barriers during the war years was merely a temporary measure. But it all comes to the same thing, with the exception that the gulf which parted the fairy-tale swineherd from his princess was apparently a mere crack by comparison with that which yawns between a decent young fellow of the American middle-class and a daughter of the New York plutocracy.

Mr. AUSTIN PHILIPS, in *A Colombo Night* (MILLS AND BOON), provides lavish and varied entertainment. At his best he is an excellent writer of short stories; his openings at once attract attention, and at the end he gives a pleasant and unexpected twist to his tale. Both the story that gives its name to this collection and "Ordeal of Mr. Justice Aylesbeare" are admirably conceived and written. Occasionally, however, Mr. PHILIPS descends to the very depths of sensationalism; "Mate"—in which a celebrated pianist is kidnapped—is a great, though (mercifully) short, mistake. But, taken one with another, these seventeen stories show that their author has real inventive and imaginative powers, and that generally speaking he uses them with judgment and effect.

CHARIVARIA.

ALTHOUGH Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD proposes to spend a long holiday in the Sahara it is not expected that he will be accompanied by the other leaders of the Labour Party. They are no great sheikhs.

* * *

Mr. A. J. COOK has been invited to visit Russia as soon as the coal strike is settled. This should give further encouragement to the peacemakers.

* * *

A delegate from Moscow was arrested on the French frontier with a hundred pounds in his boots. It is supposed that it was his way of putting his foot down on Capital.

* * *

The moving mountain reported from Geneva is regarded locally as evidence of faith in the League of Nations.

* * *

Councillor T. D. WOOD, the Mayor, has described Margate as the Lido of England. Up to the present no Italian has returned the compliment by describing the Venetian coast as the Thanet of the Adriatic.

* * *

With reference to the appeal for the preservation of the Seven Sisters, near Eastbourne, an old lady writes to us expressing the hope that they will be enabled to enter a home for indigent gentlewomen.

* * *

"Seeing England First" sounds very well, and might be possible if the picnic parties didn't cover the nicest parts with their litter.

* * *

With HOBBS and RHODES at the top of the batting and bowling averages, many a young cricketer is consoling himself after a bad season with the reflection that he will be over forty some day and learn the game.

* * *

Mr. JAMES COX, the town crier of Burnham, is reputed to have a voice which can be heard seven miles away. If the sergeant-major we used to know couldn't do better than that he used to think he was suffering from aphasia.

* * *

Up till the time of writing they have not let the male hippopotamus see his baby at the Zoo. He might overhear some tactless visitor saying how much it resembles its father.

During the recent manœuvres experiments were conducted with the view of ascertaining the possibility of the soldier's pack being carried for him by transport into the fighting line. Military men of the old school regard this as a prelude to the introduction of the luggage-in-advance system into modern warfare.

* * *

At the afternoon open-air meetings of the Land and Nation League, at Oxford, speakers' names were drawn from a hat. There is, in our opinion, too much of this oratory through the hat.



"I HAVE A NEW COOK COMING ON MONDAY."
"OH, MY DEAR, HOW EXCITING! WHAT *ARE* YOU GOING TO WEAR?"

Mme. TETRAZZINI is said to be disappointed because there was so much publicity about her forthcoming marriage. We presume that the famous prima donna did not want to make a song about it.

* * *

A new fifty-pound motor-car is to be put on the market. We understand a shoe-horn will be supplied to enable passengers to get in and out of the car.

* * *

A Stratford woman has been fined for knocking down three women and a policeman, after which she tried to destroy a pillar-box. One theory is that she was practising for the Autumn Sales.

Five pounds was the prize offered in a Lancashire competition for men who could hold their breath the longest. Why isn't a similar inducement held out to saxophone-players?

* * *

A Yorkshire farmer has a hen that lays two eggs a day. But a hen of course has no Trade Union.

* * *

It is not until you 've seen a Scots athlete at a Highland gathering toss the caber that you realise there are people who could actually write with some of these very large fountain pens.

* * *

Probably the best way to pay for the next war will be to sell the film rights first of all.

* * *

There has been a plague of caterpillars in Kent. These are thought to be local insects instigated by London agitators who made a forced march from Hyde Park.

* * *

A potato weighing 2 lb. 2 oz. has been produced at Ashford. A local theory is that the recent earth tremors were caused by the vegetable growing.

* * *

A lady Channel aspirant refused to talk to a newspaper representative. With such fierce competition as there has been this year new and original methods are bound to be tried.

* * *

Professor DORSEY, an American scientist, says that the nose is one of man's most superfluous organs. Is this a delicate hint to the British taxpayer to keep his to the grindstone?

* * *

The reported discovery of the secret letters of a Hittite king is one more instance of the folly of neglecting to destroy one's correspondence.

* * *

The appeal to those willing to assist the College of Pestology to rid Hyde Park of caterpillars gives Mayfair yet another opportunity to show its mettle.

* * *

Another nuisance worth the attention of the College is the plague of lounge-lizards.

* * *

In the Canine Section of the Craven Agricultural Society's show held last week there were several lengths of dachshund on exhibition.

SEEING ENGLAND.

ENGLAND is to be developed and advertised, I gather, as a touring centre for the world. Many Americans, of course, visit it already, but a great deal will have to be done before it becomes intimately familiar to the Swiss, the Germans, the Spaniards, the Italians and the French.

I myself am preparing a short conversational manual devoted to the English countryside, whose quaint picturesqueness and old-world charm ought surely to be far better known to our continental friends.

I give below a few preliminary extracts in the English language, which will be arranged to face parallel columns in any required tongue.

It is too { hot. / cold. / wet.

The whole of the landscape is wrapped in mist.

Where can I purchase a { fur-coat? / mackintosh? / umbrella? / parasol? / pair of goloshes? / pair of stilts?

I wish to visit the { church. / cathedral.

The door of { church / cathedral } this is locked.

Where can I obtain the key?

The key is in the pocket of the sacristan.

Where is the sacristan?

The sacristan is working on the allotment behind the sewage-farm.

I am both hungry and thirsty.

Where can I obtain some refreshments?

I wish to sit outside { tavern / hotel } this and consume a { glass / bottle } of the local wine.

Explain to me the English licensing laws.

These hedges are too high.

How picturesque is the petrol-serving station!

It is known as the village pump.

Pray ask the guide who lives in the very large house with the park of deer.

It is a gentleman from Pittsburg.

It is permitted to walk through the grounds, but it is not permitted to feed the deer with peppermint-drops.

These hills are very steep.

These corners are very sharp.

I see yonder a perfect specimen of the Elizabethan cottage.

Yes, it is very perfect indeed. It was built two years ago.

If there were fewer trees there would be more corn.

The labourer returns from the inn with an irregular motion.

What type of automobile is this of which I see so many on the road?

It is SPACE TO LET FOR ADVERTISING

The motor-car is completely surrounded by { ducks. / cows. / sheep. / goats. / pigs.

What is the age of the oldest inhabitant?

The age of the oldest inhabitant is less than it was before the large charabanc passed through.

At the house of the greengrocer it is possible to obtain tea.

I do not like tea.

You must partake then of some minerals.

The mineral wealth of England is very great indeed.

These men have no boots.

They are the English tramps who ask for alms; their boots are behind the hedge.

The motor-car wishes to pass the { charabanc / manure-cart } but the { charabanc / manure-cart } driver will not permit this.

Who is the man who sleeps in the hedge?

He is the man who holds the red flag to announce the presence of the steam-roller.

Explain to me the functions of the steam-roller.

It is to make more hazardous the adventure of the English road.

I see a great number of horses and dogs at the four-cross-roads.

The English are commencing to pursue the fox.

Is that the mayor of the village?

No, it is the Master of Hounds.

Explain to me { sounds of the horn. / the words of the whip.

Station me where I shall see best the killing of the fox.

The gardens of the English are beautiful beyond belief.

Tell me the names of the principal flowers.

I do not understand { Greek / the Latin } tongue.

This meat is too tough.

This butter is not fresh.

The meat comes from South America.

The fresh butter has been sent to town.

Yonder is the blacksmith's forge.

What is it that the blacksmith does?

He repairs the machinery of the motor-thrashers and cuts the hair of the schoolmaster's child.

The English gendarme has a mild air. He smiles affably at the farmer's boy.

The English dairy-maid has silk stockings and a cloche hat; she attends regularly the dances and the cinema.

The Squire is absent from home.

The wife of the gardener sells peaches and vegetables to the strangers from town.

The English breed in great numbers dogs, sheep, chickens, partridges, foxes, pigs and hares.

The motor-car must not be left outside the Admiral's gate.

The daughter of the shoemaker is listening-in to the Savoy band.

This house is surrounded by box and yew in order that the inhabitants may be preserved from the dust; but they are also prevented from seeing the view.

The motor-bus starts beside the duck-pond every hour.

The cost of the English tea is fourpence. The price of the English tea is from one shilling to half-a-crown.

EVOE.

THE BABIES AND THEIR NANNIES.

THE Babies and their Nannies
Have all come back to Town;
The town-house blinds are lifted,
The town-house shutters down;
And some came back by railway,
And some came back by car,
But Nannies all are saying,
"Well now, and here we are!"

And up in town-house nurseries
Surprises are in store;
Dear half-forgotten gollies
Are being hugged once more;
And cats, once nursery-kittens,
Must hear the country news;
And dogs, once nursery puppies,
Are barking from the mews.

The leaves are wearing colours
In all the parks and squares;
All prams will go to-morrow
To see how Peter fares;
And, though the summer 's over,
Not one of us will frown,
For Babies and their Nannies
Have all come back to Town.

Net Profit.

Extract from a letter received by residents in the Far East from one of their young daughters at school in England:—

"I realise that Daddy must pay a lot of money to keep us at school in England, and we must try and learn something. I am learning to play tennis."



THE CHINESE PUZZLE.

JOHN BULL. "ONE OF THESE HEADS HAS GOT TO EAT HUMBLE PIE. THE QUESTION IS, WHICH IS IT?"



Donald (to little Sister who has been banished for naughtiness). "MOTHER SAYS YOU CAN COME DOWN NOW. BEEN LONELY?"
Betsy (unsubdued). "NOT A BIT—BEEN HAVING A TALK WITH THE BEAUTIFUL CHILD IN THE MIRROR."

THE BOYS OF THE OLD BRIGADE.

I ARRIVED, as unfashionable worms like myself sometimes do, rather early at the gorgeous portals of the Hotel Bulbul, and the ex-king of Ruritania, who is using up his old uniforms at the door, obviously had his doubts about me. I antidoted my dress-suit with my ticket, however, before he had time to send me round to the waiters' entrance.

"Where," I asked, "is this dinner being held?"

He scrutinised the card. I had a crushing feeling that there were dozens of dinners going on inside, all more important than mine.

"The Hall of Mirrors, Sir. Straight down the stairs."

I went down the stairs and surrendered my hat and coat. Then I coyly produced my diminutive clasp of honours, decorations, medals and awards, and pinned it on the lapel of my coat, partially destroying this in the process.

In the antechamber to the Hall of Mirrors I found a number of small fry like myself. We stood about nervously, gulping cocktails and thinking that this was a lot to get for seventeen-and-tenpence, exclusive of wines. And then—oh, then . . .

The doors were flung back, and into the room began to enter streams of gorgeous men in faultless evening dress, with rows of glittering decorations and jewelled identity discs hanging down their shirt-fronts on red and purple ribbons. They had grace, deportment, beauty, *bel air*, *tournure*, *sangfroid* and *embonpoint*, and showed not a sign of *mauvaise honte*, dickeys or social blemishes. I had previously only read about people who look like this, and I had not attended an Army dinner before. My last war celebration was in 1919, before I went abroad, when we scraped together about twenty officers from my old battalion for a dinner. It was an adequate meal. I remember that after it I took a 31 bus instead of a 13, and argued with the conductor in French. On that occasion our prize medallist was the colonel, who sported the Zulu medal—or was it the Maori? I forget. This was no such sordid business.

It was difficult to believe that these Olympians were, or had been, my brother officers. I saw the well-remembered features of many of our warriors of mark—the O/c Army Fat Collectors, the Army Baker, the Commandant of the Divisional Vegetable Garden; but, instead of the ration tunics of yore, they wore the outfit of Ambassadors, and LE QUEUX Ambassadors at that. My old Divisional Commander's paltry four rows of shaggy ribbon had burgeoned into a crop of miniatures which made him walk with a list to starboard, and he had an eruption of gold, silver and enamel stars all over him which can only be described as scorbutic.

There was a blinding flash from a sort of photographic trench mortar in one corner, my dress-suit turned green and instantly turned black again, and we began dinner.

I found myself opposite Pilbeam, our late Scout Officer, and Fortescue, the Commander of "A" Company. I was shocked to see that they had let themselves get plump. They were aware of it themselves, however, for as I sat down they whispered together, and I caught the word "fat." Evidently they were discussing treatment.

"What are you doing nowadays?" I asked Pilbeam. During the War his hobby had been brooding in No-Man's-Land, and he was popularly supposed to have grown an extra pair of feet on his lower chest owing to much crawling. Probably liquor-running or an illicit small-arms business was the present pursuit of a swashbuckler like this.

"I am in the wholesale fish trade," he replied.

Well, that was that. I turned hopefully to Fortescue. I remembered him

volunteering for a particularly fearsome pill-box raid, from which he crawled back a hundred yards with his thigh broken.

"I am in leather," he said; "and unless split hides pick up I don't look like being in it much longer. The present state of the leather market is a crime. Where have you been? I haven't seen you at any of these shows before."

"I've been abroad," I explained. "What shall we drink? Thick, clear or bubbly?"

"Ginger-ale for me," he answered. "I find that if I drink anything at night I can't sleep."

This was the man who, after three days and nights under incessant shell-fire in water-logged shell-holes, consumed in my presence a supper of tinned-ham sluiced down with champagne in pint-mugs and afterwards slept with his head on a box of Mills bombs.

Pilbeam ordered Vichy water.

"This is very different to B Sector," I remarked, trying to work up an appropriate atmosphere.

They assented.

"How's your youngest, Fortescue?" asked Pilbeam.

"Not so good. He doesn't put on weight. My wife worries rather."

"What do you feed him on?" Pilbeam inquired.

"'Bonzova.' The doctor said——"

"Ah, you ought to try 'Yellins.' When we had trouble with our boy——"

I ate my fish thoughtfully. I was beginning to see that it was nearly eight years since the Armistice.

* * * * *

When I got home that night I sneaked up to my wardrobe and unearthed a tried and familiar friend, one Samuel Browne. He was a little dusty, but he still shone with that deep purple lustre which had been the pride of my batman.

I slipped the strap over my shoulder and pulled the belt through the buckle with trembling fingers. It ran painfully towards the old familiar hole—and then ran back outwards. It was no use. My old friend and I were growing gradually apart.

I went slowly down the stairs feeling like a dropsical Greenwich pensioner. My wife was in the hall.

"Those medals look nice on your black coat," she observed. "But I wish you could wear your uniform. It always suited you so well."

"I don't suppose it would fit me now," I said pathetically.

She looked at me anxiously. "You've been working too hard at that horrid office," she observed with obvious sincerity. "Try to get home a little earlier and you'll soon fill out again."

I gambolled back up the stairs and threw my Sam Browne on top of the wardrobe. All is not yet lost. I have concealed the evidence and shall do secret exercises in the bath-room until such time as Sam Browne and I can hold our own little private reunion.



Lowlander. "THIRD RETURN TAE INVERNESS."
Ticket-Clerk. "CHANGE AT ABERDEEN."
Lowlander. "NA, NA! I'LL TAK' MA CHANGE HERE—AH 'VE BIN TAE ABERDEEN."

The Explanation.

"The German steamer Walter Holken, Lubeck for Ipswich, cargo coal, grounded on Friday in the Canal at Brunsbuttelkoog 77. Vessel apparently tight."—*Provincial Paper.*

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"On the reverse side of the medal is the Latin inscription—'A ma puissance."
Local Paper.

"GREAT ATTRACTION AT EXMOUTH DOCKS.

Miss Edith —— will attempt to break the 1,500 metres world's swimming record and will also establish a world's record for 1,000 metres. Note the date: Wednesday, Sept. 15th, 1936."
Devon Paper.

Well, no intending spectator can complain of not having had good notice.

SIMPLE STORIES.

VI.—THE ANCIENT ROMAN.

ONCE there was an ancient Roman, and he lived in a Roman villa with a pavement and wore a toga and sandals and all those things, and he talked Latin quite easily, and he was a Senator and very important.

Well he had a wife who was a Roman matron and a very nice boy called Claudius, and one day Claudius came to him and said O pater, because he could talk Latin too, will you give me a denarius?

And his father said what for? and he said I want to buy a catapult.

So his father gave him a denarius and he bought a catapult, and one day when he was playing with it he killed a slave by mistake.

Well killing a slave wasn't against the law so it wasn't murder or anything like that, but Claudius was very sorry all the same, and he threw away his catapult and wouldn't use it any more.

And his father bought another slave instead of that one, and he said you must be more careful because slaves are very expensive, and he said he would.

And Claudius was very kind to that slave and never beat him as he would have been allowed to do if he had wanted, because he was very sorry that he had killed the other one by mistake.

Well the slave came from Gaul, and he was very homesick and wanted to go back there because he had a mother and a little sister and he loved them.

So one day he told Claudius that he would like to escape, and Claudius said he would help him and he did, and the slave escaped.

Well when he found out that the slave had escaped the ancient Roman was very angry and said I can't afford to go on losing slaves like this, that's the second in a fortnight, and if I find out that anybody has helped him to escape I will put him to death.

Now Claudius had told his mother that he had helped the slave to escape, so she said to the ancient Roman you had better be careful what you say or you may be sorry, and he said what do you mean?

So she thought she had better tell him, and she said well Claudius helped the slave to escape because he was sorry for him.

So the ancient Roman hid his head in his toga or one of those things and said eheu, which is Latin for alas, I shall have to put my own son to death.

And his wife said don't be so silly, what for?

And he said because I said I would and I can't go on being an ancient Roman unless I do.

She said I call it too silly and you'll do nothing of the sort.

And he said are you a Roman matron or not?

She said yes I am, and he said well then behave like one.

Well the ancient Roman didn't put Claudius to death at once because he wanted everybody to know about it, and all their relations came to him and knelt down and asked him not to, but he said he must.

Then they put dust on their heads, but that didn't make any difference either.

So then they brought Claudius to him, and he nearly said he wouldn't, because he looked so nice and he did love him.

But Claudius was very brave, and he said what is all the fuss about O pater?

And they told him.

And he said of course you must put me to death O pater if you said you would.

And everybody said it was very wonderful, and Claudius was an ancient Roman too though he was so young. And they all cried very loud which grown-up people used to do then and tore their togas.

Well all this time the slave was hiding in Rome with some friends and hadn't started for Gaul yet. So when he heard about Claudius he came and gave himself up, and he said if you must put somebody to death put me.

Well the ancient Roman wasn't sure whether it would count, but his wife said don't be so silly, you said you would put anybody to death who helped the slave escape, and he hasn't escaped.

So he said oh very well then I will put the slave to death, but I don't quite like it and I hope everybody will remember how it was.

Then Claudius said O pater either put me to death or don't put anybody to death and let the slave go free.

And he said why? and he said because he has been so brave and I like him.

So the ancient Roman thought that was the best way out of it though it was very expensive and he let the slave go free.

And the slave was so grateful that he said he would just go to Gaul to see his mother and his little sister and then come back and serve Claudius for nothing, and clean his sandals and brush his togas.

Well the slave was really a sort of Prince in his own country though he hadn't said so, and his mother was a Princess and had plenty of money. So they all came back and lived in Rome, and when Claudius grew up he married his little sister who was very beautiful.

And the ancient Roman was very pleased and he said it all comes of doing your duty. A. M.



"THEN CLAUDIUS SAID O PATER EITHER PUT ME TO DEATH OR DON'T PUT ANYBODY TO DEATH."

Our Helpful Publicists.

From a letter on the coal stoppage:
"This disastrous dispute is accelerating with dangerous rapidity the prosperity of the Community . . ."—*Local Paper*.
Really we hadn't noticed it.

"'When the war drums throb no longer
And the battle flags are furled—'
When one reads of the events that have taken place at Geneva this week one is reminded of Kipling's lines of the pacific future of mankind, when all nations meet amicably in a world-wide federation."—*Ulster Paper*.
And one is reminded even more strongly of a similar vision in TENNYSON'S *Locksley Hall*.



"EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT IF YOU WISH THIS TO APPEAR IN THE COMIC PAPERS YOU SHOULD GO AND DO IT IN FRONT OF No. 13, NEXT DOOR."

DUM SPIRO—PERSPIRO.

THE face of the earth was dry, very dry. Even the Tigris in the light of the setting sun looked not so much moist as molten. On the far bank shimmered JONAH'S Tomb, where, as perhaps you know, there is still kept a tooth of the whale that bit him.

William and I, from our seats in the garden of the Mosul Club, frowned alternately at the landscape and at each other.

"A hundred-and-eighteen in the shade again to-day," said William, mopping his face. "What shocking mismanagement! I can't help thinking that this country was run very much better when OSCAR ASCHE had it at His Majesty's."

"How long does the heat last as a rule?" I inquired.

"The first three months are the worst. The treatment for heat-stroke is to pack the patient up with ice rather as though he were a bottle of champagne. Sounds pleasant. Now how could I feign heat-stroke, I wonder?"

"You might try putting the wrong end of the thermometer in your mouth and letting the atmosphere do the rest; but there—you 'd be sure to overdo it."

William sighed and called the steward.

"Boy," he said, "put two John Collins on the ice until they 're off the boil and bring them out here."

I killed one of the few flies that had survived the heat. He was too ill, poor chap, to make other than a half-hearted attempt to escape. The steward, returning with drinks, also brought newspapers.

"Thank heavens," said William, "the English papers have arrived."

Glad of the diversion we opened one apiece. A look of distress crossed William's features as he pointed to conspicuous headlines.

"Shade Temperature of 83. London in the Heat Wave," they ran.

Alternative Occupation.

"Wanted, Daily Work as Charwoman or Pianist."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

At a church pageant:—

"Archdeacon Gregory, who afterwards became Pope, was seen moving about the slave market in Rome, where he is attracted by the white slave children from England. He asked who they were and was told they were Angles. Everyone is familiar with his reply: 'Not Angles, but angles!'"—*New Zealand Paper.*

"A woman motoring from Grimsby to Leeds drove her tow-seater into the South Yorkshire Navigation Canal at Thorne, near Doncaster."
Liverpool Paper.

A canal would naturally have an attraction for that kind of car.

"A popular scientific exhibition is being organised to take place next month. The arrangements are exhibiting at the Central Public Library a large Mayor as chairman."
Daily Paper.

These scientific exhibitions are always the better for a touch of humour.

SHE-SHANTIES.

THE DUKE AND THE UKE.

A Little Song for Imbeciles.

I KNOW a Dook
Who loved his cook
In the purest kind of way;
So he took his uke
And he sang, "Sweet Cook,
Have you anything for me to-day?"

Twang! twankle, twinkle, twankle,
Twang! twankle, twinkle, tway!

"There's soup," said the Cook,
"A recipe I took
From a cookery-book that's new;
There's also fish——"
But the Duke said, "Pish!
Why, all that I wish is you."

Twang! twankle, twinkle, twankle,
Twang! twankle, twinkle, tway!

"Cook," said the Dook,
"I know a nice nook
Where nobody will look, my dear.
Sweet, sweet Cook,
I'll teach you the uke——"
But the virtuous domestic she replied,
"No fear!"

Twang! twankle, twinkle, twankle,
Twang! twankle, twinkle, tway!

The Duke he played
A serenade
Beginning, "Sweet Marie,
More lovely far
Than oysters are!"
But, "Blast you, milord!" said she.

Twang! twankle, twinkle, twankle,
Twang! twankle, twinkle, tway!

"Misunderstood!
I'm quite, quite good,"
The chivalrous peer replied;
But the Cook put a bat
In the soup; and "That
Is that," said the Cook. He died.

Twang! twankle, twinkle, twankle,
Twang! twankle, twinkle, tway!

The pain, I hear,
Was quite severe,
And yet no grudge he cherished;
While she, of course,
From pure remorse
Took methylated twice and perished.

Twang! twankle, twinkle, twankle,
Twang! twankle, twinkle, tway!

It only shows
One never knows
How best to treat the Sex;
The gentle touch
Don't help you much—
Much better wring their necks!

Twang! twankle, twinkle, twankle,
Twang! twankle, twinkle, tway!

A. P. H.

HOW TO BE A PUBLISHER.

(*By an Author.*)

I.

So many publishers have written advice to authors on subjects such as "How to make a Living by the Pen" and "What Publishers Want," that I think it is about time for an author to retaliate. Personally, I don't believe a publisher knows much about the troubles of an author's life; certainly nothing about those of the rejection-slip receiving end. Of course some publishers are authors too, but even these must have, at any rate, *one* firm which will not send their MSS. back with a letter to say that "we regret we have kept your MS. eighteen months, but we wished to get an expert opinion on your description of the Charleston in Chapter VII. While all our readers are united in saying the book is a masterpiece, we feel that at the present time we cannot see our way . . . etc. . . ."

So I have drawn up the following hints on "How to be a Publisher." They are intended for the young man who, in considering his choice of a career, has taken the advice of a few author friends and decided to start a publishing business.

The first thing to do is to get an office, remembering that a cellar in the City is worth a block at Balham. The office should be furnished with a revolving chair, a desk, a telephone and a carefully-chosen office-boy. Cover the desk with a mass of important business letters from all the best firms; these are obtainable from any good second-hand dealer, signed, folded and slightly crumpled, but with dates to be filled in by purchaser as required. Invest also in some imposing notepaper headed, "The House of Hotchkins," and have a box of cigars on a side-table—the offering kind, not the smoking kind. All this is called by us authors atmosphere. If anyone inadvertently lights one of the cigars you will know why.

Everything from the office-boy upwards is designed to establish superiority of *morale* over the young author who visits you. Whatever remnants of *morale* your carefully-chosen office-boy leaves to him you will have no difficulty in shattering with the revolving chair and the telephone, though in stubborn cases you may have to fall back on one of the cigars.

Having prised his MS. off your victim—about half-a-hundred-weight of paper—which, if he is a young author, he will "just by chance have slipped into his overcoat pocket that morning"—send him away again and give it to the office-boy to read.

From the office-boy's symptoms during the next week you will get an idea of the book as under:—

(*a*) If he develops a tendency to sleep, or is late in the morning, or gives notice, it is an intricate character-study.

(*b*) If he forgets his lunch or his *Tit-Bits*, or the date of his grandmother's forthcoming death, it is a detective story.

(*c*) If he takes notes on his cuff or is found declaiming to himself in corners, it is a high-life best-seller.

(*d*) If he laughs, it is pathos.

(*e*) If he gives it up after Chapter III., it is humour.

(*f*) If he loses it—well, it doesn't matter what it is, as the author will have to write another. Or else you will have to have a fire in the office, provided you think the Insurance Company will stand it.

Having got some idea of what the ghastly thing is about, you have now three courses open: (*a*) to require the author to alter it; (*b*) to refuse it; (*c*) to accept it.

If the author is very young, I should not advise you to try (*a*). Every young author knows that his book is a masterpiece, complete in itself, and that to cut out Clarissa's four-page soliloquy to the gas-stove in Chapter IV. is to reduce the thing to the sordid level of those books which are written for money.

The next course open to you is to refuse it. It is best to do this by letter and then go out of town for a month. Your letter should strike the happy mean between directness, such as "This book is tripe. Ask the dustman to call for it to-morrow," and the following style of rejection slip, used, I understand, by polite Chinese publishers:—

MOST HONOURED SIR,—We have read with infinite delight your thrice-divine manuscript. Never before have we revelled in such an exquisite masterpiece. If, however, we published it the authorities, ravished by unimaginable ecstasy, would order us at once to take it as a model and henceforward never to publish anything inferior. Since it would be impossible to find its equal within ten thousand years we are compelled, though shaken with sorrow, to return your thrice-divine manuscript to you; and for so doing we crave ten million pardons.

Yours ancestrally, TIN TUKO,
per pro WUN TUNG & ANOTHER & Co.

(Next week I will deal with the procedure in case of acceptance.)

A. A.



Vicar's Cook (to Gardener). "YOU'LL HAVE TO MEND UP THAT THERE PURGATORY, MR. OLDSTOCK, BEFORE THE BISHOP COMES NEXT WEEK. HE'S GOT TO GO THROUGH IT."

THE FAMILY DUEL.

THERE was a tall poet whose truculent tilts
At propriety charmed all the minxes and jilts;
But his father, unmoved by his mutinous lilts,
Derisively called him "a microbe on stilts."

The calumny rankled and stung like a curse,
But an open retort would have made matters worse,
For his father had thorough control of the purse
Which enabled the poet to publish his verse.

So in cautious revenge his last poems comprise
A group of veiled portraits where, plain to all eyes,
His father appears as the father of lies
And himself as a saint in a martyr's disguise.

The reprisal was hailed as the grandest of slams
By all juniors at war with their sires and their dams;
But elders, unwilling to take it like lambs,
Did not scruple to call it the sin that was HAM'S.

Strange Behaviour of a River.

From the report of an Urban Council meeting:—

"'It is the worst I have ever seen it,' declared the Surveyor. 'If the weeds are not removed the river will become tilted up at the top end.'"—*East Anglian Paper.*

"The Temple Gardens, which have been lent by the Honourable Society of Benchers of the Inner Circle, have been transformed into a maze of colour."—*Evening Paper.*

Now can't the Honourable Society of Straphangers of the Inner Circle do something to justify their public standing?

CHERCHEZ LA FEMME.

A REMARKABLE scene took place the other afternoon at the Misses Flowerdew's preparatory school for the sons and daughters of gentlemen. While Miss Julia Flowerdew was ably instructing the class in history (explaining that the English won the battle of Agincourt because they had been fasting and meditating while the French had been drinking and feasting) the schoolroom was suddenly converted into a miniature battlefield by the appearance of a small brown rat.

This fearsome beast scuttled round the room in full view of everyone and caused almost as much consternation as the English archers at Agincourt. Most of the sons and daughters of gentlemen gave tongue in various ways, while the dear old ladies (Miss Millicent Flowerdew happened to be in the room at the time) clambered on to a table and shouted "Fire!"

And here it was that my son William showed the gallant stuff of which he is made. Seizing a ruler, he promptly chased the animal into a corner, and with the utmost intrepidity delivered a mortal blow. All was peace again.

That evening the Misses Flowerdew held an important consultation, with the result that on the morrow William was before the whole school presented with a box of sweets and publicly thanked. Subsequently Miss Millicent Flowerdew delivered a short homily on Courage and Promptitude which placed William on something approaching a pedestal and certainly ought to have covered him with blushes.

And now we get the first whisper of tragedy. That evening a dreadful question entered the kindly head of Miss Julia Flowerdew: "How did the rat get into the room at all?" The more she thought of it and the more she examined the schoolroom floor the more impossible did it seem that the rat was an accidental intruder. Was it possible that one of their scholars—one of the sons and daughters of gentlemen—had——? She mentioned the matter with some hesitation to the gentle Miss Millicent, and another cabinet meeting was held.

The result of this momentous discussion was that Miss Julia addressed the assembled school the following morning. Neither she nor her sister, she concluded, thought such a thing in the least likely, but for their own peace of mind and for the honour of the school they felt bound to ask the question: Had anyone brought the rat to school with them, and, if so, had it been released intentionally? Whereupon William stood up in his place and intimated that he was able to answer both questions in the affirmative.

To say that the Misses Flowerdew were nonplussed would be merely paltering with words. They were so flabbergasted that they were totally unable to cope with the situation on the spot. They could do nothing but wait until the evening and then hold another cabinet meeting. Result: Would I call and see them?

I found the two dear ladies in a state of genuine concern. They had decided, it seemed (much against their will), that Willie must be—not expelled; oh, no, that would be too dreadful—but they had decided, or rather they thought, it was quite time he went to a boys' school. They liked Willie immensely—he was a dear child; and of course, after the public presentation, the whole matter was rather awkward—very awkward, in fact; but—er—didn't I think——?

I *did* think, and I relieved their minds by telling them so in decided terms. William should be sent to a boys' school at the end of this term, if they would be so kind as to keep him till then. In the meantime I would deal faithfully with his offence in the privacy of the home.

They beamed. They had, they informed me, looked up "RATS" in the *Encyclopædia*, and found that they were really most dangerous creatures, being capable of carrying the germs of tropical diseases. If there was an outbreak of bubonic plague in the school it would be most unfortunate, but they hoped for the best. And would I please not be too severe with Willie?

And I wasn't; but not, I am afraid, because of the old dames' intercession. On the way home I encountered my niece, Peggy. Peggy is a brown-eyed damsel of eight and a tremendous flame of William's. So much so that they have intimated their intention of marrying in due course and living in a large house near a good circus, with an ice-cream shop in close proximity.

"Well, Pegs," I said, "you've been having excitements at school, I hear. Wild animals loose in the schoolroom and what not."

"You mean the rat," she answered gaily. "Wasn't it a lark?"

"Lark? I guess you got out of the way pretty quickly."

"O-o-h, yes," she laughed; "I jumped on to the form and squealed."

"William was a very naughty boy," I said gravely. "I'm going to spank him."

She looked at me queerly and then slipped her hand in mine. "It was really my fault," she whispered, "so please don't."

"Your fault? What do you mean?"

"Well, I dared him to do it, you know."

"You dared him to do it? Do you mean to say you—you knew it was going to happen before it—er—happened?"

"Of course. I helped him to catch the rat."

I took out my handkerchief and wiped a fevered brow. "But I thought you jumped on the form and—and squealed?"

"Well, I had to *pretend* I was afraid, you know."

"Good lor! But the sweets! Weren't you ashamed when William was presented with the sweets?"

"We shared them," she answered simply.

Once more I wiped the fevered brow. "Pegs," I said sternly, "you are an appalling little minx!"

She squeezed my hand affectionately. "You won't punish him, will you?"

"I don't know," I said.

But I didn't. I came to the conclusion that in the rat matter William was a mere cat's-paw.



Conscientious Motorist (admitting fault). "ALL I CAN SAY IS—I'M VERY SORRY."
The Other. "OH, THAT'S ALL YOU CAN SAY, IS IT? WELL, LISTEN TO ME."

When is wireless first referred to? When ADAM exchanged a spare part for a loud speaker.



Fussy little Man (at rummage sale). "I SAY, MY WIFE SENT SOME OF MY CLOTHES HERE, AND I WANT THEM BACK."
Fair Helper (scathingly). "TRY THE FOURPENNY STALL."

TO AN AMATEUR CHAMPION.

FIRST of our amateurs in this fair land,
Known to the great and honoured of the crowd,
The champion's bays upon your forehead (and
They do you very proud),

When I review your greatness and reflect
On the surpassing height of your degree,
I wonder sometimes if you recollect
That day you played with me.

It was three years ago. Two stern scratch men
Had borne me forth to break a Sabbath day,
And there we met; you were not champion then,
But you were on the way.

As for my handicap, no matter that;
I found myself your partner, and I said
I wished that I 'd put on a decent hat
And gone to church instead.

Yet how I prospered! I can feel it now.
Fortune is evermore a tricksome elf,
Nor had I e'en the veriest inkling how
I should enjoy myself.

It came at once. You will no doubt recall
How at the start some cause beyond control
Pushed you into the rough, and how my ball
It was that saved the hole.

Do you remember—probably you will—
How I went on from strength to growing strength,
The accuracy I displayed, the skill,
The grandeur and the length?

How, when you faltered (be it whispered low)
I with my trusty clubs was there to help
Till e'en the ranks of Tuscany (our foe)
Could scarce forbear to yelp?

And when one criminal by way of joke
Holed out his second in a bogey four,
I with a putt to halve it (with a stroke)
Missed by an inch, no more?

And then the *coup de grâce*, that final putt
That won the match, so vital and so slick,
When those two scratch men said they liked golf, but
This was a bit too thick.

Poised as you are upon a lonely peak,
Like Mars the planet, calm and self-possessed,
Waving at intervals an idle cleek
About your laurelled crest,

Dreams of hard fights and deeds of derring-do
Pass doubtless through your mind, while in your ears
Ring echoes from the lively throng when you
Put it across your peers.

And yet, for all the great fights you have known
And all the triumphs that have made your fame,
When I recall the details of my own
Most admirable game

On that occasion when in open fight
We beat those two scratch men by four and three,
I do not think that you 've forgotten quite
The game you played with me. DUM-DUM.

LONDON FASHIONS.

THE season's fashions are severe in contour but vibrant with colour. Red in particular is to be seen in all shades, from wilted carrot to old sandstone. Pillar-box, *vin ordinaire* and Red Admiral are among the most popular nuances.

There are very few technical innovations to record. Biassed edges and alpaca gussets are momentarily out of favour, as are flounced check-belts and all-tartan tricotines. Patch pockets, if worn, should be full and fluted. Peacock repp and grizzled ninon readily suggest themselves, especially if scalloped with filigree plackets in ripe saxe damask or stale burgundy plush.

To be in good taste, designs should be very simple. A three-piece open front with gathered haircloth edges of teased vicuna or startled antelope gives a pleasing suggestion of roominess without appearing in any way rococo or even baroque. Linings, whether of fustian or *lamé*, should be worn inside as usual.

A particularly effective *ensemble* is a two-panelled *surtout* with a fetching flamingo *poult-de-soie* wainscot and a delightful dado of porridge homespun. A possible improvement would be the addition of horse-radish insertions or pale *passementerie* bands of racecoon madder.

Simplicity is again the keynote of the afternoon frockette. To disregard this would be to deny the authority of *la mode* altogether. Petunia velvet or dalmatian corduroy worn under a kasha coatee, which might be of crushed verdigris, with a faintly stippled selvedge revers of jonquil gingham, would be in the best taste.

With the more valuable furs there is a noticeable tendency to wear the entire pelt, or as much of it as possible. Tasty toques can be had in complete crested skunk or one-piece mammoth nutria.

Reptile skins are still first favourites in the matter of footwear, but a world-shortage of python and lizard is leading to the spurious use of inferior puff-adder and even of unreliable boa-constrictor. The latter is apt to pinch the foot. High-legged boots may still be worn on willowy calves. They should fit tightly over the instep, but should fall gracefully in concertina wrinkles over the ankle. The uppers may be petersham-brimmed with *retroussé* gazelle or old London fog. Crêpe soles should be *meunières*.

Military allusions are decidedly popular, and I have noticed coat-frocks tailored on rigid interior lines being worn with jaunty golden-peaked *képis* and lapel patches of geranium georgette. Belts may be finished in pipe-clay *appliqué*, and monocles, if worn, should be graticuled. Spangles, bugles and sequins are to be polished. Should the habit display a tendency to depart from the customary severe lines it can be caught up and bound at intervals with tasty little knots of vermilion tape.

As regards men's evening wear it is probable that trousers will be of pre-war ebony serge with neat strips of this year's braiding down the outsides. Waistcoats will be white, except on the second and subsequent occasions. Collars will be one size too small, with sharpened edges and solid stud-holes.



Short-sighted Philistine (mistaking map showing position of art shop). "I HATE THIS MODERN ART STUFF, AND I DON'T THINK THAT 'S A WELL-BRED GOAT."

"Wtd., Gent's Hand, at once."
Advt. in Evening Paper.

This isn't Leap Year.

"Go into any American restaurant and the waiter will bring you a glass of water simultaneously."—*Provincial Paper.*

Simultaneously with what? But perhaps it would be indiscreet to inquire further.

"Owing to the depredations of foxes a Mr. William ——, who has died, aged 95, had 60 descendants, two being great-great-grandchildren."—*Tasmanian Paper.*

To atone for the misdeeds of their little ancestors who spoiled the grapes, these foxes seem to have stimulated the olive-branches.

THE EXPLODED ORANGE.

[The Report of the Birmingham Medical Officer of Health reveals an ingenious deception of the public. During the year a large consignment of pallid-skinned oranges came into the market. The public passed them by, and hawkers bought them up at a cheap rate, treated them with dyed grease, bismarck-brown, permanganate of potash or chrysoidine, and then sold them at good prices as "Moroccan bloods."]

ORANGE of the ruddy cheek,
Which the public gladly seek,
How would our bright fancies perish
Could you speak, ah, could you speak!

Orange of the fiery brew,
How we rush to purchase you,
And what radiant pictures cherish
Of the causes of your hue.

How we dream of sunny Spain
Where in light like ruddy rain
You from bud to fruiting revel
And reflect it back again!

As your fragrant soul we taste
How our dreams by thoughts are graced
Of some warm-skinned maid of Seville—
Dreams how sweet, and how misplaced!

Now the dream must flicker down
(Pale and wan you come to town)—
Faded is the dream to hot ash;
You are dyed in bismarck-brown!

Seville suns did not design
On your cheek the hues of wine,
But permanganate of potash,
Painted grease and chrysoidine.

Our Philanthropic Profiteers.

From an article on "Sales of Work":

"For a sale in the autumn, bulbs in bowls sell as well as anything. Threepenny bulbs in a threepenny bowl will sell readily for 1s. 6d. or 2s."—*Daily Paper.*

From a market report:—

"Poor attendance, on account of harversity where he graduated M.B., Ch.B. in Oats, 6s. to 6s. 8d. per cwt."—*Scots Paper.*

Not wild ones, we trust.

"We came away feeling sorry for this Abyssinian woman, called to be queen by cross currants in which she was as a cork on the waves."—*Daily Paper.*

"Cross currants" are just the things we should expect to produce an agitated Sultana.



Wife. "DO YOU THINK THIS ROSETTE IS ALL RIGHT ON MY EVENING HANDBAG, DEAR?"
Bored Husband (affecting an intelligent interest). "I CANNOT CONCEIVE OF A MORE SUITABLE PLACE FOR ITS DISPOSAL, MY DEAR."

BE A LITTLE MAN.

IT happened on the Undercliff Drive at Bournemouth. Nurse had only just stopped to rest, for the pram was heavy, the Rolls-Royce of prams indeed, and the serial in *Home Echoes* was just too thrilling. The dark-haired villain had just locked the bedroom door when Bobby started to whimper. She let him whimper while the villain clasped the heroine roughly by the waist.

"Be quiet, Bobby!"

But Bobby wouldn't be quiet.

"Don't be a baby," she scolded; "be a little man."

Bobby ceased to whimper and fixed a penetrating eye on her. Nurse gasped, for his gaze had lost its happy baby expression. It was a face as old as the hills, with little crows'-feet at the corner of its eyes.

"Well," Bobby snapped in a dry shrill voice, "are we to stay here all night? When you're quite ready, my girl."

This from a baby whose vocabulary consisted of ten words, most of which could only be distinguished by his mother.

Nurse slowly propelled the Rolls-Royce of prams.

"Not that way, damn you!" said Bobby with great distinctness.

"Bobby!" she almost screamed. "You naughty boy! Mustn't use such wicked words."

"Go to blazes," said the baby, chuckling quietly. "Don't be so milk-and-watery, girl. Bless you, you're not so innocent when you're off duty. I've seen you, you baggage."

"One more word from you, Master Bobby, and home you go."

"I'll not go home. Take me where I can get a drink."

"Why, you've just had your milk."

"Milk! Did you say milk? I've a throat like a lime-kiln and you talk of milk."

"Don't be naughty, darling. Where can you have picked up these naughty words?"

"Where can I pick up a good drink?"

"Oh, what do you want?"

"Special Scotch—at once."

An elderly short-sighted gentleman peered at the contents of the pram.

"There's nothing quite so fresh and charming as an English baby. Hello, Baby Bunting!"

"Hello yourself, old cock!" was the surprising response. "What's going to win the two-thirty?"

The short-sighted gentleman fled.

Nurse sat down and wept.

"Whatever's come to the poor lamb? Whatever will his mother say when she comes to see me bath him?"

"Bath me!" snapped Bobby. "Do you mean that a parcel of women mean to bath me? This is a conspiracy, a conspiracy, you—you slut. In another minute I'll get out and walk."

"You—you can't walk. You—you haven't been learnt——"

"Taught, girl, taught."

"T—taught yet, Sir. I don't know what's come over me."

"Neither do I. Stop snivelling. In my young days girls never snivelled. You've no self-control. Have you got a match on you? What have you done with my cigar-case?"

"Oh, he's gone right out of his mind! I shall be blamed for it, and I've done nothing except have a peep at a book."

"That's right, my girl," said the baby sagely. "Cultivate the mind. It needs it. What's that you're reading? Muck! Throw it away. You're no fit companion for a man of my years."

"Year, Bobby. A year come next Tuesday fortnight."

"Why can't you say the 19th *prox.*? Come along, wench. Put your best leg



Mother (superintending the packing of boy returning to school). "WELL, THAT'S EVERYTHING. THERE'S STILL SPACE FOR ANOTHER BOOK, IF YOU LIKE."

Son. "YES, I NOTICED THE SPACE, MOTHER; BUT IT LOOKS TO ME MORE LIKE THE SHAPE OF A CAKE."

forward. Ha! ha! Not bad, either of 'em."

"You make me blush for shame, Master Bobbie. Do be good."

"Hold your tongue, girl."

"Be a good little baby, Bobby," she sobbed.

The features relaxed and the crows'-feet round his eyes filled out.

"Gug! Gug!" he cried, kicking lustily.

A retired colonel stopped to look at him.

"Fine little ma——" he began.

"Hush!" said Nurse fiercely.

Our Classic Cricketers.

From Mr. WARNER'S speech at a cricket dinner:—

"Referring to the selection of Rhodes, he said it might have been considered a confession of weakness to bring a veteran out to help England, but he felt that in inducing Ulysses to emerge from his tent a very useful act had been accomplished."—*Scots Paper.*

Achilles seems to have remained in the pavilion, but then he lacked the advantage of having practised with *Nausicaa.*

SEMI-RECESSIONAL.

"I OFTEN wonder why it is"
(Said Jackson), "after what we 've taught 'em,
That minor nationalities
Go off with such a fearful fizz
Round about early autumn.

"While honest Englishmen engage
Their thoughts with wind and rocks and heather,
And put their passions in a cage,
These idiotic heathen rage
Most furiously together.

"How can a bloke enjoy the links
Or feel delighted with the stubble
When hundreds of confounded Chinks
Are up to their infernal jinks
And causing endless trouble?

"One might suppose they did not see
How awkward these extraneous issues
To every Englishman must be
When faced by the necessity
Of building up his tissues.

"What's more, there are distractions now
In even less remote arenæ,
Both Spain and Greece have had a row;
The other day some silly cow
Threw bombs at MUSSOLINI.

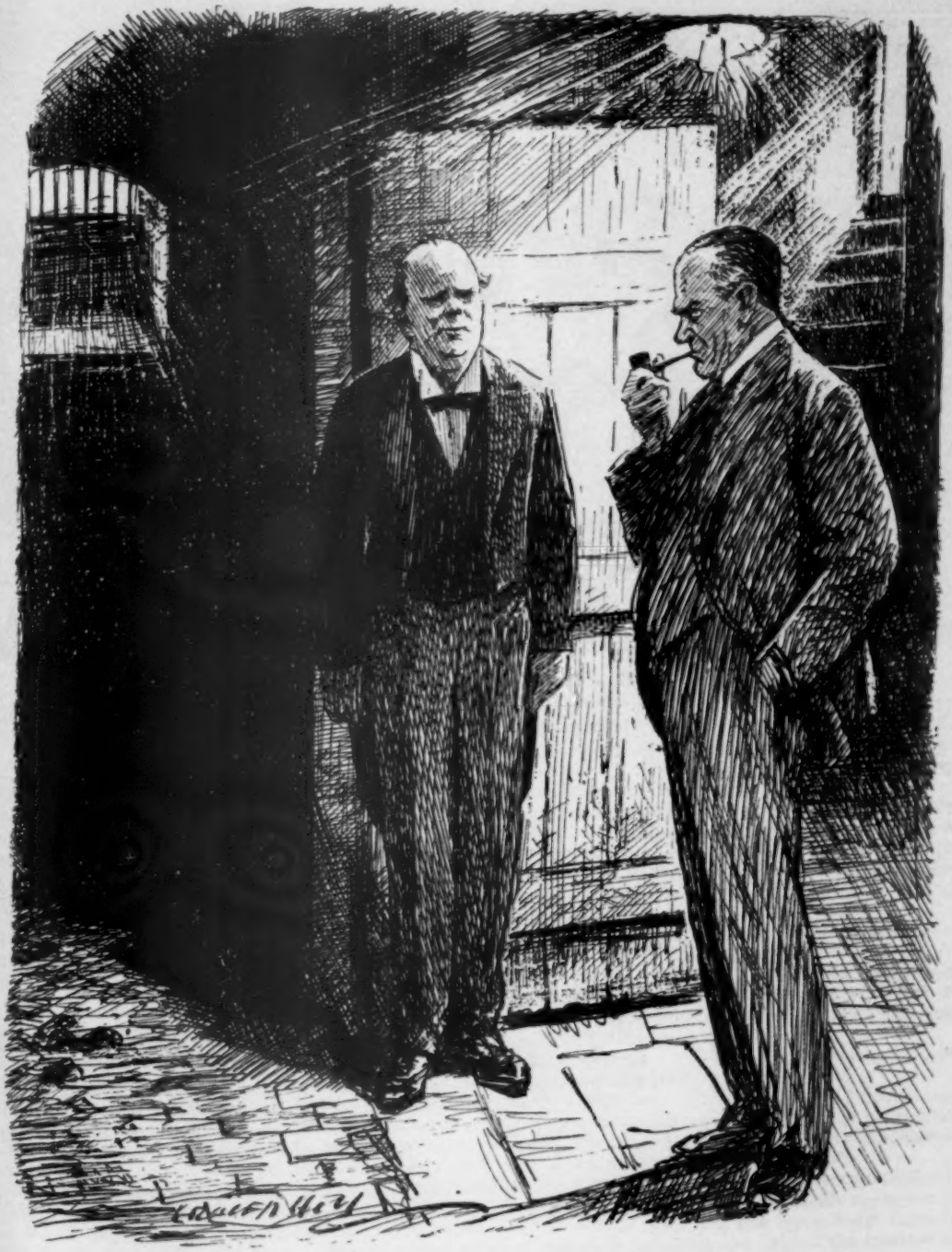
"Whilst England, who is calm and strong
(Whatever may be said by moaners),
Remains the whole vacation long
Content to wonder which were wrong—
The miners or the owners.

"It does annoy me, I confess,
To watch these foreigners disputing;
Their problems would be vastly less
If they indulged in a recess
And did some partridge-shooting."

"Come then" (said I), "at least you thank
Your stars that you're an Anglo-Saxon
And not some member of a blank
Blank State whose politics are rank."

"Indeed I do" (said Jackson).

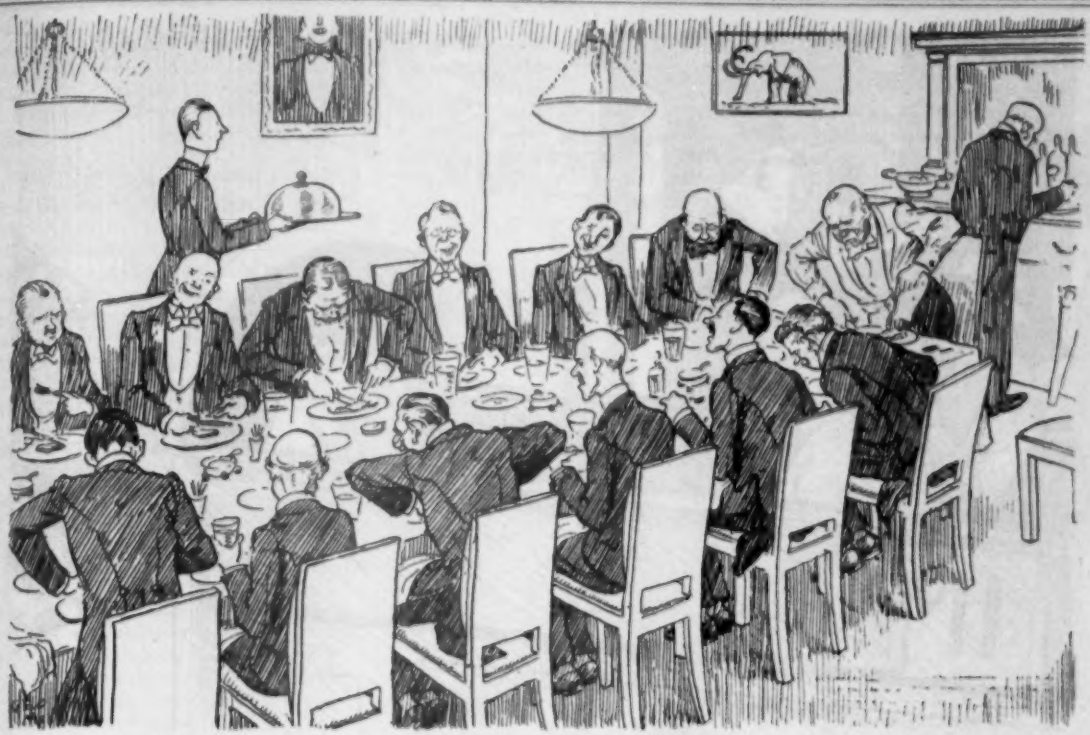
EVOE.



THE HOUSEHOLDER'S RETURN.

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN. "I RATHER HOPED THAT THE COAL-CELLAR WOULD HAVE BEEN FILLED BY NOW."

MR. CHURCHILL. "WE HAVE EXERTED OURSELVES TO THE UTMOST, SIR, BUT I CONFESS THAT THE RESULT HAS HITHERTO BEEN NEGLIGIBLE."



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

"TOUGH STEAK NIGHT" AT THE ODONTOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE OUTLAW.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As a humourist of international repute you may be able to help me. I can think of no one else who can.

This is my dilemma. A few weeks ago I and my car left England for a trip in the Pyrenees. For the export and import of my own insignificant person a passport suffices, but for anything so valuable as a car they require a complicated document called a "triptique." Spain wants one, France wants another. Once you are possessed of these wonderful forms you will find them to be talismans of the greatest value. You can cross frontiers more easily than Piccadilly. But beware! They can, no doubt, bite you as easily as they have bitten me.

I got into France remarkably easily. Everything was in order; they liked the look of both myself and my papers. I crossed France, and with equal ease entered Spain. Several times I thought the alguazils (or whatever they call themselves), who hunt in pairs about the frontier, were going to shoot me; they looked so fierce. But they didn't; at least they didn't hit me. I think my triptique must have saved me. Thence, going along the Pyrenees, I popped over the border once or twice without any trouble whatsoever.

When nearing the end of its Pyrenean journey the car sustained a slight accident. I was then in France, intending to make just one more incursion into Spain. But this I was now forced to forgo, and when the car was restored to health I was about to set its bonnet northwards for home when a friendly Frenchman at my hotel explained to me about the "Sortie Définitive."

Now take my advice, and don't forget about the sortie définitive. When you and your car go out of a country for the last time, the last native douanier tears out a whole sheet of your triptique, after which operation your car is definitely out of that country and may no more return. Conversely, if the douanier does *not* obtain that vital sheet, then officially the car is still in that country, and dreadfully expensive things happen in the way of duties.

That is why I found it necessary to run over the nearest pass to the Spanish aduana on the other side, meaning to get the authorities there just to tear out the offensive sheet without my entering the country at all. And that is the beginning of the end.

At the last French village out came the douanier. I explained to him in his own language (of which I possess some knowledge), "Je vais en Espagne, Monsieur," I remember saying. "J'ai venu seulement pour faire déchirer ma sortie définitive. Je ne veux pas rentrer dans ce pays." Which means (in case you don't know): "I am going into Spain, Sir. I have come only to have my sortie définitive torn out. I do not wish to re-enter that country."

He understood at once. "Bien, Monsieur," he replied, and disappeared into his little box with my French triptique, shortly to reappear and hand it to me.

"Voilà tout, Monsieur; bonjour!" he said; and I proceeded.

After a long climb I gained the top of the pass, and shortly reached the Spanish aduana some kilometres down the other side.

Here I had rather more difficulty, my Spanish being hardly up to my French. At first the excessively fierce-looking gentleman behind the counter showed patent signs of suspicion, but at last he seemed to understand, and finally tore the page out of my Spanish triptique and motioned me off. Two unutterably fierce alguazils (or whatever they are called) glared wickedly at me from over bristling moustachios and from under shiny black hats, and I felt their gaze



Bus Conductor. "HAVE I TAKEN YOUR FARE, SIR?"
Gentleman from the Country. "YES. DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME? I MADE A REMARK TO YOU ABOUT THE WEATHER."

scorching my back till I turned the first corner on my homeward journey.

I reached the French douane once more. The same official greeted me and took my French triptique. He looked at it and shook his head.

"Monsieur cannot enter," he said. "Monsieur has parted with his sortie définitive."

It was, alas! but too true. That fool of a douanier must have mistaken my meaning. At any rate he had certainly removed my French sortie définitive. I pointed out his error.

He merely shrugged, saying, "Mais Monsieur a déclaré définitivement qu'il ne voulait pas rentrer dans ce pays. Alors —— il ne rentrera point."

I argued with him—swore—pleaded. It was all of no avail. "But Monsieur has parted with his sortie définitive" was all he would say. "Monsieur cannot enter. Monsieur must return into Spain."

At length I lost my temper. "But Monsieur *can't* return into Spain, you blithering idiot," I said in my best English. "They've taken my bally Spanish sortie too."

When he had at length grasped this elementary fact he merely shrugged again, and replied, "But Monsieur must try."

Well, in the end, Monsieur, unable to make any headway where he was, *did* try; but without success.

The Spanish official, suspicious before, became positively violent now. My sortie définitive, I fancy he said (but I may be wrong), was already on its way to the King at Madrid, and anyone who attempted to stop it would certainly get executed.

This time *four* alguazils (or whatever they are called) saw me off.

I dashed back to France, and almost fell on my knees to the official. "Night is falling," I said; "it is growing cold. There is no shelter of any kind between the douanes."

"Monsieur might try to get into Andorra," he remarked as he passed into his cosy abode and slammed the door.

On looking it up in my guide-book, I found that I *might* try Andorra, that independent little republic which lies securely tucked away in the mountains thereabouts. But on further perusal I found several very serious objections to the scheme. It is true that they don't have triptiques, but by the way of compensation they don't have roads, and they won't have cars; and the easiest way into the state is a footpath over a seven-thousand-foot col.

Very wearily I drove up again to the summit of the pass. It was by now quite dark, and the district, I need hardly mention, is very inadequately lit.

As I passed the boundary-line I collided inadvertently with the Frontier Post, which broke my front axle. But I was far too miserable to mind, and just remained where I was, snatching here and there what sleep I could.

I awoke with a start. It was broad daylight. My car lay on the edge of the ditch by the roadside, its bonnet in Spain, its back axle in France. Behind me were two French gendarmes, talking and gesticulating, waving the while some formidable forms in their hands. In front of me were eight alguazils (or whatever they are called), dancing and screaming, and positively beating the air with sheaf on sheaf of intensely official-looking literature.

I collected both sets of forms and tried to read them. As far as I could make out the situation was as follows:—The Spanish Government was prosecuting me for being on a public Spanish highway without (1) identification disc, (2) international number-plate, (3) rear-light, (4) any apparent brakes, (5) a silencer. The French authorities were instituting a "procès verbal" against me for having left a

French national highway without (1) permission, (2) side lamps, (3) head-lights, (4) personal identification-plate, (5) any visible means of steering. In addition *both* Governments proposed to fine me for (*a*) obstructing a public highway in {France / Spain}, and (*b*) for damaging one perfectly good Frontier Post.

Simultaneously, too, each party informed me that they proposed to eject me as an undesirable alien. But this caused an unexpected altercation between the two sides. After all, they couldn't go on kicking me backwards and forwards across the frontier for ever, and each side seemed determined to have the last kick.

It was while the episode still held all the possibilities of a grave international crisis that I created a diversion. Taking advantage of a moment when the combatants were temporarily kicking each other instead of me, I made a desperate attempt to move my car. The steering-gear being smashed, the result was not exactly what I intended. I gave one herculean heave and the poor old bus slid right off the road into the ditch, and, as luck would have it, completely turned round (and over) in doing so, so that now my bonnet lay in France and the rest of the car in Spain.

An idea struck me. I hurried to the *mêlée* and, extricating the principal Frenchman, thrust his papers into his hand and dragged him across to where the car lay.

"Monsieur," I said, "I think you deceive yourself. You will see here, in France, that of which you declare I lack—side-lamps, head-lights, identification-plate and steering-wheel." Then I did the same by the alguazils (or whatever they are called).

Both parties scratched their heads and confabulated loudly. In the end they both turned as one man and dashed off, to make the necessary alteration in their forms, I gathered.

Left to myself, I extracted from my bag my passport, a clean collar and a tooth-brush, lit the petrol tank with a match and struck across country for Andorra.

The President, a most charming peasant, was very pleased to see me, and says I may stay as long as I like. That's all very well, but I'm afraid France and Spain will have changed their forms by now. The question is, how to get a "sortie définitive" for myself from Andorra without troubling either France or Spain?

That, Sir, is the problem set you by your rather flustered compatriot,

E. BUNN.

P.S.—By the laws of Andorra aeroplanes may not cross the frontier of the republic, and by the laws of Nature they can't land anywhere if they do.



Friend (drowsily). "THIS IS REALLY FUNNY. STOP ME IF YOU 'VE HEARD IT BEFORE."

FANCY FARM.

[A small homestead in Scotland bears, on the usually prosaic Ordnance Survey Sheet, the alluring title of Fancy Farm.]

O'er Fancy Farm, o'er Fancy Farm
In skies for ever blue
The larks sing gaily all the year,
While winding waters, crystal clear,
Run dimpling there and dancing here
Through meads of rainbow hue—
Oh! Nature showers her wealth of charm
With open hand on Fancy Farm.

At Fancy Farm, at Fancy Farm
The seasons fleetly flow;
Hale Winter merges into Spring
In one brave burst of blossoming,
And scarce the nesting swallows cling
About the casements low
Ere harvest waits the reaper's arm—
No rattling wheels on Fancy Farm!

In Fancy Farm, in Fancy Farm,
Could I win there with You
The genial hearth should ne'er grow cold,
The field should yield a hundredfold,
And all our geese lay eggs of gold
And every dream come true;
Nor aught endued with power to harm
Invade the peace of Fancy Farm.

Our Pampered Pets Again.

"Wanted, at once, experienced Horsemaid, references essent ial."—*Provincial Paper.*

IN GOLF'S OWN COUNTRY.

—— Golf Club, Scotland.
September, '26.

IT is said that no golfer's education is complete until he has played in Scotland; and there is much truth in it. It is now the morning of the third day since Grant and I arrived here, and we have learned much already. We have still a good deal to learn. We have, for instance, to learn to understand what our caddies say when they speak to us; but this, we think, will become easier when (if ever) the wind ceases to howl across the course, carrying with it a blinding and deafening torrent of rain.

What we have learnt above all is that there is absolutely no truth in the theory, which we have always held, that nothing can stop us playing golf except snow or fog. So far (touching wood) we have had no snow or fog; but we have had very little golf, and the hardy Scots around us have had none at all.

There is an island out to sea. When you can see this island there is a chance that the weather may clear; when you can't it is quite definitely hopeless, and you stop in the clubhouse or hotel smiling tolerantly at the foolish Englishmen who don't understand, or refuse to believe about, this island, and who consequently keep coming back from the course soaked to the vest and pants, having played two holes and paid their caddies for a full round. We haven't seen the island yet; we have hardly seen the sea in which it lies, because everything out there has got merged into one great mass of wetness which extends from the sky to the earth and to the waters under the earth.

It was on the afternoon of the day before yesterday that Grant and I first went out against the local advice. The flag on the first green (two-hundred-and-sixty yards away) had hove in sight, the rain had suddenly become something like our ordinary south-country rain, and we were listening to no old wives' tales about an island.

The first hole runs alongside the sea, the sea being on your right; so the proper way to play this hole is to aim at the sea, leaving it to the gale to bring you back to land. Grant took the honour and aimed at the sea. He hit it. His ball hewed its way resolutely through the teeth of the gale, never faltering in its flight until it was swallowed up by an angry wave.

"Curse!" said Grant; "the wind never touched it."

"Bad luck!" I yelled back; but I knew in my heart that his drive was sliced, and it's no use slicing into a right-hand wind.

My own plan was to aim out to sea with a little touch of "draw" on the ball so that it should come sailing in on the gale, pitching on the right-hand side of the fairway, whence, aided by the full force of the gale and the natural tendency of its spin, it would bound forward and leftward, finishing a long way down on the left-hand side of the fairway and leaving me a nice push-shot up to the green, with the wind sufficiently against me to control the flight of my ball. I took up my stance accordingly, the ball slightly closer to my right foot than my left, the toes of my left foot turned in after the manner of TOLLEY, my right hand well under the club, my right shoulder a little lowered, my weight on my right leg. This, I have found, is the way to impart that little bit of draw to the ball. Sometimes it is the way to impart quite a lot of draw; sometimes even so much that it ceases to be a draw at all and becomes a terrific pull. It was so on this occasion. My ball, after swinging across the fairway, turned threateningly towards the clubhouse; boring ever more and more to the left, it missed the smoking-room chimney by inches and came to rest on a fairway which I subsequently learnt belonged to the sixteenth hole. From here to the first green was a very long way indeed, because I had borrowed the whole of my gale for my drive and there was nothing left now but to pay it all back. A full brassie brought me to the rough on the left of the first hole; two niblick shots hacked me out on to the fairway; another brassie put me back into the rough on the left, because I had again made the mistake of borrowing too much gale; a crisp masbie niblick shot dropped me into the pond, which had formed in the bunker guarding the green; a magnificent splosh-shot got me on to the edge of the green; and here I met Grant, crouching under an umbrella, for the first time since we had left the tee. His second drive, I remembered, had been a gentle poke down the middle of the fairway.



"WAS YOUR GARDEN A SUCCESS THIS YEAR?"
"I SHOULD SAY SO. MY NEIGHBOUR'S CHICKENS TOOK FIRST PRIZE AT THE POULTRY SHOW."

"How many have you played?" I yelled, fighting my way across the green.

"Six," he shouted back. "How many are you?"

"Seven," I roared, and I took up my stance for my putt. It was a long curly one, and I asked my caddy for the line.

"Och aye braw bricht deoch an doris rechtreet," he replied, or words to that effect.

I struck my ball very truly and it crept over the little hillock above the hole, trickled gently down and fell in. That was eight. Grant's ball was six yards from the hole, and on the top side. He hit his first putt a little too firmly, his second putt a little too gently, and I won the hole after all. One up.

I am still one up. We had to abandon the rest of that round, because just as I was addressing my ball on the second tee the gale became a hurricane and Grant's umbrella blew inside-out. Also it had stopped raining and begun to hail, and I got rather badly cut about the face.

And that is the only time we have succeeded in completing the first hole.

We are still hopeful, of course. Grant is on duty all day looking out for the island. Three times this morning he has interrupted me at my writing-desk in the club-house to say, "I say, come and look. Do you think that could possibly be the island?"



School Children (after crack shot has taken a beautiful right and left out of a big covey). "OH, LOOK WHAT A LOT 'E 'S MISSED!"

But it never has been. It has always been a huge black cloud gathering over the sea and preparing to land on the golf-course.

Perhaps this afternoon . . . L. B. G.

Kingsley Revised.

Be rude, sleek youth, and let who will be pleasant;
Blow your own trumpet, blow it all day long,
And make of Life, Death, Future, Past and Present
A comic song.

"The Patriarch of Lisbon has issued a pastoral letter to the clergy to pray for rain in the cathedral and all churches."—*Daily Paper.*

Is it because the sermons are so dry?

"GOOD HEALTH WEEK.
TEACHING BARKING MOTHERS HOW AND WHAT TO COOK."
Evening Paper.

In the hope that the "bite" may be better than the bark?

From an interview with Mlle. LENGLEN's American manager:—

"He said that Mlle. Lenglen would participate at the garden in a shingles match against a noted American woman player."
Scots Paper.

We trust SUZANNE will keep her hair on, or there will undoubtedly be wigs on the green.

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

THREE SONGS.

(*After Mr. JAMES STEPHENS.*)

I.—BEDRAGGLED.

WITH rain on his feathers,
With nothing to say,
That bird of all weathers
Sat hunched on the spray.

No chirping or singing,
No wink in his eye;
To a wet spray clinging
And not knowing why.

II.—SWEET CONTENT.

Mary has a little lamb,
And she has a blackbird too;
One will grow into a ram
And do as all the old rams do;
And Thomas with his boxwood flute
Making magic on a spray
Will gobble worms until he 's mute,
His singing glory cast away.

Mary, when she combs her hair,
In the silver-lighted dawn
Sees her playmate here and there
Frisking, nibbling on the lawn,
Hears the blackbird's song, and cries
To her pets on grass and tree:
"Mutton-chops and blackbird-pies
Are no earthly use to me."

III.—SOFTLY, SOFTLY.

When you stray into my dreams
Put your slippers on and creep—
Woollen slippers without seams,
Silken moccasins of sleep.

Though I pace with Deirdre
In the grey bog where we meet,
Even there will come to me
The harsh rumour of your feet.

Put your slippers on and creep
When you stray into my dreams;
Silken moccasins of sleep,
Woollen slippers without seams.

W. K. S.

The New Cow.

"We supply Milk in bottles, as the cow gives it."—*Advt. in Midland Paper.*

"LENGLEN RETIRES FROM AMATEUR CRICKET."
Headline in Palestine Paper.

And so England won the Test Match.

"THE BRITISH BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP.

One of the most terrible tragedies of this summer's sporting season was the defeat of Bobby Jones . . . After having defeated Robert Harris, the holder of the championship, in an incomparable match, the odds on his winning the championship were about ninety-nine to one. At the buffet, one of the spectators expressed the opinion that Bobby could not fail to win and, to show his confidence in the player, backed him to the extent of two shillings . . ."—*Brazilian Paper (translated).*

The plunger!

AT THE PLAY.

"THE CONSTANT NYMPH" (NEW).

THE stage version of that remarkable novel, *The Constant Nymph*, is so adroitly contrived by the gifted author, with the assistance of Mr. BASIL DEAN, as almost to persuade me to abandon a theory, based on much observation, that this business of adaptation is an intrinsically unseemly thing to attempt. There can be no doubt that the reconstructed piece stands by itself, is throughout interesting and is not notably out of balance. True, the mood of the whole is subtly changed. There is more conscious humour—the humour of the members of *Sanger's* circus was mainly unconscious, and not less diverting for that. The young musician, *Lewis Dodd*, appears much less hopelessly impossible and bearish. Very cleverly in their difficult feat of compression the adapters leave us no more of the old man *Sanger* than a voice in his bedroom, yet he dominates the whole of the long and completely successful first scene. And they suppress his two boys. As it is we are left with twenty-two characters, of which two, an usher and fireman at the Queen's Hall, are called in to help towards the plausible elopement of *Lewis* and *Teresa*, a business which the novelist can arrange in a half-dozen words without them.

The action quite clearly divides itself into three phases. In the first Act, "The Circus," we have a diverting picture of the life of the *Sanger* family in their châlet in the Austrian Tirol, with its appallingly candid methods, the children particularly, *Tessa* ("The Constant Nymph"), *Lina* and *Tony*, so queer a compound of ultra-sophistication and essential innocence; their father's blonde mistress, so full of vulgar malice, which however cannot touch their armoured souls; the disregarded guests, the unpunctual unsubstantial meals. And here we learn how things really stand between the young *Dodd* and *Tessa*, a child and so much more than a child, who has always loved him so far back as she can remember, and can never change. And now her child's love is turning to woman's love, and you can see how bitter a thing for her is the coming of her beautiful cousin, *Florence*, from England, and her capture of the young musician's heart, or at least his senses.

Act II., "The Silver Sty," shows how



SANGER'S QUICK SUPPER-BAR.

the lady who loved a swine set him in a silver sty at Strand-on-the-Green, and brought influential people to parties there so that he might get on, and how all that he could find to say was "Hunks!" In Act III. he effects his escape, after the successful or at least challenging performance of his symphony, to that tragic little room in the evil house in Brussels, where death solves a problem too subtle and too difficult to be solved in any other way. Here indeed, I thought, the solid three-dimensional commerce of the stage did break down the lovely delicacy of Miss MARGARET KENNEDY'S handling in her book of the tragic consummation of this ill-starred romance, even though Miss EDNA BEST and Mr. NOEL COWARD played the scene with a beautifully sensitive and delicate touch.

The production was admirably handled as a whole, and there were many individual performances of real distinction. Mr. COWARD'S portrait of an almost insufferable yet fundamentally lovable genius was a brilliant piece of work, at no point overplayed and with passages of a beautiful tenderness. Miss EDNA BEST, whom it is pleasant to see (relieved from her old bondage of playing sickly parts with her face) playing with her head and heart, was a charming wistful *Tessa*, and suggested plausibly the strange blend of immaturity with precocity which Miss KENNEDY puts into that well-conceived character. Miss CATHLEEN NESBITT gave us both the fascination and the essential emptiness and cruelty of *Florence*. Miss ELISSA LANDI'S *Antonia* was attractively and intelligently played, but neither this character nor that of her lover, *Jacob Birnbaum*, was allowed sufficient space plausibly to explain their queer relationship. Mr. KENT played the vulgar, pathetic, good-hearted little Jew quite admirably. The altered mood of the stage version made the little man more of a buffoon and less of a human being than the novel, and left out a good deal of the partial justification of his dealings with his child-mistress before their marriage which the novel makes much more plausible and forgivable. I don't see how Miss CLARE'S *Linda*, *Sanger's* mistress, could have been better played. Note the shrewd malice with which she watches *Lewis* and *Tessa* singing their little love-duet at the rehearsal of the musical charade for *Sanger's* birthday. Miss HELEN SPENCER'S gauche *Paulina* was also a notable performance. Mr. AUBREY MATHER'S two clever studies of *Trigorin* (*Sanger's* admirer, *Linda's* lover), and that old humbug of a musician, *Sir Bartlemy Pugh*, were both excellent and admirably differentiated. Nor in a cast too long for detailed mention must Miss MARGARET YARDE'S horrible *Madame Marxse*, and



THE TWO DISGRACES.

Paulina Sanger . . . . . MISS HELEN SPENCER.
Teresa Sanger . . . . . MISS EDNA BEST.



"D' YE KNOW—THE FISH WAS *so* BIG THE OTHERS WOULDN'T LET ME HAUL IT INTO THE BOAT FOR FEAR OF SWAMPING US."
"AH! SAME THING HAPPENED TO ME ONCE—ON THE *OLYMPIC*."

Mr. CECIL PARKER's careful study of the kindly perceptive *Uncle Charles*, and Mr. CRAIGHALL SHERRY's blunt *Doctor Dawson*, be forgotten.

Whatever theoretical difficulties in the matter of scale, over-compression and altered mood may be noted, the piece held the audience in thrall till the end, and I shall be surprised if *The Constant Nymph* doesn't run for half-a-year at least. Lovers of the book need have no fear that their pleasant memories will be substantially spoiled; but I think those who have not read it will have a better chance of judging this stage performance on its many merits. T.

"THE LOWER DEPTHS" (GATE).

I should have been better pleased to make acquaintance with the little Gate Theatre, of which I had heard pleasant accounts, in something less unrelievedly gloomy than GORKI's bitter and terrible *The Lower Depths*. I may here say, for the information of playgoers, that an immaculate boiled shirt, however soft, is not the appropriate wear. This gathering in an upper chamber of a disused warehouse is not for butterflies of fashion, but an affair for serious people interested to see the vigorous experimental work of zealous amateurs (in the best sense) with a passion for the theatre as a sort of church. It's curious how this ancient business of the theatre retains its religious appeal.

A Moscow doss-house—late nineteenth century; incredible squalor and overcrowding; the keepers a mean elderly Jew fence and his savagely sensual and cruel young wife; her sister, rival in her affections with a handsome young thief; a prostitute; a dying consumptive woman; a poor craftsman or two; a broken-down decadent aristocrat; a half-educated commercial bourgeois with a bitter shallow philosophy; a spent actor; and—the one gleam of goodness and beauty in a welter of vice, noise, rags, vermin, stench, disease, drink and violence—a wanderer escaped from Siberia and needing to hide in obscure places, with his religion of kindness and his optimism of deliberate illusion.

The producer, Mr. PETER GODFREY, adopted a technique of relentless realism. The lock-maker filed away at his old iron till the nerves of the audience were frayed, and snarled at his dying wife and his fellow beasts; the savage women screamed and kicked and stamped without control—no doubt with the deliberate intention of heightening the mood of disgust in the audience. It is not everybody's idea of a pleasant evening, but it unquestionably made its effect—not perhaps the most difficult of effects to contrive, and having the incidental advantages of covering a good deal of the inevitable crudity and technical inexperience of some of the players. For there is something, it is well to remember, that experience and discipline give to the trained actor which mere fire and feeling will not accomplish. This performance was, indeed, all just a little raw, but it was vigorous and sincere. Further study and practice would enhance this vigour and sincerity without destroying their spontaneity—if the players keep their dreams.

It was a pity that an American translation was used, for it is disconcerting to hear a moujik saying, "What in

hell's biting you?" But nobody got as far as "Bo!"—which was something to the good. This company sets itself heavy tasks—long plays and short runs. It occurred to me, in certain awkward pauses, that so disjointed was the author's method that a player, forgetting his words, had only to observe violently, "Swine!" or mildly, "Little Father!" drift out, consult the prompter and return fortified with the authentic text; meanwhile the others could hunt for imaginary fleas, drink vodka or utter curses. I am not quite sure this device wasn't once or twice adopted.

A play so violent and so gross is perhaps a little flattering to the players' talents. Hardly anything could seem exaggerated or inappropriate. Miss CAROLINE KEITH put passion, malice and cruelty into her *Vassilisa*; Miss MOLLY VENESS was effective as her demented sister. Miss STELLA PEARCE spared us nothing of the horror of *Anna's* end in the macabre death-chamber, and Miss IRENE BARNETT'S street-walker, with her pathetic romantic lies, was a sound piece of work. Mr. PETER GODFREY'S *Satine*, Mr. NORMAN SHELLEY'S old drunken actor, Mr. GEOFFREY DUNLOP'S *Baron*, Mr. ANDREWS BUCK'S two studies of the Jew and the Tartar workman, were well presented. I thought Mr. GEOFFREY WILKINSON failed a little to give the depth and sweetness of old *Luka* the pilgrim.

The Lower Depths rings true as an account of a dark corner in an evil world. The author can just occasionally allow himself a stroke of grim humour which extorts a rather wry smile, not certainly any laughter, except from the nervous or the imbecile. *The Lower Depths* helps one a little to understand the Russian Revolution. An interesting evening. T.

TO-DAY'S HOROSCOPE.

(With acknowledgments to the Daily Press.)

IF to-day happens to be your birthday you must make the best of it.

* * *

Too much care cannot be taken. Its aspects are decidedly unfavourable.

* * *

Be careful about finance. If you desire to leave the credit side of your bank-balance untouched it will be fatal to draw out any money to-day.

* * *

Journeys will be uncertain and precarious. If you hear a bell chime three times and a dark man call out, "Full up, I tell you!" it is a very bad sign, and means delay.

* * *

Do not trust strangers to-day. If a man drops a wallet in front of you you must on no account give him your cheque-book and watch to hold. The sign lacks confidence.

* * *

The course of love cannot be predicted with any certainty to-day. Do not propose to a lady—or ladies—during the rush hours in the tube; there would be trouble.

* * *

A white puppy coming out of a boot-cupboard or a black cat jumping off the breakfast-table will be attended with loss and destruction.

* * *

Prospects of travel are not bright to-day. If you motor down the Strand at more than sixty miles an hour there will be a money loss connected with a man in blue. Taxis will halt and be unable to proceed at frequent intervals along the route; they are under the sign of a white hand in the air.

* * *

Do not use the telephone more than you can help to-day. A fair girl will say, "Number engaged!" and a dark girl will say, "Sorry you have been troubled!" frequently. The sign is doubt and anger.

* * *

If you open a newspaper in the morning you will see that a beautiful film star has lost her jewels. If you open a newspaper in the evening you will see that a Channel swimmer has been taken from the water three miles east of Dover.

* * *

It would be unlucky for you to wear your Lido swimming-suit in Trafalgar Square to-day. There would be confusion and crowds running here and there.

* * *

You would do well in a lunatic asylum, the Customs House, or judging a Beauty competition.

How the Days are Drawing In!

"Sun rises, 6.27 A.M.; sets, 7.26 A.M."
Daily Paper.

Lord Irwin Goes a-Hunting.

"A fowling piece in hand and dressed in an ordinary evening suit, the Viceroy walked with an easy stride with His Excellency the Governor, who was in khaki hunting dress with an evening hat."—*Indian Paper.*

"At ten minutes past five this morning Miss ——, a lady doctor, and Mr. ——, a well-known coastal swimmer, started on their attempt to swim the Channel.

The weather was misty and by no means ideal for the attempt. They are being conveyed by a motor-boat."—*Scots Paper.*

Much the best way, we think.

"RUBBER PEST ARRIVES.
TIRELESS BEETLE ABLE TO FINISH OFF THE WORLD'S SUPPLY."
Headlines in Provincial Paper.

And then we shall be "tyre-less."

A FEARFUL WILDFOWL.

[From the village of Tullibody, in Clackmannanshire, comes the story of a sombre-plumaged bird which threatened a baby in its perambulator and refused to be diverted by "three different varieties of biscuit." A local Press report stated that the bird was probably a golden eagle and that the matter was in the hands of the police. It has not re-appeared.]

WHEN Tullibody mothers
Take baby in the pram,
Their worry 's worse than others'
About the poor wee lamb;
For, bored with grouse and rabbit
About his native cairns,
A wildfowl has the habit,
Of stalking local bairns.

In swart and awful vesture
He dashes from on high,
With menace in his gesture
And hunger in his eye;
No soft seductive cooing
Disarms this bodeful bird,
While squeals and shouts and shooing
Prove equally absurd.

By no device diverted
And by no bribe beguiled,
He wants, it is asserted,
A Tullibody child;
No biscuits, though assorted,
His appetite allay—
Or so it is reported
Round Tullibody way.

Does now this fowl dissemble
His fearsome beak and claw,
Or in his eyrie tremble
In terror of the law?
Or did that snub so harrow
His feelings—to be thrown
Mixed biscuits, like a sparrow!—
That now he starves alone?

W. K. H.

The New Aristocracy.

"Kitchen-maid required, gent.'s castle; capital opening."—*Scots Paper.*

"Scotch Lady will Give her Services as Housekeeper to Lady or Gentleman."
Welsh Paper.

Is she really Scotch?

"PARIS, August 15th.

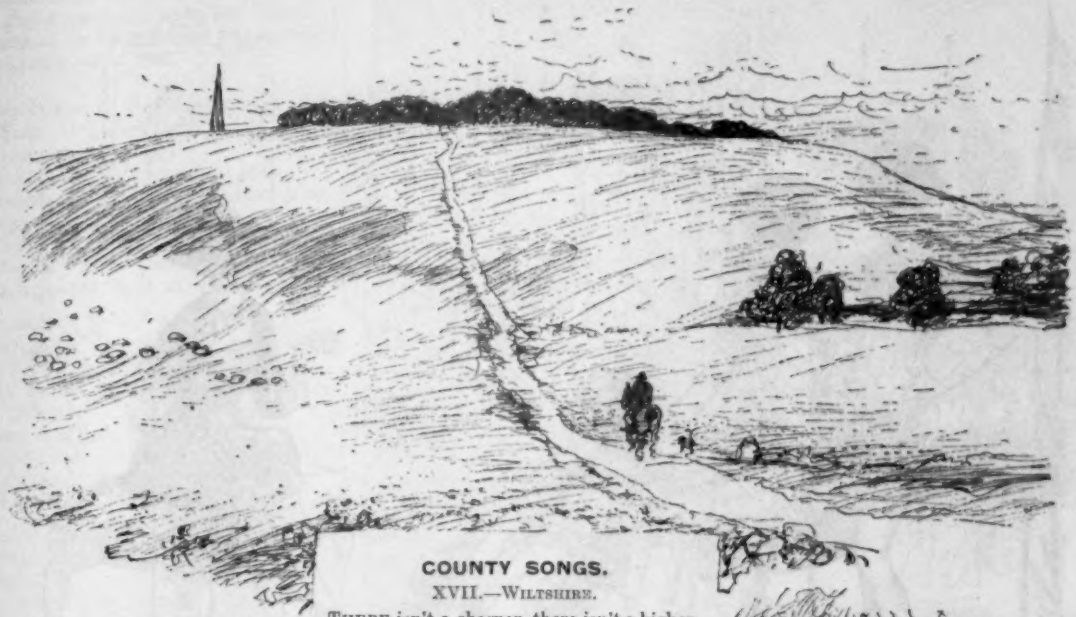
The new decree increases the Customs duties by thirty per cent., except tobaccos, newsprint and cellulose used in the manufacture of sausages and certain cheese."—*Chinese Paper.*

No, waiter, I won't have *saucissons* to-day.

A bride's equipment:—

"In addition to a frockette handbag and service-hook she carried a sheaf of white lilies, daisies, lily of the valley and orange blossoms."
Evening Paper.

No doubt the "frockette handbag" contained her going-away costume, while the "service-hook" would come in handy if the bridegroom attempted to break loose.



COUNTY SONGS.

XVII.—WILTSHIRE.

THERE isn't a sharper, there isn't a higher,
In all England over, than Salisbury's spire.

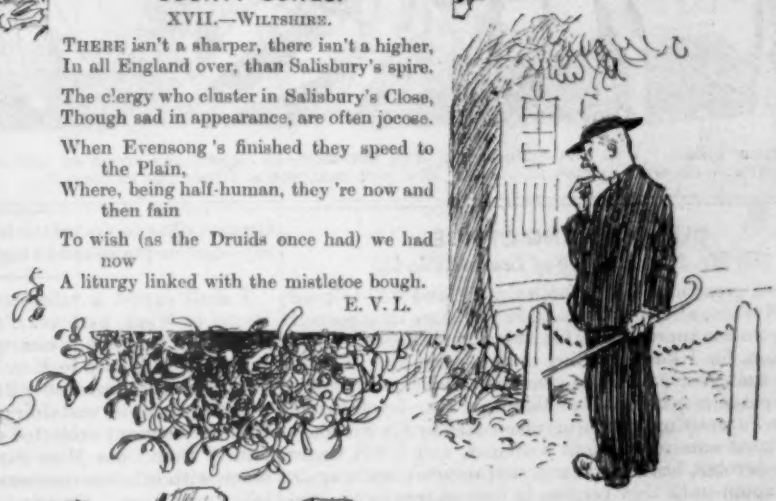
The clergy who cluster in Salisbury's Close,
Though sad in appearance, are often jocose.

When Evensong 's finished they speed to the Plain,
Where, being half-human, they 're now and then fain

To wish (as the Druids once had) we had now
A liturgy linked with the mistletoe bough.

E. V. L.









Effusive Visitor. "I'VE JUST BEEN TO SEE MRS. SMITHSON—SO EXCESSIVELY PROUD OF HER CHILDREN; BUT, POOR DEAR, I'M AFRAID HER SWANS WILL ALWAYS BE GEESE. NOW *YOUR* DARLINGS ARE JUST THE REVERSE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN a great man has written a great and well-beloved book and when, after many years, he publishes its successor the newcomer is approached, at least by me, with considerable trepidation, for I know nothing more disgruntling than to discover that your palate has gone back on you, or that this year's vintage is not what that older one was. Lord GREY'S *Fallodon Papers* (CONSTABLE) may be opened by *Fly Fishing's* most exigent admirer without a tremor, and I will wager that the devotee, having so done, will return thereto again and yet again until they become to him as regular an anodyne as is their classic forebear. The *Papers*, a happy brotherhood of seven, are built mostly on matters taken from Lord GREY'S lectures; and in the library or the greenwood, whether they treat of gods (say ROOSEVELT or WORDSWORTH) or of little fishes (like Spring salmon), they, with WALTON, "study" that thing which is better than most things—"to be quiet." It is manifestly impossible to review a masterpiece critically and yet in miniature; so the reviewer—this one at any rate—must confine himself to gratitude and humdrum eulogy. Yet, that my office be in some sort justified, I would say that, if I had to place the first three in this Elysian field, I would name, I think, "The Pleasure of Reading," "Water-Fowl at Fallodon" and "Pleasure in Nature." I only say "I think," mind you, and, before being absolutely definite, I will, for my personal satisfaction, at once re-read the whole seven. Meanwhile I recommend you to make your own selections as soon as may be, and enjoy moreover the woodcuts with which Mr. ROBERT GIBBINGS has decorated the book, and of which I need merely say—and no praise can be higher—that they are worthy of it.

I shall expect a valid successor to that fine novel, *The Rector of Wyck*, next year, for in *Far End* (HUTCHINSON) Miss MAY SINCLAIR is clearly marking time. The book has an odd resemblance to Mrs. ALLEN HARKER'S *Hilda Ware;* an ego-centric novelist with a domesticated wife and an enamoured typist sustaining the brunt of the action. Mrs. HARKER however exhibited a livelier sense of her novelist's fatuity than does Miss SINCLAIR. *Christopher Vivart* is taken with extreme seriousness both by his creator and his fellow-creatures. During his early married life he adorns a Cotswold cottage of gentility (I am getting a little weary of the garage behind the hollyhocks myself), and his wife, also a *Hilda*, vies with his sister and his sister's *fiancé* in lending a devout ear to fragments of the novel in progress. This idyll is ended by the War. Two of the audience die, and the claims of a particularly strident nursery withdraw the attention of the third. So far I have no quarrel with Miss SINCLAIR'S psychology, though I submit that such an ethically improvident marriage as that of *Christopher* and *Hilda* was bound to break up apart from a European *débâcle* and a baby. Worse however follows. *Christopher* has two "affairs"—one of the flesh with the typist, one of the spirit with an old-fashioned literary *Egeria*. *Hilda's* attitude towards these is academic. During the reign of the typist she refuses to share her husband's person with his mistress, but condescends to take an interest in his mental processes; during the ascendency of *Egeria* she accedes to his physical demands and refuses him critical

sympathy. This discrimination gives a slightly ridiculous air of symmetry to Miss SINCLAIR'S last chapters. I shall be glad to see her abandon box-clipt situations for an unforced treatment of the human wilderness.

Three People, M. BARNES-GRUNDY'S tale
(From HODDER), tells with gentle laughter
Just how a certain love-lorn male
Achieves the thing he hankers after;
It also gets a deal of fun
Out of an Alpine sun-cure station,
Particularly when the sun
Is, so to put it, on vacation.

Two of the "three," as you may guess,
Are he and she who love each other;
The third, who figures more or less
As stumbling-block, 's the lady's brother;
Acting as supers in the play
Aredoctors, nurses, patients, waiters—
All entertaining in their way,
But practically mere spectators.

In short, though I 'm inclined to doubt
Whether it harbours that Titanic
Force of appeal which brings about
A library or bookstall panic,
Still, those who want a cheerful brew
Of neither high- nor low-brow reading,
But something well between the two,
Will find the very stuff they 're needing.

A pretty passage of SCOTT on green conceptions and grey hairs is responsible for the title of Sir HENRY NEWBOLT'S *Studies Green and Gray* (NELSON). The essays fall into an earlier and a later group, and their writer suggests that only readers who are neither old nor young, or those who, like his dedicatee, Sir EDMUND GOSSE, have refused to grow up, are likely to appreciate both groups. In giving my own vote for the trophies of maturity I am not belittling section one. "Camden's Elizabeth" is a typically good article of its rather precipitate old-fashioned kind—a sort of Early Quarrenden of an essay; and "John Inglesant" admirably foreshadows the intellectual conviviality to follow. The field of the second group is however wider and richer. "Poetry and Time" is an eloquent solicitation to Poetry "not so much to lament Time as to forget it, and to think of Eternity . . . as a land to be gradually reclaimed." Such aims are easier to exemplify than to discuss, and I found Sir HENRY'S illustrations in verse more persuasive than his (and Dr. MCTAGGART'S) arguments in prose. In "Peacock, Scott and Robin Hood" the common material of *Ivanhoe* and *Maid Marian* is handled in a lighter mood, and an old charge of plagiarism brought against PEACOCK dismissed with the apt remark that "he stands to be judged, not by what he has used but by the use he has made of it." "Some Poets and their Scenery," suggested by a visit to VIRGIL'S supposed birthplace, puts forward a well-supported plea for the native fancy found lacking in the *Eclogues*. And "The Future of the English Language," "English Literature and Education" and "Notes on Certain Poets" are all in a high and winning degree mediatory between the reader and extremely interesting aspects of English letters.



"How sharper than a thankless snake it is
To have a toothless child!"
King Lear, Act. I., Scene 4 (or very nearly).

A volume of short stories, says Mr. W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, in an engaging preface to his latest book, should bear some generic title which will not deceive the purchaser into thinking that he is about to read a novel. In this admirable spirit he has brought together six stories about life in Malaya and Borneo under the title of *The Casuarina Tree* (HEINEMANN), and if any purchaser still thinks he is about to read a novel he has obviously himself to blame for it. Here are six stories, each of them of a satisfying length, five of them interesting and all of them admirably written. (Not that the sixth is intrinsically dull, but for myself I grow weary of the newly-married wife confronted with the problem of her husband's half-caste children, and Mr. MAUGHAM brings nothing new to it.) Whether these tales give a true impression of the Englishman's life in the East I cannot say, although I should doubt whether aggrieved wives are quite as ready with the knife or revolver as they are here presented. But an author may surely choose the characters that suit him, and we may be grateful to Mr. MAUGHAM for choosing the themes which

best display his exceptional gifts. There are few living writers who get their effects so economically and few who can pass from comedy to tragedy so swiftly and yet so certainly. *The Casuarina Tree* admirably displays these qualities, and I advise every one to sample its fruits and rest awhile in its shade.

Barricade (PHILIP ALLAN) opens well enough with the grim statement that the body of *Count Latour* hung from a lamp-post opposite the War Office: on the back of the wrapper is to be observed a confirmatory picture of the unfortunate nobleman in that embarrassing situation; on the side is a black and brawny figure holding a musket, silhouetted against a blood-red sky. From which you may gather readily enough what sort of historical novel we have here by the lady who prefers to write under the name of "JOHN PRESLAND." The time is 1848, the scene Vienna in the throes of revolution, and historic characters (including the late FRANCIS JOSEPH) stalk through the pages with what realism they can command. The author has, I should say, a kindness for the young Archduke of eighteen, as he then was; and indeed he seems to have been the one possible focus for loyal spirits in a singularly uninspiring royal household. But we come across also figures like WINDISCHGRÄTZ, who brought the rebellious capital to her senses, and BEM, who commanded the insurgents, and ROBERT BLUM, the German deputy who was shot down after the surrender in defiance of international etiquette. But these of course are only brought on to the stage incidentally; the real story concerns itself with *Baron von Arlen*, reactionary to the back-bone, and his two children, *Elizabeth* and *Valentine*, who are very decidedly in the opposite camp, and meet with all the trouble that must be expected for aristocrats who mix themselves up in unsuccessful risings. "JOHN PRESLAND" has a real talent for utilising historic backgrounds, but her chief characters are rather conventionally drawn. *Elizabeth* is too much the *jeune fille* of the period to interest us passionately. *Valentine* is the Victorian hero; the polished father is very much the heavy father of our youth. A capable novel, in short, but not likely to rouse the reader to enthusiasm.

Story-telling, when Mr. E. TEMPLE THURSTON is the teller, looks as easy as cricket does when FRANK WOOLLEY is at the wicket. But that is only because, like the Kentish crack, Mr. THURSTON is a past-master of his game. In *The Rossetti and other Tales* (CASSELL), he is scoring all the time, apparently without effort. His wrist is as supple as his eye is quick. In other words, and to drop a metaphor which is showing signs of wear, this is an admirable collection of stories, light reading in the best sense, a book for the punt or the hammock. If there is one of the tales which is not quite so good as the others it is that which Mr. THURSTON has chosen for his title-piece. *The Rossetti* was an innkeeper's daughter, who got her nickname because her beauty reminded an artist of the "daughters of dreams and of stories," depicted by the great DANTE GABRIEL. Her beauty struck another artist too; and he, more enterprising than the "reclusive landscape painter," stayed and loved, then went away and forgot. But he was to see *The Rossetti* again, years later, when he had a grown-up daughter of his own; though he did not recognise his old flame in the half-witted lady whose husband kept the "Crooked Billet." It was quite natural that he should not, but I think that the rest of us ought to have been able to. There really seems to be no connection between the two women. Nothing in the characterisation of the girl suggests the possibility of her deteriorating into a *Mrs. Hart*. For once Mr. THURSTON fails to be convincing, as elsewhere he always is, even when he tells a ghost story. There is an excellent little ghost story here, "Ganthony's Wife." Most of the other pieces are of the very slightest texture, the most episodic of episodes. Casual encounters, kisses that did not happen, fleeting moments of sentiment are the gossamer stuff of them. It is not what Mr. THURSTON does, it is the way he does it, his neat craftsmanship, his genial irony, his effective terseness, that make this book of his so pleasant.



HOLIDAY REFLECTIONS.

The Colonel (after exhaustive contemplation of the Photographic Press). "WELL, THERE ARE TWO PLACES I AM GLAD I 'VE NOT BEEN TO: ONE IS NORTH BERWICK AND THE OTHER IS THE LIDO."

If I announced my answer to the question asked in *What Should a Man Do?* (HUTCHINSON) I should diminish the pleasure to be obtained from Mr. HORACE G. HUTCHINSON'S ingenious story, but without being a spoil-sport I can give some information about the tale. A girl had died under circumstances which convinced the coroner that she had taken her own life. She was "the most radiant little creature," and to her most intimate friends the idea that she had committed suicide was preposterous. And in the end it was proved that she had been murdered by a man upon whom my suspicions were slow to fall. Then comes the problem asked in the title, and as regards that I maintain my discreet silence. It is a clever and engaging yarn.

I shall be surprised if Mr. R. W. SNEDDON does not make a reputation as a writer of sensational fiction. The theme of *Monsieur X* (METHUEN) is a hunt for the lost manuscripts of MOLIÈRE, and the scene is laid in Paris. Perhaps Mr. SNEDDON is prone to overcrowd his stage, but that is a venial fault, and it is also the only one to be found in a story that reveals considerable originality and fertile invention. I recommend readers of mystery and murder tales to follow this chase, for they will get an unchecked and exciting run for their money, which (it is worth mentioning in these days) will be a modest 3*s.* 6*d.*

CHARIVARIA.

So many secret lunches take place in Geneva nowadays that they call it the League of Assignations.

* * *

SHAKESPEARE has been banned in Italy, and as a retaliatory measure there is some talk of boycotting organ-grinders in Stratford-on-Avon.

* * *

We hope it is not true that Mr. A. J. COOK has bequeathed the strike settlement to Mr. HERBERT SMITH'S grandson.

* * *

Things have reached the stage when the period before the coal dispute can be referred to as the good old days.

* * *

Lord BEAVERBROOK'S idea of giving us larger newspapers seems to be an attempt to help us to keep the home fires burning.

* * *

It is claimed that a gramophone has been invented which reproduces sounds inaudible to the human ear. The telephone has done this for years.

* * *

By swimming the Channel a Southend man has given yet another blow to the tradition that the best swimmers are necessarily those who live near the sea.

* * *

The lady who made an unsuccessful attempt to swim the Channel under an assumed name is believed to be now convinced that she might just as well have swum under her own.

* * *

Those who are nervous of the dangers of sea voyages will be glad to know that in future captains of American liners have been forbidden to perform marriage ceremonies on board their ships.

* * *

At a Bucks wedding farmers made an arch of rakes, forks and spades. We understand that the appearance of the happy couple was greeted by three rousing grumbles.

* * *

A writer urges that charabancs should carry first-aid outfits. Some people think that pedestrians venturing into charabanc districts should be ready bandaged.

* * *

Three encyclopædias were found in a Manchester rubbish-dump. It is thought that a resident was annoyed when, on consulting the volumes, he found no reference to the fact that Lancashire is the champion cricket county this year.

* * *

A contributor to *The Dublin Review* points out that KING ALFRED was a great writer. But, luckily for his reputation, he never published a cookery-book.

* * *

The wood-wasp, we read, looks like an ordinary wasp, but has no sting. So if you get stung by a thing that looks like an ordinary wasp you'll know what it isn't.

* * *

It appears from an article in the Press that goldfish cannot be insured. This is probably because they lead such hectic lives.



Boxer (persuaded at last). "ORLRIGHT—I'LL SIGN. WHEN'S THE POST-PONEMENT TO BE?"

It seems hard that the motor-car will cause the disappearance of legs just as we have become aware that women possessed them.

* * *

A London football-club has contributed a thousand guineas to a local hospital. This is an improvement on the old custom of contributing a half-back or a centre-forward.

* * *

Mrs. MCPHERSON, the "kidnapped" American revivalist, claims that her success is due to the fact that she speaks to people in their own language. Then we should not like to hear her advice to a Thames bargee whose mate has struck him in the back with a boat-hook.

* * *

Nearly four hundred Roman coins were found in a sand-pit on a Lancashire golf-course. It is thought that they were dropped from the togas of early golfers standing on their heads to express their joy at getting out of the bunker.

The apple crop having proved a failure this year, the doctors are looking forward to a record season.

* * *

The osteopath who claims that he can rejuvenate people by manipulating the fifth lumbar vertebra is not the first in the field. You can often make money by pulling the public's leg.

* * *

Now that motor-cars are being imported into Afghanistan the march to Kandahar would be even more dangerous than it was in Lord ROBERTS'S time.

* * *

A boy who won a hundred-pound prize for an essay on bananas attributed his success to an attack of measles, which enabled him to make an exhaustive study of the subject. The opinion among unsuccessful competitors is that some people get all the luck.

* * *

A correspondent of *The Daily Express* has asked for suggestions for a hobby. What's the matter with writing to the papers?

* * *

The development of the light aeroplane seems to bring pillion-flying within the range of possibility.

* * *

The author of an article on contemporary writers thinks that Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON cou'd not be denied his right to a *fauteuil* in an Academy of Belles Lettres. But would one be enough?

* * *

A Belfast man who forgot his wedding was found playing marbles. The question arises: Should marble-players marry?

* * *

The discovery that operations for appendicitis are much cheaper in Switzerland than in England should add greatly to the attractions of that country as a pleasure-resort.

* * *

An M.P., writing in a daily paper, remarks that in North Wales one is surrounded by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S perorations. Still, wherever one goes there is some drawback.

* * *

An American schoolboy proposes to devote the proceeds of a book he has written to the cost of the remainder of his education. His example might well be followed by many a grown-up novelist.

NEW ARMY MODELS.

FOLLOWING closely on the completion of the autumn manœuvres and featuring several improvements which have resulted from the experience gained therein, the War Office programme for their new season's models is on the verge of publication.

There is very little alteration in the general lay-out of their popular two-horsed limbered-waggon all-weather model. The body-work is plain but practical. It is tastefully upholstered in hardwood, with a range of three useful colours to choose from—greenish-grey, greyish-green and service colour. The motive units are arranged side by side, with central pole transmission. There should be very little friction with chummy types. Cooling is by air and lubrication is on the trough and bucket system. While the principles of control and steering are unaltered, the driver is conveniently mounted on the near side and carries the accelerator in his disengaged hand.

No cushions are provided and men are not allowed to ride in the dickey-seat unless in possession of a pass. The tail-board is of soft deal supported by two neat chains and decorated with a red triangle of poisonous paint, to discourage the horses behind from biting it.

The tools are issued generously coated with size, but they are still much too small. The tyres are of shrunk steel, and no spare wheel is carried, in order to obviate tedious delays by the road-side. A feature of the equipment is the substitution of "holders, lamp-bracket" for the "brackets, lamp-holder" of the earlier models. This had been under consideration for some time, but naturally the pros and cons of such an innovation have to be thoroughly reviewed in all aspects before it can be adopted on a large scale.

The feed is by induction, and with oats at their present price there should be no difficulty in doing twenty-five miles to the gallon. The best filtered fuel is recommended, as impurities tend to choke the throttle and may cause strangles.

An attractive feature is that no tax licence is required, while re-treading can be demanded free of charge at any forge. The two moving parts are easily detached for cleaning, care being taken to avoid the big end, if at all fierce.

In view of the recent controversy as to the carrying power of the foot-soldier, it was a matter of some interest to see whether the autumn designs would allow for any reduction of his burden. On the contrary, a regrettable misunderstanding has resulted in his being required to carry more impedimenta than ever. The order went forth that "the soldier is to be dressed to kill." One department took this to imply that the killing appliances were getting out of date and decided to add eighteen inches to the length of the bayonet. Another inferred that the soldier was to be dressed so as not to be killed, and at once issued a comprehensive suit of chain-mail, to be worn instead of the cardigan and cap-comforter. Two large tins of metal-polish, an oilcan and a wire brush have also to be carried in order to keep the apparatus in a bright and soldierlike condition. A third department, however, read the order in the usually accepted way, and every man now carries a manicure outfit, a portable trousers-press and a lipstick.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

[With the Test Matches over and done, some of our sporting writers might do worse than turn their attention to the very interesting state of affairs in China.]

YESTERDAY'S battles ended much as was expected. General Put Wun, on a pitch which gave his attack some assistance, gained an easy victory over General Zat So. The latter has not won a battle since the season commenced, and seems destined for the unenviable position of wooden-spoonist.

Put Tu and Wun Wun Tu had a very stern struggle, which was ended by bad light shortly after tea. Neither side gave much away, and a division of the points was the fairest ending to a very even fight.

The championship still remains very open, but the result of the Put Wun—Put Tu contest to-morrow should have a distinct bearing on it. The former has a lead of two points, but the latter has a battle in hand, and a win for him to-morrow will therefore put the two on an equal footing.

It will be remembered that rain prevented a single shot being fired when these two old rivals met previously, and this makes the present encounter all the more interesting. The victory may easily go to the side which wins the toss.

Put Tu has been unfortunate in the large number of injuries which have come his way, and it is little short of a calamity that two of his best men should have been badly hurt against Wun Wun Tu. One hesitates to mention such a matter, the airing of which can often do as much harm as good, but there can be no doubt that several contests recently have not been fought out in the best spirit, and a feeling prevails that something should be done to stop the roughness and ill-temper from spreading. There can be no two ways about it—if a man cannot fight in the proper manner he should not fight at all.

When asked for his views upon the question, General Put Tu smiled his usual enigmatic smile and said, "Allee light, yes, jolly good," but it is not everyone who can be so forbearing. The public should let the offenders know that they will not tolerate any but clean fighting.

(A special detailed account of to-morrow's battle by our special correspondent will appear in Friday's edition.)

CHAMPIONSHIP TO DATE.

	Fought.	*Won.*	*Lost.*	*Drawn.*	*Points.*
Put Wun	5	4	0	1	9
Put Tu	4	3	0	1	7
Wun Wun Tu	5	2	2	1	5
I Sing	4	2	2	0	4
Yu Sing	4	1	1	2	4
Sing Sing	4	1	3	1	3
Zat So	5	0	5	0	0

TO H. L. COLLINS.

(A CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS.)

'TIS the wish of *Punch* to-day,
On behalf of British writers,
To God-speed you on your way
With your fifteen sturdy fighters;
If the prize was not to gain,
If you lost the guarded Ashes,
As a team you 've left no stain
On your Southron caps and sashes.

You have played your gallant part
On a wet unfriendly wicket,
Strong of arm and stout of heart,
And your cricket has been—*cricket*;
And the worst we wish your men,
As they pass along the gangway,
Is that all return again
In the native boomerang way.

W. H. O.

Our Ungallant Journalists.

"In conversation with the miners' wives, the seven-hours-day is quite long enough."
Weekly Paper.

We can quite believe that.

"Twenty cows on the line near Ongar station held up the first milk train to-day."
Evening Paper.

We thought that mass-picketing in a trade-dispute had been declared illegal.

"Assistant Manager seeks change. Non-drinker and gambler."
Advt. in Weekly Paper.

But will his sobriety make up for his speculative propensities?

"At the end of the service Sunday night, the choir will sing a special anthem composed by the organist, after which the church will be closed for a month for necessary repairs."
Canadian Paper.

Apparently it was expected that the efforts of the choir would take the roof off.



A BLOODLESS ACHIEVEMENT.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR. "PUT THAT SAFETY-RAZOR IN YOUR KNAPSACK, MY LAD, AND WHEN YOU FIND YOU DON'T CUT YOURSELF, THANK EVANS."



Mother (to Michael, who has been sent to bed early for misconduct). "WELL, MICKY, IS THAT A LETTER TO DADDY SAYING YOU 'RE SORRY?"

Michael. "IF YOU MUST KNOW, I 'M WRITING TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY TO GET A DIVORCE FROM BOTH OF YOU."

HOW TO BE A PUBLISHER.

(*By an Author.*)

II.—PROCEDURE ON ACCEPTING A NOVEL.

IF you have at last decided to accept your young author's novel, ask him to come round and discuss terms one day just before lunch, saying that is the only time you will be free. But be careful how you mention lunch, because he may get the idea that it is an invitation from you to him, whereas, though you don't say so openly and he doesn't know it yet, it is the other way round. This is really sheer unselfishness on your part. Nothing gives a young author so much pleasure as to take a publisher out to lunch, so you should sink your own feelings in the matter and accept with grateful surprise when he asks you to be his guest, as he most surely will. In fact he will arrive at your office very happy, because for the last half-hour he has been casually saying to friends, "Well, sorry, old man, I must fly. I 'm lunching my publisher to-day, and you know what these business lunches are."

You may do yourself well at lunch; it is quite safe. At subsequent lunches, of course, you may have to jockey for position a bit when the waiter brings the bill, but a young author is generally good for two or three before he shows signs of fumbling, losing his note-case, or being called away to the telephone at the critical moment.

Over liqueurs and cigars (not the office ones) you further discuss terms. Whatever the result you will each go away with the feeling that you have outwitted the other. Liqueurs and cigars, I have noticed, often have this effect. You return to your office, and on waking up later start to think of a short descriptive paragraph of the book, nominally for your catalogue but principally for insertion in those newspapers with whose literary editors you are on drinking terms. These paragraphs are called "puffs."

The idea of a "puff" is that it shall seem to be an unbiassed description of a forthcoming book by an enthusiastic literary editor who has all on his own discovered this good thing and can't help giving tongue about it. In reality, as I said, it comes from the publisher, who in some cases has even told the author to write it himself.

There are certain rules for describing books in "puffs" which intending publishers should note. They are as under:

(1) A humorous novel either "*is a riot of fun from cover to cover*" or else "*places its author in the forefront of leading humourists.*" No modesty must be allowed to creep into a "puff." The author, you see, is not just among leading humourists. He is in the forefront of them. He has them all beat.

(2) A novel dealing with country life is always "*an epic of the soil.*"

(3) A character story is "*a thoughtful and well-worked-out study of a woman who discovered cocktails too late in life,*" or perhaps "*a reasoned and well-written analysis of a man who discovered cocktails too early in life.*"

(4) A detective novel is "*the most baffling murder mystery ever penned.*" Sometimes it is so baffling that it is obvious that even the author has had to confess himself beaten in the last chapter; but it is not advisable to mention this in a "puff."

(5) An adventure story is "*thrill after thrill described with great imagination and much power of drama.*"

(6) A delicate love-story is "*a book with a strong sex appeal. The author has distinguished himself by his frank handling of the facts of life.*"

(7) For a best-seller you must say that "*in this masterpiece of desert adventure, which rings to the eternal clash of duty and passion within a white girl's heart, duty is at last triumphant.*" But not of course till passion has had a pretty good innings for well over three hundred pages—otherwise it wouldn't be a best-seller.

(8) A book of travel is always "*Miss Carminia Fives, the intrepid woman-explorer, takes us with her through adventure after adventure in the wild North of France. A book of strange scenes, strange people and strange customs.*"

This ought to give you an idea of how to get out a "puff." Get them duplicated by the hundred and sling them round at your editorial friends in the hope that some may stick.

The next thing to do with your book is to get it printed. Any printer will tell you how to set about it.

Then you must get it bound. Any binder will tell you how to set about it.

You must of course, by the way, have proofs for the author to correct. You should always send him two sets. One he sends back, joyfully corrected, almost by return of post, because he is so anxious the book should come out as soon as possible. The other he keeps lying about for weeks on his desk or in his pocket in order that he may remark casually to people, "The proofs of my new book, you know. Beastly bore, correcting proofs."

The last thing to do before the book finally appears is to get a "jacket" with a nice picture on the outside. A nice picture means one with a girl in it somewhere. On the inside of the jacket you must, under the terms of the agreement with the Fiction Reviewers' Union (Para. 4, Labour-Saving Devices), give a brief idea of the story. Be careful of the wording of this and don't err on the side of modesty, for whatever you say here will appear word for word in sixty-per-cent. of the reviews that the book will have.

After this nothing remains but to bring the book out, and what happens then I will discuss next week. A. A.



[The crowns of ladies' hats are to be higher this autumn.]

MISS POPPY PEPPERMINT, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS, CREATES A SENSATION WITH HER "COVENT GARDEN."

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"The Leyton Incorporation Committee has chosen as a motto for the new borough 'Ministrando Dignitas' (There is dignity in saving)."
Provincial Paper.

"Leonidas, who swam the Hellespont to see a lady, could never have done what Gertrude Ederle did."—*Ulster Paper.*

"Infanta Isabel de Borbon, the Spanish liner belonging to the Compagnia Transatlantica, has been sold to a British company, and has left Madrid for London."—*Daily Paper.*

Land or water, it makes no difference to Isabel.

The Pane-less Dentist.

"A man told the Willesden magistrate that his wife went to one of 'those painless dentists,' and he hurt her so much in getting out a tooth that she put her foot through his window in her struggles. The dentist had now sent in a bill for 10s."—*Daily Paper.*

"'There's rosemary; that's for remembrance,' the recipients may say with Juliet, as they tend their flowers."
Educational Journal.

But there will be rue for the forgetfulness of the sub-editor who confused *Juliet* with *Ophelia.*

SIMPLE STORIES.

VII.—THE EARL.

ONCE there was an Earl. He was quite young and very nice really but his mother had taught him to think himself very grand.

Well he thought he would like to get married, and he asked his mother and she said she thought it wouldn't be a bad thing and she would find him somebody.

So she found the Lady Alicia, but the Earl didn't like her much, her nose was too long, and she didn't like him much, she said he was too grand for her, so they thought they had better not marry and they didn't.

Well then his mother said I will find somebody else, and she found the Lady Ermyntrude, and the Earl rather liked her and she didn't mind his being grand because she was rather grand herself, but she said, I think perhaps I won't if you don't mind.

And he said, why? and she said, because somebody else has asked me to marry him, he isn't an Earl but he is quite rich.

And he said, do you like him better than me? and she said, oh yes much.

So they didn't marry either.

So then the Earl said this is rather silly, and I don't like two people not wanting to marry me, I will look about for somebody myself, and he did, but he couldn't find anybody suitable.

And then he said I won't bother about it any more, I will buy some more horses.

So he bought some more horses and made them run races against other horses, and they won, but he said I am tired of this, I wish I could get married.

And he tried again but he couldn't find anybody suitable and his mother couldn't either.

Well one evening in the summer he was going for a little walk and he saw a very lovely milkmaid and he fell in love with her.

So he went to his mother and said do you think it would do if I married a milkmaid? and she said certainly not, what are you thinking of?

Well the Earl was rather sad at that because he did love her, though he knew she wasn't grand enough for him, and he said I will buy a yacht.

So he bought a yacht and went for some nice sails in it, and then he said I am tired of this yacht, I wish I could marry the milkmaid.

And then he said well I'm going to.

So he went to the milkmaid and said do you ever faint? and she said no.

And he said well don't faint now, I am going to marry you.

Well the milkmaid didn't faint, but she looked surprised and said am I grand enough for you?

And he said no you are not but I don't mind, and she said well I do.

He said why? and she said all your grand friends will laugh at me.

And he said I don't mind that, and she said well I do.



"AND HE FELL IN LOVE WITH HER."

He said don't keep on saying well I do, I don't like it, do you love anybody else? and she said well I do.

And he was angry at her saying well I do again after he had told her not to, and he said if you are not careful I shan't marry you at all, it is very kind of me to marry you when I am an Earl and you are a milkmaid and not many Earls would do it.

So then she said well I'm not a milkmaid, I was only pretending.

The Earl was very surprised at that and he said who are you?

And she said I am the Lady Clarissa and I am just as grand as you are, and perhaps I will marry you after all because I think you are rather nice really and want looking after.

Well the Earl was pleased at that but he said I thought you said you loved somebody else, and she laughed and said well I do, I love my mother.

Well she looked so pretty when she laughed that the Earl loved her more than ever, and he said I should like to kiss you.

And she said well you can't yet, you must take me to see your mother.

He said very well, but you mustn't come as a milkmaid, she won't like it, and she said oh yes I shall.

So he took her to see his mother and she was dressed as a milkmaid but she looked very lovely, and his mother said the Earl has told me about you but of course you can't marry him, you can have some tea if you like but you must have it in the kitchen, I can't have any milkmaids here.

She said well I don't mind, and she went and had tea in the kitchen, though the Earl tried to make her not do it, but she said she wouldn't speak to him again if he said who she really was.

Well the next day a very grand lady came to see the Earl's mother, and she came in a rich carriage with some lovely horses, and she had some lovely clothes on, very expensive with pearls, and she said what is this I hear, my daughter the Lady Clarissa came to see you yesterday and you made her have tea in the kitchen, I have never heard of such a thing.

The Earl's mother said there must be some mistake, I would never do such a thing, but there was a milkmaid came yesterday, rather pretty but very common, and of course she had tea in the kitchen.

And the Lady Clarissa's mother said that was my daughter and how dare you say she is common, you are common yourself, your father was an ironmonger.

Well he was, but the Earl's mother didn't want people to know it because she thought ironmongers weren't grand enough, and she didn't mind telling a story, so she said that was another Earl's mother and not me, and if the Lady Clarissa would like to marry the Earl I don't mind and I will give her a nice wedding present.

But the Lady Clarissa's mother was still very angry and didn't believe her about her father not being an ironmonger, and she said I don't want your presents, I don't like you and I am going.

So they got married and everybody



Fair Victim. "I ALWAYS THINK ONE SHOULD TAKE THE TIME FROM THE MUSIC—DON'T YOU?"

in the Earl's castle was very glad and they had better teas in the kitchen. They had two darling little children to begin with and more afterwards, and the Earl's wife taught him not to be so grand indoors, and he didn't want to because he loved her and his children, but he was still rather grand outside but that didn't matter.

And their two mothers would never speak to one another because each of them said the other was common, but both of them liked their grandchildren, so they used to come separately.

A. M.

LUCRETIA: THE CATFISH.

THE other day I wrote an ode
About the influence which flowed
From Delia when her friendly mind
Moved her to mingle with her kind.

'Tis now my purpose to regale
Your ears with quite a different tale
About Lucretia, who in jade
Mostly (and fitly) is arrayed.

For when Lucretia walks abroad,
Though some Gilbertian souls applaud,
The "scheme of things in general" reels
And heads assume the place of heels.

Cloud-bursts, though begged, will not to Spain go;
The suburbs will not read *Lord Raingo;*
Doctors refuse to join the panel;
Grandmothers fail to swim the Channel.

Hoppers desist from picking hops;
Burglars assume the garb of "cops";
Students combine to punish "rags";
Vice-Chancellors don Oxford bags.

Benign and inoffensive peers
Shoot madly from their normal spheres,
Crying profanely and obstrep-
Erously, "Down with JACOB EP.!"

Even in Bloomsbury's inmost clique,
Where mind attains the highest peak,
Highbrows a fatal fondness own
For SARGENT and the saxophone.

Though loving to promote upheaval,
In some respects she's mediæval;
Her hats are like the Quangle-Wangle's;
Her figure runs to curves, not angles.

She sees in others' modish folly
An antidote to melancholy;
Herself cool, lively, never nervy
Amid a world that's topsy-turvy.

And yet, O strange perturbing minx,
Full of caprice, compact of kinks,
You brighten up our social system,
Quod neminem fecisti tristem.

"KHYBER PASS.

Following a communication from the Ministry of Transport with reference to the taking over of Khyber Pass by the Gillingham Council, a reply has been sent to the effect that the Council will be willing to take over that thoroughfare providing that it is first of all widened, fenced and made up to a width of forty feet."
Kent Paper.

They should write to the AMEER about it.

THE TRIPPER.

IT was plain to anyone that he had been drinking. The empty bottle at his side bore mute witness to that; and when the time came for him to get up and cross the room he found his legs unsteady beneath him. For some time he kept hold of his chair, bracing himself upright, and then started swaying on his journey to the door. Happily no puritanical person was present to witness his puerile efforts.

He looked dazed and from time to time sharp noises issued from his throat, though he strove to suppress them. One more step—thank goodness, and he had reached the table. He clutched it feverishly, steadying himself. Only halfway! It seemed miles to the door and safety.

He set off again. But a fold in the carpet proved his undoing. He tripped and fell headlong with a crash that shook the room.

And with an ear-splitting howl John Brown, junior, proclaimed the failure of his first attempt to walk across the nursery.

Schoolboy's answer to Examination Question:—

"William Wordsworth was one of our greatest poets, and he has written many poems in his time. The best I think is 'The Intermissions of Mentality.'"

Especially, of course, the great passage on FREUD.

NAVAL REFORM.

It is my proud duty to sing to-day of the British Navy,
Of those picturesque sons of the blue who have long been our chiefest pride,
Who go out on that beastly sea of theirs in all weathers, however windy and wavy,
And can get in or out of any harbour, I'm told, at any state of the tide.

In terms of unqualified admiration let us sing—for they are above criticism,
Absolutely;
And if any captious ass indulges at their expense and for his own advertisement in ill-judged witticism
They refrain from back-chat, though they may be suffering acutely.

To them we have long owed the blessings of imported pianos, chilled carcases and Yankee proprietary medicines,
And all the innumerable advantages we get from Free Trade;
And if on shore they occasionally break out into wild larks and generally heady sins,
Don't we all love Jack? Very well; then who's afraid?

The ratings—that's a queer term—wear curious trousers and knives fastened to lanyards;
Their jackets also are odd, but the whole turn-out comes down from long ago;
Possibly it was worn when DRAKE tackled the Spaniards,
Possibly it wasn't; I don't know.

I give you my solemn word that I've seen the jovial tar playing Rugby in the Tropics at seven in the morning,
And with apparent relish;
And, I tell you, a sight like that, when you're feeling a bit delicate and it's sprung on you without warning,
Fills one with emotions that no words of mine could embellish.

I turn now to the officers. Not a dullard among them or a fathead;
Well-learned, good at footer, very superior and yet bland;
How well they keep their figures too; though I'm bound to say on that head,
Give them a shore billet and they sometimes show a tendency to expand.

Hitherto there has been only one flaw in this incomparable calling,
And that lay in the size and position of the commodores' stars as at present worn;
They were too bulky to be really enthralling,
And their situation on the epaulette (longways-on) somehow filled one with a touch of scorn.

It was all very well to say that that sort of thing's a job for tailors,
But it remained as a reproach for our otherwise excellent sea-lords,
And I used to wonder why HIS MAJESTY with his well-known love for his brother-sailors
Never insisted on having the question thoroughly thrashed out; it could easily have been done by a few Boards.

Let us therefore rejoice in the glorious message that henceforth these stars are to be one inch in diameter instead of an inch-and-a-quarter, and stuck on, what's more, in the other direction:
"Side by side in a horizontal line" is the order, though why "horizontal" is too many for me;
For at last our noble Navy will be free from the smallest imperfection,
While the revolution, for that's what it amounts to, should be of great value in helping her to rule the sea.

DUM-DUM.

OFFICIAL PUBLICITY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The POSTMASTER-GENERAL having proved obdurate in this matter of advertising by postmark, it behoves conscientious objectors to do all that they can.

I do not myself favour the device of using black envelopes, which, apart from their sombre appearance, are only too likely to tempt the authorities to over-print in white, possibly with advertisements of SCRUBBO, which, as is well known, removes all spots, stains, blemishes and grievances, revives industry and makes paint like new.

Far neater is the plan of my friend Mr. Mugglethorpe, of The Eyrie, Barton Monachorum, Hants, who intends to print in clear capitals on his stationery—

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS
STAMPED ON THESE ENVELOPES
WILL BE FRAUDULENT LIES.

Advertisers will thus make contracts with the Government at their own peril, so far as Mr. Mugglethorpe's correspondence is concerned, and I do not see how an action for libel can be sustained.

There is, however, another method, less contentious on the legal side, and if possible more efficacious. Correspondents can use the space for rival advertising on their own account, taking care of course first to ascertain what firm it is which has found favour in the Government's eyes. Thus:—

CRUMPO IS THE BEST BREAKFAST FOOD IN THE WORLD

stamped by the postal authorities, will be matched on the other side of the envelope by

GRITNUTS IS THE ONLY MORNING CEREAL WHICH ABSORBS THE CARBOHYDRATES AND INDEMNIFIES THE VITAMINES!

Or, again,

GENTLEMEN SMOKE THE SENECA CIGARETTES

will be countered on the left-hand corner by

ARISTOCRATS PREFER THE EXCLUSIVE FLAVOUR OF THE WORLD-FAMED MARCUS AURELIUS SMOKE,

to which may be added

BETTER THAN ALL GOVERNMENT-ADVERTISED BRANDS.

My own plan for nullifying this iniquitous scheme is rather different. I propose to address all my envelopes at the extreme left-hand top corner and fill up all the available space by beginning the letter forthwith. As under:—

H. Dickinson, Esq.,
The Pines,
Poppingley,
Herts.

Dear Henry,—Aunt Martha is much distressed about the canary, which has now for several days been off its feed. We are having delightful weather here, but the quarrel between Mrs. Richardson and Jane Alexander about having vegetable marrows in the pulpit for the harvest festival is still going on. I wonder when the Government will come to its senses about the coal crisis? The Major accidentally reversed his Grouch into the duckpond yesterday and came out simply dripping. Veronica has
(See inside)

If that doesn't distract public attention from mere advertisement matter, however carefully postmarked, I don't know what will.

Yours faithfully,
PRO BONO PUBLICO.



Small Boy. "GOT ANY CIGARETTE-CARDS, LADY?"
Lady. "NO; I DON'T SMOKE"
Small Boy. "SOME LADIES DOES."
Small Girl. "SHUT UP! NOT THE BEST ONES DON'T."

AT HAMPTON COURT.

[Mr. ERNEST LAW has lately added to his Histories of the Palace a book on its Gardens.]

SAD Tudor ghosts may haunt the Palace still
To act again their human parts of woe,
Or wail—some say—because they played them ill
When passion was the call-boy long ago . . .

But let us leave those phantom griefs behind,
And LELY's Beauties with their haughty stare,
For in the Gardens you and I shall find
More gentle beauties with a tranquil air.
Yet haunted too these walks and glades must be:
That very path the CARDINAL would pace
(While kingdoms waited for his next decree)
To muse on earthly glory—or disgrace;
Here HENRY, with his lute and song, would praise
Love's constancy to please his darling ANNE,
And sport with her through livelong summer days,
For dalliance pleased the monarch and the man;
And here at chilly morn we might have seen
QUEEN BESS come briskly forth to "catch a heate";
Or in a privy chamber built of green
And fragrant walls with envoys at her feet . . .

The VIRGIN QUEEN is nearer English hearts
Because this English garden owned her powers—
Rare plants brought home by sea from foreign parts
To bloom beside WILL SHAKESPEARE's English flowers.

DESPERATE REMEDIES.

SHE was good enough to allow me to perceive that to-day she was pleased to see me.

"I was feeling so depressed," she explained, "I think even meeting a funeral would have cheered me up."

"You don't mean, I hope," I protested, a little hurt, "that mine . . ."

"Oh, no," she assured me earnestly, "only when you are like that anything's better than nothing, isn't it?"

"As I have never been a funeral," I said with some dignity, "I cannot tell."

"It's such a sad case," she went on thoughtfully, "I simply can't get it out of my mind. Because it is sad—isn't it?—when a young girl with everything to make her a success in life—good tennis and golf, an intimate acquaintance with the Charleston, a real gift for cocktails, a complexion I have seldom seen equalled as a foundation for a really smart make-up, naturally so little hair as to be almost bald, friends ready to introduce her to all the worst night-clubs in London, a splendid young enthusiasm for all the latest ideas before she had even heard of them, a kind of innate dignity of bearing enabling her to put in their places at once all those older than herself, a record behind her of I forget how many broken engagements, her credit not yet exhausted at any shop of any importance—in fact, the whole world at her feet . . ."

"A favourite of the gods indeed," I agreed as she paused to take breath.

"And then," she sighed, "for a girl like that to go and commit suicide."

"Suicide?" I cried, startled.

"Social suicide," she explained. "The worst kind," she added, sighing again.

"Oh," I said, relieved. "You mean she's got married?"

"Good gracious, no!"

"Well, there's no other way of committing social suicide these days, is there?" I asked. "I know at least one poor woman now living happily in the country with a husband and three babies whose name in London drawing-rooms, where once she reigned supreme, is practically forgotten."

"That's not social suicide at all," she declared. "That could always be put right almost any minute by a really sensational divorce. The case of the poor child I know is much more serious, and besides she never realised what she was doing, whereas the woman with the babies, I suppose, chose her own husband deliberately. But this unfortunate girl, for all her many accomplishments, had preserved somehow a touching innocence. She had no idea what danger lurked in chocolates, a cream bun to her was only a cream bun and nothing more; when she went out to dinner she—well, she dined. A friend, probably envious, certainly treacherous, used to ask her to lunch and give her good ones. Of course I'm not defending the girl, she ought to have realised what she was doing, but it seems she had no idea till she was at her dressmaker's one day and she heard someone say out loud, 'That girl's getting fat.'"



Pedestrian (to cause of accident). "COME TO ME, DARLING! DID THE NASTY MOTOR DO ITS BEST TO KILL HIM?"

"Good heavens!" I gasped. "A girl—fat—in London—to-day!"

"Exactly," she said gloomily. "The poor thing went straight away and had herself weighed. She had gained nineteen pounds."

"What did she do?" I asked anxiously.

"You may well ask. And the worst of it was it showed. All over. Her cheeks were—well, plump. Arms, ankles, all the same. As for her silhouette—round," she said in a whisper.

"A round silhouette?" I asked musingly.

"Round," she said firmly.

"Well, it's very sad," I said.

"It's a tragedy," she corrected me, still more firmly. "To-day one must be straight and flat and thin or one ceases to exist . . . Did I exaggerate when I said that that girl had committed suicide?"

"You did not," I admitted. "What is she doing now?"

"Drinking vinegar."

"Will that help?" I asked doubtfully. "I remember one week-end I drank it every meal at the hotel in Normandy where we were staying—thirty francs a bottle they charged too—and I didn't notice it had much effect that way."

"It is always recommended," she assured me. "Of course she stopped eating as well. Did you?"

"Well, not at meals," I confessed.

"Once you begin to put on flesh," she sighed, "once the silhouette begins to go——"

"Round," I murmured.

"Round," she agreed, "it's most difficult to stop. I am sure you can understand now why I was feeling so depressed."

"It's very nice of you," I said warmly, "to feel another's weight so much, especially now the summer's over."

"One tries to be sympathetic," she said meekly. "And then there's worse behind."

"Impossible!" I cried. "What?"

"When I left her——"

"Drinking vinegar?"

"No, she had finished it all. But when I left her I went at once and had myself weighed."

"Was that prudent?" I asked.

"One has to be brave," she said. "And I found I had gained three pounds five ounces."

"My word!" I cried.

"Of course," she pointed out, "three pounds five ounces isn't nineteen pounds, is it?"

"It is not," I assured her firmly; "not even at the butcher's or the baker's."

"You won't tell anyone, will you?"

"Not even," I promised faithfully, "the five ounces."

"But I shall have to do something," she declared. "Fortunately there is still time."

"I hope," I said anxiously, "you don't mean——?"

She did not answer, but she looked pale and determined.

"Only you know," she said wistfully as she turned away, "I don't really like vinegar."

E. R. P.

"On the side of imports the most notable features were the shrinkage in textiles and wearing apparel."—*Weekly Paper.*

We often notice a similar phenomenon when our "undies" come back from the laundry.



THE SMART SET.

Nursery Hostess. "CAN YOU SEE MRS. ROBINSON ANYWHERE? I HAVE A DUKE TO TAKE HER IN TO DINNER."
Nursery Host. "MRS. ROBINSON? I'M AFRAID SHE'S GONE IN AND BEGUN."

THE WAY.

THE school *Reader* through whose instrumentality I should have been taught the easy yet accurate elocutionary manner that I never attained was composed chiefly of dull extracts chosen rather for their style than for their interest. Yet there were a few exceptions, and prominent among these (I have been remembering of late) was the story of Sir RICHARD ARKWRIGHT and his furnace.

This story, to the best of my memory at this distant moment, described ARKWRIGHT—then not a prosperous knight at all, but a struggling ex-barber inventor—as being on the absolute brink of a wonderful discovery at the very moment that he ran out of fuel. His wife, who had long thought him mad, returned to their miserable home just in time to see him breaking up their few sticks of furniture and flinging them on to the flames. In the midst of her surprise and indignation the heat reached the necessary point, the experiment succeeded, ARKWRIGHT burst into tears of joy, and his wife, understanding, was at least partially reconciled. Such is my recollection.

On looking, however, into ARKWRIGHT'S life in the *Dictionary of National Biography* I find no record of any invention that would need this kind of intense temperature, whereas BERNARD PALISSY, the potter, of whom a similar story is told, must have been dependent upon it. But I feel sure that ARKWRIGHT was the hero of the *Reader*, otherwise why should I have his name so clearly in my head?

Which of the two inventors, the Englishman or the Frenchman, Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES was thinking of when he wrote *The Middleman*—that admirable drama of which the furnace scene is the great sensation—I do not know. What I do know is that that play should be revived whenever we are (as now) in the throes of a coal strike, because it so vividly shows the way.

What way?

The way to warmth.

No sooner did I recall the story in the *Reader* than I passed the furniture of the house under careful review. Some of the results are subjoined:—

DINING-ROOM.

Table	Should not be used.
Six chairs . .	Keep four.
Sideboard . . .	Use if possible, but cutting it up will be difficult.
What-not (a wedding-present from Uncle William) .	Begin with this.
Walnut coal-scuttle (Aunt Teresa) .	No, begin with this.

DRAWING-ROOM.

Rosewood canterbury (Aunt Mildred)	Burn without compunction.
Revolving pianostool.	Should go at once.
Piano.	I don't mind.
Eight Sheraton chairs	Keep.
Gramophone . .	Burn instantly.

But I need not take you all through the inventory. Thanks to the munificence of relatives the house is packed with excellent fuel, and I am composed in mind as to Mr. COOK and his projects and relieved by the prospect of getting rid of so many things that never represented my own taste. And then, when the strike is done, what excitement I shall have in furnishing to my heart's desire, irrespective of kith and kin. Sir RICHARD ARKWRIGHT, your health!

E. V. L.

CONFESSIONS OF A REPORTER.

INTERVIEWING THE DEAN.

I.—*The Dream.*

WITHIN a very few minutes of my ringing the bell at the Deanery I was sitting in the DEAN'S study listening to his views on life in general and the decadence of England in particular.

"Would you care to amplify your recent utterance on the position of women in modern life?" I asked, taking a handful of cigarettes from the box he held out.

"I have already made it clear that, as regards the status of woman, my spiritual home is at Doorn," said the DEAN, slowly and weightily. "If men would only realise it! However, '*De gustibus* . . .' You know the rest?"

"Rather!" I said. "But what about BOADICEA, JOAN OF ARC, QUEEN ELIZABETH and Madame TUSSAUD?"

"Their place was in the kitchen," said the DEAN gloomily. "They were mistakes—colossal mistakes."

"And Dame Nature?" I said.

"As my favourite author, PLOTINUS, says, 'Dame Nature never talks,'" he replied. "You know PLOTINUS?"

"Rather!" I said.

The hours flew by. The great clock of St. Paul's struck one.

"I insist on your staying for lunch," said the DEAN, rising from his chair. "I have kept the Chapter waiting for an hour-and-a-half already, so an extra hour or so won't matter."

We laughed. . . .

"I'm afraid I must get back," I said regretfully as the clock struck two.

The DEAN put the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* into my arms.

"You must have a small souvenir of our talk," he said with a charming smile.

"Drop in and see me any time you are passing," were his parting words as he held open the door of the taxi I had signalled.

"I will," I promised.

I *like* the Dean of ST. PAUL'S.

II.—*The Reality.*

A policeman kindly picked me out from under the wheels of a No. 11 and I rang the Deanery bell.

"The DEAN is in," said the maid, "but he won't see anyone."

"But the Press——" I pleaded. "Will you kindly go and see if——?"

A door banged in the distance.

She returned.

"He says '*No!*'" she told me. "He said something about the plagues of London. He must have meant 'Plague.' We 're very historical here."

"I only want one word," I begged. "Will you ask him if he would favour a woman Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge?"

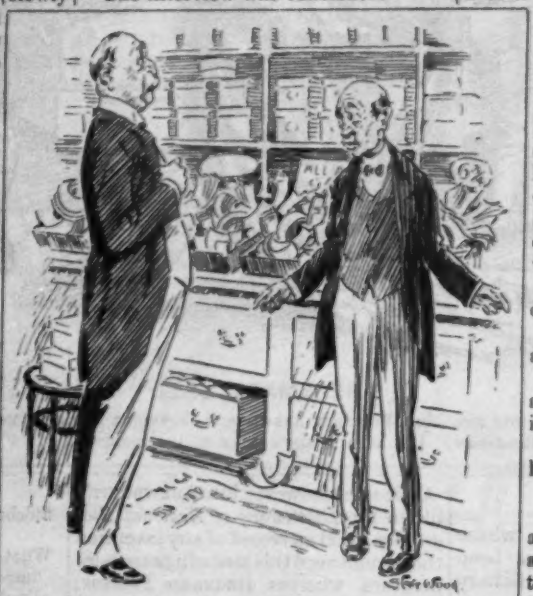
She went.

A door banged in the distance.

She returned.

"He said something about 'Revolution,'" she confessed. "There 's very little he holds with, but kind as kind."

The interview was concluded.



Assistant. "CAN I BE MOVED TO ANOTHER DEPARTMENT?"

Manager. "WHAT FOR?"

Assistant. "SELLING NOTHING BUT GENT'S COLLARS FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS SEEMS TO HAVE TAKEN ALL THE STARCH OUT OF ME."

As I left I glanced up at the Deanery. A baleful countenance was regarding me from an upper window.

I walked blindly into the traffic. The cow-catcher of a No. 18 pushed me along till we got to Ludgate Circus, where a providential hold-up of the traffic released me.

* * * * *

"So you fell down on it?" said the news-editor coldly.

"THE BRITISH FILM INDUSTRY.

The report suggests that if the entire programme of any cinema were to consist of British films such a house should be exempt from entertainment tax."

Birmingham Paper.

This should make our American rivals more conceited than ever.

SHARP PRACTICE.

THERE is a crucial period in every small boy's life when he wants a pocket-knife and wants it very badly. Lack of funds is not always an insuperable obstacle, for every healthy adult sympathises with the small boy's need. Healthy adults do not include the boy's 'ather, who thinks that it is all nonsense, or his mother, who is afraid he will cut himself: parents are like that.

Little Ronald had successfully cleared the first obstacle; he had caught his uncle in complacent mood, collected a shilling and bought the knife of his desire. He had still to meet the opposition of his parents, especially of his male parent. Mr. McWhirter was made of Caledonia's sternest stuff; proud, unyielding, he allowed his children to accept gifts in cash from no man—not even his wife's brother. Ronnie had reason to know all this, and on this occasion, I regret to say, he exhibited Machiavellian tendencies foreign to the stock from which he sprang.

"Whaur did ye get the knife?" demanded Mr. McWhirter.

"I found it," answered Ronnie, and never turned a hair.

The elder McWhirter was of an uncompromising Calvinistic integrity.

"Take it to the polis-office," he commanded.

And Ronnie did so.

So far everything was working according to Ronnie's plan. All along he had suspected that that knife would find its way to the police-office. He had not been perturbed, because other small boys had found things and taken them there—and got them back if they were unclaimed. So Ronnie looked forward to the time when, the law having taken its course, he would regain his prize. And at the end of six months the knife did come back to him.

Now that he was half-a-year older Ronnie did not expect any further opposition from his parents, so he made no attempt to hide the knife.

"That 's yon knife," he said, with the air of one who is very little interested.

"Let me see it," said his father.

Ronnie duly handed it over. The elder McWhirter looked the knife up and down and tested its blades with his thumb, while Ronnie stood by complacently.

"It 's a guid knife," said Mr. McWhirter at last. "I think I 'll keep it for ma 'baccy. I lent mine to yer uncle and he forgot to hand it back."

THE HUMAN TOUCH IN THE HIGHLANDS.



THE MOUNTAINS.



THE LOCHS.



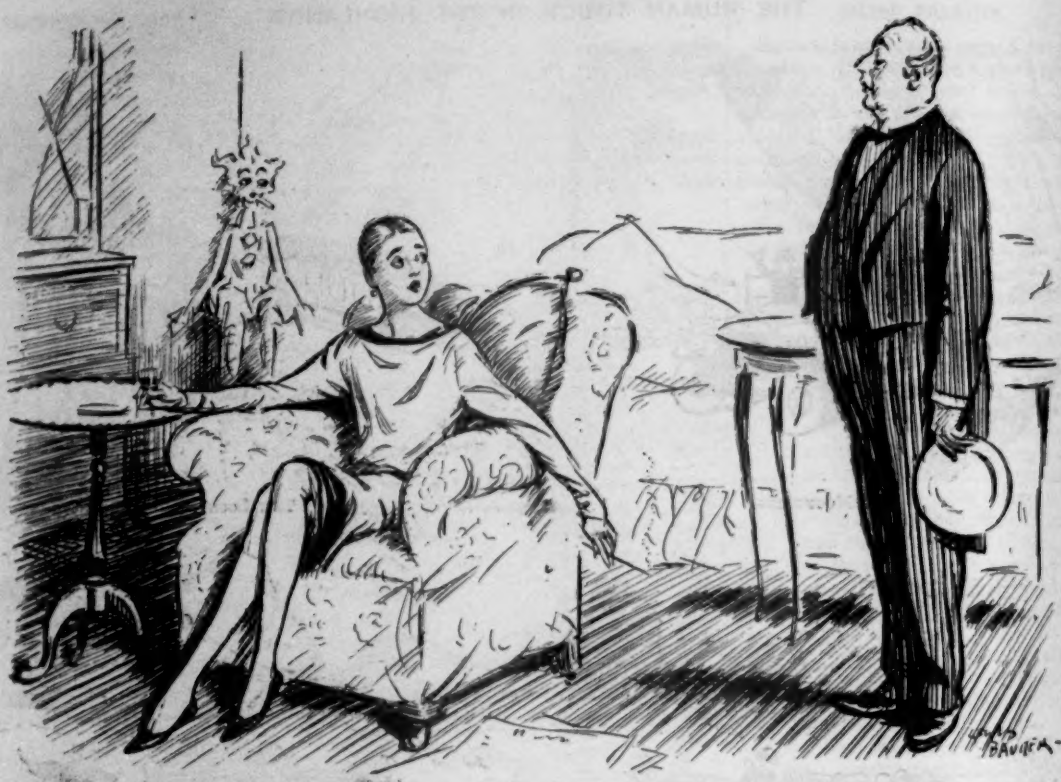
THE CASTLES.



THE CATTLE.



THE KILT!!!



Daughter of the House (returned from her holidays, to old servant). "WHAT ARE THE NEW PEOPLE LIKE WHO 'VE TAKEN THE GRANGE, WILLIAMS? ANY USE TO ME?"

Williams. "POSSIBLY SO, MISS. AS FAR AS THEY HAVE COME UNDER MY PERSONAL OBSERVATION THEY APPEAR TO ME A JAZZ LOT."

SOMEWHERE.

If I might have for the asking
Just what a holiday needs,
Give me a wilderness to bask in,
With willowherb and pink knotweeds,
And a hillside running up to heather,
With a deep dark wood full of fern,
Where jackdaws sing all together
And brown and white owls in turn.

And the house shall be an old old abbey
On a green shelf just below the wood,
With the cells all tumbledown and shabby,
But the guest-house solid yet and good;
Mediæval, half of it, and mended,
So that you would hardly know;
The rest Jacobeanised and splendid,
With mullions many in a row.

And the guests in the house shall be numerous,
But most of them my own kith and kin,
Beautiful and affable and humorous
And active and inclining to be thin;
Their views will be naturally various,
Their taste may be for water or for wine,
But their health must be always unprecarious
And their tempers as controllable as mine.

Then, though our fare may be wildish
And the daily barometer low,
Our pleasures will be mostly childish,
And much the better so;
For certainly those who employ themselves
With brats in the manner of brats,
Will almost as heartily enjoy themselves
As the Peterkins, the Jills and the Pats.

The Parish Pump Superseded.

"'MORE MILK.'

How to produce it! Use the '—— Water Bowl' and increase your profits 25 per cent. No Up-to-date Farmer can afford to be without them."—*Provincial Paper.*

"The proposal that steps be taken to acquire 36 acres of the disused quarry as a tipping-ground for domestics and street refuse was adopted."—*Irish Paper.*

Most of the domestics we come across are content with any old place as a tipping-ground.

Vive la Politesse!

"The King has approved of the following appointment: Vice-Admiral Sir H. —— to be Commandant of the Imperial Defence College."

"There were about thirty horses on the spot, the scent around the stables being quite an animated one."—*Evening Paper.*

In such circumstances it often is.

"On Monday the weather in Edinburgh was warm, the meanest temperature being 71."
Glasgow Paper.

What could it have been in Aberdeen?

From an account of the Bishop of LONDON'S Transatlantic tour:—

"The Bishop will then go to Chicago for a week and thence come to New York."
New York Paper.

To restore his equanimity?

At a horticultural show:—

"Mr. J. J. Kettle, of Corfe Mullen, shows a new raspberry called 'Corfe Mullen Wonder.' It is a seedling from 'Lloyd George,' and it is claimed that it is of a compact habit and less liable to run about and come up in unexpected places than its parent."—*Daily Paper.*

Doesn't raise cane quite so much, we gather.



LONDON SPRAWLING; OR, THE PROMISE OF MAYBURY.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE;
SHE HAD MILLIONS OF CHILDREN WHO WENT FRO AND TO;
SHE GAVE THEM TUBES, TRAMWAYS AND BUSES GALORE,
BUT STILL THEY KEPT ASKING FOR MORE, MORE AND MORE.

["As the people go out we must have rapid transit—more Morden tubes. . . . We are disseminating the people."—*Sir* HENRY MAYBURY, *Director-General of Roads, in his evidence before the Royal Commission on Cross-River Traffic.*]





EXPEDITION ORGANISED BY THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY ATTEMPTING TO CATCH A TARTAR.

SEEING ENGLAND;

Or, More Phrases for Foreigners.

I wish to visit { the British Museum. / Westminister. / the Benk.

Kindly direct me to Tot Cor Row.

Do you prefer to travel { by autobus? / by train? / by taximeter? / by tramcar? / on foot?

This railway is called the { Metropolitan. / District. / Underground. / Inner Circle. / Tube.

This machine understands the English coinage.

It cuts the ticket and presents the right change.

It is necessary to beware of pickpockets, eat more vitamines, keep clear of the gates, visit the wife of the farmer, stand on the right, and dismount with the { right / left } foot first.

There are many turnings and a great wind.

Shall we, or shall we not, arrive at the end of this long tunnel?

We must have travelled many miles.

We have not gone the right way.

We are lost.

To what place does this train go?

There is now no time to ask.

That train has passed rapidly through the station.

Will the next train stop at this station?

Ask the porter.

This porter does not know.

Blimee let us return to the street.

This staircase is moving the wrong way.

We may ascend it by running swiftly.

Alas! there is no escape. We must descend once more.

Let us sit on the platform until a train stops.

I have become entangled with the gate.

I shall be removed forcibly by the edge of the tunnel.

I desire only to reach the upper air.

Where shall I stand that I may enter an autobus?

It is impossible to cross the road.

Let us enter this shop.

The price of these goods is fixed.

I wish to buy a { pair of gloves. / cravat. / collar. / bottle of arnica. / tonic for the nerves.

This is not a chemist's shop.

It sells photographs, books, silver ornaments, writing paper, leather trunks and children's toys.

Still it is an English chemist's shop.

In what way is this article better than that?

It costs more money.

In what other way is it different?

It is a superior article.

In what way is it a superior article?

Because the other article is more cheap.

The lady at the desk is exceedingly proud.

There is a long procession on the pavement.

Is it a funeral procession?

No, it is a theatre queue.

The play will commence in { one / two / three } days from now.

The naked man tied with ropes entertains the theatre queue until the hour of opening arrives.

I should like some coffee.

At what hour was this coffee { roasted? / ground? }

Kindly remove this coffee and fetch me some { ointment for the throat. / vermouth. / wine. / beer. }

This shop is not permitted to sell alcoholic drinks.

A thousand thunders!

There is a loud cry in the street.

Has there been { an accident? / a change of Government? }

No. It is a boy who cries 3.30 winners.

The English shops sell principally { motor-cars. shoes. fountain-pens.

The street is full of { bicycles. perambulators. children. cats. pigeons. dogs.

It is marvellous that they are not run over!

If they are run over, it is the fault of the motorist.

At what hour will the traffic move on?

These men have dug a pit in the road, and made a fence round it with chains.

What is it that they are doing at the pit?

They are frying bacon and eggs.

In an English street there are no beggars, but a multitude of persons who sell flags.

Show me the way to a bookshop.

This novel is very expensive.

Yes, but it is very interesting.

In what way is it interesting?

Twenty thousand copies have already been sold.

What is the key of the romance?

It is explained on the cover outside.

It is not permissible to buy the cover without buying the novel.

In what style of architecture was this { bank post-office town-hall church shop } erected?

It is a handsome modern edifice, costing many thousands of pounds.

I have a pain inside.

To whom was this statue erected?

The guide is unable to say.

I wish to purchase an evening paper.

This paper is very large.

The articles in this paper are written entirely by dignitaries of the Church.

They are very amusing and tell the poor to be good. EVOE.

"At an English *plage* you may very rarely meet a Frenchman. He is not happy. It is necessary that he returns at once to France. Here there is not, he gesticulates forlornly, the *je ne sais quo*."—*Manchester Paper.*

Hence he prefers the *status quoi*.

THE ARTIST, THE HEAVY-WEIGHT AND THE TENOR.

A FABLE.

IN the paradox of fate it happened that a certain Artist was made miserable by an aching tooth. Artists ought, of course, to be immune from the infirmities of you and me. So grievous was the pain that he was forced to the extreme course of visiting a dentist. In the dentist's waiting-room he found a somewhat tattered copy of a weekly paper. What was meant for solace, however, only added to his anguish, for he read that the result of the exhibition at the Royal Academy was that few pictures were sold, and most returned to their painters. This bore out his own unhappy experience and set him thinking. Why do the Modern Masters starve, whereas the Old Masters, already provided for, as one imagines, are rewarded with higher and higher prices?

He was one of those whose thoughts bubble into words almost before they reach coherence. The first person whom he met when, minus the offending tooth, he reached his club was a Champion Heavy-weight; for no club is truly Bohemian unless it boasts a prize-fighter among its members. It was in the billiard-room and over a game that the problem was broached. Neither player was too engrossed to consider it; for of a truth the play was not brilliant. The Artist had an Impressionist eye, and the Champion kept so much of his heavy-weight in front that he could not get very near to the table. "Why is it," said the Artist, "that in your profession the Old Masters were rewarded with a tankard of ale and a ten-pound purse and you are offered thousands; whereas the Old Masters of my profession get thousands and I get not even a tankard of ale?" The White Hope cogitated, and at long last growled his solution. "I have a monopoly value. Once I appeared in the ring. Were I to do it again my value would disappear. You make your work cheap by over-production. Give out that you are painting your last picture and you will get a price for it." The Artist took this advice. His friends thanked the gods of Art, made a whip-round and bought the picture which was to close his career.

But the money, as happens with artists, did not last long. Again he was constrained to think. This time his confidant was a famous Tenor. He stated his predicament. "Do you mean to say," said the Tenor, "that you have painted only one last picture? Why, I have made a last appearance every few months for nineteen years; how otherwise could I live?" So the Artist learnt from the Man of Brawn and the Man of Breath how to contrive a chronic monopoly value, and became an Old Master till the day of his death, when his affluence won him appreciative obituary notices from all the Art critics.



Wife of new Minister. "NOW, ANGUS, YOU MUST LOOK AFTER THE CHURCH BETTER THAN THIS, OR WE 'LL HAVE TO THINK ABOUT GETTING A NEW BEADLE."

Angus (beadle of long standing). "MISTRESS DEWAR, WE WHILES CHANGE OOR MINISTER, BUT WE NEVER CHANGE OOR BEADLE."

Careers for Our Sons.

"Racket Maker Required, to supervise output . . . Good prospects capable man."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

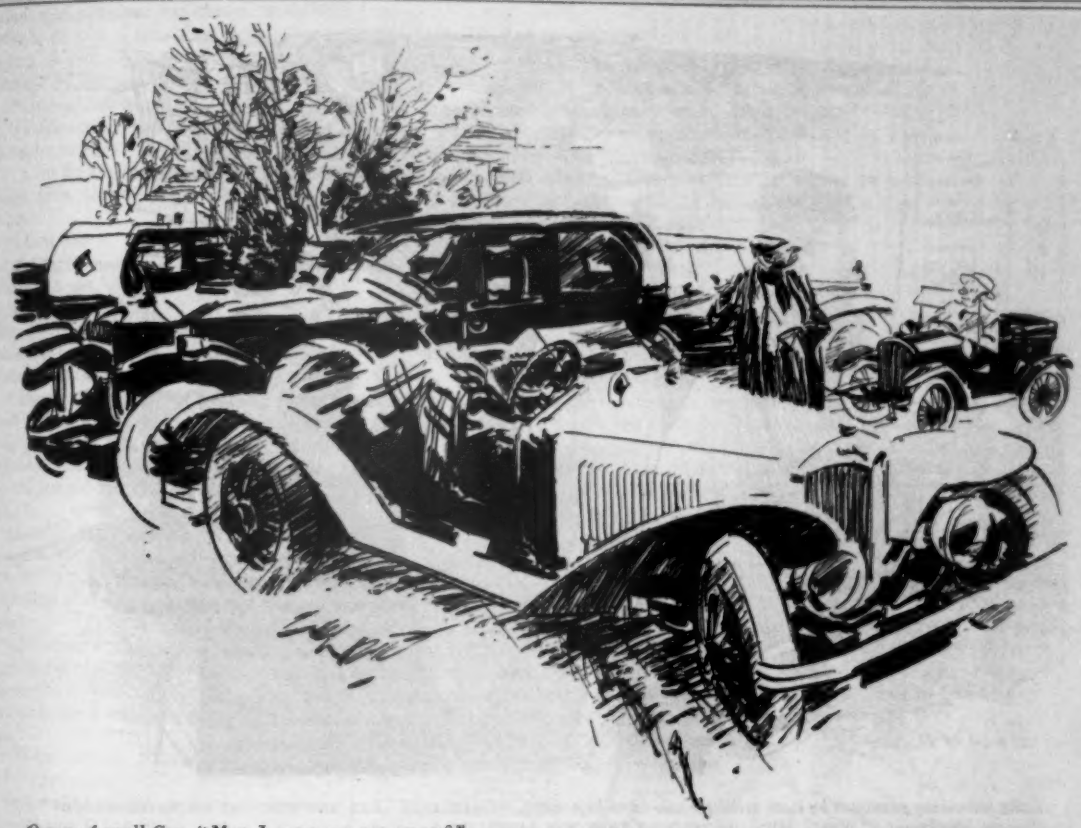
We know a little man (aged three)
Who 'd fill this post most capably;
Give him a tin, the tongs to smack it,
And he 'll produce a first-class racket,
And, what is more, so well he 's trained,
He 'll see the output 's well maintained.

A Headache for the Boxing Historian.

	"DEMPSEY."	TUNNEY.
Age . . .	31	28
Height .	6 ft. 1 in.	6 ft. 1½ in.
Weight .	14 stone	13 st. 8 lbs.
Reach . .	77 in.	78½ in.
Purse . .	£90,000 and 50 % of takings over £200,000	£30,000 and 12½ %" *Daily Paper.*

"Tunney's reach is 76½ inches and Dempsey's half-an-inch more."
Same Paper, same day.

It is supposed that the former measurements were taken when TUNNEY was reaching for DEMPSEY, and the latter when DEMPSEY was reaching for the purse.



Owner of small Car. "MAY I PARK MY CAR HERE?"
Autocratic Parking Gentleman. "WELL, PERSONALLY, I 'VE NO OBJECTION, SO LONG AS YOU HIDE IT BEHIND THESE OTHERS."

PARLYMENT SEAT.

If you be going up the road that runs from Shanty Bay,
You 'll see a seat that 's stood just there for ages, you might say—
A rotting plank on stumps of wood, above the seaweed flats,
Among the yellow cottages, the bindweed and the cats.
Well, that 's a most important seat that no one sits upon
But Abe and Ben, and Timmy Shaw, and Job, and Susan's John.

They 're wise about the weather; if you ask respectful-like
The meaning of that cloudy cap that sits on Ravenspike;
And if you ask for sound advice they 're certain to reply
It won't be fit for picnicking for days with such a sky.
They tell such tales about the wind, such yarns about the moon,
You 'd think another deluge was expected pretty soon.

It 's like a sort of parlyment that 's sitting every day;
The houses would be tumbling down if they had naught to say
About the boat that went ashore in last September year,
And what they 'd all of them have done "if they 'd been skipper theer,"
And whether yonder rusty mine is really dead or no,
And if the landlord at the "Swan" has got to pack and go.

They 've had their whack of fishing now, both on and off the shore;
The cold and misty Dogger Bank will see their boats no more;
Their grandsons patch their cobles up and out with them to sea,
And other lobster-pots are down where their pots used to be.
But still they seem to rule the roast and keep a wary eye
On yonder span between the cliffs, where all the boats go by.

They 'll maybe dig for lugworm in the ooze when tides are low,
Or potter round for sticks and coal in drift-holes that they know;
But mostly they will sit and suck old pipes and take the air,
Which makes me wonder how that gent with spats and oily hair
Has got the cheek to take the seat that no one sits upon
But Abe and Ben, and Timmy Shaw, and Job, and Susan's John.

Boxiana up to Date.

"Tunney maintained his fine form in the sixth round. He made the champion miss with a hard twing of the jaf."—*Provincial Paper.*

"Professor Pile, the alligator specialist, made another record capture of one of these reptiles on Sunday last when he fished out of the 'forty-feet' trench at Kitty village a male of the Abary species, which he determines as 700 years old. The alligator is said to measure 8ft. 2 inches in length and 4¼ inches girth."—*West Indian Paper.*

Whatever may be said about the allegation the alligator strikes us as a trifle thin.



Lady (admiring paintings by local artist for sale in village shop). "CHARMING! AND ARE THEY OIL OR WATER-COLOUR?"
Ancient Shopkeeper. "WELL, MUM, HE TOLD ME THEY WAS LANDSCAPE."

THE GORGEOUS TIE.

Anne will have to be told about money. At present she has got the principle of the thing all wrong.

Marjorie, Anne and I take our summer holidays in a cottage at St. Stephen-by-Marshes, a village so small that you get a thrill of astonished pride if you find its name marked on any but the largest-scale map.

Life in St. Stephen centres round the Ship Inn (the social centre) and Mr. Stanham's (the shopping centre). "The Ship" copes with the thirst of the inhabitants, and Mr. Stanham with their other needs and desires. If you want a hat, a stamp, a bar of chocolate, a sack of coals, a leg of mutton, Mr. Stanham sells it to you. If he hasn't got it, you go without.

Anne spends a good deal of her time gazing into Mr. Stanham's windows (practising, as I point out apprehensively to Marjorie, for an expensive future in Bond Street). Occasionally, after earnest thought, she goes in; and I subsequently get a sticky sweet as evidence that a commercial transaction has taken place.

One day Anne burst into the living-room in a high state of excitement, clutching a small limp parcel.

"Daddy," she panted—"here. This is for you."

She thrust the parcel into my hand and stood quivering with delighted anticipation.

I shot a look at Marjorie, but Anne intercepted it.

"Mummy doesn't know anything about it," she said proudly. "Open it. It's a present."

The atmosphere grew tense as I opened the parcel and gaped at the contents. I did not speak. I couldn't.

"It's a tie," explained Anne at last, unable to bear the suspense any longer.

It *was* a tie!

The young bloods of St. Stephen have during the workaday week a sober habit of dress, but it is their custom on Sunday evenings to blossom out into prismatic neckwear in order to express their individuality and dazzle (literally) the eyes of the fair. This particular tie, however, had a more than ordinarily striking pattern and range of colours. Evidently no man had yet been found whose individuality demanded expression in terms so violent, and Mr. Stanham would, I imagine, have had the thing left on his hands for ever had not my daughter given him scope for opportunism.

"Do you like it, Daddy?" asked Anne, with a pleased smile. There was no lack of confidence in her question, but she wanted to hear. "Mr. Stanham liked it," she added.

I still gaped. I have a quiet taste in ties. This portable sunset appalled me.

Marjorie bridged the awkward gap.

"*I* think it's *lovely*," she said unscrupulously. And she gave me a look which told me plainly that I must back her up and not spoil the child's pleasure.

I struggled with an untimely sense of the sacredness of truth.

"It's—it's gorgeous, darling," I said. Fortunately "gorgeous" is Anne's own pet word for expressing praise, so she was entirely satisfied. She went to the door and there turned.

"It cost one-and-ninepence," she said with round eyes and hushed voice, and went off into the garden, whence she was audible later informing a young friend that she had just given Daddy a gorgeous present.

I looked at the abortion. Anne's official income is a penny a week, when I can remember to give it to her. Other-

wise she subsists on casual windfalls, which do not, I imagine, bring in very much as yet. She must have beggared herself by her act of filial piety.

"One-and-ninepence!" I said aloud.

"Poor child," said Marjorie. "You'll have to make it up to her."

"I'm much more inclined to go and push this thing down old Stanham's throat."

"You can't. You've got to wear it, for Anne's sake. You must put it on and take me for a walk in it on Sunday evening. I shall be thrilled to the bone." She giggled heartlessly. Then she caught sight of my face. "We'll go after dark if you like," she conceded.

"Dash it, it won't *be* dark, if we take that thing with us!"

I put the tie at the back of my drawer and hoped my women-folk would forget it. Marjorie did, but Anne didn't.

"Daddy," she said one day, "you haven't worn my tie yet. Don't you like it?"

Under Marjorie's eye I had to equivocate.

"Of course I did, darling. It was frightfully nice of you to give it me, and I thought it was very—er—very pretty. But you see I only wear plain-coloured ties."

"What about the one you've got on?" she asked—with good reason, as it happened. But I had a truthful answer ready for this.

"Club colours," I said firmly, "are different."

She nodded, as one who quite understands. She didn't, of course; but not for worlds would she have confessed it. She went out thoughtfully.

"What a shame!" said Marjorie.

"Not a bit. I consider I've wriggled out very neatly. Now I've only to give Anne her one-and-nine and this incident closes."

Three minutes later Anne came back. My heart sank as I saw in her hands a small limp parcel.

"Here's a plain-coloured one," she said.

I undid it.

Technically, I suppose, the new tie was a plain-coloured one. But its colour was a bilious yellowish-green, and in some subtle way it managed to make my former present seem almost sober by comparison. Evidently the enterprising Mr. Stanham had unloaded some more of his unsaleable stock.

"Is this better?" asked Anne. "It cost two-and-sixpence."

I was much moved.

"Darling," I said huskily, "you mustn't waste your own money on Daddy like this. You are——"

"Oh," said Anne in a shocked tone, "I didn't spend *my* money. I told Mr. Stanham to put them both down to you."

As I began by saying, Anne will have to be told about money. At present she has got the principle of the thing all wrong.



Detective (to famous Actress). "WHAT WERE YOUR JEWELS WORTH, MADAM?"
Actress. "OH, ABOUT ONE AND A-HALF COLUMNS."

THE GARDEN-CHAIR.

"PLEASE, old gentleman, tell us where
You'd like to settle your garden-chair;
Here, by the roses and the phlox,
The sunflowers and the hollyhocks,
Or shall it rather be conveyed,
Spite of its weight, to yonder shade?"
"No, thank you; underneath the trees
Incessant blows an Arctic breeze;
The shade's too cold, the sun too hot;
Why these extremes? I like them not."

"Oh, that's all right," said they, "but where—
Where shall we put your garden-chair?"
"Well, since the lawn no memory rouses
Of old Victorian London houses,
Old friends, old guests, and I no more
At any hospitable door
Sniff goodly savours, dump the chair
Down by the sage and onions there."

"Crabs in cans are quieter after a record export."—*Japanese Paper.*

We are glad to hear this, having a prejudice against the tinned crab that hums.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE FALL GUY" (APOLLO).

LET me testify, before giving myself time for second thoughts and the subsequent hedging which is a critic's besetting temptation, that in Mr. ERNEST TRUEX America has sent us over a comedian absolutely of the first rank. The little man can make us laugh as many can, but as few among the many; and he has at command also a depth and tenderness which can draw tears from a grown man. The admirable CHAPLIN has this rare gift; JAMES WELCH of happy memory had it. It crowns the work of the pick of the world's jesters. And, as the ingenious and sprightly authors of *The Fall Guy* have seasoned their humour with a genuine sentiment which did not, as it not seldom does in this class of import, degenerate into a sickly and quite unplausible sentimentality, Mr. TRUEX was able to amuse and to move us all, a fact which was signified at the end by an obviously spontaneous enthusiasm, which he acknowledged with a charm and modesty that endeared him to us as a man—he had already dug himself well into our affections, which lie at a deeper level than our mere admirations, as an actor. Nor can one omit from this I hope not too ingenuous panegyric his principal partner, Miss BEATRICE NOYES, who played with a charming spirit, sincerity and technical skill the part of his wife.

A "Fall Guy" is a simple-minded boob who swallows anything any plausible person chooses to suggest to him. Little *Johnnie Quinlan*, late clerk in a drug-store and now no longer employed because late, is out on a desperate hunt for a job. A false friend, so obviously false that only a prince among fall guys could be taken in by him, suggests a little profitable excursion into what here we, perhaps falsely, assume to be America's principal industry—bootlegging. The little man sees no great harm in that; the best people—English baronets and the like—do it. But honest *Bertha*, (*Boirt* for short), his plucky little wife, delivers an ultimatum that, if he is going to run crooked, she won't stand for it, and will just leave him to it. That distresses our sore-tempted *Johnnie*. But he has promised his friend to stand in with him, has received fifteen good dollars on account of salary, and a man would feel mean if he let down a friend when all that he had promised was to collect and keep a suit-case till instructions were received as to its disposal. One must just practise a little deception on the over-scrupulous *Boirt* and hope for the best. And there 's the rent to pay and the instalments on that saxophone of *Boirt's* work-shy brother, *Dan*.

But the suit-case happened to have a false bottom and to be packed with "snow." The poor fall guy has been beguiled into a deeper trap than mere hooch-peddling. Dope means a stiff term in the penitentiary. The bottom falls out of his world.

The authors, Mr. JAMES GLEASON—also part author of and principal comedian in *Is Zat So?*—and Mr. GEORGE ABBOTT have made their trapping of *Johnnie Quinlan* more plausible than his escape. He shows such address in outwitting the real villain, "*Nifty*" *Herman*, that he is then and there offered a job in the anti-dope organisation. There was nothing in the pathetic lovable young idiot to make us suppose him capable of such a recovery. We believed in him in his despondency. I don't think we felt he would have been very useful to his new chief. So that our comedy, most competently and plausibly managed up to this point, seemed to end on a slightly false note.

But nothing could be better than the picture of these two poor children, their swift quarrels, penitences and reconciliations, the courage and simple honesty of the wife, the fundamental decency, the fecklessness, the pathetic optimism, the brave humour of the husband.

The playing by the five American players, Mr. TRUEX, Miss NOYES, Mr. EFFINGHAM PINTO ("*Nifty*"), Mr. FRANK MCHUGH (*Dan*) and Mr. LEO MACK (a collector), was so good that the difficulties of the language were no barrier to enjoyment. Often real English words were used, not seldom with the meaning they bear on this side of the Atlantic. The American colony was no doubt present in full force, but there was no sign that the natives were not equally appreciative. Mr. S. J. WARMINGTON played with skill and sympathy the police inspector in charge of the anti-cocaine operations, who was incidentally honourably pursuing *Johnnie Quinlan's* sister *Lottie*. This rather thankless "peg" part fell to *Miss Mercia Swinburne*, who seemed not altogether happy in it. It hadn't interested the authors very much.

The play is well worth seeing as a good entertainment. Mr. ERNEST TRUEX is worth seeing, if I am not mistaken, as a comedian of genius. T.



Ko-Ko (*Mr. HENRY LYTTON*). "NOW WHAT DO YOU REALLY THINK OF THESE NEW COSTUMES?"
Pooh-Bah (*Mr. LEO SHEFFIELD*). "COME OVER HERE, WHERE THE LORD HIGH COSTUMIER CAN'T HEAR US."

"THE MIKADO" (PRINCES).

Once upon a time I wrote an article about Japan. I made airy references to Japanese history, politics, literature and art, as if I knew a great deal about them. The occasion was the Disarmament Conference at Washington, and my notion was that the public ought to know a little more about the spirit in which our great Eastern ally might be supposed to be taking part in that valuable exchange of views. A missionary who had lived a long time in Japan wrote to me and asked me when I had visited the country, as it was impossible for anyone who had not lived in it for some time to know so much about it. The actual volume I used was *Inf—Kan*.

Whether the late Sir W. S. GILBERT would have thought it necessary to give a fairer representation of the customs and costumes of this people, supposing he were alive and writing an opera to-day, can only be a matter of surmise. More probably, I think, he would have put the idea of *The Mikado* into a wholly different and remoter setting, and that without the slightest damage to the libretto and still less to the music of SULLIVAN.

Mr. CHARLES RICKETTS, on the other hand, knows a good deal about Japan, and I am very willing to believe that the new dresses which he has introduced, and which belong, I gather, to the Japan of the eighteenth century, are not only beautiful but true.

I make certain reservations. I don't care for the very large hats, like toadstools or disc-wheels, worn by *Yum-*

Yum, Pitti-Sing and *Peep-Bo*, because I prefer small hats, unless the ladies who wear them are very tall. In the case of Japanese ladies one flower has always seemed to me to be sufficient millinery. There was a great deal to be said, I fancied, for having a Japanese wife.

Then there is the *Mikado* himself. He is much too energetically ferocious for my taste—a Japanese warrior of the prints. And I thought the setting of the first scene was a little dull. I have nothing but praise, however, for the silk tailpieces worn by *Ko-Ko* and *Pooh-Bah*, which resembled the bonnets of motor-cars, and, since they did a great deal of agonised rocking, looked very well indeed.

What astonishes me is Mr. RICKETTS' theory about the whole affair. I have read an article in which he states:—

"*The Mikado*, of course, is not meant to be a true picture of Japanese life. It is a fairy-tale, in which half the time GILBERT is laughing at his own country."

True; though the last phrase is not a a very happy one because

"The idiot who praises, with enthusiastic tone,
All centuries but this and every country but his own"

is as a matter of fact one of the people on *Ko-Ko's* list. But I agree that GILBERT was laughing at English pomp, state and officialism, for that he always does. The only thing that made him giggle more than a judge or a policeman was a bishop.

But Mr. RICKETTS goes on to say:—

"Many Japanese resent a parody in which their national dress is made to look like a collection of dressing-gowns. . . . During a visit of the Japanese HEIR-APPARENT the HOME SECRETARY objected to the opera because he considered it might give offence. By correcting the costumes we are making a long overdue gesture of courtesy to a friendly nation."

I confess I do not follow this idea. If *The Mikado* makes a mockery of Japan, how does it help matters to render the costumes more realistic? Or is it that the Japanese costumes of 1770 are so funny to the Japanese themselves that they make them indulgent towards the farcical nature of the play? In any case, how far is this fashion of taking offence at frivolities to go? Will MUSSOLINI object to *The Gondoliers*? No, we will go further back than that. Will either, or any, of the Greek dictators take exception to the next performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* because *Bottom the Weaver* is not a typical Athenian citizen?

There is no reason, of course, why we should not re-dress *The Mikado* as



"A more unreal Mikado never
Did in Japan exist."

The Mikado . . MR. DARRELL FANCOURT.

often as we like, for the sake of prettiness; but Mr. RICKETTS seems to suggest that there is some deep political significance behind it, which seems to me to be an interference with the liberty of honest fun. Did the Spanish Embassy raise any objection to the performance of SHERIDAN'S *Duenna*? I should have preferred to think that in putting a silk motor-bonnet behind *Pooh-Bah* Mr. RICKETTS was simply trying to pay fresh honour to GILBERT and SULLIVAN'S art and not attempting to satisfy the wild patriotic yearnings of Japan.

For the rest there is nothing new to be said of *The Mikado*. Cries of consternation arose at the first appearance of one or two well-known performers. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* But they died away as soon as it became apparent that everyone was excellent, as usual, and that not an air was changed, not an encore unexpected; that in fact the flowers of Mr. RICKETTS' Spring, however beautiful in themselves, had little or nothing to do with the case. EVOE.



Katisha (*Miss* BERTHA LEWIS). "ARE YOU OLD JAPANESE OR EARLY-VICTORIAN?"

Yum-Yum (*Miss* ELSIE GRIFFIN). "WHAT DOES IT MATTER SO LONG AS I 'M CHARMING?"

TO MY (OR ANY OTHER) CAIRN.

I DO not want to stress the point, my lad,
But—could you manage not to look so sad
When you and I proceed to take the air
Adown the High Street or across the Square?
Dear kind old ladies pat you on the head
And hint unkindly that you're underfed,
Then mutter vaguely . . . if they had their way . . .
They'd . . . yes . . . inspector . . . N.S.P.C.A.;
And you, instead of championing my cause,
Droop ears and tail and contemplate your paws.
They little know your life's a strenuous lark;
From early morning until long past dark
You please yourself in every blessed way
With scant attention to what I may say,
Yet to the world you show a mournful face
That hints of hardship and unearned disgrace.
So, come now, Jerry (Jerry is your name—
Not Jeremiah), come now, play the game;
Smile when in public, or, if you won't smile,
Give an impression that life seems worth while.
It is, you know; you're not misfortune's bairn
But a most lucky and contented cairn.

"A Young Girl, age 15 months, would like to learn dressmaking."
Advt. in Local Paper.

Well, it's never too early to mend.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

(*With acknowledgments to Mr. PHILIP GUEDALLA.*)

THERE is nobody quite so dead as the dead. The dead never bore us with their dull stories; the dead never poison us with original cocktails. The dead never speak to us over the wireless, since none of us is optimistic enough to hope that our self-appointed avuncular relatives are dead. The dead never despatch lictors or policemen to arrest us on charges of high treason; we can say what we like about them. The limitations which prevent our Yellow Press from cold-blooded vilification of contemporary heroes do not apply, fortunately, to historians. Modern history contrives to combine the importance of alleged fact with the attractiveness of scandalous personal memoirs. The profits are great and the risks are comparatively few.

The older writers attempted, foolishly enough, to make the dead live again in their books. But old writing, like old everything, is of inferior quality, so that life never entered the wired puppets which performed on the unreal stage of their padded volumes. They succeeded only in making two corpses grow where one grew before. There is nobody quite so dead as the dead.

When JULIUS CÆSAR dismissed his litter at the foot of the Capitol steps—disregarding the shade of the VICTOR EMMANUEL monument which was in the elegant future to occupy the site—the bystanders noted that he had not dressed over-carefully for the occasion. True, he had waxed the bald dome which rose, not in the least like a lotus, from the symmetrically arranged wreath of laurel surrounding his brow; but, in spite of the endeavours of CALPURNIA to transform him into a passable imitation of a lounge-lizard, he still cherished that untidiness which is the chief advantage of military experience. His trench-coat, he had informed her, was still sound. It had arrived new from CRASSUS' Department Store on the very day the Nervii had attacked his base. "Let me see, that must be six years ago." And CALPURNIA, as he intended, had been switched aside by this reminiscence and had entered upon a gossipy recital of her own memories and her own life in general, so that JULIUS went on to the show without changing. He had brought no book to read during the sermon, for news had reached him that CICERO was out of town.

The scene was soon played out. On the whole it must be judged ineffective. A mock petition and a stab in the back; the kind of thing which might happen any day in a by-street of Chicago. Hardly a matter for indignation meetings and editions special.

But there was ANTONY, with his elocution lessons behind him, trying to make political capital out of a vulgar murder. CASSIUS was skulking about somewhere, looking like a sleuth and behaving like a crook. BRUTUS, with his Primitive Methodist eyes, was going about muttering something about liberty and making himself a perfect nuisance. CICERO had not heard about the affair yet, but in a day or two he would start writing letters. HORACE was loafing about the public-houses singing sad but salacious songs. When war was declared he would join up, not because he was a born fighter, but because he liked to be in the swim. This was, of course, before he became respectable; he had not yet settled down to the antimacassars of MÆCENAS.

VIRGIL, with spectacles and note-book, was picking the brains of the bee-keepers. He intended one day to write a manual of bee-keeping in poetic form so as to appeal both to the business man and to the intellectual. It was easier to take down copy from hearsay than to initiate first-hand research among the bees. The bees were so apt to mistake the intentions of district visitors consciously engaged in slumming.

CATO was worrying about things; he was full of neuroses. He did not well understand what JULIUS' dreams meant, but a single reel of ANTONY'S would have caused him to warn the Watch Committee to keep an eye on Alexandria during the next year or two.

A bourgeois lot, entirely devoid of imagination.

Altogether it was a most unpleasant time. Cheers from the Forum interrupted one's meals, and in the intervals could be heard faintly "to bury Cæsar, not to praise him . . .; an honourable man . . . seem ambitious . . . fled to brutish beasts . . . such honourable men . . . kind Cæsar's wounds . . . gracious drops. . . ." Tedious stuff, only fit for platforms. One would have had to get away from it all. One would have gone to a private villa at Baiae with Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY in another villa, and there one would have written caustic criticisms, not of ANTONY or BRUTUS—for they were touchy—but of people who were safely dead, like MARIUS and SULLA. Or, better still, of CINCINNATUS and REGULUS, because their reputations were established and the fun of poking their ribs was greater. One could show that CINCINNATUS was a mere rustic, unable to comprehend the sublimity of urban life, and that REGULUS was a Gongorist. Neither would have turned in his grave, for there is nobody quite so dead as the dead . . . E. P. W.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Nephew Bob, do you sometimes wonder,
Tuning your car up, how in thunder,
Ere Time revolved on a crankshaft bearing,
People managed to go for an airing?
How, in days when the flag preceded
The traction-engine, legally speeded
Three miles an hour on tarless gravel,
How the dickens did anyone travel?

Well, if you've time, perpend the story
How we went on a jaunt of glory,
Gay young dogs, in delightful weather,
I and your Uncle James together.

We started out so fresh and early;
The day-star winked and the dew lay pearly.
Mushrooms and blackberries took us straying
By Cockshut Shaw where the cubs were playing.
By 8 A.M. we had swopped our pillage
For ham and eggs in Coddingham village;
And when we came to the "Crown and Anchor"
We chartered a chestnut mare, a spanker
(She'd won the Oaks with a deuce of a weight on),
Who spun us along in an old mail-phaeton.
And when we stopped at the "Coach and Horses"
We judged it was time to recruit our forces;
So there in the parlour, trimly sanded,
With Phyllis to wait on us, most neat-handed,
We lunched on Southdown mutton and oysters,
With Clos Vougeot from its cobwebbed cloisters.
Then, after a game in the bowling-alley,
The carrier tooled us down the valley.
At the "Pike and Eel" at Barson Ferry
We borrowed a rod and a trim-built wherry;
I threw a kiss to the miller's daughter,
I threw a fly on the poppling water,
I hooked a trout as broad as a flounder,
The old historical sixteen-pounder,
Who, as his play grew rasher and rasher,
Capsized us over the top of the lasher;
And as we breasted the raging billows
We flushed a Naiad under the willows...

I'm quite alive to your hinted stricture,
I *may* have slightly enhanced the picture;
The point is this: you could never compass,
With your tarmac roads and your engine's rumpus,
Not in your dreams, the tints we laid on.
Ours was the stuff that dreams are made on.

More Commercial Candour.

"—— Self-Raising Flour—Down Again."
Advt. in a Provincial Omnibus.



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

XXVI.—J. H. TAYLOR.

ALTHOUGH this monarch "failed to qualify"
Upon Mid-Surrey's memorable scene,
His still the master hand, the master eye,
To lay the ball "stone dead" upon the green.

Nine tailors, says the adage, must you take
To form a man of average degree;
'Twould need nine very special men to make
Another Devon TAYLOR such as he.



Passenger. "I THINK THE COUNTRY ROUND HERE IS EXTRAORDINARILY PRETTY."
Speed Fiend. "IS IT? I MUST SEE IT SOME DAY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ALL the old artistry has been employed on *Debits and Credits* (MACMILLAN): it is not Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING'S workmanship that has turned against him but part of his material. The Great War, aspects of which occupy about half his new short stories, demands a reconsidered attitude. You cannot steer by the old lights, and the new ones are hardly kindled—hence I feel a certain sense of maladjustment and confusion. To endow his love of comradeship and ceremonial with a present and perhaps a future, Mr. KIPLING creates a Masonic Lodge in London with a peculiar care for ex-servicemen. Here are told three military yarns, "The Janeites" and "A Friend of the Family," both comedies in the old manner, and "A Madonna of the Trenches," a tragic retrospect in the new one. Spiritually affiliated to the last are "The Wish House," a story of the vicarious sufferings of an old cook, and "The Gardener," which reverts to graves in Flanders. There are two *Stalky* tales, as breezily conducted as ever, and two re-readings of the heavenly hierarchy and their earthly vassals in the *Just-So* vein. The legend of a bull of the Camargue who was an artist in slaughter is unpleasant in proportion to the superiority of its subject's endowments. You do not expect an animal of super-bestial wit to make such a beast of himself. Perhaps "The Prophet and the Country," in which an American anti-Prohibitionist explains himself, is the best thing in the book. It is a perfect picture of intellectual inflation, and its admirably selected and phoneticized jargon is a notable joy. In this matter, as in every other appertaining to ear and eye and the sensitive transcription of their harvest, Mr. KIPLING'S genius is still infallible.

"England, with all thy faults I love thee still," sang COWPER, plagiarising deliberately from the satirical CHURCHILL and unconsciously from my Lord Marquess of HALIFAX, who, to a friend abroad, had written of "England, which with all its faults is your own country still." The Dean of ST. PAUL'S might have taken either the verse of the melancholy poet of Olney or the casual phrase of the clear-sighted Restoration statesman as a motto for his book on *England* (BENN), which is one of the excellent series of monographs on the Modern World appearing under the editorship of Mr. HERBERT FISHER. There are, as is well known, a good many things which Dr. INGE finds uncongenial in the place and time where his lot has been cast. He has never been afraid to say so. In this latest and longest of his "outspoken essays" he is as frank as ever. He has not, as he says, painted a bright picture of the future of his country. He has gathered from his reading of history that both our manners and our morals have seen better days. He dislikes the trend and temper of our industrial democracy and believes that, unless it changes its road, the end of its journey must be disaster. His austere eyes look out on a luxurious and lazy England, putting doles before duty. Were the old aphoristic style still in vogue, he might have given his book some such sub-title as "Liberty Lost by Laziness." And yet, after all his strictures, here is his final word: "This much I can avow, that never, even when the stormclouds appear blackest, have I been tempted to wish that I was other than an Englishman." It will be very clear to readers of the DEAN'S pages that he would not at all have cared to be an Irishman or a Frenchman. His book in fact is a study in astringent, unsentimental, rather pessimistic patriotism. In one of his best chapters he gives a number of quotations to illustrate what foreigners have thought of

England, and keeps as a plum for the last a sentence of SANTAYANA's about "a sweet, just, boyish master" of the world. Dr. INGE makes no comment on the last of these adjectives, but obviously he wishes that the Englishman would grow up. Since however he refuses to do so, the DEAN sees no reason why he should not skelp him for his good. Nor do I.

Two Vagabonds found not *In Sweden*
And Lapland an insectless Eden,
And yet this adaptable pair,
Intrepid JAN GORDON and CORA,
Were charmed by the *fauna* and *flora*
And mainly content with the fare.

They 're critics, but friendly—not
cavillers—
And stand from the average travellers
A very long distance apart;
For they pay but the smallest attention
To "sights," and make cursory mention
Of works of memorial art.

In lodgings by no means luxurious
They gathered rich harvest of curious
And typical national lore
Denied to the home-comfort lovers
Who travel with cars and with "shovers,"
But never inquire or explore.

So these shrewd and clear-sighted re-
porters,
By living for weeks at close quarters
With farmers and labouring folk,
Reveal to us lands in transition
Still loyal to ancient tradition,
Yet slowly discarding its yoke.

Mosquitoes endeavoured to eat them,
But failed in the end to defeat them
Or hamper their pencil and pen;
And their volume, which issues from
Bodley
His Head, is so bright and untwaddly
I mean to peruse it again.

The frequent references in *The Grey Coast* (JONATHAN CAPE) to "wags-at-th'-wa'" (I am not sure if that is the correct plural), slaps in the dike, creepies, coggies and other things of a definitely Caledonian savour, might lead the casual observer to think himself back in that remote region once beloved of the novelist and known as the "kail-yard." But Mr. GUNN, as a closer perusal will soon show, wears his kail with a difference. His yard has been thoroughly brought up to date. It is replete with every modern convenience (or inconvenience) in the way of complexes, repressions and so forth, according to Freudian standards, the like of which Thrums and its neighbours never kenned, any more than strange new words like "whorl" and "hypnosis," as incomprehensible to a genuine kailyarder as his own Doric to the Southron. The theme of the story is the avarice which is the besetting sin of the small farmer in an unkindly country and its influence on the lives of the principal persons concerned—old *Jeems*, a retired seafaring man turned crofter, his niece *Maggie*, and her rival wooers, *Daun Tullach*, the typical "warm" farmer, and *Ivor Cormack*, a young fisherman. Mr. GUNN is possessed of a considerable insight into human character, which would be all the more effectively displayed if he would allow the personages of his story to develop their individualities through their own speech and actions, with less assistance in the way of external comment of an analytical kind.



"'AIR 'S VERY THIN ON TOP, SIR."
"YES. I 'M AFRAID THAT 'S CAUSED BY ANNO DOMINI."
"NEVER 'EARD OF IT, SIR. TAKE MY TIP AN' GIVE IT UP."

A caryatid is always, strictly speaking, feminine—"a

female figure used as a pillar." There are not many caryatides about nowadays, unless you count as pillars the ladies who stand alone, like LOT'S wife, supporting themselves. The woman who deliberately sets herself to become the prop and stay of a man and a man's work is increasingly rare, and not since I appreciated the type as undesignedly revealed in Lady BURNE-JONES'S memoirs of her husband have I come across quite so admirable a specimen as the Mrs. JOSEPH CONRAD of *Joseph Conrad as I Knew Him* (HEINEMANN). Mrs. CONRAD'S book—quite a small one—is unpretentious and natural. Its object is to chat about CONRAD and his work as you might to a friend over the fire. The character of its writer—to me the most interesting thing about it—emerges incidentally. As a girl of twenty-two she found her vocation in mothering the novelist and his books. She learnt to steer a cutter during her Breton honeymoon, and but for a crippling accident might have shared more of her husband's sea adventures than she did. His desire that his boys should see Poland at an impressionable age landed the whole family in a country house near Cracow just as the War broke out; and Mrs. CONRAD'S version of *Poland Revisited* is not only exciting in itself but an illuminating gloss on CONRAD'S account of the episode. The whole book in fact, to look at it as it is intended to be looked at, is an enlightening comment on CONRAD'S aims, literary methods, friendships and personal habits. Its manner is whimsical and good-tempered and in certain dramatic moments rises to effective artistry.

Upon reading in the opening chapter of *Brangane, a Memoir* (CONSTABLE), by Mr. MARTIN MILLS, the artless description of the little girl who wanted to be a real lady, I hoped that in spite of an inebriated father and a slatternly mother the child might not unworthily achieve a natural ambition. Alas, *Brangane* submitted for years to the slavery of sordid poverty, and then, to escape from her misery, went and married the baker. In the course of his daily round that respectable young tradesman had the misfortune (rare among bakers) to break his neck. His widow proceeded to invest the baker's savings in qualifying herself for the career of an adventuress. An amorous aristocrat of finance, who said "*Ça va sans dire*," being "fond of French phrases," presented *Brangane* with a tip which enabled her to win a fortune on the Stock Exchange. She took the money and virtuously gave nothing in return. Then an impecunious and improbable Peer called *Pulborough* married this deleterious little widow for her money. So she cut off his supplies and went into society—such society as never was—and cultivated a taste for intoxication. Eventually she succeeded in drinking two gallons of champagne at a sitting; and a kind lady who discovered her ladyship alone in her fine house with the empty bottles, said, "Good gracious! she's starving!" With which tactful, if not strictly accurate diagnosis, the practical woman put *Lady Pulborough* to bed. And that is the end of *Brangane*.



"HAST HEARD THE SORRY TIDINGS, O OSCAR? SIGURD HATH SUCCUMBED TO THE SHINGLE."

Written jointly by Lord and Lady APSLEY, *The Amateur Settlers* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is the record of an experiment undertaken by them to test the welcome offered by the Australian Government to the English immigrant. Completely disguised as "George Bott," Lord APSLEY went out to Australia as an assisted emigrant, travelling steerage and sharing in every way the lot of his penniless companions. Arrived at Melbourne, he registered with the Employment Bureau and very quickly proved his ability to find work as a farm-hand and to retain it when found. Later he was joined by Lady APSLEY, and together they made a fresh start as married settlers under the style of "Mr. and Mrs. James." Again the venture was successful. This book may be commended as an honest record of an interesting experiment and it contains (as it could hardly fail to do) some useful hints both for the authorities and for the intending settler. But whether the experiment itself was of much practical value I take leave to doubt. It was never open to question that a man like Lord APSLEY could make good in Australia or in any other undeveloped country. Physically a splendid specimen, young, a rider to hounds and a Captain of Yeomanry, he had just the qualities that Australia needs. The problem of our over-populated towns is no nearer solution.

The scene of *Moonflowers* (HUTCHINSON) is laid in Uganda. Even in fiction I have seldom met a more unpleasant woman than the vampire who plays such a devastating part in Miss MARGARET PETERSON'S story. *Melisande*, although her appearance did not reveal the fact, was the granddaughter of a native king. We are told that "her presence, her atmosphere" lulled the senses. They must have been at least as stimulating as they were soothing, or she could not have induced so many men to marry her. Not that she was a bigamist; her plan was to kill a husband as soon as she was tired of him. Of course a nice boy nearly fell into her clutches, and "great waves of passionate madness" broke against his soul before he was released from her clutch. I am not anxious to remember *Melisande*, but I shall have difficulty in forgetting her.

Scutcheon Farm (NELSON) makes such a promising start with an attractive description of one of those remote Lakeland hamlets whose sturdy "statesmen" still retain many of the words and customs handed down from their Norse ancestors, that it is disappointing to find so admirable a setting used after all as a mere backcloth for a plot upon the most stereotyped novelette lines. This is the more to be regretted because its author, Mrs. J. O. ARNOLD, gives every indication that, if she would only go to real life for her characters and their actions, and incidentally get rid of a distressing habit of bespattering her pages with overworked scraps of quotation, she would probably write quite a good book based upon her evident first-hand knowledge of this interesting corner of the North Country.

CHARIVARIA.

A lion which escaped from a menagerie near Valenciennes went up behind a tax-collector and licked his hand. We've known lots of men who started after a tax-collector like a lion and ended just like that.

* * *

It is alleged in a daily paper that women are indifferent motorists. Yet many a man who has missed an easy pedestrian has "had his eye wiped" by a woman.

* * *

An American journalist speaks highly of the politeness he experienced when undergoing an operation in a Swedish hospital. So few surgeons have the courtesy even to say, "Scalpel suit you, Sir?"

* * *

"Jeremiads do no good," says Dean Inge. We trust he isn't getting disheartened.

* * *

A correspondent writing to *The Evening News* mentions that, owing to the clear atmosphere due to the coal strike, the chimneys of Lots Road power station can be seen from the tower on Leith Hill. Now that this fact is made public, perhaps greater efforts will be made to settle the dispute.

* * *

It was a distinct compliment to the Australian Test Selection Committee that Mr. Alan Cobham left his wife at home when he visited their shores.

* * *

A piper competing at a Highland Gathering had scarcely begun his pibroch when he was stung by a wasp. We can't help feeling that he was asking for it.

* * *

Bridesmaids are not really essential at a wedding, according to a popular weekly. A bridegroom of course is still necessary, but he need not be kept very long after the ceremony.

* * *

There are very few motor-cars in India, we read. Still, it 's a long way for the average pedestrian to go for his Sunday-morning walk.

* * *

A Woking man who left his car outside a shop for two hours while his wife was shopping has been fined. A man who allows his wife to remain in a shop two hours rarely has enough money left to pay a fine.

* * *

A letter sent to a retired colonel reminding him that his club's subscription was very much overdue was stamped with a postmark, "Say it by telephone." The club secretary who had to listen to it is now wondering if he can sue the Post-Office for shock.

* * *

In future, first-aid boxes are to be fixed in every theatre. Can it be that our critics are deteriorating in physique?

* * *

Since this scare caused by a forceps having been left inside after an operation, many people are insisting on being done up again with buttons instead of stitches.

* * *

The failure of the apple crop is too late now to be of any use. It ought to have happened in the first chapter of Genesis.

* * *

A newspaper report states that there is wireless now installed in 3,500,000 homes. Or at all events they *were* homes once.

* * *

Mussolini is a brave man, of course, but we wonder if he ever dared to award the prizes at a baby show?

* * *

Polygamy in the desert is said to be so popular that some sheikhs have a wife in every oasis.

* * *

The authorities at Scotland Yard have decided that a speed of forty miles per hour in a car is dangerous. But you can always fix buffers on the back.

* * *

We see it stated that a new kind of percolator is greatly in favour with girls who run tea-shops, because it is impossible to make poor coffee with it. This is the sort of rash assertion that puts girls who runs tea-shops on their mettle.

* * *

"Evening bags are very elaborate and covered with sparkling stones," says a fashion note. We never thought the "Brighter Clothes for Men" movement would be carried to this length.

* * *

Those who contemplate producing film-pictures that talk and sing do not seem to have reflected that this sort of thing has developed into one of the worst drawbacks of the stage.

* * *

A correspondent of a daily paper regrets that there are not more Arnold Bennetts. Mr. Arnold Bennett doesn't.

* * *

A professional pugilist has been fined at Manchester for knocking a man down in a dance-hall. Those who have only seen our professional pugilists in the ring have no idea what they are capable of in a dance-hall.

* * *

Herr Hans Bockstingel and Herr Willi Schmidt, who have undertaken the task of pushing a perambulator through Siberia to China, claim to be the world's champion perambulator-pushers. We don't care.

* * *

A plant has been discovered that trembles at the sound of the human voice. We ourselves never speak harshly to a backward aspidistra.

* * *

The latest Greek revolution is said to have been plotted during a game of bridge. Strict bridge players will deplore this lack of seriousness.

* * *

The tribe of pigmies recently discovered in New Guinea are described as being very nervous. This is no doubt to be accounted for by their constant fear of being discovered to be pigmies.



"Hullo, old man! Still here?"
"N-no, not very."

At Newbury races:—

"Try Try Again beats Pons Asinorum."
Sunday Paper.

Smith Minor absolutely refuses to believe this.

THE DRIFT BACK TO WORK.

When to the old familiar grindstone,
After a too-brief month's repose
Employed in bracing up the mind's tone,
Once more I re-apply my nose,
Well might I envy their vocation,
Those fellow-toilers who suspend
Their subterraneous occupation
For two-and-twenty weeks on end.

I had no Cook (or other Royalty)
Urging me still to loaf and slack,
To make a firm stand out of loyalty
Just when I thought of coming back;
No one to stimulate my ardour
For folded hands and trailing feet;
To shout, "Die hard—and even harder—
Until we organise retreat!"

Already, ere my hour had sounded,
I heard upon the halcyon breeze
(As with a porpoise' grace I bounded
Amid the blue of Cornish seas,
Or, at the blind holes blindly flogging,
There at Lelant explored the rough)
Labour's true voice, my conscience jogging:
"Haven't you stayed out long enough?"

And yet no envy gnaws my vitals;
I would not be in those men's shoes;
I claim, as first of Freedom's titles,
The right to labour if I choose;
So, with this thought for my uplifting,
This pride that warms my heart like wine,
While others to their work go "drifting"
I simply *gallop* back to mine. O. S.

DEDICATION.

It is the common practice of authors to dedicate their books to some relative or friend in acknowledgment, presumably, of the source from which inspiration has been derived. A modest announcement to this effect will accordingly appear on the page following the title. As however few readers take the trouble to glance at the introductory pages of a book, this little presentation of compliments may quite easily pass unnoticed.

Announcements of a dedicatory nature are of a more or less standardised type and offer little scope for originality. In the case of a relative an abbreviated form adapted for family use is commonly employed. A good example of this style, used by many of our best authors, is as follows:—

TO MY WIFE.

Any comments upon such a touching and beautiful tribute to the happy relations of the married state would be superfluous. It is not however considered plausible to dedicate a book to one's mother-in-law.

Outside the family circle it is permissible to employ a rather more elaborate device. If, for example, the friend selected happens to be a distinguished civil servant or an officer of high rank in the Army, Navy or Air Force your dedication should run somewhat on the following lines:—

To
GENERAL SIR HUMPTY DUMPTY,
K.C.B., K.C.S.I., P.C., D.L., etc.
"His not to reason why;
His but to do and die."
The Nook, Datchet. June, 1926.

It will be obvious to the meanest intelligence that there is much more behind this simple announcement than the actual words convey. There is an air of mystery about it, an absence of detail that calls for investigation. It implies life-long association with a famous warrior, comradeship-in-arms, dangers braved and hardships faced together at duty's call. It will be plain to all that your old friend Sir Humpty is in the habit of running down to Datchet and spending jolly week-ends at "The Nook" whenever he can tear himself away from his onerous official duties in Whitehall.

The address appended to your dedication is a matter of the first importance. It should preferably be that of some well-known club or one of the more exclusive hotels on the Riviera. A cottage on the edge of Dartmoor or a well-appointed steam-yacht will answer the purpose equally well. It looks better than St. John's Wood or West Kensington and lends colour to the idea that you are a person of leisure, possessed of discrimination, expensive tastes and a wide knowledge of the world.

It may be that you desire to pay a compliment to some rich relative from whom you have expectations, in which case something in the following style will serve:—

To
AUNT JANE.
A TRIBUTE OF
AFFECTION.
Off Valparaiso. Easter, 1926.

It will please the old lady to know that on your travels in foreign lands, in the pathless jungle, on the arid desert or the storm-tossed sea, you are persistently bearing her in mind. She will probably add a codicil to her will leaving you the cottage at Chingford or the Queen Anne sugar-basin that you used to admire, with the proviso that you find a good home for Sancho Panza, the poodle. On the other hand she may feel disposed to revoke any little testamentary dispositions that have already been made in your favour. You never know.

The value of a dedication is greatly enhanced by the exercise of a little judgment in the selection and disposition of the type. For example, a pleasing effect is produced by arranging the matter in the form of a geometrical figure, thus:—

To
G. K. C.,
WHETHER HE LIKES
IT OR NOT, THIS BOOK IS
AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED BY THE
AUTHOR.

Where any doubt exists as to the propriety of dedicating a book to any particular individual, Daphne or Phyllis or any name that takes one's fancy will answer the purpose equally well. Many who happen to bear the name selected will take it as a personal compliment, and some of them may even go so far as to buy a copy of your work.

"Dr. T—— had not taken the only proper course of declaring that his book did not mean what it had been supposed to mean and explaining what it really did mean—if, indeed, it could be alleged to mean anything else than what it appeared to mean."—*Egyptian Paper.*

It looks as if the Doctor exercised a wise discretion.

From an astronomical article:—

"The appearance of Satan when viewed through a good telescope is strange and wonderful."—*Australian Paper.*

That may be so in the Antipodes; but in this hemisphere we refuse to regard him as a heavenly body.



HOCH! HOCH! THE WOOING O'T.

GERMANY. "DO YOU GIVE ME ENCOURAGEMENT, MADAME?"
FRANCE. "I GIVE NOTHING WITHOUT SECURITY."



Young Man. "I'M AFRAID YOUR HUSBAND WILL BE JEALOUS IF HE HEARS THAT YOU SEE SO MUCH OF ME."
Companion. "THAT'S WHY I WANT HIM TO MEET YOU."

THE QUINTESSENCE SYMPHONY.

"LET us go," said he, "to the Quintessence Symphony." He was not a man I knew well. On my return after an absence abroad he had been introduced to me as a member of the Newer Culture. His nostrils seemed to be unusually sensitive, otherwise he was in no way distinguishable from ordinary men.

"And what," said I, "*is* the Quintessence Symphony?"

"Come and see," said he.

We arrived. The vast enclosure in which we found ourselves resembled a theatre, but there was no stage, no orchestra. The space usually allotted to these features was honeycombed with pipes—that was all. My friend, I noticed, leant back in his stall with an air of sensuous enjoyment, his nostrils expanding and contracting. We waited. The whole house too waited in silence.

I found myself, at eight o'clock (when, my friend had told me, the performance was timed to begin), sniffing. Now where had I noticed that faint, that delicate odour before?

Gorse? Of course.

A fainter yet more familiar scent was wafted to me—bloaters, the sea. With my eyes closed, I would have sworn that I was walking on a familiar gorse-clad hill some miles from Yarmouth. Strange how these memories come back to one! While waiting for the entertainment to begin I dwelt on them pleasantly enough.

A breath of wallflowers, warm as on a summer day, tickled my nostrils. Bean flowers—delicious. Cut grass.

A vision of a farm on a hill-top, where I had once spent a summer vacation, came urgently back to me. I toyed happily with the recollection.

"When does the symphony begin?" I whispered to my friend.

"It has begun," he muttered crossly. Someone in the stalls said "Hush."

Another smell had come. Cattle—a pig pen.

My friend snorted. "They are stressing that farmyard *motif* too strongly; it should be played *pianissimo*. These realists always overdo it."

The smell grew stronger — much stronger. Someone (in the gallery) hissed. Someone (in the stalls) hushed.

Then a less obvious odour was wafted in. It was some time before I identified it. A new print dress. And face-powder—I was on to that at once.

"It's the heroine," my friend whispered.

Light began to break on me.

Everyone else was inhaling delightedly. I inhaled. Harris tweed, tobacco, strong soap—very strong.

"It's the hero," my friend murmured breathlessly.

I glanced at him. With his nostrils quivering like the wings of a hummingbird he was hovering over the waft. He was sensing more than I was, I felt enviously; probably learning all sorts of intimate details about the hero's past.

I sniffed again. Dried apples, mildew. Illumination came to me; the farm parlour, of course. Roast mutton, onion sauce, new print. Ah! The hero is staying at the farm and the heroine is waiting on him. Now, I supposed, there would be some sort of love-scene. How would they manage that? I soon learnt.

All other odours faded, but the Harris tweed *motif* and the New Print *motif* mingled in strong odoriferous waves. I inhaled vigorously. Everyone else in the house was sniffing as greyhounds sniff. In a moment tense with excitement there was an indistinguishable

blending of face-powder and smoking cachous, lip-stick and shaving-soap! And then the lights went up for the interval.

When we returned to our seats ten minutes later I was very much worked up. I liked that heroine. Her cosmetics were more fragrant than any I had ever known. There she was again. Wet shoe-leather. Ah! Out walking.

Another odour came.

"Dog?" I queried.

"Hound," my friend muttered.

"Horse?" I questioned.

"Hot horse," he agreed.

A hunting scene, of course. My nostrils quivered. Sweetbriar, blackberries, wet hawthorn leaves (*fortissimo* and *da capo*). A hedge, and a very high one too, with a ditch on the other side of it. I felt I was getting on.

Iodine. A woman in the audience swooned.

"There has been an accident," my friend gasped out.

The whole audience, every nerve tense, was sniffing hard.

Petrol—the ambulance, thank God!

"How can we tell if it 's the hero or the heroine who has been injured?"

"Wait," my friend signed to me.

A comforting odour of brandy stole across to us. We encored that.

"Ah, it 's not a fatal accident; he 's reviving."

"It 's the hero, then?"

"Yes. For the heroine there would have been sal-volatile or burnt feathers."

After this there was a very recognisable hospital scene, and convalescence in a wood of young larches (we all recognised it as a few miles from Woodstock). But in the last scene I was again baffled.

"Pew-opener," whispered my friend. *Of course!*

And then the new kid, lilies, orange-blossom and Morocco leather of a happy wedding came across to us.

"Pretty little play," agreed my friend as we left. "I 'm told they are releasing some very high stuff at the Sniffwhiff—a Reek of that new Russian man's. Clever, but hardly fit for a mixed audience."

"What Roger Hears.

That the aims and objects of the League of Nations were again arranged to be put before a Kettering audience to-day."—*Local Paper.*

What Kettering approves to-day Geneva will doubtless do to-morrow.

From an advertisement of a Ladies' Club:—

"Entrance Fee £5 5*s.* (temporarily waved)."
Daily Paper.

What will the "permanently waved" ladies be required to pay?



Maid (*taking morning tea to irritable old lady*). "Good morning, Ma'am; it 's going to be a fine day to-day."

Irritable old Lady. "How do you know?"

Maid. "The glass is going up, Ma'am."

Irritable old Lady. "I don't believe in these weather-glasses that go up and down."

Our Sleuths Again.

"Some papers tied with strong string and marked 'Admiralty documents—secret' have been found in a bathing hut at Thorpe Bay. The local police have sent them to the Admiralty."—*Evening Paper.*

And not, as you might have expected, to the War Office or the Ministry of Health.

"Not knowing the exact date of the burglary the thief may have had a long start of the police."—*Provincial Paper.*

Evidently not one of those burglars who keep a diary.

Our Cynical Officials.

From the Relieving Officer's evidence in a maintenance case:—

"There was another single son, aged 49, living at home, but he was more or less mentally deficient, and gave his mother all he earned."—*Provincial Paper.*

"There is at present an 'epidemic' of apprentices in this district. During the past two or three weeks numerous cases have been dealt with at the —— Hospital."
New Zealand Paper.

We have them in England too; but office-boys are our chief trouble.

SIMPLE STORIES.

VIII.—The Hermit.

Once there was a rich man who had committed a lot of sins. And when he was getting rather old he said I am tired of committing sins but I don't seem to be able to help it, I think I had better go and be a hermit.

Well he had a wife who hadn't committed as many sins as he had, but she wasn't very nice and he didn't like her much, but he had to tell her about being a hermit. And he didn't much like doing it because she was often so rude to him, but he thought he'd better.

So one morning he said to his wife look here, what do you think of me being a hermit?

Well she wasn't feeling very well that morning and was rather snappy. So she said what do you think of me being a cockatoo?

And he said well you are one.

So she was angry at that and told him to get out, and he got out.

Well afterwards he was sorry he had said she was a cockatoo, though she was rather like one. And he said there now, I keep on committing sins, though I'd much rather not, I feel sure the only thing for me is to be a hermit.

So he went to his wife again and said I really must go and be a hermit, I'm sure it's the only thing.

And she said well then for goodness' sake go and be a hermit but you must leave me all your money.

And he said well I don't mind that because I shan't want any of it when I'm a hermit.

So then she let him go, and she didn't even see him off because she went out somewhere and forgot.

Well he had a good meal to start with because he didn't know when he should get any more to eat, and he went to a wood a little way off and made himself a nice hut out of the branches of trees and started being a hermit.

And he liked it very much at first, but the wood was rather lonely and nobody came there, and presently he got very hungry because nobody came to see him or brought him anything.

And he didn't have anything to eat except a few acorns which he didn't like, and after a week he said I really must go home and get something to eat.

So he went home, and his wife said oh here you are, well I did think I'd got rid of you at last, but of course I knew you didn't really mean it.

And he said oh yes I did but I must make another start, and this time I think I will take a little food with me in my wallet.

And she said well I don't mind that, you can have a cold chicken, but for goodness' sake don't come back again just yet because I like having the house to myself.

Well this wasn't very kind, but he didn't say anything about it but had a nice meal and started off again.

Well this time he went a long way off, and he came to another wood. And he told some people that he was thinking of setting up as a hermit there. And they said they thought it was a very good idea and they would bring him some food sometimes.

Well he found a very nice cave with a fountain just outside it and he settled down there as a hermit.

And he was very happy, because it was easier not to commit sins there. And the animals and birds made friends with him and he was never unkind to them or took their eggs.

And he said this is much better than being rich and I wish I had been a hermit before.

Well he stopped there for a long time and became very holy. And the people all round were proud of him because he was so holy, and he didn't mind being cold in the winter and never grumbled if they forgot to bring him food sometimes, and they all loved him.

So presently everybody got to know about him, and then they brought him too much food.

Well one Christmas Day he had a really lovely dinner of turkey and beef and ham and sausages and plum-pudding and cheese and almonds and raisins and three different kinds of wine, which different people had brought him. And he enjoyed it very much because nobody had brought him anything for a few days because they had all been getting ready for Christmas and had forgotten.

But the next morning he was very sorry he had enjoyed it so much, and he said there now, I have committed another sin just when I thought I was getting over it, I really can't go on like this, it won't do.

So he put what was left of his Christmas dinner into his wallet and went away without telling anybody.

Well he went a long way this time and then he found another cave, but it was not so nice as the last one. But he said I don't mind that, it will be better for not committing sins in. And he said I shan't let people bring me any food here, I shall go and fetch it myself.

So he used to go round begging, and he wouldn't take more than was just enough, and he asked them not to give him things that were too nice, but they were always trying to because he was so holy and they all loved him.

Well that went on for some time and then his wife said well he hasn't come back after all and I wasn't very nice to him, I think I will go and find him.

So she went and found him, because everybody knew about him now and told her where to go.

And when she saw him sitting outside his cave she said I think you'd better come home now, I'm sure this cave is damp, and you look as if you wanted a bath and a good meal and I'm rather tired of being alone.

And he said well I think I won't if you don't mind, because I don't want to commit any more sins if I can help it and this cave is very good for that.

So she was rather offended and went home again.

And soon after she had gone he said



"So he went home, and his wife was very pleased to see him."



Theatre-goer. "But, my good man, the parks are all as full as the garages."
Commissionaire. "I 'm sorry, Sir, but you aren't allowed to leave your car here. If I was you, I should just rush it home and come in a taxi."

well I don't think I have been very kind, I don't want to go home but perhaps I had better for a little.

So he went home, and his wife was very pleased to see him, but he said I 'm afraid I can't stay long.

And she said oh very well but stay as long as you can.

Well he found he quite liked being at home again because his wife was much nicer to him. And everybody knew now that he had become very holy, so they were nice to him too and didn't try to make him eat and drink a lot or be too comfortable.

Well that went on for a little and then he said to his wife this is very nice but I can't stay here for ever. I shall begin committing sins again if I do.

And she said well why not stop here in the winter and go and be a hermit in the summer?

So he said oh very well perhaps that will be best as I am getting rather old for it in the winter, and I think I 'm better at not committing sins than I was, at any rate I can try it.

So he stayed at home in the winter, and in the summer he went back to his cave and was a real hermit. And all the people loved him because he was so holy and kind to their children.

But they were very glad he didn't spend the winter in his cave any more because they said it was really too much for him at his age, and besides if he was ill his wife could look after him. A. M.

THE TELEPHONE-OPERATOR.

Although her Christian name was Pearl
Her turpitude was strange,
She was the most abandoned girl
Who worked at the Exchange;
Her conduct made subscribers groan
At mention of the telephone.

She kept men waiting all day long
Until they were enraged,
Then either gave them numbers wrong
Or said they were engaged;
She often woke them up at night
To ask them if their lines were right.

She made them use till they were hoarse
Connections indistinct,
And when this made their language coarse
Powdered her nose and winked;
When signalled to she wouldn't look,
But only read a risky book.

Although one put two pennies in
And turned the handle round,
Excepting for the buzzing din
One couldn't hear a sound;
Proud Pearl would not connect at all
A common Public-Office call.

She used to put trunk-callers on
Who 'd waited hours in vain,
And, when they uttered, thereupon
She 'd ring them off again,
And ask, when they were nearly daft,
What number might they want, and laughed.

* * * * *

One day it chanced the house of Pearl
Was burgled. All alone
In panic this unhappy girl
Rushed to her telephone,
And screamed to the police to stir
Themselves to save her home and her.

But force of habit held its sway,
And, when they put her through,
These words were all that she could say
(Although the thieving crew
Their predatory zeal redoubled):—
"Wrong number; sor-r-ry you 've been troubled." G. B.

"The activity in the rolling of hoops at Barrow is well maintained."—*Trade Paper.*

We are pleased that in spite of trade depression the children are still allowed their little pleasures.

NO MORE MODESTY.

"Bert," said Ned Knocker to Our Special Representative a little before the Big Fight, "has a good punch, but I have a better . . . I do not think Bert will last two rounds . . . Bert's fit, I hear, but reckon I'm fitter . . . Bert's defence is as good as any I have met, but I shall be through it in no time . . . Bert will bite the dust."

"Ned," said Bert Basher, "is a dandy fighter, but he has met his match . . . I do not of course belittle my opponent—Ned is perhaps the most perfect fighting-machine the world has ever seen—but I expect to knock him out in the first round . . . I'm the picture of fitness. I shall raze Ned to the ground . . . Ned will measure his length . . . Ned is for it."

All boxers, I have noticed, convey to the public in virile phrases such as these their simple confidence in their own powers; and I love the frankness of it. None of your mouldy modesty! Thus it is that we all think of ourselves, but something prevents us from saying it. And even if we venture to express the notion that we are pretty good at our job ourselves we seldom go so far as to criticise our rivals, much less predict for them misfortune and injury.

But why not? Why not extend this charming self-confidence to the other professions? What fun, for example, if Dr. Borax were now and then to give an interview about Dr. Tooth, on these lines:—

"I do not in any way belittle my rival, Dr. Tooth. Dr. Tooth has been on the Dental Register a long time, but he *will* drop things down his clients' throats. One of these days he will drop something knobbly into a lung, and then the man will die. Don't go to Tooth. He has a few patients left, but one by one they are coming over to me. Tooth is not half bad as a dentist but he drinks."

And why shouldn't actresses say what they think about each other?

"Lotty Loo," said Miss —— to-day, "is better known than me at the moment, but you wait. Lotty says her lines well, but it's a pity she's so fat. Don't think I'm under-rating Lotty, she was marvellous twenty years ago. Lotty has a Cockney accent, the darling. I shall wipe the floor with Lotty."

Novelists again might chuck all this cant of admiring each other's work and give their Autumn novels a properly pugilistic send-off.

"My new book?" smiled Mr. Riddle. "Well, I can't tell you much about that, but I can say this, it will be a hundred per cent. better value than this new book of Fiddle's. Tripe. Don't wish to under-rate my colleague, but tripe's the word. Expects to go to twenty thousand copies, I see; doubt if he sells two. My own? Well, I shall be surprised if I don't go to fifty thousand by Christmas. It's a fine book. I never wrote a better. Fiddle has ideas, but he can't write. Same thing with Biddle. Biddle can write but he can't spell. Kiddle can spell but he's no ideas. No, I'm the fellow. Now, THOMAS HARDY's another matter. Some of his books weren't half bad. Still fancies himself at the top of the tree, one gathers. Well, after next week there'll be an end of that. Mind you, I don't under-rate the old boy, but *The Sheik's Niece* will make him look silly. And as for Fiddle . . ."

Advertisements, again, would be much more fun if the advertisers, besides puffing their own wares, were to have a go at the other fellow as well:—

"Take VIBOS for the nerves. Well, don't take VIBOS if you don't like it. We don't care. But if you don't take VIBOS don't take anything. And in particular keep clear of EQUIGEN. You know what EQUIGEN is. We don't wish to be offensive, but EQUIGEN is just the ears of old horses boiled in tar. EQUIGEN is full of impurities, boracic acid, dead leaves, bits of rope, and that kind of thing. Still EQUIGEN is about the best of the lot, bar VIBOS. We're not going to stress the points of VIBOS. This is not an advertisement but a friendly warning. In the end you'll buy VIBOS, of course. But don't make yourself ill with EQUIGEN first. That's all."

A. P. H.

JUST OFF.

Spradbrow is a man of action and imagination, a very rare combination. In many ways he is the most remarkable man I have ever known, and some day, when he has finished with it, I mean to write his Life.

It is difficult to describe his profession briefly. He might be called a speculator if he took any but safe risks, or a banker if he allowed people to touch their deposits. He is an exchange operator of schemes and ideas and, aptly enough, does all his correspondence by telegraph or phone. I have carefully preserved a file of telegram and cable forms, memos of telephone conversations, and I O U's representing a long-distance intimacy of many years. He told me they might be very valuable some day. Personally I am content to grapple with one idea at a time, and then I like, if possible, to get an expert to work out the details for me for the sake of thoroughness. That is why, when I decided to take an unfurnished flat, I wrote from the country to Spradbrow, who had recently been successful in finding one for himself.

What I had in mind was something central, bright and quiet, with large rooms and a small rent. As I received no reply I feared that he had already left for South America, where he has business interests. I learned later that the rats in his flat had eaten my address. I wrote again, and this time had an immediate answer: "SPLENDID FLAT £160 PER ANNUM BERKELEY SQUARE JUST OFF SO REPLY IMMEDIATELY SPRADBROW."

I must admit that, although I had vaguely considered every conceivable environment for my flat, Berkeley Square had never occurred to me as a possibility. I am no snob myself, but I came to the conclusion that, if ever I wanted to let the flat furnished, I should have no difficulty in finding one who would take it. But why such a plebeian rent? I could think of no recent Berkeley Square murder. Ghosts? After all, that might increase the letting possibilities. Americans prefer ghosts. Attics? Ah, yes, that was probably it. But the attics of Berkeley Square are not as other attics, and anyway, as I said, I am no snob, so I wired back: "ACCEPT PLEASE SEND AGREEMENT."

When the agreement arrived I received an unpleasant surprise. The desirable property referred to by the gentleman thereinafter called the landlord was situate in Hay Mews, and not in Berkeley Square at all. I wrote at once to Spradbrow, pointing out that there had been no suggestion that I should take over his flat in Hay Mews. He wired back from the boat at Southampton wishing me an enjoyable tenancy and suggesting that I should communicate with the agent direct. He had done the best he could for me.

The agent, whom I called on personally, explained that the landlord had released Spradbrow from his contract in consideration of his having found him another tenant at a higher rental. He agreed that it was a confusing circumstance that Spradbrow and his flat should both have been just off from Southampton and Berkeley Square respectively. At the same time he was confident that I should be satisfied with my new home; and the premium and cost of fixtures, rat-traps, etc., would be written off in consideration of certain sums advanced by me to the previous tenant.

All through Spradbrow's career the long arm of coincidence has protected him, but it is the unscrupulous use he makes of its sleeve to which I object. I shall have some severe things to say about it when I edit his Life and Telegrams.



Governess. "YOU 'VE OFTEN ASKED WHAT DADDY'S CAR IS LIKE UNDERNEATH, DEAR. WELL, NOW YOU KNOW."

THE HALF LOAF.

THERE ain't the tall windjammers like we knew when we was young,
With their masts as made a forest every water-front along;
But I know a smutty cargo tramp that 's loadin' at Millwall,
An' any ship 's a better ship than no darned ship at all . . .
When she 's outward bound—an' the same ol' seas 'll hustle 'er—
Outward bound—an' the same ol' winds 'll bustle 'er—
South away to Singapore, North away to Nome,
An' round the world an' back again is one way 'ome.

There ain't the good old 'ouse-flags every shell-back used to know
In the tea-fleet an' the wool-fleet an' the grain-fleet years ago,
But there 's still the same ol' Duster an' the same ol' Peter too,
An' I reckon them two 's good enough for blokes like me an' you. . . .
When we 're outward bound—an' the same ol' stars 'll wink at us—
Outward bound—an' the same ol' lights 'll blink at us—
South away to Singapore, North away to Nome,
An' round the world an' back again is one way 'ome.

There ain't no capstan chorus now, there ain't no mate to bawl,
"Are ye men or are ye corpses? Give it lip now, heave an' pawl!"
But the bloomin' gulls all round 'er an' the wind that 's blowing strong
In cargo gear and funnel stay, they sing the same ol' song:
"Outward bound—an' the same ol' seas 'll bury 'er—
Outward bound—an' the same ol' winds 'll worry 'er—
South away to Singapore, North away to Nome,
An' round the world an' back again is one way 'ome!"

C. F. S.

"The haunts of birds were on every hand. The jay, the goldfish and the cuckoo abounded."—*Provincial Paper.*

We shall next hear of the cuckoo depositing its eggs in the goldfish's bowl.

"Before he died Swinburne intended to collect in one volume his many poems of childhood . . . Sir Edmund Gosse has now made such an anthology . . . The selected poems include 'A Birch Song.'"
Daily Paper.

This hitherto unpublished poem will surprise and shock those critics of SWINBURNE who accuse him of sentimentality in his attitude towards childhood.

THE WORLD OF H. G. GRIZZOLD.

By William Wells.

A NOTE BEFORE THIS BOOK BEGINS.

This book is a novel. It is not in any sense of the word an autobiography. H. G. Grizzold is a fictitious character and his thoughts and feelings are simply those which he would be likely to have had if he had happened to be William Wells. Mr. Arnold Bennett, the ex-Kaiser of Germany or Bishop Hensley Henson would have had entirely different thoughts and expressed them in an entirely different way. If the book contains a complete outline of religion, trigonometry, hydrostatics, bimetallism, conchology and apodeictic geometry, it is nevertheless as a novel that it is not so much presented to the reader as purchasable by him in monthly parts at all good libraries. If he doesn't like it he must lump it.

THE BOOK BEGINS.

The World of H. G. Grizzold.

Tekel Upharsin.

The World of H. G. Grizzold.

A novel at a new angle by William Wells.

CONTENTS.

The Divisions of the Novel.

Book the First.—The First Part of the Novel.
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Book the Sixth.—The Last Chunk.
Epilogue.—Notes by Anita Loos and Sir Oliver Lodge.

THE BOOK BEGINS.

The World of H. G. Grizzold.

Books One and Two.

The World of H. G. Grizzold.

Book One.

THE FIRST PART OF THE NOVEL.

THE SECTIONS.

Section One.—The Beginning of the Book.
Section Two.—The—— Come, come! Let 's get the bally thing started.

§ 1.

Yesterday I was fifty-nine, and, if I am to trust my almanac, twelve months from to-day I shall be sixty years old. It is not very likely that I shall live to be a hundred, still less that I shall die at thirty-five. Even if I am fated to become a centenarian I shall only have forty-one more years in which to write books. Yet I have few physical reminders of the flow of time. I do not eat tomatoes as readily as I did, and I take more trouble to get off with the right foot first and stand clear of the gates. Otherwise my energy is unimpaired, and my vitamines are hitting on every cylinder. Yet to-day I find myself retrospective. I propose, therefore, to give a brief *résumé* of the history of the world, from the original wallowing of mankind in the chaos of primordial ooze to the moment when it seems possible that he may emerge from it with something in the nature of a final plop.



William Wells.
From a bust by Jacob Einstein.

Every now and then I shall mention my brother Toby, or my father, or myself, but only when you least expect it, in the middle of a quiet treatise on mezozoic clay. . . .

And what a clay!

§ 2.

I want this book to be a comprehensive picture of my mind, of the mind of H. G. Grizzold, and before I mention my childhood and my first fumbling half-shy reactions towards phlebotomy and anæsthetics it is imperative that the reader should get a glimpse, as it were, of the full cosmic interplay of forces which enabled my mental continuum to expatiate.

Of metaphysics in the ordinary sense I have none, and I rarely suffer from chilblains in the winter or frog-in-the-throat. Nevertheless I am conscious of the vast—how shall I put it?—sequence or surge of semi-related atoms, which do in a measure subordinate the egoism to a broader generalised being, without lessening the intermittent urgency of the personal analysis or removing the value from the carbohydrates which form the intenser sexual self.

It is manifest that through all the timid, tragic uncertainties of the solar plexus there runs a kind of half-correlated pattern or rhythm, uninterruptedly progressive, yet capable at times of unexpected proliferation and vast creative energies.

This is what I understand by religion, although I shall never be able to explain it satisfactorily to Mr. Hilaire Belloc or Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

§ 3.

I went to school at Bognor. I can still remember the muddled way in which we were taught in the lower forms to regard the protoplasm, and I can still hear my brother Toby ejaculating with infinite contempt after a lesson on inherited hyposulphates, "Lor! silly rotters, the lot of 'em!"

We were very young, very earnest, very rude.

Education . . . the miserable farce that is a by-product of our modern social paralysis, a nameless repetition of nothingnesses . . .

We learned at least to play marbles and conquerors with the big shining autumn chestnuts, and then the great crash of my father's death occurred.

§ 4.

I began writing this remi—— this novel in my brother Toby's rooms. He does himself exceedingly well, does Toby, and I went on until I had exhausted all the writing-paper which I could find in his writing-desk. Now I am sitting in my Southern villa, surrounded by mimosa and olives, a little fountain making a musical plash under the Provençal stars. I had to come out here in order to get some more writing-paper, and because I felt that the basal needs of mankind and the attempt to create a systematic economy out of the welter of our modern industrial confusion could be studied better in the south of France, where there is more local colour and Roman history and a greater variety of wines.

I have just had a romp with Evangeline and thrust her out of the room. Strange that a creature so full of energy and charm should take so little interest in palæontology and the anxious industriousness by which primordial man emerged from the nomadic predatory stage of existence to the development of agriculture, the possession of property and organised trade. I have often



Indignant Bookie. "Did yer 'ear what 'e said to me?"
Clerk. "I did. An', I was surprised yer didn't think of it first. Yer must be losin' yer command o' words."

asked her whether she did not consider the progress of humanity to be less an orderly sequence of stages than an infinite diversity of temporary equilibriums and blundering quasi-hysterical inhovations, and she has simply replied, "Rats," and thrown a cushion at my head.

But I must get back to the Capitalistic system, Tolstoi and Karl Marx.

§ 5.

I find by the way that I have mixed up Books One and Two. The narration of my father's death by poison in the dock, after he had been convicted of false company promoting, ought to have come in between "*History of Toil throughout the Ages*" and "*A Discussion of the Traces of Transcending Individuality in Mithraism, Confucianism, and the Ancient Egyptian Cults.*" But we shall straighten it all out in time. I felt certain that my father and Toby would get mixed up with The Flow of Things, with my early school-days and with Evangeline.

The moon has not yet risen, and as I contemplate the steady march of the Roman legions, the development of systematic scientific research, the ganglions of financial stupidity, the spissated welter of pullulating incompetence which masquerades amongst us as political thought, the still active inhibitions of obsolete religious impulses and a number of other things, I feel certain that the only danger that now confronts me is a failure in the ink supply of this muddled uncertain world.

Twenty-five thousand years ago——

Evoe.

TO MR. ALAN COBHAM.

(*Lines from an admirer who, as a result of the coal strike, has not had a hot bath for a fortnight.*)

Imperial courier, blazing undismayed
Aërial trails o'er continents and oceans,
Bearing the promise of augmented trade
And a more frequent interchange of notions—
A wise and friendly swapping of opinions—
'Twixt us and all self-governing Dominions,

Accept a tribute from an earth-bound bloke
On this occasion of your safe returning
Back to a realm that 's short of coal and coke,
Wherein at least one home-fire won't keep burning,
Where we are still denied our rightful fuel,
Thanks to that Owners *versus* Miners' duel.

I lift my hat to you, Sir, pioneer
Of the bright hope (may it come true in *my* day!)
That those who crave a change of hemisphere
Will pack their bags at five o'clock on Friday,
And slip away to some warm Southern free land.
I long to spend my week-ends in New Zealand.

Intelligent Anticipation.

"The fire was first discovered at about 5 P.M. The —— Fire Brigade arrived on the scene about 3.30 P.M."—*Local Paper.*

"Mr. Harold Box, editor of *The Edinburgh Review*, said we could not abandon our policy of Free Trade merely to please Australian politicians."—*Welsh Paper.*

All right for Box, but is Cox satisfied?

LAMPO.

We found him on one of our walks tied to a tree outside an Italian farmhouse: a large puppy of the race known in England as "police dogs," with a wolfish head, a lean brown body and very long legs ending in massive paws. He seemed very thin and miserable, but wriggled all over with friendliness when we looked at him. Rosalie, whose creed does not permit her to go within arm's-length of any dog without patting him, found him to be a skeleton kept from falling to pieces by his skin.

The natural result of this discovery was a heated colloquy with the farmer's wife, from which it emerged that the puppy's name was Lampo and that he was under sentence of death for killing chickens. Sometimes I have what I believe the Scotch call "the gift." At this moment I saw myself in a vision handing out a fifty-lira note and leading Lampo away. The vision turned out to be not quite accurate, but nearly so; it was a hundred-lira note, and I carried Lampo over five kilometres of mountain-side, in consequence of his passive, apologetic but definite refusal to walk a step.

When we (or, without false modesty, I) got him home to our furnished villa it was decided that he should be given a meal. "Not much at first," Rosalie said wisely, "or he will be ill after being starved for so long. Just a little soup and bread and no meat at all." Lampo altered all that by jumping on the kitchen-table and eating the cook's lunch while she was preparing his official meal in the garden. He ate the official meal as well; he is a quick eater. Then he lay down in a graceful attitude, much admired by the household, on the dining-room rug, which the owner of the villa had told us was presented to her grandfather, the sea-captain, by the Sultan of Turkey.

Events which took place shortly afterwards proved Rosalie to be a true prophet and caused me to have another true vision: I saw myself disbursing a large sum as compensation for a spoilt rug.

The paying out of money, which began when we first set eyes on Lampo, was the order of the day during his stay with us. It recurred in his chequered story with the inevitability of the *motif* of the treasure in the *Rhinegold*. When I noticed this tendency I bought a little book in which to jot down "expenses *re* Lampo." I might as well have bought a big book.

The full story of his vagaries cannot be told here. He was a dear dog, full of hearty good-humour, bursting with curiosity about everything, and had a cheery hail-fellow-well-met way of greeting everybody he saw by prodding them hard in the stomach with his front paws. He frequently laughed heartily, displaying a magnificent set of glistening teeth, with which he nipped people to induce them to play with him.

I will only mention *en passant* one or two of his exploits: how he ran off one morning with one of Rosalie's more intimate garments, abstracted from the linen basket, and how he and the garment (the latter in shreds) were brought back by a blushing youth (I paid for a new garment and rewarded the youth, cursing him in my heart); and how he frightened the postwoman and all the tradesmen, so that we remained like a beleaguered garrison, receiving no supplies and no news from the outer world till I tipped them all to come back, and formally introduced them to him.

His adventure with the Signora Pezzati however deserves to be recorded. One morning Lampo was reported missing. Presently a breathless boy appeared and told us that we were wanted at the Signora Pezzati's shop, which is the village general store. Arriving there, I found a large passive crowd assembled outside; in a bovine way it seemed to be amused. Inside was the stout Signora, sitting behind her counter; stretched comfortably across her massive knees was Lampo. She was feeding him with biscuits from a large tin. Ever and anon he would raise his head gratefully and lick her face heartily all over: it was very wet and covered with crumbs.

One might have supposed her to be inordinately fond of Lampo; but the truth was that she was petrified with terror and dared not attempt to dislodge him from a position which he had certainly not been invited to occupy. She did not dare even to move or to stop the supply of biscuits. Whenever she paused between one biscuit and the next, in order to try to play out time, as it were, until my arrival, Lampo would remind her with a playful nip on the hand; whenever she appealed to the crowd for help, Lampo would give a protesting bark that terrified her into silence.

After this episode, which cost me 356 lire, I said very firmly to Rosalie: "L. M. G." "But where to?" she objected. The cook, informed of the situation, solved the problem by suggesting that her mother would like to have a dog. Next day the cook took Lampo home (at my expense). On the way she lost his muzzle, and was stopped by a policeman, to whom she gave my name and address . . . (I paid the fine, and also paid for the new muzzle.) I spent the evening in adding up the columns of my little book. To have spent our holiday in Paris might have been an economy.

* * *

A few days ago I passed Lampo's former residence, alone. Outside was a dog, tied to a tree. A little girl came out and, seeing that I was a stranger, "Would you like to buy a dog, Sir?" she said artlessly. "We shall have to kill this one to-night, because he kills the chickens."

Before I could frame my reply to the innocent child a shrill voice came floating from an upper window. "Imbecile," it said in the local dialect; "that 's the man who bought the last one."

"That is so," I said to the maiden, and went on my way, reflecting that I had perhaps been the means of originating a new industry.



"You will find, my dear, that all men are cast pretty much in the same mould."

"Yes, but, Auntie, some are much more mouldy than others."

From an article on Tristan da Cunha:

"Dr. ——'s report shows that among 12 people whose ages ranged between 45 and 90, there were only 21 carious teeth in all, and only 45 teeth were missing. Not one had a tooth missing, and not one of the teeth was carious."—*Daily Paper.*

"Cariouser and cariouser," as *Alice* might have said.

IMPERFECT GIFTS.

There are some place-names which by their eccentricity seem to infect their inhabitants with waywardness. South Mimms, for example, may or may not have suggested the epithet "mimsy" to Lewis Carroll, but its latest exploit lends credence to the theory. The South Mimmsians come within the jurisdiction of the Archdeacon of Hampstead, and, as he is about to be married, they propose to present him with a horse, so that he may "live up to his gaiters" when he comes on his annual visitations. But the Archdeacon is also a humourist, and contemplates the gift in the light of a menace. At present he finds the Tube adequate to his needs. Like so many moderns he prefers mechanical locomotion to equestrian exercise. He even goes so far as to say that a rocking-horse would be better than a living, caracoling steed.

In spite of great provocation, Mr. Punch refrains from references to gift-horses, wooden or otherwise, and confines himself to recording two other notable examples of generosity calculated to menace rather than gratify the recipients.

The inhabitants of Beaconsfield, on which town Mr. Chesterton has conferred fresh lustre by his residence in recent years, have long been anxious to recognize their obligations to his genius. This natural feeling has now materialized in the proposal reached at a recent largely-attended meeting, held under the presidency of Lord Burnham, to present him with a Shetland pony. A certain number of people were of opinion that an elephant would be a more suitable and impressive gift, but the majority inclined to the view that a Shetland pony would be easier to mount, and that, with Mr. Chesterton on its back, it would form a perfect illustration of that love of contrast and paradox which is so marked a feature of his works. Mr. Chesterton's reply indicates gratitude not untempered with misgiving. He proclaims himself unrelentingly opposed to all cruelty to animals. "The famous breed of shaggy Shetland ponies," he observes, "are chiefly in demand for underground work in collieries, and, though I have never approved of this subterranean servitude, I cannot feel certain that their lot would be improved by condemning them to carry such 'tremendous trifles' as myself. Perhaps my 'Ballad of the White Horse' might suggest a better way of translating the generosity of my Beaconsfield friends into reality, if a chalk down of sufficient dimensions for a colossal figure can be discovered in the neighbourhood."



First Hotel Acquaintance. "Hullo! Not dressing for dinner to-night?"
Second Ditto. "No. I saw the menu and I don't think it deserves it."

A somewhat complicated situation has grown out of the resolve of a number of admirers of Mr. Bernard Shaw to present him with a magnificent lion cub, in consequence of his services to the king of animals in his play of *Androcles*. Mr. Shaw, while deeply sensible of the honour, finds himself confronted with the problems (*a*) of providing suitable accommodation for the pet in Adelphi Terrace, (*b*) of reconciling his lifelong views on diet with the reception of one of the greater carnivores into his household. He has accordingly suggested that a giraffe should be substituted, an animal which has always appealed to him, not only because it feeds almost exclusively on the foliage of trees, but because of the extraordinary length and flexibility of its tongue. He points out, however, that his acceptance must depend on the readiness of the L.C.C. to plant the Embankment Gardens with mimosas and other succulent trees on which this picturesque and engaging animal habitually browses, as the terms of his lease preclude him from providing them on his own premises.

"Few people now wear anything but garters at night."—*Ladies' Paper.*

It sounds a little scanty, even in these days; but *Honi soit* . . .



Footlights Favourite. "AND YOU 'LL PUT IN A BIT ABOUT HOW I ADORE THE COUNTRY AND PIGS AND DUCKS AND THOSE SORT OF THINGS?"

Interviewer. "I WROTE ALL THAT PART BEFORE I CAME."

NATIONAL WORK BY WIRELESS.

How sad are the troubles and woes of the English composer!
How chilling the snubs that he gets in the land of his birth!
The best of his efforts are met by an absolute closer;
He pours out his brightest and noblest—and what is it worth?

He toils and he toils, and he finds in the end that he's saddled
With acres of manuscript, scores of the fullest of scores,
Which have seen the last publisher's heels as he turned and skedaddled,
The last impresario visibly ooze at the pores.

But now there is hope, for the patriot lords of the wireless
Are framing a series of national concerts, whereby
A million of national parlours, attentive though fireless,
Will wallow in national music straight out of the sky.

On menu the first, at the head of our national surnames,
We find Mr. WAGNER, whom all of us hold in respect,
But who suffered perhaps from too great a devotion to stern aims
And lack of a GILBERT, by whom it might well have been checked.

But next we have HANDEL, and surely the air will be cloven
With hats at a name that is rooted so deep in our clay,
With a wave for the sturdy old Yorkshireman, LUDWIG BEETHOVEN,
And a lady-executant ending in N S K A.

And here's to the pride of old Devon, the stout RIMSK-KORSAKOFF,
Beloved for his Songs of the Exe and his Dartimoor Psalms;
While Englishmen all, be they hampered by never so hoarse a cough,
Will work up a shout for their dear fellow-Briton, JOHN BRAHMS.

It may be advanced by disgruntled and jealous musicians
That, great as they may be, these masters are all of them dead,
And that many a modern composer of gifts and ambitions
Would yell all the louder if his name appeared there instead.

But let us go slow, and say nothing to crab or to cabin
These opening efforts, and all in good time we may meet,
If we give them a chance, the old Worcestershire name of SCRIABIN
Broadcast on our national roll—and that *would* be a treat.

DUM-DUM.

"A BOY READER'S PROBLEM.

Terence.—A moustache would make you look older."—*Ladies' Paper.*

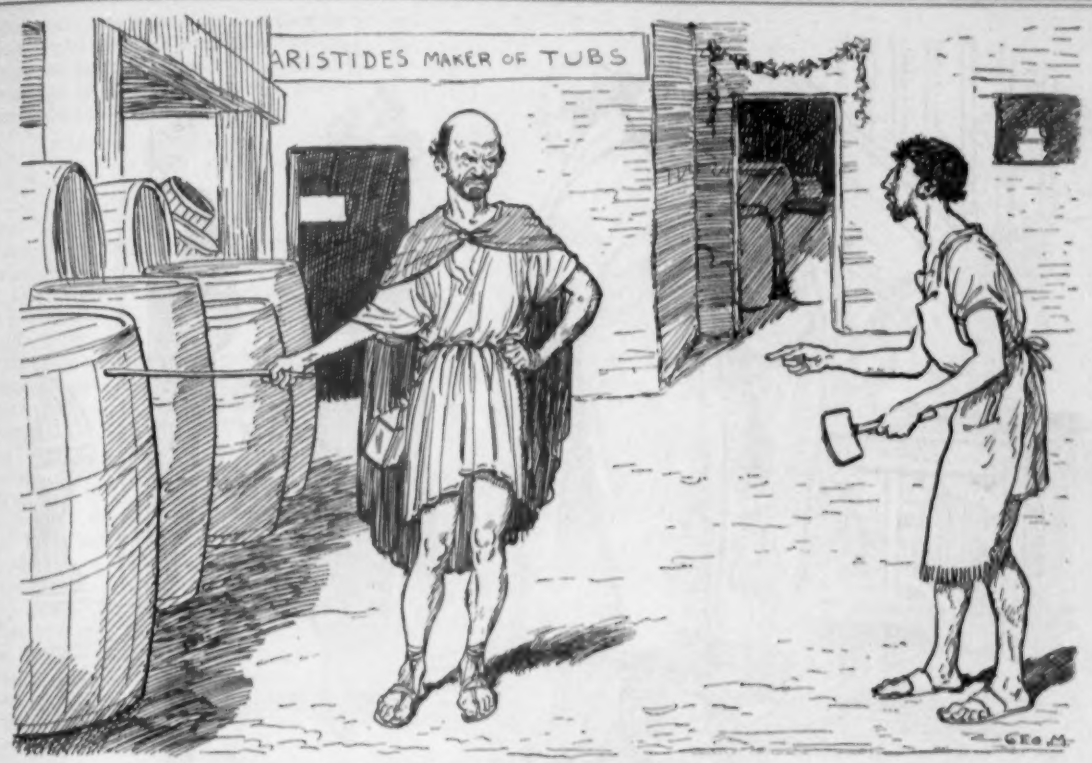
And if he could manage a bald head and long grey beard they might make him look older still.

"By force of circumstances men are going back beaten—beaten by starvation in some of the districts."—*Mr. Cook at the Memorial Hall.*

Another explanation is that they are going back to work not because they are starved out, but because they are fed up.



THE LEADER WHO GOT LEFT.



DIOGENES GOES HOUSE-HUNTING.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, September 27th.—A state of emergency still envelops our land. To get the real emergency feeling I went to the cellar this morning and patted our piece of coal. The faithful creature merely looked its gratitude; but if it had a tongue—— But perhaps it is as well that it has not; there are too many tongues in this business already. Parliament met again to-day, a beneficent provision of our Constitution decreeing that the Legislature shall only curtail the liberties of the subject at considerable inconvenience to itself. The tongues got busy again, but they were, as far as my cellar is concerned, *voces et præterea nihil*. Each party concerned had, it appeared, propounded an admirable solution of the coal dispute which some other party had maleficently declined to consider. From this it will be seen that the constructive genius of the nation remains unimpaired. On the other hand it was repeatedly asserted that, as far as a settlement by negotiation was concerned, affairs remained exactly where they were in May last, or for the matter of that in June, 1925, from which it satisfactorily appears that we have lost none of our fine old bulldog tenacity.

One felt that an appropriate opening of to-day's proceedings would have been for the Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms to enter through the floor with a couple of merry somersaults and a "Here we are again," in the best pantomime manner. Here they were again, three or four hundred of them; and what followed was really pantomime, though not of a side-splitting order. I observed the Emir Feisul looking austerely down upon the arena from the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, an ascetic young man in white burnous and monastic robe, and wondered what he thought of it all. Possibly he was impressed. This would depend on how little he understands of our language.

Questions of which the questioners had given private notice paved the way to more serious matters. Mr. Jacob, Unionist Member for East Toxteth, wanted the Government to extend summer time while the coal stoppage lasted, thereby recalling the story of King Canute sitting on the lawn and bidding the sun go on shining until the week's ration of Yule logs arrived.

"Why, Rastus," said a coloured gentleman to his friend, "Ah t'ought you-all used a safety-razor." "So Ah does, boy," replied the other. "Dis here long-handled razor what you sees is for social purposes." The British army, belatedly deciding to do away with the honourable scars of peace and issue safety-razors to the troops, found on its hands a hundred thousand razors of the long-handled type which it intelligently required the company supplying the safety razors to take in part exchange. The company in question being Gillette Safety-Razor, Limited, and the Americans being notoriously a sociable race, Mr. Stobby Deans, jumping to a wrong conclusion, wanted to know why the contract could not have been given to a British firm. Captain King explained that this was a British firm, and that the razors supplied would be made in this country and the blades in Canada.

Then rose Sir B. Falle to ask a question, and a cry of "He 's been using one!" went up, it being observed that the hon. Member had dispensed with his moustache. Captain Fergus Graham, the new Member for Northern Cumberland, who looks like the typical sixth-form schoolboy, having been introduced, Sir W. Joynson-Hicks, with the ease born of long practice, strode up the floor of the House with a message from the King, "signed by his own hand," announcing the continuance of a state of emergency. Mr. Baldwin



Hostess (to departing guests). "WE 'VE CERTAINLY HAD SOME VERY GOOD BRIDGE THIS EVENING, IN SPITE OF THE AWFUL WEATHER."

then moved "that during the remainder of the session Government business do have precedence," there being apparently nothing else to move and a motion of some sort being necessary in order that the motion for the adjournment of the House might follow.

The debate on the coal dispute followed. Mr. BALDWIN reviewed the course of the dispute in chronological detail, but said nothing fresh except that the mine-owners had been "stupid" and "discourteous" in not accepting the Government's invitation to a tripartite conference. In a word, "threes into one won't go." Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD declared that now, when the miners had made an unconditional offer to discuss both hours and wages, the Government found that by passing the Eight Hours Bill it had parted with the only means it had of bringing pressure to bear on the mine-owners. Mr. CHURCHILL explained the recent negotiations conducted by him. He did not agree that the Miners' Federation had offered to discuss longer hours, except in so far as to say there never could under any circumstances be any extension of hours.

Tuesday, September 28th.—Major COLFOX, who evidently believes in going in two by two, like the elephant and the kangaroo, wanted to know what had become of the "Jixis." The HOME SECRETARY explained that one firm, whose model had been accepted, was held up by the coal strike, while two others had to put a few finishing-touches to their cabs before they could, to the satisfaction of the police, "be manœuvred without unduly obstructing traffic and without prejudicing the safety of the passengers and the public." The phrase rather suggests that the "Jixi" is to move in mysterious ways. But we shall see.

Sir FREDERICK HALL is the parliamentary equivalent of the bad little boy who sticks his tongue out at the good little girls in the infant school. He did not stick his tongue out at Miss WILKINSON, but he addressed her as "Miss Perky," and the House, hearing the nickname and finding it good, became convulsed with mirth. No one more so than the fair victim of the sally, although with simulated indignation she appealed to the SPEAKER for protection. The SPEAKER mildly rebuked the bold child and the incident closed, the only lacerated feelings being apparently those of Miss SUSAN LAWRENCE. It seems likely that Miss WILKINSON, who is quite popular enough in the House to have a nickname, will be "Miss Perky" for many a long day.

The PRIME MINISTER, replying to the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION and others, explained the situation in China, where General YANG SEN has, it seems, given what *Kai Lung* would call a polished display of belated tractability and the anti-British boycott in Canton is on the point of being ended.

The debate on the Emergency Regulations was opened by the HOME SECRETARY, who said there had been no fewer than three-hundred-and-nine cases calling for proceedings under the Emergency Powers Act since the House had last met. A mere bagatelle, replied Mr. MACDONALD, who thought the ordinary law could have quite well dealt with them, to which Mr. STORRY DEANS, who understands these things, retorted that it was much better for the offenders to be summarily tried under the Act than to get two or three years' imprisonment from a High Court judge in a red robe.

Captain WEDGWOOD BENN, who is more convinced than anybody else in the House that "Jixi" is the perfect of

Jingo, gave the House an amusing description of the "Cabinet film" of the Primrose League, which, he said, depicted the Home Secretary on a horse, and underneath the lines:—

"Jicks the boy for work,
Jicks the boy for play,
Jicks the lad
When times are bad
To keep the Reds away."

But the Home Secretary, said Captain Benn, was the only Member of the Government with anything substantial to his credit. He had got a charter for Twickenham!

On the motion to adjourn, Mr. Hartshorn begged the Government, while there was still time, to accept the miners' offer, *i.e.*, a return to work on the 1921 basis, with a ten-per-cent. reduction, to be followed by the setting up of such a tribunal as the Government had suggested. Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Churchill agreed that this could not be a basis of negotiation, and, after Mr. MacDonald had talked and Mr. Lloyd George had talked, the House rose till November 9th, with the coal dispute no nearer, after a vast deal of talk, to a negotiated settlement. The palm in the matter of talking must be given to Lord Arnold, who on the previous day had in one sentence described the Government as being hand-in-glove with the coal-owners, and in the next accused the coal-owners of snapping their fingers in the Government's face—two statements that Lord Cave naturally found it difficult to reconcile.

THE GREAT RECEPTION.

(A Fantasy of Bulbs.)

I like to think that Horace
Will be here in the Spring,
With Mr. C. J. Backhouse,
A very lovely thing;
Sir Watkin too will suffer
This showy Orange Buffer
To stand by him and Whitewell—
Of course he knows him quite well—
A splendid early forcer
And most free-flowering.

Professor Francis Darwin
About these lawns must go,
Conversing not unkindly
With Mrs. Beecher Stowe;
Nay, Mr. Farncombe Saunders,
You must not deal in slanders
About the Painted Lady!
Her past was never shady;
She has the same perfection
As Fra Angelico.

Herr Arentine Arendsen
With Félix Faure is set,
And General Pelissier
With General De Wet;
The Grand Monarque must pardon
The smallness of my garden
And strive to make a crony
Of Goethe and Marconi.
Lord Balfour, this is Bismarck—
You possibly have met?

And if the Black Knight fancies
To break the border mould
Sir Walter Scott shall find him
Against the Cloth of Gold;
And Pallas with sedate eye
Shall mark the Imperati
Come out to do their duty
With Fantasy and Beauty,
Where Hero's shining purple
Has beaten back the cold.

Here every Queen is lovely
As every Queen should look;
The Duc Van Tholl is graceful
As best becomes a Duc;
There are no nasty fellows
Amongst these mauves and yellows,
Nor any painted brilliance
In any maid's vermilions,
I thank you, Mr. Dutchman,
For this delightful book. Evoe.



MANNERS AND MODES.

THE NEW FEMININE PHOTOGRAPHY.

Fair Sitter (to Photographer). "I don't want one of those sloppy pictures. Just get the character and let it go at that."

Statement of Post-Office official regarding the robbery of the "Diamond Mail" from a Hatton Garden postal van:—

"We are leaving no stone unturned in our endeavours to trace the thieves."
Evening Paper.

Except, for the moment, the stolen stones.

HOW TO BE A PUBLISHER.

(By an Author.)

III.

We will assume that your young author's book is now published in the first edition. You should of course remember that the smaller you make each edition the quicker the book will run into the next. You ought to have quite a successful showing with editions of fifty, because you get into two editions on the review copies alone. But while you are waiting for reviews and repeat orders, you will have to deal firmly with the author.

The first thing that will happen is a letter from him—generally a bare two days after the book is published—reading as under:—

Dear Mr. Hotchkins,—I don't think your traveller has been doing his work properly. My aunt in Scotland, who has been eagerly awaiting publication of my book, asked for it yesterday at the local book-seller's, on receipt from a wire from me that it was out. To her surprise, and I must confess my own disappointment, they had not got it. Could you send your traveller up to get an order from them? Macdonald of Kirkwall, Orkney, is the book-seller's name. He sells everything else as well for the village, but he stocks quite a few books too and so certainly ought to have mine.

Yours, etc.,
I. Blowhard.

And two days later another one will be shot in:—

Dear Mr. Hotchkins,—I asked for my book at Waterloo Station this morning and they had not heard of it, though they had just got in H. G. Wells's latest, published the same day. Does your traveller do this station? It would be a good book for a railway journey.

Yours, etc., I. Blowhard.

And a week later:—

Dear Mr. Hotchkins,—Bumpards told me they had seen the notices of my book, but were *not stocking* it. I fail entirely to understand this. I suspect the manager has not properly read it, but only skimmed it through. I told him to get half-a-dozen in at once, so you ought to hear from him.

Yours, etc., I. Blowhard.

P.S.—I have ordered it myself at my library and am going to keep it out for two months.

All these, and similar ones which will arrive at intervals, have to be dealt with tactfully. I admit there are difficulties. The best way is to write to the author and say there has been a great demand in Ireland or Land's End, or Lower Slodberry, or some place where you think he won't go and hasn't any relations. By the time he has realised that the world is still going on normally the reviews will start to come in.



Friend. "I 'm going up to your native town to-morrow. If I meet any of your folk they may wish to know how you 're getting on. What shall I tell them?"

Artist. "Well, if they happen to mention anything about whiskers, you might say I 've got some."

You will remember that on the inside of the book's jacket you had written something like this:—

"This book, by a new author of outstanding merit, is redolent with all the glamour and mystery of the Orient desert. Adventure, intrigue and passion throng its pages, and through all runs, like a thread of jewelled gold, the undying love of a girl for a man—a love all-enduring and deathless. This is a powerful novel."

Well, the first review will probably be from *The West Rutland Herald*, and will read:—

"A powerful novel of outstanding merit by a new author. The deathless love of a girl for a man runs like a thread of jewelled gold through the pages of this book redolent with desert intrigue and passion . . ."

Then will come *The North Kirkcudbrightshire Beacon* with:—

"Like a thread of jewelled gold in the redolent glamour of the desert is this all-enduring love of a girl for a man amid the adventure, intrigue and passions of the Orient. A powerful novel."

The Peddlington-cum-Worsfold Gazette will say:—

"A new work of outstanding merit. Intrigue and passion in the redolent Orient desert throng the pages of this book, which runs like a thread of jewelled gold . . ."

And so on.

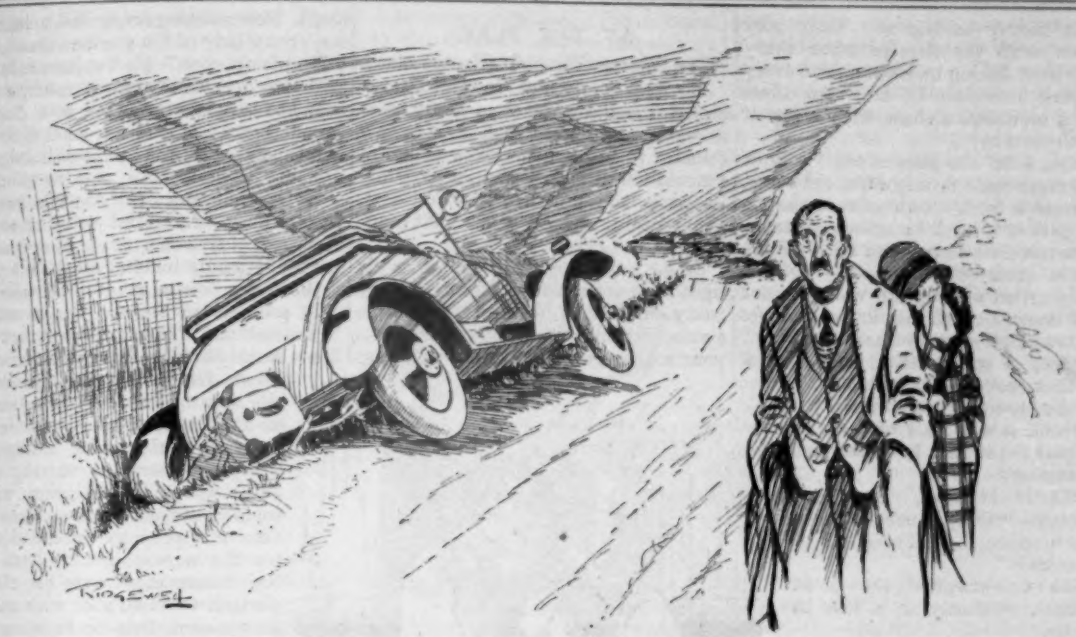
And then one day there will arrive the triumphant effort of the first reviewer who has got past what you have written on the jacket and has read some of the book itself. He gives a *résumé* of the first half of the story and adds, "The rest of the tale is worked out to a dramatic conclusion which I will not spoil the reader's pleasure by relating."

Others come in, some good, some bad. With any luck there may be a mistake in one of them, and you can get a free advertisement by writing to the paper concerned and pointing it out. But all the time you must look out for suitable extracts for your proper advertisements, to show what the papers think of the book. Like this:—

Let us imagine that *The Post Literary Supplement* says:—

"The author of this book has succeeded in masterly fashion in boring us beyond measure. In the portrayal of every single character he is completely lost. The desert scenes show that he has apparently never visited the East, while he is a master of *cliché* and time-worn phrase. And his subject—at best—is not one that pleases us greatly. Frankly, the book is no good."

At first sight this is disheartening. You would almost say the reviewer did not like the book. But by care-



Extract from a Guide-Book. "Here in this lovely and secluded part of the Highlands, far from the haunts of men, the traveller can at leisure commune with his own thoughts," etc., etc.

ful selection you can use it all right. Thus:—

"Read what *The Post Literary Supplement* says about this masterpiece:—

'The author has succeeded in masterly fashion . . . in the portrayal of every single character . . . The desert scenes show that . . . he is a master of . . . his subject . . . Pleases us greatly. Frankly, the book is . . . good.'"

And if that doesn't make it go, add:—

"THE BOOK MANY LIBRARIES HAVE REFUSED TO TAKE."

This will probably be quite true, but don't say why. Let them think something different.

Anyhow, if it still fails to make money try another. If you don't mind losing a lot of money and go on trying, you will strike a good one in the end. By the way, perhaps I ought to have said this right at the beginning of these articles. To be a publisher you mustn't mind losing a lot of money. A. A.

"Wireless Apparatus.

Beautiful Nine Months Old Toy Pekingese Dog for Sale, owner going to England."
Advt. in Indian Paper.

You have only to show him a cat's whisker and he becomes a loud-speaker at once.

"Telephone Transfer.

The old North Exchange, which has to-day ceased to be used, was in the Exchange Buildings, Oldhall Street, where it was originally installed in 18693."—*Liverpool Paper.*

True to the traditions of the service it was associated with a wrong number to the very last moment.

LIFE AND THE STAGE.

"Life," she said to me slowly and impressively—"life, I often think, is really just like a play."

"Which is, after all," I observed thoughtfully, "a little odd, for it is certain that there are very few plays like life."

"Oh, I don't know," she protested; "both are often exceedingly dull."

"It is one point of resemblance," I admitted.

"Both," she continued, "cost money—and even a great deal of money."

"That," I said with emotion, "is indeed true."

"Only not so much for admission," she went on, "which is free for all in one case and for critics in the other. It's the accessories, the chocolates between the Acts, that really cost the money."

"So they do," I agreed.

"Besides which," she continued, pressing home her argument, "both are often exceedingly improper. Then, too, have you never noticed that both the life and the play that succeed in London are often thought very little of in the provinces?"

"It is," I pointed out, "because there is undoubtedly in the one place a clearer insight, a wider experience, a deeper knowledge."

"I suppose so," she agreed. Then she added, a little doubtfully—"Which place?"

"One or the other," I explained. "But at any rate I am now beginning to realize that the stage has much to teach us."

"Well, of course," she cried. "Almost everything indeed, especially musical things and revues. You see more frocks there and in much greater variety. Whereas sometimes in a play an actress is expected to sacrifice her frock to the plot."

"Yet a really great artist," I said, "would refuse."

"Even so," she went on, "if she doesn't happen to be your style your evening is as good as wasted. You learn nothing, and you ought by rights to have your money back. But it has to be a very poor musical comedy where you don't notice something interesting, even if it's only something fresh in shoe-buckles."

"It's an inspiring thought," I said.

"And then there's the audience," she continued. "I often think the audience counts for nearly as much as the play and the performers. Only you have to be careful," she warned me gravely. "Some plays Tom has taken me to see—by that funny Italian who writes about orchards, or that quaint Russian who writes about everything being what it isn't only it is—well, I can assure you honestly, at those we went to, there was hardly a living creature in the stalls who was even dressed. Whereas sometimes at a really good revue the stalls are even more interesting than the stage."

"Sometimes," I murmured, "they

could hardly be less so. Only why bother with the theatre when every shop from Ealing to Eltham, and every Mayfair residence in between, offers you a mannequin show with a cup of tea thrown in?"

"Oh, but," she pointed out, "a frock on a mannequin is only a frock in being, whereas a frock on an actress playing her part is a frock in action. Mannequins never sit down—and I don't think that's quite fair, do you?—while a really gifted actress can wear a frock that doesn't reach her knees and yet sit down and scarcely show anything."

"Art," I said simply; "the highest art that conceals the artist."

"And then," she continued, "I do think it's a kind of duty to support the drama. It's a national possession."

"It is indeed," I agreed warmly. "Only a possession of which nation— of France or of America?"

She considered the point gravely, evidently at a loss to decide.

"Or do they share it," I asked, "like our money that the one got through the war and the other's getting through the peace?"

"I suppose that must be it," she said. E. R. P.

OPEN LETTERS.

To Gustave the Head-Waiter.

Dear Gustave,—You are a capable and to a large extent understanding man. You remember faces and make all the outward signs of being pleased to see them again. You are *soigné* and brisk and authoritative. It is true that you can't mention the noun "sole" without prefixing the adjective "nice" to it, but, take it all round, you do your work, at the outset, satisfactorily.

At the outset: that is to say, while you are ushering the guests to the table, helping with the order and recording it on your tablets. But there your interest stops; and the purpose of this missive is to ask you to resume it.

I suggest that you would be a better head-waiter, more worth your salary and your share of the tips, if you remembered to come back to the table now and then to see how we are getting on. Is this asking too much?

I am, Yours sincerely, E. V. L.

Of a new dramatist:—

"Mme. P—— has a pen that would turn black ink into red blood."—*Daily Paper.*

Very handy when signing contracts with some of these infernal managers.

AT THE PLAY.

"The White Witch" (Haymarket).

My weekly ration of *Haddock* always makes this dull world seem vastly more tolerable, and I went to A. P. H.'s new comedy with the lively expectation of a more than ordinarily pleasant evening. In parts the mixture was excellent. What fatal ingredient was it that gradually turned it sour?

So far from denying to the jester his right to be serious on occasion one may freely admit that he may often strike a shrewder blow in a good cause than your solemn person. But if he chooses the stage-play to present a serious problem, and to present it with a certain vehemence and bitterness, he must accept the inevitable limitations of the medium and take care that the characters through whom he presents his thesis shall also be fundamentally serious and behave in a plausible manner, however much he may season their talk and the business generally with his wit and humour for our entertainment and relief. Else he won't convince us or hold our interest.

We have here the old problem of the honourable philanderer. *John Jones* paints portraits for Art's sake and laboriously manufactures comic drawings to get the shillings for the gas-meter ("Hautville" doesn't look like a shilling-in-the-slot house, but producers are like that). He is painting *Jenny Bell*, a charming young lady of his garden suburb, as "Miss Innocence." He has been in love with her for years, but is resolute to play the game so far as his wife, *Ruth*, is concerned. No serious word of love has been spoken and no caress indulged in more explicit than the occasional chivalrous kissing of the girl's hand. In fact he is infuriated by the common assumption that two people of opposite sex and friendly inclination, if left together for a few moments, will inevitably proceed to shatter the seventh commandment. This farm-yard view of life is stoutly held by his resilient friend, *Major Hereward*, who incidentally is quite obviously laying siege to *Ruth's* heart and who in a sporting spirit, as he interprets that vague term, is warning our *Jones* about it. Hearing with some satisfaction that *Johnny* does not propose coming down for the week-end with *Ruth* to the house they were all three pledged to visit, and, with some amusement, that he is going to work, and on the portrait of *Jenny*, he bets a fiver that the painter will improve the occasion according to the typical he-man's formula. The painter, furiously scornful, takes the bet. The soldier departs with *Mrs. Jones* in a mood of profound optimism about the prospects of his own campaign.



John Jones (*Mr. Leon Quartermaine*) *to Jenny Bell* (*Miss Fay Compton*). "Everything that takes place between us must be on board—I mean *above* board."

Impulsive *Johnny* suddenly suggests to his sitter a sail in his beloved six-tonner, *The White Witch*. They can be back in good time, of course, and it will be glorious fun. They are becalmed however towards evening, and the hour when a conventionally respectable return can be made drifts by. *Jones* is worried; not so *Jenny*, who is fundamentally of *Major Hereward's* school. What more can two lovers want than a windless star-lit night in mid-Channel?

It is an old mistake of the well-meaning philanderer to forget that a young woman may return his love without in the least sharing his platonic theories. To find out whether he is as indifferent as he seems, by any tests known to her unsophisticated little soul, she heaves some gear overboard, hides while he registers unbearable emotion, reveals herself before he can leap into the sea or the dinghy—and all pretences are at an end. But *Jones* is genuinely the man of principle; dismisses, after a "last kiss," a puzzled disappointed *Jenny* to a solitary bunk while he keeps watch in the increasing fog. An ominous foghorn, first distant, then near; a crash and disaster; *Jones* picked up; *Jenny*

and the other *White Witch* lost. The painter returns home, working furiously from memory on her portrait, interrupted by telephone-messages from enterprising editors with requests for *Miss Bell's* photograph, which he actually promises to send. It is a curiously false incidental touch that, when *Ruth* and *Hereward*, informed by Monday's newspapers of the tragedy, arrive leisurely on the Tuesday, *Jones* should calmly discuss his portrait and the sending of it to *The Eclectic*.

The best in *Ruth* responds to her husband in his trouble. *Hereward's* chances are in the balance. But she sees the ecstatic meeting between *Jenny*, who of course turns up smiling, and her *John*, and she finally elects for the soldier. *Johnny* and *Jenny* are left together—a charmingly unprincipled happy ending. Leading up to this was the least credible episode of all. *Hereward*, who of course assumes that he has won his bet, assumes also that *Johnny* will do the gentlemanly thing and arrange to give his wife a divorce by the usual hotel-chambermaid routine, leaving *Jenny* out of it. *Johnny* will do no such thing. He has done nothing wrong and will fight them to the last. Then there is nothing for it but to cite *Jenny* as co-respondent, and our hitherto brainless *Major*, by way of showing what sort of a time *Johnny* will have in the witness-box against a relentless K.C., rehearses the scene, suddenly developing a power of analysis, characterisation and mimicry of which he was obviously entirely incapable. Nor was it in the least conceivable that *Johnny* would have permitted himself to stand twelve seconds of it. A scene excellent in itself and perfectly legitimate for farcical characters in farce but wholly out of keeping with the mood of the piece and the people in it.

Mr. HERBERT had in fact a choice of methods to present his interesting situation and work off his annoyance against the preposterous assumptions of the sensualist and the vile technique of that privileged bully in the Divorce Court. He could have kept the whole business on a lighter plane and let his wit and his sense of the ridiculous slyly convey a more serious message than was at first hearing apparent—a most effective method in truth. Or he could have laid aside cap and bells and said his serious things through serious characters, conforming to the procedure of ordinary human beings. He tried to mix the two methods and, as of all works of art a play seems doomed to be no better than its weakest parts, we were inevitably disappointed.

Naturally there were witty lines, queerly attractive angles of vision and an interesting situation. The *Jenny* of Miss FAY COMPTON, played attractively in perhaps a rather too easy accustomed



THE PIANO-TUNER WITH AN EAR FOR HUMOUR.

Mr. Badger . . . MR. SEBASTIAN SMITH.

manner, was a delightful little baggage. The *Jones* of Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE seemed less satisfactory, partly no doubt because our man was rather a dull dog.



HEREWARD THE WIDE-AWAKE.

Major Hereward . . MR. HENRY CAINE.

But I was surprised to see how little depth of feeling this experienced actor put into his love-making. No, perhaps that 's unperceptive. He may have been subtly conveying the strangled thwarted sense of *Johnny's* recognition of his false position. The violently changing moods and irresolution of *Ruth* seemed to me to be well planned by the author and well interpreted by Miss CECILY BYRNE. Mr. HENRY CAINE played his part of the gross dull cad *Hereward* with considerable skill, and was particularly good in the entirely detached and unreasonable cross-examination scene. Mr. SEBASTIAN SMITH gave us a most delightful study of the mournful shabby little piano-tuner. This character, having nothing to do with the main action, raised no controversial points and could be, and was, enjoyed without reserve. The producer deserves full credit for the admirable general setting and incidental contrivances of the Second Act—*The White Witch* at sea. The moment of the impending crash held a genuine thrill. T.

"ROSMERSHOLM" (KINGSWAY).

I think *Rosmersholm* might be honestly recommended as a cure for pessimism. We may find the primrose path in England at times rather obscured with brambles, but it might be worse. We might have had a passionate, strong-willed Norwegian secretary eager to take part in the progressive movement, and, as a means to that enlightened end, suggesting our wife into the river, whither we and the secretary would in due course follow as a means of restoring our lost faith in her.

True, Sir BARRY JACKSON'S extraordinarily competent team, skippered by Mr. AYLIFF as producer, have brought the tragic business rather nearer home. The white horse of the *Rosmers* might be prancing about Hampstead Heath, and poor *Rosmer* might be going the long way round to avoid the ponds on his way to his unspeakable friend *Crowley*, in Golder's Green, or to purchase the latest grey autumn suitings appropriate to clergymen who have lost their faith. I seem to remember Sir BARRY'S making a success by dressing another irresolute and morbid Scandinavian out of his period. I am not sure that this modernisation is altogether well-advised. *Rosmersholm* might surely be allowed to date. These accumulated horrors may be believable about distant fanatical provincial Norwegians forty years ago. They don't seem to fit even the most progressive of our race and time.

However that 's of course a flippant criticism. The present *Rosmersholm* is a cure for another kind of pessimism—pessimism about the British theatre. When one has to say that the only infinitesimal doubt one had about the acting was whether Mr. ROBERT FARQUHARSON did not at his first entry

allow himself to be just a little too flamboyant with his *Eric Brendon*, it gives an indication of the standard set in this most interesting revival. And even so one recognised the actor's intention to heighten the effect of the mood of deflation in which that disillusioned philosopher made his second entrance. I cannot conceive a better *Rebecca* of our modern school than Miss Edith Evans. By the restraint with which she step by step built up her part from the very first, suggesting untold depths in this apparently controlled person, and only gradually displaying the tragic undercurrents and working up to her climax of renunciation, she heightened our sense of her author's technical mastery of the process of dramatic development of character. Miss Evans has the rare gift of repose; knows how to wait, and like a good general throws in her reserves when her battle has been thoroughly prepared.

Mr. Charles Carson made a really fine thing of the extremely difficult character of *Rosmer*. The poor self-tortured compassless man never forfeited our sympathy or became the bore he is very capable of becoming in any but the most skilled hands. Mr. Rupert Harvey, that malicious intransigeant, made an equally difficult part completely credible. A very good performance. Mr. George Howe's editor of *The Sentinel* was also, it seemed to me, as well done as possible, and Miss Muriel Aked's *Martha* was, if I may allow myself a Hibernianism, even better than that. *Martha* can be easily made, often has been, into a conscious comic relief. This *Martha* was a simple, likeable, real person, who is saying shrewdly amusing things, not by way of being funny, but because her mind works like that and her speech follows. What is known as "a brilliant audience"—some of us just a little over-conscious, I thought, of our superiority and progressiveness—gave the company the enthusiastic tribute it thoroughly deserved.

T.

ONIONS AND THEIR MEANING.

The onion is the most disreputable of vegetables. Though the greatest chef cannot cook without it, he is careful never to refer to it in conversation.

One can easily picture the scene in the kitchen. The chef delegates the task of undressing the onion to the lowest scullion, and that officer removes the onion's five to seven coats furtively, his cheeks mantled with the blush of shame. Before being presented to the chef, the onion's nudity is covered with a fair white napkin. The scullion then departs to wash from his hands the vile fumes of low life.

The chef, averting his face, scoops out a small portion of the offending globe and tosses it into his *sauté* pan, whence it emerges to attach the epithet *narbonnaise* to the next cutlet that happens to pass. The remainder of the onion is then thrown into the hottest fire within reach. The chef, like the scullion, has performed an odious duty and forthwith he tries to dismiss all thought of the sacrificed pariah.

None of us is afraid to enter a greengrocer's shop and buy a single lemon, but where is the man who will enter the same shop without embarrassment and ask for an onion? The proprietor and his green apron will both change colour with horror, and the young lady in the cash-cubicle will for a moment abandon her anæmia. The broccoli will make a hasty attempt to shelter their faces behind their leaves and the asparagi will lean limply against their raffia corsets. A few hardy rascals like the turnips will try to brazen it out, but all the nicer fruits of the earth will shrink into themselves.

The proprietor, when at length he recovers speech, will assure the customer that he has made a mistake; that onions do not form, he is happy to say, part of his general stock. No doubt the customer, if he is genuinely desirous of buying so disgraceful an object, will find one on some barrow in the purlieus of Hoxton or Islington. The customer, rightly rebuked, slinks forth, emitting a nervous cough.

And yet there is a period in the onion's life when she is the spoiled child of Fortune. The Hon. Mortimer Gluph, a celebrated amateur with a passion for vegetable-growing, spends happy days in measuring the daily waist-growth of his favourites with a pair of calipers and giving them delicate pet-names, such as Ailsa Craig. His steward, Gervase Plympton, Esq., himself eggs on the gardeners to reserve for the onions the choicest tit-bits of the manure-heap. Mr. James Wooster, the head gardener, is drawn aside from the congenial task of preventing the Hon. Mortimer's family from raiding the peaches to apply his own important hands to moving the hoe among the onions. Last of all there is Bert Erbert, the onion gardener, who devotes all his wealth of mental and muscular tissue to the welfare and embonpoint of the onions. The onions are in fact the pride of the whole staff when, each wrapped separately in cotton-wool, they are transported by special train to some Horticultural Show. Dressed in crinkled paper in art colours of all shades at ninepence per roll, and mounted on a choice platter of Sèvres, they enjoy a regal state for the duration of the show.

At this point Nemesis overtakes them, and thenceforth they are treated as described in our opening paragraphs, thereby providing a moral warning against the pampering of youth. The Hon. Mortimer Gluph turns from his old associates and indicates to his domestic staff that he will not tolerate onions inside the house. Gervase Plympton, Esq., disposes of the entire crop to some furtive greengrocer in a mean street; Mr. Wooster informs his wife that onions are no suitable food for them as has to talk to gentry. Bert Erbert alone retains his affection for the despised and rejected; he alone appreciates them in death as in life; they are his staple diet.

Bert agrees with the scientists that the onion contains more food, bulk for bulk, than any other vegetable—the empiric corroborates the theoretic—and thus, eaten solidly all through the winter, the onions feed the muscles which will produce the following year another bountiful crop of this vegetable, doomed to similar social fluctuations. And so on; the onion barely contriving to perpetuate its racial existence and suffering individually in the process. Just like us.

E. P. W.

LOW LATIN.

[The Rev. J. Willis Price writes to *The Times* to protest against the needless use of the word "quota" in appeals to parishioners posted up in church porches, instead of "portion," which is "English, homely, Biblical, suggestive and easy to understand."]

Though it's not quite so vile in the matter of style
As calling teetotums *teetota*,
Still it adds to the weight of our dues to the State
To be asked to contribute our *quota*.

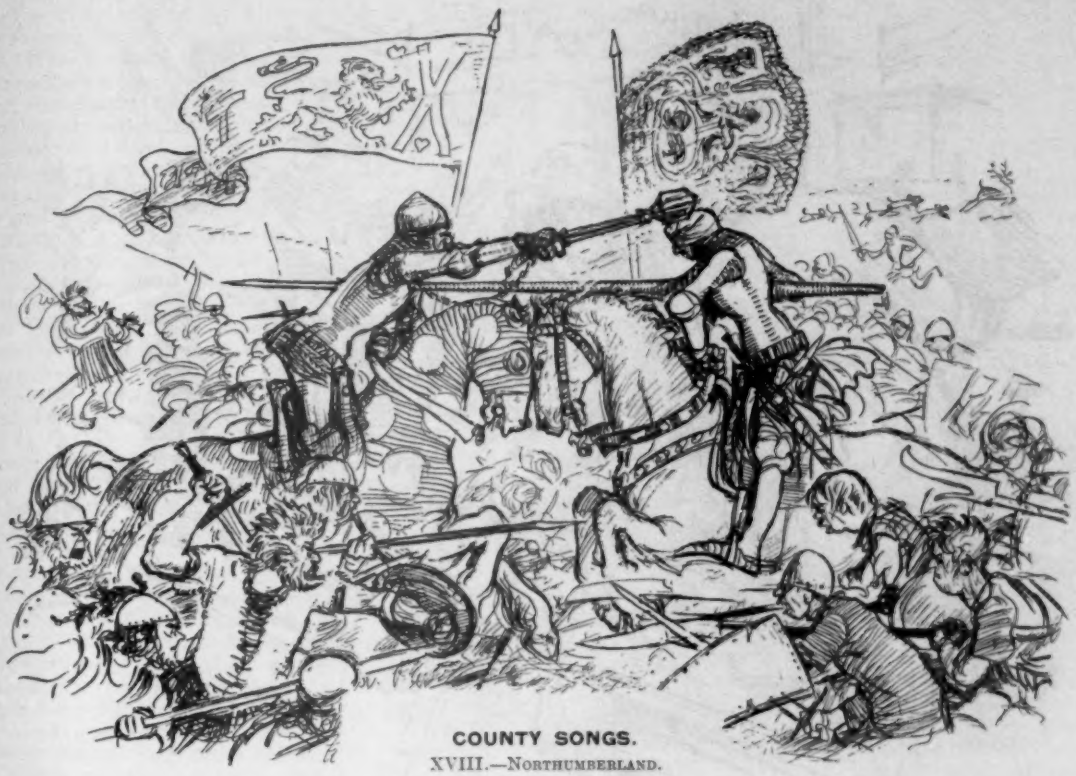
One might equally well, as a fair parallel,
Rechristen lawn-tennis *pelota*
As use for "a portion" this Latin abortion,
This needless impertinent *quota*.

Let them use it as much as they please in the Duchy of Baden, the States of Dakota;
In Chile, Japan, Malabar, Yucatan
Or the courts of the city of Gotha;

Let savants descant on their *quantum* or "*quant*,"
Let jurors exult in their *rota*;
Such words I'd proscribe as an alien tribe,
And the worst of them all is the *quota*.

Another Impending Apology.

"CLEAN FOOD.
Novel Displays at Grocers' Exhibition."
Headlines in Morning Paper.



COUNTY SONGS.

XVIII.—Northumberland.

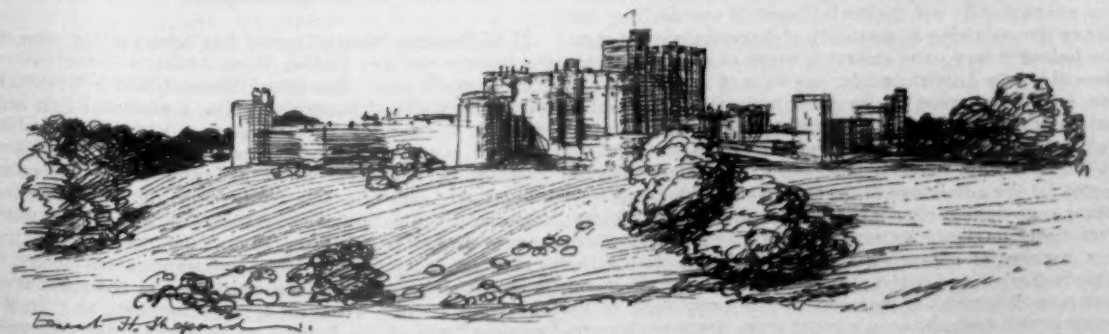


The proud Northumbrian's constant lot
It was to fight the hardy Scot,
Who, flouting law and order,
But two ambitions had in life:
To dwell consistently in strife,
And get across the Border.
A vain attempt to keep at bay
The race that owns the earth to-day.

No longer now from Tweed to Tyne
Does rivalry incarnadine
The pastures of the Percys;
And on his lawn at Fallodon
Northumberland's most famous son
Cons Mr. Wordsworth's verses;
The Border sips the loving-cup,
And not a drawbridge now is up.

E. V. L.







AUTUMN SALES.

Shopwalker. "ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU, MADAM?"
Lady. "YES, HOLD THIS BABY AND GIVE ME A FAIR CHANCE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN the second volume of *The World of William Clissold* (BENN), *William* becomes less pontifical, less given to exceeding his range. The affairs of his brother *Dickon* occupy the first part of the book, and *Dickon's* career exemplifies the struggle between "the standardising organisation and the huckstering individual." These descriptive phrases leave no doubt on which side Mr. H. G. WELLS'S sympathies are engaged; yet *Dickon* is discerned approaching the War as the crowning opportunity of large-scale production—as indeed it was—and emerging a man of shattered ideals submitting to a knighthood for the sake of his wife. The wife, a delicate cynic whose death barbs the arrow of her husband's frustration, is a fine and uncommon departure in Wellsian portraiture. The second half of the book devotes itself to *William*, women and work, and the situations created by the admixture of these elements. Marriage with a flimsy art-student results in a decree never made absolute; whereupon the righteous partner becomes "the happy lover of a number of charming . . . women." As with other Wellsian heroes, and with unfortunate truth to fact, *William* abandons disinterested research in the early days of his marriage and embarks on a variant more congenial to commerce. Finally, as an industrial organiser in the service of an aristocratic Anglo-Jewish firm, he waxes wealthy and influential. In this last phase he oscillates between London and a Provençal *mas*, the latter reproducing all those conditions of small-scale highly individualised toil and beauty which *Clissold frères* have done so much to eliminate. Logic, I feel, is not *William's* strong point; but what dialectic there is in the present volume is more subtly incorporated than in its predecessor; and its most detached diatribe—on middle-aged futility and its place in the sun—is in itself both just and entertaining.

H.H. Princess MARIE LOUISE has been visiting some of the remoter parts of British West Africa, a district where there is much rain. She found Kumasi, which WOLSELEY entered as a city of human sacrifice, a centre of light and learning, and laid foundation stones or unveiled memorials in little places in the Northern Territories which few Englishmen have ever heard of, except the thirty or so officers who are the sole controlling and administrative force for a population of about half-a-million in those great areas. In her *Letters from the Gold Coast* (METHUEN) the writer not only presents solid information but adorns it with wit and adventure, and something of the glamour of the tropics. She writes of QUEEN VICTORIA as "Grandmamma" and of the PRINCE OF WALES as "David," and, quite apart from the intrinsic interest of her subject, has

altogether a jolly happy way with her. For one thing nothing could prevent her enjoying her trip from beginning to end. If her car stuck in a bog, or the new road she was to have opened got itself washed away by a tornado, such a mishap was unfortunate; but no more than heat or mosquitoes or over-boisterous native welcomes or many wettings could it be allowed to affect either her good humour or the success of her undertaking. A journey carried through in such a sporting spirit could not fail to be a real triumphal progress, and it needs no skill in reading between the lines to see that all hearts—as all bungalows—were thrown open for her reception. Judging from my own experience her readers will be no less enthusiastic than her hosts in West Africa, and in fact her impression that her correspondent may perhaps have been bored with the length of her letters is the one and only point to which exception could possibly be taken.

Two Maxwells are there: one is of the deep, and one writes serials for the Daily Press. It is this second W. B. Maxwell who has written *Gabrielle* (Butterworth). Fortunately neither of the Maxwells can write without a certain distinction or create a heroine who is not a living breathing woman. *Gabrielle* exhibits both these qualities, and that is all I can say for it. One of the characters in this story reads a book, "a novel from the circulating library, a bad one, a feebly sensational medley of old situations and stale contrivances, with entanglements that one knew would inevitably be unravelled because the book must, of course, end happily." But that moment of critical insight has not saved Mr. Maxwell from re-writing the story of the humble governess with her war-time baby disguised as a "nephew" and her impossible relations, and of her aristocratic lover, the earnest and high-minded son of the house who, thwarted in his honourable pursuit of her, goes off to Africa to shoot lions (no, not lions; Riffs). Nor has he been able to avoid the letter of reconciliation which goes astray, nor indeed any of the other customary obstacles to the inevitably happy ending. *Gabrielle* will do very well for a wet evening or a long railway-journey; you will not want to place it beside *Spinster of his Parish* and *The Guarded Flame* on the Maxwell shelf of your library.

Myself—how wholeheartedly I was a serf,
When young to Nat Gould, Hawley Smart and the rest!
And I still love a galloping tale of the Turf,
And I 've just finished one of the best—
Edward Woodward's *Black Sheep*, and they 're blacker than tar;
But a black sheep, well penned, to a book is no bar.

George Copthorne, an owner, goes "stoney" as rock
Through his failure to pull off a Cesarewitch scoop;
So he turns him professional steeple-chase jock
And, though he is bang in the soup,
Marries rosy *Miss Rachael*—a regular pearl—
Jasper Hungerford's beautiful gold-hearted girl.



Stalker (lending old double rifle to sportsman whose magazine rifle with telescopic sight is out of order). "Dinna forget, aboot nine inches recht an' eighteen below wi' the recht barr-rel at a hundred yairds, an' trust tae Providence if ye ha' to use the left."

Now *Jasper's* a psalm-singing fraud, for the worm
Who holds family prayers and calls racing a crime
Is the fraudulent head of a bookmaking firm—
Sub rosa, of course—all the time;
And poor *George's* failure was really because—
But I think you must read for yourself how it was.

For the book you will find, of its kind, jolly good;
Its writer can certainly write a *real* race,
And *George* rides the National winner (he would!)
And buys back his family place
With the proceeds he nets by his bets on this one win;
So the curtain is fortunate (T. Fisher Unwin).

An intimate and terrible comment on our break with Mexico and the recall of Mr. Cummins in 1924 is provided by *The Rosalie Evans Letters from Mexico* (Hodder and Stoughton), now edited by Mrs. Caden Pettus, Mrs. Evans's sister. These describe, sometimes from day to day, the hopeless stand made by their writer in defence of her late husband's *hacienda*, its wheat-fields and irrigation system, from the year after his death in 1917 until her own murder in 1924. Evans himself was an Englishman, his wife by birth an American. To rescue his property was for her a tribute to his memory; besides by February 1923 she had no other means of livelihood. An agrarian law had been passed to expropriate large estates, with compensation, throughout Mexico, its most benevolent aspect being an intention of returning their common lands to Indian villages.

San Pedro Coxtocan, however, had never included common land; Mrs. Evans was never offered compensation, and she was—obvious insignia of ownership—held responsible for the taxes. How far she was well advised in approaching the shifting (and shifty) personnel of revolutionary Governments for a definition of her standing, how much common sense she showed in carrying on her desperate business of agriculture until a gang of still unpunished murderers shot her on the highway, is hardly the question. No one who reads these long breathless letters will doubt their writer's unshakeable conviction of duty, her fundamental sanity through days and nights of horror, her personal generosity. That she belonged to a class that most revolutions have decided, perhaps wisely, to dispense with, is clear. That less gallant exponents of big business stayed on and flourished where she anguished and died, is equally obvious. As literature her letters have no pretensions. As documents they are unique.

An exceptionally fortunate gentleman must be the present Headmaster of Eton, who finds relaxation from severer pursuits in adventures along the lighter paths of literature. I gather from the dedication of his latest work of fiction, which he has called *The Count in Kensington* (Jenkins), that it was composed to solace the junior members of his family during the fatigues of the holidays. "*Non semper arcum tendit Apollo*—and all that sort of thing," as our old friend *Mr. Brooke*, of *Middlemarch*, was wont to say. Even the little Alingtons, I suppose, may turn occasionally to stories of villainous Russian counts plotting against the British Government and being foiled, after a series of incredible happenings, by the usual gang of amateur detectives (all belonging to the best families). But how delightful to have a father at once able and willing to provide a full-blown novel of this kind, almost indistinguishable from the best models. Indeed in several respects Dr. Cyril Alington possesses advantages over the ordinary purveyor of detective fiction. He can write scholarly English, and he has a sense of character. The only objection I can bring against this particular specimen of his ingenuity is that it is almost too ingenious. Everything is fitted in so very neatly that the reader is in danger of losing his interest in the story while admiring the mechanism. The fact is Dr. Alington has written an amusing parody, an excellent imitation, let us say, of one of Mr. George Birmingham's recent romances. But it does not grip the reader. No man can write a thrilling story with his tongue in his cheek. And that is where our versatile headmaster obviously keeps his.

Miss Sophie Cole has made a corner in the writing of London novels, not of the sensational night-life-of-a-great-city type, but stories of the humble and, on the whole, kindly and law-abiding folk of the poorer suburbs. *Linda Trust* (Mills and Boon), the heroine of her newest novel, which is quite as good as its forerunners, follows the occupation—uncommon for a heroine—of cloak-room attendant at a theatre. I am given to understand by those who can speak with authority that in real life one does not often find pretty young persons in their early twenties adorning such places; but that is a detail. *Linda* is as good as she is pretty, but her lover, *Joe*, is an unlucky lad, out of work and with a landlord just about to swoop down on his widowed mother's furniture, and *Linda*, sorely tempted, steals twenty pounds from a handbag dropped in her cloak-room by a notorious *demi-mondaine*, *Pauline West*. All this sounds like the tamest of themes, but so entertaining is the characterisation, so natural are the events which leave *Joe* a fugitive and *Linda* engaged to marry the rich young man who had been *Pauline's* escort on that particular evening, that the tale should appeal to every reader who does not insist on battle, murder and divorce as essential to the best romance.



Maid (*sotto voce*). "One thing, since Master Eric learnt the Charleston 'e do wipe 'is feet properly when 'e comes in."

There is no trace of the *Pagett* touch about Captain Anthony Eden, M.P., who in his volume, *Places in the Sun* (Murray), prefaced by the Prime Minister, deals with the tour of the British Delegation to the Empire Press Conference in Australia, whose journeyings, as chronicled by another of its delegates, are already familiar in their lighter aspects to Mr. Punch's readers. Captain Eden shows throughout a commendable respect for the ever-tender corns of the Man on the Spot, while at the same time he is not afraid upon occasion to express independent and even critical opinions upon a variety of matters which came under his personal notice, ranging from such minor points as the deleterious effect of excessive comfort in the shape of padded settees upon the *moral* of New Zealand's legislators to subjects of more solid import, such as Queensland's unsuccessful excursions into Socialism.

In the eighth of the fourteen stories that are included in *At Government House* (Mills and Boon), Major Ardern Beaman says that *Rollie Dennistoun's* "greatest joy was in taking on jobs the mere thought of which set the average man quaking in his shoes." *Rollie* was military secretary to the Governor of Mahdipur, and also the man for an emergency. Each of these tales has its tight situation, but *Rollie* was always at hand to relieve it. In truth he was worked very hard; but happily he was not worked to death, and in the last story his arm was encircling a slender waist. Major Beaman knows his India and deals vigorously with some of her problems. *Rollie*, because he spotted rotters at sight and handled them heavily, is a hero good to meet.

CHARIVARIA.

There seems no reason why the Government should stop at commercial postmarks. Why can't the telephone-girl say, "Sorry you've been troubled, but have you tried Lumbo Salts?"

***

In our opinion Sir Alan Cobham fully deserved his knighthood for his courage, as he must have been aware of the state of the country to which he was returning.

***

There is a strong feeling in favour of persuading Lord Beaverbrook to sing the first note at the great concert with which *The Daily Express* is to inaugurate the National Community Singing movement at the Albert Hall next month.

***

We understand that the matches between the Welsh Rugby teams and the Maoris will be played (if at all) in the Welsh language.

***

The American Department of Commerce states that that country exports twenty million false teeth every year. This of course doesn't include the gear-boxes of motor-cars.

***

We gather from the fashion illustrations in the Press that women are wearing their legs longer this autumn.

***

Beads are said to be coming into fashion again. It is only natural that women should wear something extra when the colder weather comes.

***

A Bishop declares that he would rather play the oboe than the harp in a celestial choir. The prospect of hearing the Higher Clergy on the wood-wind is yet another inducement to be good.

***

We are asked to say that the recent abolition of hell-fire by some of our Bishops has nothing to do with the coal stoppage.

***

Dancing, we read, is on the wane. Still, there is a good deal of dancing on the wax.

***

The drawback to the Grandson Tax, an extension of the Death Duties, which Mr. E. D. Simon explained at Birmingham the other day, is that it might have the effect of discouraging young people from becoming grandsons.

The announcement that Mr. Lloyd George has grown a giant marrow is a nasty knock for those who were inclined to regard the ex-Premier as a negligible quantity nowadays.

***

To relieve the congestion on the kerbs during the shopping season it is suggested that places should be set aside where women can park their husbands.

***

Although a moral reformer at West Hartlepool says that bobbed hair and short skirts are worldly, many people still consider they are simply heavenly.



Barber (ex-Gardener). "Now 's the time o' year, Sir, if you think of having the moustache pruned."

It is being suggested that the medical profession should agitate against the sale of patent medicines; but doctors are clever enough to know what makes so many patients require their services.

***

We hear of one old-fashioned father who is so strict that he actually insists that his daughter should be home to breakfast every morning.

***

The cross-Channel swimming season is drawing to an end, and we suggest that the Channel should now be thoroughly overhauled and got ready for shipping.

***

It has been decided by the Town Council that a motor-track near Brighton cannot be sanctioned till the question of safeguarding the amenities of the district has been considered. A Brighton invaded by swarms of motorists is unthinkable.

***

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer is an exceedingly busy man," says a gossip-writer. He must be; apparently he hasn't yet had time to be photographed in a béret.

***

A lost dog which had a habit of travelling on Underground trains was stated to have last been seen at Barking. No doubt that was understood to be the station it asked for.

***

Paris is suffering from a famine of oysters and game. Send your superfluous delicacies to the Parisian Epicures' Relief Fund.

***

With reference to the fact that gaily-coloured boots for men are now on the market an expert points out that the East End sets the fashion for the West End in men's wear. We have sometimes suspected this.

***

A *Daily Express* representative has failed in his attempt to discover the Royal Society's opinion of Mr. H. G. Wells's opinion of it. The Royal Society's opinion of our enterprising contemporary's representative has not been ascertained either.

***

The latest style in hats is said to be a toque worn with the mouth slightly open.

***

It appears there is a great demand just now for sentimental Irish songs, and one native is composing a pathetic little ballad entitled, "When Father Laid the Landlord on the Stairs."

***

A dazzle-light for tigers is part of the equipment of a Rajah's new hunting-car. The same device has of course been used successfully against pedestrians.

***

We understand that one of the tasks confronting the Pure Rivers Society, which has just been formed, will be that of affixing silencers to bargees.

From "Answers to Correspondents":

"'Tishy.'—I should shew your hands to a doctor, my dear, and ask him to remove them. It will only take a week or so."—*Weekly Paper.*

If we remember rightly, the other "Tishy's" trouble was with his feet.

THE NEW SUBALTERN.

THIS is the sad story of Second-Lieutenant Swordfrog, who joined us a short while ago. He is expected to recover, but it will be a long business.

He was very conscientious. When he first joined the battalion he spent his afternoons reading up "King's Regulations" and, whatever they told him to do, that he did. Conversely, whatever they told him not to do, even if it were that he was forbidden to "fire guns at the funeral of a civilian functionary not entitled to salutes of cannon when living," he manfully restrained the impulse. He felt that he was learning. He felt that by getting to know exactly what should happen when "a vessel carrying the remains of a foreigner of high distinction arrives during saluting hours at any authorised saluting station," he was slowly making himself worthy of the single star upon each shoulder.

One afternoon he reached Para. 948 and got rather a shock. He read: "The hair of the head will be kept short. The chin and under-lip will be shaved."

He cast a glance at the suspiciously new-looking safety-razor on his dressing-table—a Christmas present from his young sister, "and please, *please* may I watch you using it the first time?" He had magnanimously granted the request, but had wished later he hadn't. He had always been led to understand that a safety-razor was one which could *not* cut you however unskilfully it was handled. Thereafter it was only brought into action on the first of the month, and even then more to mark suitably the day on which his pay came in than to rid himself of any encumbering growth.

He studied the Regulation again and caressed "his chin and under lip." He thought he could just detect—but no, it couldn't be; he had shaved only last Friday week. Ought he perhaps to run over it more frequently—say once a week instead of once a month? He searched further, but the Regulations didn't seem to lay down any particular routine to be followed. In fact, the only other reference to facial hair was that "whiskers, if worn, must be of moderate length," and he was quite safe about that.

He wondered if by any chance an explanatory Army Council Instruction had been published on the question: "Shaving—Second-Lieutenants," or "Notes on Relative Smoothness for Subaltern Officers." Or in default of such an instruction perhaps the whole matter was left, like many other things in the Army, such as obtaining leave and platoon-drill, to the initiative of the junior officer. In that case he ought to shave every day; for the private soldier was expected to do so, and no good officer should shirk anything that he expects his men to do.

He decided that he had better do the right thing. The Adjutant was rather a terrifying person and the Colonel worse, and whatever he did he must not attract their unfavourable attention at the outset of his career. Supposing—a horrible thought struck him—the Colonel were to ask when he had shaved last and he had to answer "Last Friday week, Sir"?

He got up, unearthed the bright razor and shaved. It was rather like running the lawn-mover over the parade-ground.

When he had finished he studied his chin carefully in the glass. He decided it was smooth enough for any Colonel. Then he turned his scrutiny to the upper lip. Quite a different matter this. His moustache was coming on finely, though he could feel it better than he could see it. It had improved this last month; there were two on one side and three on the other now.

He threw out his chest and walked proudly out of his quarters and promptly met the Adjutant, who said, "By the way, Swordfrog, the Colonel noticed you on parade this morning."

Second-Lieutenant Swordfrog's heart fell. After everything his shave had been too late.

"He wishes it brought to your notice," went on the Adjutant, "that it is the custom of our regiment for an officer to wear a moustache. He would be obliged if in future you would cease to shave your upper lip." A. A.

"Sheffield is placed in a very unique position in being one of the first places he is to visit during his tour of the country."
Provincial Paper.

Of course, if it were the first of all the first places, it would be much more unique.

"South Mimms is under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Hampstead. The parishioners suggested recently that he should keep up the old custom of visiting the parish on horseback, thus 'living up to his gaiters.'"
Daily Paper.

We are unacquainted with this prelate, but surmise that he is Archbishop *in partibus* of the Hampstead Heathens.

"The trickle which I saw falling over the Falls of Ladore would not have inspired Wordsworth to write his famous poem: 'How does the water come down from Ladore?' I'll warrant!" —— *Magazine.*

With equal certainty we'll warrant that the trickle which we have seen flowing under Westminster Bridge would not have inspired SOUTHEY to write, "Earth has not anything to show more fair."

FAIR PLAY FOR ALSATIANS.

[MR. PICKETT, the Chairman of the Alsatian League and Club, has issued a protest against the view, based on a recent incident, that Alsatians are dangerous or ill-tempered, or that they are descended from wolves.]

DEAR MR. PUNCH—throughout your span
Of eighty years, and something more, devoted
To the four-footed friend of man—
I have no doubt you must with pain have noted
The base revival of the fable
That brands us with a lupine label.

And yet in truth for centuries three,
As all admit who give the matter heeding,
Unstained has been our pedigree
By any misalliance or cross-breeding;
Unlike the "pudding dog" Dalmatian,
There are no spots on the Alsatian.

We are not like the pampered Pekes,
Exotic pets; we are not Oriental;
We have deep-throated barks, not squeaks;
Robust of frame, in temper we are gentle,
And to "Alsatia" in its baser meaning
We are too honest to have any leaning.

In the world-war we guarded dumps
And won the love of soldiers who controlled us;
In peace by our tremendous jumps
We gladden all nice children who behold us
(Had *I* been on the spot I should
Have rescued young *Red Riding Hood*).

I grieve to note *The Ency. Brit.*,
Ev'n in its latest supplemental stages,
Continues strangely to omit
Our name and portraits from its ponderous pages,
Though thousands pay the annual sub.
To the Alsatian League and Club.

To brand us as a treacherous breed
Is wholly false; it also is not cricket;
And welcome, in our hour of need,
Are the kind words of worthy Mr. PICKETT,
Who lauds our admirable traits
In language of unstinted praise.

Then never let us hear again
From credulous reporters or broadcasters
That we are of a wolfish strain
And prone to turn upon and rend our masters;
The charge, incapable of proof,
I meet with an indignant "Woof!"

Our Shameless Advertisers.

"Young Lady (expert dancer) requires Gent. Partner for bathroom and Exhibition Dancing."—*Manchester Paper.*



THE "LIBERTY" OF LABOUR.

Miners' Leader. "SO YOU 'VE GIVEN YOUR FREE AND UNFETTERED JUDGMENT ON THE GOVERNMENT'S PROPOSALS."

Miner. "YOU CAN CALL IT THAT IF IT SUITS YOU. BUT, IF YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW WHAT I REALLY THINK, LET ME GET AT THAT BOX YOU 'RE SITTING ON."



Captured Burglar. "Just my luck! I spends six munce makin' friends wiv the dorg, an' then I goes an' treads on the perishin' cat."

ALASTAIR FITZGIBBON.

"Bother!" said Antony.

He was very much annoyed indeed. And I think he had just cause for irritation. Trials are sent to us, no doubt, for our good, but at the moment of their coming it is very hard to preserve an equal mind. It seemed clear that Antony's moral was spoilt.

Difficult as it might seem to be to devise a romance dealing entirely with the sex life, and terminating in a wholly original way, Antony had, in my opinion, achieved it. His hero, tired of amorous escapades and emotional adventures, had finally embraced the creed of Islam and decided to live in Constantinople, where, gathering round him the various heroines of the book, he proposed to give peace to his weary soul by roping them all together as it were into a kind of patriarchal harem or corral. I could find no flaw whatsoever in this ending. It seemed to me to have the quality of great literature. The doubts, the confused yearnings, of his hero's parcelled soul had at length come through shallows and quicksands to a tranquil close.

"Till at last
The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
Emerge and shine upon the Aral Sea."

Yes, it was like *Sohrab and Rustum.*

And then to his amazement and disgust Antony was confronted by a paragraph in one of the daily newspapers, which asserted, apparently on good authority, that the harem was abolished in Turkey, and even bigamy prohibited by law. There are moments when even a strong man is tempted to despair of Providence.

You will understand that the book was entirely modern. It was impossible to throw the events back into the past, and a fact of this kind completely upset the framework of the plot. Worse still, the proofs were actually in Antony's hands.

I suggested adding a note—

The Author and Publisher regret to point out that since this book was completed the practice of polygamy has been forbidden by the Turkish authorities, and *Alastair Fitzgibbon's* troubled soul was therefore not enabled to find tranquillity, as stated above.

I said that there would even be a certain advantage from a purely commercial point of view in this epilogue, because the public would be anxious for a sequel showing how *Alastair* overcame the difficult situation and altered his plans for obtaining peace. But Antony would have none of it. He said that an epilogue like that would entirely ruin the literary quality of his work, and that we must find some other way out.

The Mormons were no use, because it appeared that, contrary to usual opinion, bigamy has also been abolished in Salt Lake City for a great number of years. And when I suggested Tahiti or Samoa or the Fiji Islands, Antony only made a gesture of disgust. All that kind of thing, he said, had been done.

He was equally averse from the African desert. And indeed I think he was right. It is a basic quality, so far as I can ascertain, in the character of an Arabian sheikh to carry away only one heroine forcibly to the silent night and the stars. However predatory his disposition, he never tackles them by the herd. It was while we were discussing this point that Antony suddenly suggested Persia.

"Haven't you got a cousin," he said, "in Persia?"

I admitted that I had.

"What is the present law about

harems under Reza Khan?" he said, ruffling his proofs anxiously.

I was blowed if I knew.

"Cable your cousin at once, there's a good fellow," he said.

Seizing a piece of paper he began to draft a message with a businesslike air. Finished, it ran:—

Please wire possibility European soul desirous peace sexlife harem Teheran.

I warned him that my cousin in Persia was not accustomed to the sharp crises of the literary life, and that he might find the problem a little difficult to answer off-hand. But Antony was obdurate.

"Take it at once, there's a good chap," he said. "Hotter and Strong have been howling for these proofs for a week."

I went to the post-office, filled in the special form and poked it under the wires. The shingled lady examined it with a critical eye.

"What is this word?" she said.

"Sexlife," I explained, "S-E-X-L-I-F-E."

"Two words," she said, dividing it firmly with her pencil. After that she began to consult her library.

"Sixteen words, counting the address," she said, "at one and sevenpence a word."

I paid and was about to go.

"Wait one moment," she said, and began to telephone.

"Sorry," she went on after a minute or two, "but that line isn't open."

"Why ever not?" I said. "Is there a strike of mules in Kurdistan?"

She was not interested in Kurdistan.

"If you like to send it by the other route," she said, "it'll be two-and-eightpence a word."

I cut out "please" and "European" and let it go at that.

Half-way to his rooms I met Antony.

"You haven't sent it?" he said.

"I have," I told him, and mentioned the price.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "I've just put in a far better ending than that."

"Oh!" I said, not very cordially.

"*Alastair* throws over the whole lot of them and goes to a monastery in the mountains of Tibet."

"The scrounger!" I said.

"He has found peace," rejoined Antony solemnly, "amongst the eternal snows."

"But not unscathed," I said. "One pound seventeen and fourpence, please."

Nevertheless I think *Alastair Fitzgibbon* was well advised, for we have had no reply whatever from my cousin in Teheran. Evoe.



Small Girl (obliged to visit dentist during holiday in France). "Can he understand English, Mummy?"

Mother. "I don't think he can, dear."

Small Girl (after a thoughtful pause). "Mummy, what's the French for 'Ow!'?"

THE VENTRILOQUIST.

A ventriloquist proposing to the lady
of his choice
Got such a fit of nerves he failed to
regulate his voice;
He said, "I've loved you fervently for
months, my darling Mabel,"
In tones which seemed addressing her
from underneath the table.
She searched in vain and scarcely had
recovered from the shock
When a second "darling Mabel" made
her look behind the clock.
She felt that she was fainting and was
just about to fall
When a voice said, "Don't be frightened," from a bracket on the wall;
It added, "Will you marry me?" in
such a distant tone
That she ran upstairs to answer, and
the lover was alone. G. B.

Our Helpful Press.

"Mr. Cobham was escorted across the Channel on the final stage of his flight yesterday by a *Daily Mirror* aeroplane."—*Daily Mirror.*

"London, Thursday.—Although a number of Americans are returning from the Highlands, the Royal Family is still at Balmoral."
Continental Paper.

Gee!

SIMPLE STORIES.

IX.—The Traveller.

Once there was a traveller who wanted a servant to go with him on his travels, and he saw several but he didn't like any of them.

But at last a man called Wobblejuice came to see him, and he didn't think he would do at all, because he was rather lame and only had one eye. But he had such a funny name that he thought he would like to talk to him.

So he said where did you get your name from?

And he said well I made it up.

He said then I think you might have made up a better one.

And he said well perhaps I might.

So he said now let us come to business, how many languages can you talk?

And he said one.

He said that isn't much use to me, can you cook?

And he said well I was never much good at cooking, but I can boil an egg.

He said I don't suppose there will be many eggs where I am going to, so that isn't much good, can you clean boots well?

And he said no I was never much good at cleaning boots, the smell of blacking makes me sick.

He said well you don't seem to be much good as a servant.

And he said no perhaps not.

So he said well what *can* you do?

And he said well I can do one thing rather well, I can turn myself into any animal I like.

Well the traveller had never met anybody who could do that before and he wasn't sure that Wobblejuice was telling the truth. But there was a mouse in the room, so he said well turn yourself into a cat and catch that mouse.

So Wobblejuice turned himself into a cat, and it had only one eye and was lame in one leg, but that didn't matter because it had three others, and he caught the mouse, and then he turned himself into a man again.

So the traveller said well I think you will be useful to me, and I will take you as my servant if we can agree about wages.

And they agreed about wages and started on their travels.

Well they came to a great desert which nobody had ever crossed before, but Wobblejuice turned himself into a camel and the traveller rode on him in the daytime. And in the evening after they had had their supper he turned himself into a nightingale and sang beautiful songs, and when the traveller went to sleep he turned himself into a fierce dog and kept off the jackals and hyenas and all those animals.

Well that went on for some time, but they couldn't go as fast as the traveller had meant to because when Wobblejuice was a camel he was lame, and besides he had to have some sleep after sitting up all night barking. So presently they came to an end of their food, and the traveller said well here we are in the desert and it is a long way to the end of it still, and as we haven't got anything more to eat and drink I suppose the only thing is for us to die, but I don't like it and I wish you could think of something.



"He turned himself into a fierce dog."

So Wobblejuice said oh it is quite easy, I will turn myself into a hen and lay plenty of eggs, that will give us something to eat.

And the traveller said yes that's all very well, but what about drinking?

And Wobblejuice said oh that will be all right, I will turn myself into a cow and we shall have plenty of milk.

So he did that, and sometimes he turned himself into a duck or a turkey, so as not to get tired of the same kind of egg, and once he turned himself into a goat, but they didn't like that sort of milk so he didn't do it again, and presently they came to the end of the desert.

Well then they had to go up a very steep mountain, and when they got high up it there was only a very narrow path with a most horrible precipice on one side of it. And the traveller said I really can't go on any more, precipices make me dizzy.

And Wobblejuice said I have never cared much about precipices either, but this will be all right, I will turn myself into a mule and you can sit on me sideways and you needn't look at the precipice.

And the traveller said well that isn't a bad idea, but what about you? if you turn dizzy we shall both fall over the precipice together, and I should go over backwards, and I shouldn't like that at all.

And Wobblejuice said oh that will be all right, because I shall have my blind eye on the side of the precipice, and I shan't see it.

So they got to the top of the mountain, and sat down to rest. And then Wobblejuice said what have we come here for?

And the traveller said well I thought I should like to say I had been here, because nobody has ever been here before.

And Wobblejuice said well why couldn't you say it, instead of giving us all this trouble?

And the traveller said that's what I don't like about you, you think it doesn't matter telling lies, I suppose it is because you are always pretending to be something that you are not.

So then they nearly quarrelled, but Wobblejuice didn't want to quarrel because he rather liked the traveller by this time, they had been so long together. So he said yes I dare say that is it, what are we going to do now?

The traveller said well we might go home again now, I have had enough of travelling for the present.

Wobblejuice said oh very well but we must find another way down this mountain, or else my blind eye won't be on the side of the precipice, and I might turn dizzy and fall over.

The traveller said how are we going to find another way down? and Wobblejuice said oh that is quite easy, I will turn myself into an eagle and fly about till I find one.

So he did that, and he found another path by a precipice, but where he could have his blind eye on the outside so



Tailor (to new customer). "YES, SIR, CERTAINLY. WHAT TYPE OF SUIT WOULD YOU LIKE? LOUNGE?—SPORTS?—EVENING?" *Customer.* "WELL, I RATHER WANTED ONE THAT WOULD DO FOR EVERYTHING."

that the precipice wouldn't make him dizzy.

So that was all right, and they got to the bottom of the mountain.

Well, when they got home again the traveller found he had plenty to write a very interesting book about, and people would pay him plenty of money for it, because he was the first traveller who had ever had a servant who could turn himself into any animal he liked, and they would be interested to read about that.

But he didn't want a servant any more, because his landlady cooked his meals for him and made his bed, and her little girl cleaned his boots for him, and he often gave her sixpence for it.

So he said to Wobblejuice I am very sorry but I 'm afraid I shall have to give you a month's notice because I don't want a servant who can turn himself into any animal he likes while I am in London, he would be no use to me.

And Wobblejuice said oh I don't know about that, I could turn myself into a horse and when you are tired of writing your book you could go for a ride on me.

And the traveller said that isn't a bad idea, I like riding and it would save hiring a horse, so perhaps I could afford to keep you on, I don't really want to get rid of you because we have had some very interesting times together and it will be nice to talk about them in the evenings.

So they did that, and when the traveller had written his book plenty of people bought it to read, because it was very interesting, and he made plenty of money out of it.

And what was nice about him was that he gave Wobblejuice some of the money, because he said you were quite useful to me in my travels and it is only fair.

And Wobblejuice turned himself into a cocker spaniel and licked his hand, because it was the best way of showing how pleased he was. A. M.

"Antique Sideboard, must Sell; practically new; inspection invited; no dealers."
Local Paper.

Dealers are so suspicious.

From a boot-store advertisement:—

"EVEN COLOURED KIDS ARE INCLUDED IN THIS SALE.

We are doing them in in both light and dark brown."—*South African Paper.*

It sounds as if the worst horrors of the slave-trade had been revived.

A POINT OF VIEW.

FAR in the unregarded sky
A royal eagle, soaring high,
  Down on the spacious realm beneath him
Swung a proprietary eye.

An airman with prodigious fuss
Came roaring on his clumsy bus,
  And plainly of an eagle's feelings
Knew not, and did not care, a cuss.

The haughty eagle, much annoyed
At this intrusion on his void,
  Defied the aeroplane to battle
And was, for all I know, destroyed.

The busman with an injured air
Descended promptly for repair,
  And asked of all men what the hello
A curséd bird was doing there.

DUM-DUM.

"FIGHTING IN CHINA.

TROOPS RUSHING TO RELIEF OF WU CHANG.

Shanghai, Thursday.

A Hankow report states the troops of Sun Chuan Fang are gradually approaching to the relief of Wu Chang."—*Channel Islands Paper.*

For the benefit of our civilian readers we should explain that the "gradual rush" is one of the most difficult operations of modern warfare.

PIPPED.

ONCE on a time, picking posies down Enna way,
Proserpine strayed;
Far from her nymphs and her fond mother's ken away
Wandered the maid.
Up from below popped the Lord of the Under-world
Close at her side,
And the fair maiden, all helpless with wonder, whirled
Off for his bride.

Wailed her mamma, "This is really too bad of her;
Where can she be?
All around Enna no news to be had of her—
Misery me!"
Sore beyond telling the trouble that Ceres had
Seeking her child;
O'er the wide world she went wandering weary, sad,
Hungry and wild.

Deep the distress in the farmsteads and villages;
Labour was vain;
Husbandmen murmuring, "Empty our tillage is,
Blighted the grain."
Dirges and litanies loud and monotonous
Rose to the sky:
"Ceres, good Ceres, has gone and forgotten us;
Help or we die!"

Phœbus at last (for none other could tell her aught),
Moved by her prayer,
Whispered, "Your woes by the ruler of hell are wrought;
Look for her there!
All will depend on her fast—if she 's broken it
There she must rest;
Mercury 's starting (his aid I 've bespoken it)
Off on the quest."

Down went the wing-footed god to the dreary dim
Realms of the dead,
Tackled the king on the subject and queried him;
Back then he sped.
"Though it was nought but a technical meal it 'll
Mean her eclipse;
Proserpine 's eaten in Erebus three little
Pomegranate pips."

Ceres replied, "Then it 's plain on diplomacy's
Arts I must draw;
Tell him I purpose to dwell in his home as his
Mother-in-law."
Pluto, dismayed—such a spoken intent 'll oft
Husbands appal—
Settled that eight of her months should be spent aloft,
Four in his thrall.

So, when in winter our Earth-mother's beautiful
Features are dim,
That 's because Proserpine 's gone on her dutiful
Visit to him.
Also (your thanks, you that study the fable, owe
Me for the tip),
That 's why each one of those months of her stay below
Gives us the pip.

From the evidence before the Cross-River Traffic Commission:—

"People were less inclined to walk to-day, with a bus at their elbow than in the past."—*Morning Paper.*

We agree. In such a predicament most of us are inclined to jump.

THE VERGER.

The Verger. Good morning, Miss. Can I do anything for you to improve your photographs of the church?

The Visitor. No, thank you.

The Verger. No offence, Miss. But some amateur photographers who come here—and we get thousands, Miss, thousands—likes me to stand in the foreground. What they can see in the place to want pictures of it beats me, Miss, but of course there 's more sense when there 's a human being, a piece of flesh and blood, to help it, isn't there? Sure you wouldn't like me to lean against the font, Miss?

The Visitor. No, thank you. It 's a pretty font. I suppose you get plenty of christenings?

The Verger. I can't exactly complain, but it 's not what it used to be, Miss, when we had barracks in the town.

The Visitor (*quickly*). What is the style of architecture called?

The Verger. Well, Miss, it 's called Early Perp. in the guide-book, but what that means I haven't a notion. Perhaps you can tell me. Sounds to me more like a vegetable than a nedifice.

The Visitor. I wish I could.

The Verger. All except the chancel. That 's Norman. You see the church was built by one of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR's generals as a kind of fire-insurance. But only the chancel 's his. The rest was added in the thirteenth century—Early Perp.

The Visitor. Are you the only verger?

The Verger. No, Miss. I 'm the chief. There 's another one under me, a young fellow of sixty or so. I verges up the centre aisle; he verges up the sides. I do all the real work. I help the Vicar on with his surplice and tell the bridegrooms and chief mourners where to stand and what to do. Yes, and the mothers with their babies too—same as it might be yourself, Miss, with your own darling first-born, Miss, bless its pretty eyes! I 'm the important one, Miss.

The Visitor. I suppose the bridegrooms are more generous than the chief mourners?

The Verger. Well, Miss, it depends on the corpse. If it 's someone that, so to speak, has been cut down not before all her friends were—as I might say, Miss, without offence—ready for the blow, why then I have known the chief mourners come down very handsome. But when there 's real grief, Miss, there 's very little for the verger. Very little. One can be very absent-minded behind a handkerchief, Miss.

The Visitor. But tell me—why do you speak of the corpse as if it was necessarily feminine?

The Verger. Did I, Miss? That must have been a slip. I may have been thinking of my own troubles, Miss. I apologise. Gentlemen can be called home too, and not too soon, I 'm well aware. Funny I should have said "her," Miss. No offence, you know.

The Visitor. Well, there 's no difficulty about tips with bridegrooms, I am sure.

The Verger. Ah, Miss, you don't know. Happiness can make people very absent-minded too. In fact absent-mindedness is a disease that everyone can catch. It 's worse than influenza. Grief isn't we vergers' only enemy; there 's happiness. There are some bridegrooms, Miss, so joyful over what they think is their good luck, poor fellows, that they never give the verger another look; and after all he 's done for them too! They drive away in their carriage with ribbings on the whip just as though rice-pudding made off the rice swep' up from the aisles was as welcome as half-a-sovereign and as nourishing as a dinner at the Grand Hotel.



Little Girl (after contemplating electric eel at the Zoo). "Oh, Mummy, it *can't* be true!"

The Visitor. What a shame!

The Verger. Yes, Miss, it is a shame. You 're right. That's why I always like the weddings where there 's a best man. You see the best man 's got his head screwed on all right. He 's not up the pole with thinking that he 's won the most scrumptious and lovely creature on the earth. He 's sensible, Miss. And his pockets are full of money for everybody who has done him a kindness. I don't wonder they 're called best men. I hope, Miss, as when you 're married to the handsomest and richest gentleman in the world, as you deserve to be, bless your pretty face! you 'll remember the poor verger a-verging about the church, and have a best man too. It 's the only way, I tell you.

The Visitor. Is there a poor-box I could drop something into?

The Verger. Poor-box, Miss? Yes, Miss; but it 's right down the far end of the church, Miss. A long walk on a hot day like this. Let me drop it in for you.

The Visitor. Thank you. Here 's half-a-crown for the poor-box and sixpence for yourself.

The Verger. Thank you, Miss. Good morning, Miss; I shan't forget which is for which. I 've a wonderful clear head, Miss. Good morning, Miss. E. V. L.

"Common are to either sex . . ."

"Gent.'s Outfitting.—Good Salesman, Widow-dresser, Wanted." *Provincial Paper.*

There is likely to be some little delay about the discussion, between Paris and London, of the details of the Tangier Question. Before the Governments can take into consideration the "secondly" and "thirdly" they have got to discover what is meant by Primo.

A QUESTION OF FUNDS.

THE curtain fell. With a sigh of relief I turned to look at Mollie, who occupied the seat next to mine. Mollie, I may say, is well worth looking upon, being blue-eyed and having golden hair shorn cunningly in a style which lies somewhere between an Eton crop and a shingle.

"What do you think of the show, Mollie?" I asked.

Mollie considered me thoughtfully.

"Well, the acting is good," she conceded cautiously at length.

"You're right," I agreed heartily; "as a play it certainly is pretty futile."

At this point we were compelled to compress our knees to allow egress to two thirsty-looking gentlemen with purposeful eyes. When we had settled ourselves again Mollie turned to me suddenly.

"Did I tell you," she asked, knowing full well that she had not, "that I have been left a lot of money?"

"No!" I exclaimed. "Really?"

"Yes," said Mollie, nodding her fair head with satisfaction. "From a relation I had never met in my life."

"Congratulations," I said. "And many happy returns. Is there much of it?"

"Lots," said Mollie complacently.

"H'm," I said, and fell silent.

"Aren't you pleased about it?" she asked.

"Well, for your sake, yes," I replied guardedly. "But, considering it from a purely selfish angle, I am not quite so pleased."

"Why, Pungo?" asked Mollie, wide-eyed. Mollie, I should mention, calls me "Pungo" because of some fancied resemblance I bear to a golliwog of that name with whom she was intimately acquainted when she was several years younger than she is now.

"Merely," I said carelessly, "because it was my intention to propose to you to-night. But that, of course, is out of the question now."

Mollie looked at me curiously.

"Why is it out of the question?" she demanded bluntly.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Maybe I am old-fashioned," I said, "but the fact remains that I could never think of proposing to a wealthy woman while I myself am as poor as a church-mouse."

"A truly noble sentiment," applauded Mollie mockingly. "But are you really poor, Pungo?"

"I am a humorous writer," I replied with quiet dignity; "and humorous writers as a class are not notably opulent."

"Not even good ones like you?" put in Mollie innocently.

I bowed slightly.

"Not even good ones like me," I affirmed. "In fact," I went on reminiscently, "I have met but one rich humorous writer in my life, and he accumulated his wealth as a result of a happy knack he has of putting his shirt with great frequency upon the right horse."

"You *are* funny, Pungo," said Mollie, gurgling. "In some things you're really quite early-Victorian."



Beginner. "WHAT WOULD BE THE BEST STICK TO USE HERE?"
Caddy (tired of it). "A STICK O' DYNAMITE, SIR."

"I don't care if I am early-Boadicean," I replied firmly; "but the fact remains that I could not contemplate wedlock with a girl of means while I am unable to support her in the state of life to which she is accustomed."

"But I'm not asking you to marry me," said Mollie.

"That is so," I admitted. "I was speaking generally, of course." I reflected for a space. "You see, Mollie," I went on, "it is my considered opinion that for a marriage to be a success the man should bring into it at least as much of the world's goods as his bride."

"You *are* funny, Pungo," repeated Mollie, taking a chocolate from the box on her lap and biting into it daintily.

"Is—is it a very big sum of money?" I ventured.

"Rather!" replied Mollie. "Frightfully big."

"Might one inquire," I pursued, coughing delicately, "about how big?"

Mollie glanced cautiously about her. Then she brought her lips to within an inch of my ear.

"Fifty pounds," she whispered penetratingly.

I started violently.

"*What?*" I exclaimed.

"Fifty pounds!" repeated Mollie, nodding her fair head vigorously.

I stared at her for a moment in silence.

"Can you cover that?" asked Mollie, narrowing her eyes in a quaint way she has.

I made a rapid mental calculation.

"No," I said regretfully; "not just at present. But I am not without hope," I went on swiftly. "Let me see. Twenty-seven pounds in the Bank, twenty pounds in Savings Certificates, and—" (I dived my hand anxiously into my pocket)—"and roughly twenty shillings in ready coin."

Mollie wrinkled her brow.

"What does that come to?" she asked.

"Forty-eight pounds all told," I replied modestly. "I—er—want two quid to halve the match."

Mollie nodded gravely.

"And will you really propose to me," she asked, "when you've got fifty pounds?"

"Nothing on earth will stop me," I replied confidently.

Mollie regarded me steadily for a space. Then she opened her hand-bag and drew forth two crisp pound-notes.

"Perhaps," said she demurely, "you will accept these as a temporary loan?"

I stared at her. And then I seized her hand impulsively.

"Mollie," I said huskily, "you mean it?"

"Yes," said Mollie, blushing faintly.

Very quietly I extracted the notes from her hand and placed them reverently in my pocket-book. Then, very deliberately, I exhumed my hat from under the seat.

"Let us leave this place," I said simply.

"Why?" asked Mollie in surprise. "Where are you going?"

"We are going to charter a taxi," I said quietly, "so that we may plight our troth in a fitting manner immune from the vulgar public gaze."

Mollie rose to her feet with unmaidenly haste.

"Lead on, Pungo!" said she with enthusiasm.

GYRATION.



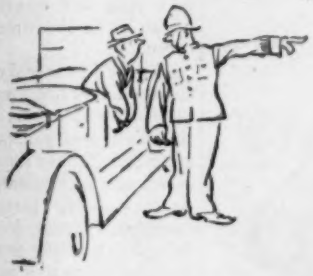
"You just press in and order lunch while I park the car round the corner."



"No, you can't stop here, Sir."



"You mustn't leave her there, Sir."



"You must take her up into Backwater Square, Sir."



"Full up here, Sir; run her along to Out-of-the-Way Street."



"No room left here, Sir; go round to Hole-and-Corner Place."



"Last place gone, Sir; you 'll have to go away down to Obscurity Terrace."



"No more allowed here, Sir; must go out to Oblivion Green."



"Can't get in any more here, Sir; try World's End Road."



"Can't come in here, Sir; but there's plenty of places up in the West End."



"I just looked in for a moment to say how sorry I was I couldn't join you at lunch after all this morning; fact is——"



"And which of you gentlemen, please, has left a car unattended outside the door?"

A FUNNY QUARTER-OF-AN-HOUR.

IF, reader, you chanced to hear poor old Haddock broadcast the other night, an explanation is due to you. It may have crossed your mind that Haddock was not that night exactly his normal ray-of-sunshine self. He was not. But if you can imagine the sensations of a ray of sunshine which is shut up in a soda-water bottle covered with grey velvet and told to scintillate through the cork, you may begin to understand why.

I am an old friend of the B.B.C., and I have always moved about that humming mountain of activity most reverently, feeling as a mortal might have felt who strayed upon the heights of Olympus. The halls and stairways are thronged with gods, Beings in constant touch with millions of invisible earthworms. Any man you meet in the lift may have come fresh from harnessing a nightingale or a thunderstorm. He may have been listening to the heavy breathing of a boxer in Philadelphia, or re-laying a South American earthquake to Glasgow; and Heaven knows what he may be up to next. The company of such Beings makes a nice-minded man not hilarious but humble.

And always before I have seen the gods gathered together in quantities, and in a fashion almost human. There has been a large grey room with numbers of Shapes tip-toeing here and there before the altar and exchanging strange silent god-like signs with fingers and faces. I have marvelled at the Noise-god, who sits apart upon a sofa, and when the hero cries, "Give me the letter," stealthily approaches the microphone and rustles two pages of *The Times*, or clinks a mighty bag of metal when the servant takes a bribe. And there has been in the background a great orchestra, silent, waiting, holding their breath and their trombones; and there have been stray mortals present like myself, and, in spite of the awe and the hush, a pleasant atmosphere of celestial camaraderie. In that atmosphere, I feel, I might almost have given a very distant imitation of a ray of sunshine. But it was not to be.

The first Being who greeted me was gracious and charming.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"We want you to read some funny poems," he said. "Have you written any funny poems?"

"I used to think so," I said. "But I do not think they will sound very funny in the ether. I question whether Manchester will raise a chuckle."

"That will be splendid," he said cheerfully. "Come along."

"And I can't read," I added.

"That's fine," he said. "Come along."

"But it is conceivable," I continued, "that I might be inspired to make some funny remarks between the poems, if that would help."

"Have they been submitted to the Director of Education?"

"No."

The Being gave me a pained look and a brief address, explaining that a funny remark not previously approved by the Beings in Council would be out of order and tantamount to blasphemy.



Young Wireless Enthusiast (as tenor introduces a particularly trilly bit). "I SAY, DAD, HE ISN'T HALF HETERODYNING, IS HE?"

I was then wafted into a small cell, where a Second Being, as charming as the First, took me under his wing.

The cell was hung with grey velvet. I sat before a desk, from the top of which there protruded a red electric-light bulb, while over it was hung a frightening little microphone, like some poisonous spider just about to drop, and the most terrifying notice I ever saw:—

When the Red Light
is showing
THE WORLD
can hear you.
If you Cough or Rustle your
Papers
you will
DEAFEN
Thousands of People.

I sat numbed and dazed before this legend, waiting for the Red Light to shine.

The Being waited behind me.

I did not feel at all funny.

Stealthily I arranged my funny poems on the desk, holding my breath, fearful that the Red Light would suddenly shine, and at some incautious respiration of mine ten thousand citizens fall prostrate on their hearths with shattered ear-drums.

There was a large clock on the wall. It had a great red hand which ticked rapidly round. 9.30. No Red Light. We waited.

9.31. Still no Red Light.

I thought of the waiting millions.

I felt less funny than ever.

9.32.

9.33. . . .

Suddenly a man burst in at the door and said shortly, "You're in the wrong room."

Wildly I gathered up my bundle of fun, dropped a few stray gems on the floor and galloped after the Second Being down an interminable passage. We barged through a swing-door, dropped a little more fun and came to a part of Olympus which appeared to be under construction or repair. I seem to remember clambering over a ladder and found myself, sadly out of breath, in a larger cell than the first, entirely surrounded by a similar scheme of grey velvet.

The Second Being rushed to the desk and in a majestic whisper said, "LONDON CALLING." So may have Jove, looking down from Olympus on his earthworms, whispered a fretful sigh, and lo! there was thunder through the earth and terror was in all their hearts.

He then introduced me as Haddock, the ray of sunshine—a few words only, but they carried a distinct suggestion that Haddock was bubbling with fun, that in a moment or two the ether would be alive with laughter, that Haddock was about to EXHILARATE Thousands of People!

Then he gave way to me, and I found myself alone with the detestable hanging spider and the red lamp and the awful notice and the grey velvet and what was left of my bundle of fun. No human limb or feature in sight, no friendly sound of man, nothing but grey velvet and a silence like the tomb.

I did not feel at all funny.

I began to read the poem called



Politician (with scorn). "GARN, YOU DON'T *understand*; *that*'S WHY YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND."

"Sausage and Mash." I seemed to have picked up some other person's voice—some voice I had never heard before, and that not a nice one. And as I read the poem called "Sausage and Mash" my mind flew back, as the mind of a murderer flies back to the scene of his crime, to the day on which I wrote it. I remembered how funny I had thought it then, how excruciating, how true. Gad! how it amused me then! It did not seem to me to be very funny now. I did not feel that Glasgow was shaking its sides over "Sausage and Mash." Nay, I seemed to hear thousand of sharp little clicks as Thousands of People disconnected their machines.

I reached the end of "Sausage and Mash." I looked attentively at the spider and listened. Not a hand! Not a giggle! The World gave no sign. I said to myself, "Hang poetry! Hang the Director of Education! I am going to make a funny remark. The World will expect it."

I looked behind me for the Second Being, my mouth open and on my lips a brilliantly laughable remark. My mouth closed again. The Second Being was not there.

No one was there. Nothing was there. Only the grey velvet and the Red Light and the spider and the silence. Suddenly all the fun had gone out of my remark. And if you, Reader, maintain, Reader, that you could have made that funny remark to a spider in a vacuum of grey velvet, all I can say is that I invite you to try it.

I began the second funny poem. And as I read I thought sad thoughts. I thought of this strange new voice of mine booming out through a million ornamental loud-speakers in a million boudoirs and bedrooms and bars, and no one paying the smallest attention to it. I thought of the chattering throng in the Private Saloon at "The Black Lion," happily discussing boats and tides and murders and what-not, and poor old Haddock's admirable verse flowing unheeded from between those two bottles of Vermouth on the shelf, and of poor old Haddock being funny all by himself in a velvet cell—and I nearly laughed. But it flashed through my quick mind that if a cough would DEAFEN thousands a laugh would kill a million. So I sobered down.

And I read on, sadder and sadder, for fifteen mortal minutes. The Second Being stole in again, but I had no heart now to make my funny remark. I read on. And half-way through the last poem an awful thing happened. *I wanted to sneeze.*

At once I realised the full horror of the situation. At all costs I must not deafen The World. I read on in strangled halting tones, I read on with a potato in my throat, I read on holding my nose. There was never such heroic fun before. And in the very last verse there happened a still more awful thing.

I did sneeze. . . .

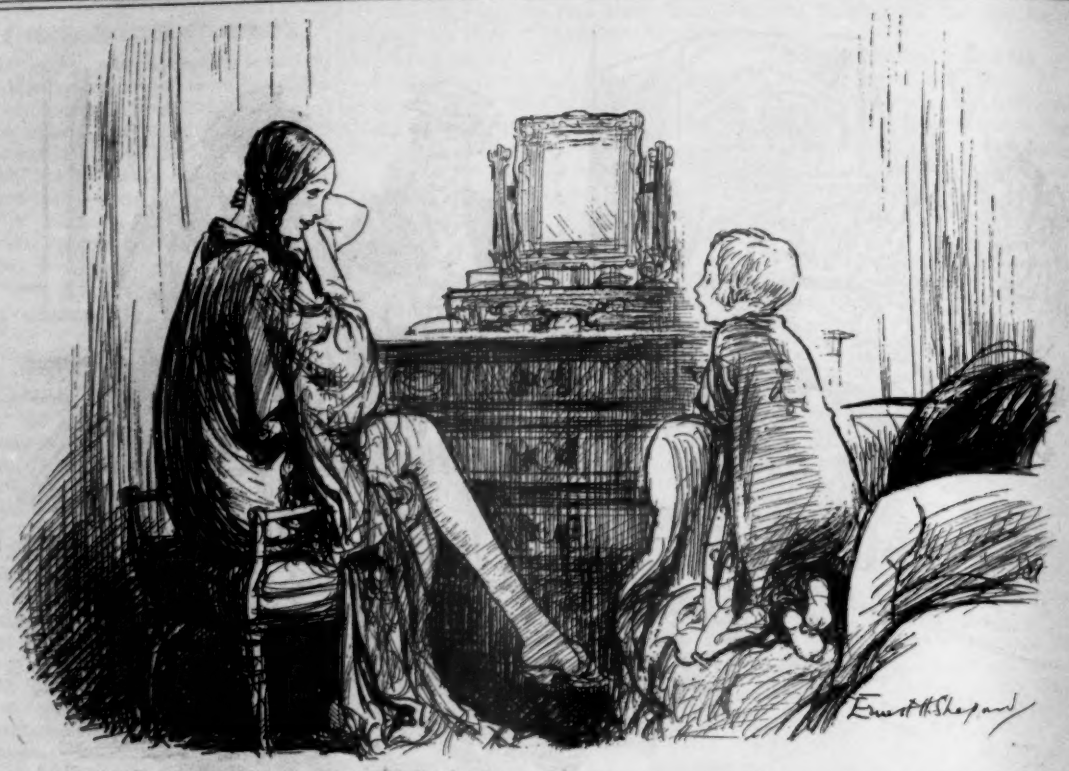
And as I sneezed I saw millions of my countrymen shattered, shrieking, insane, upon their hearthrugs; I saw panic and death at "The Black Lion;" I saw the survivors scribbling furious postcards of protest; I saw myself the common enemy of the Radio World. . . .

I opened my eyes and breathed again. *The Red Light was out.* The World was safe.

But was it? Exactly when, I wonder, did they turn the light out? A. P. H.

"Vacancy for Pupil (Somerset) on 200-acre Dance every Tuesday."—*West-Country Paper.*

At this kind of dance one ought to be able to shake a really loose leg without danger of collisions.



Child of shingled House (attending visitor's toilet). "WHAT 'S VAT FUNNY FING WHAT 'S HANGING FROM YOUR HAIR?"

THE RECORD OF A CHAT.

[There has been a certain amount of curiosity about the exact nature of the conversation between Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN and Signor MUSSOLINI, which took place recently at Leghorn. But we have the satisfaction of knowing, on the highest authority, that it was extremely friendly.]

PEACE and content were victors
And happiness unmarred;
The DUCE had no lictors,
He simply left his card;
There was no kind of plotting
Save friendship's plighted troth;
The usual dress for yachting
Was worn, no doubt, by both.

They did not harp on golfin',
For that is BRIAND's game,
When to the English *Dolphin*
The Roman General came.
They viewed without amazement,
With no concern at all,
The interview that STRESEMANN 'd
Been holding with the Gaul.

They gave the usual greetings
That pass from chief to chief
At these informal meetings
Of holiday relief—
"Your coalfields doing nicely?"
"Your oliveyards, how fair!"
One cannot speak precisely,
Because one was not there.

We know that they were cordial,
And each was in the pink,
The subjects were primordial
They touched upon, I think.
The sun, the skies, the waiter,
The local *mise-en-scène*,
Contented the Dictator
And AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

So, chatting *con amore*,
Beneath them basked the blue
That emulates Maggiore
And Lake Geneva too—
The tideless inland ocean
Which every traveller sees
On passing with emotion
The Straits of Hercules.

The inland ocean dotted
With places up and down
To various folk allotted
And fringed by many a town,
The home of countless nations—
No waters, to my mind,
Engender conversations
Of such an artless kind.

From Suez to Sardinia
The roving fancy strays—
Morocco, Abyssinia,
The Greece of ancient days.
What scores of fertile regions
On frequent jaunts to which
The EMPEROR HADRIAN's legions
Embarked without a hitch!

Did Cyprus to the eastward
And Corsica to west
Elicit not the least word
Out of the Roman breast?
Within that heart of granite
No doubt some secrets lay
As silent as Jove's planet
When seen o'er Africa.

From climates cold to tropic,
From Syria to the Pole,
I can conceive no topic
That might not move the soul.
One guess, at least, is easy,
Their final converse ran
On FRANCIS of Assisi,
That most delightful man.

"To him all men were brothers,"
The Great Dictator said;
"He thought no harm to others,"
Sir AUSTEN bowed his head.
"Pity to think there are no
People to-day like that."
"Here's luck to more Locarno!"
"Farewell, and mind the mat."

EVOE.

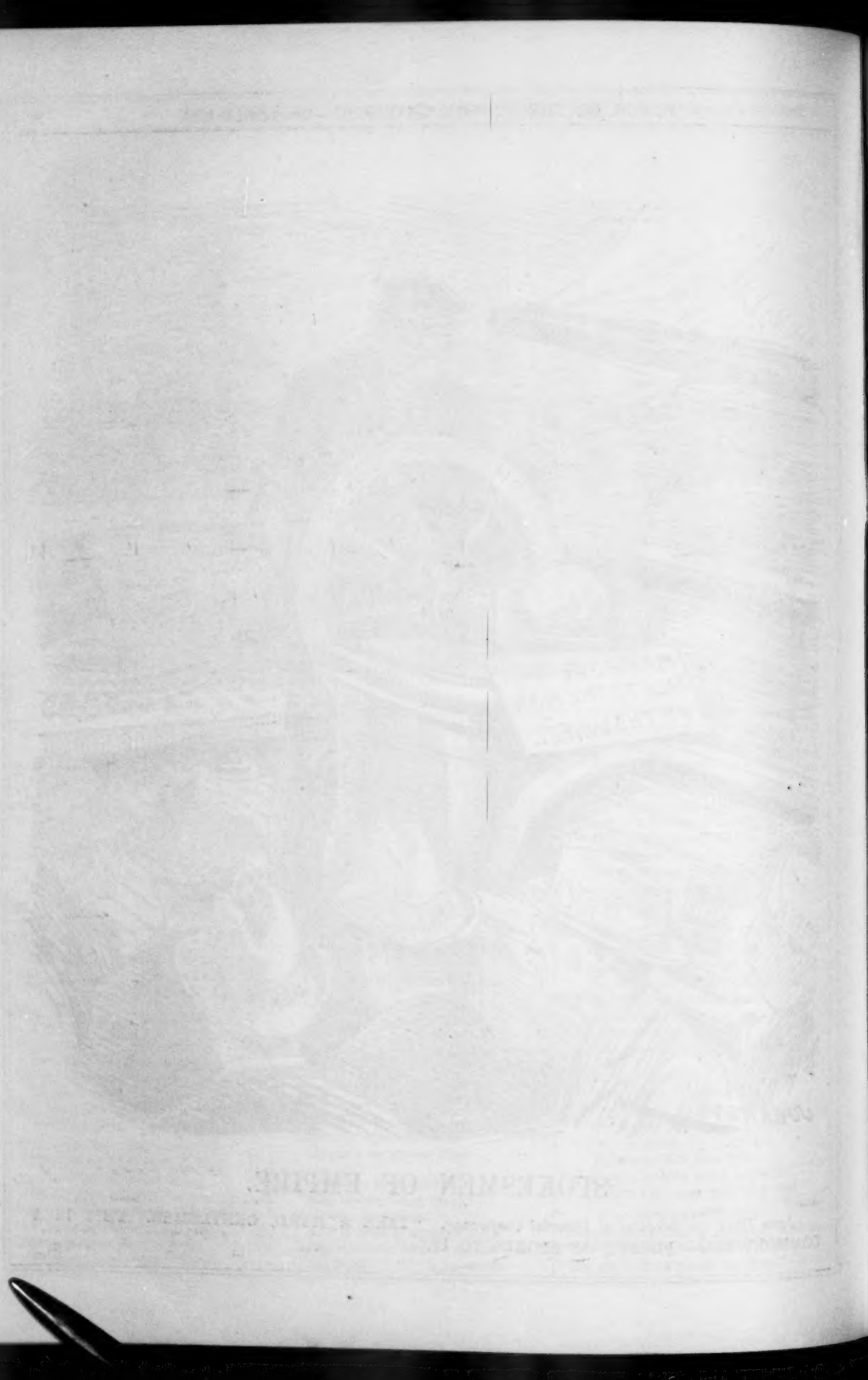
"Cumberland Maid (disengaged), aged 21; 21 years' reference."—*Liverpool Paper.*

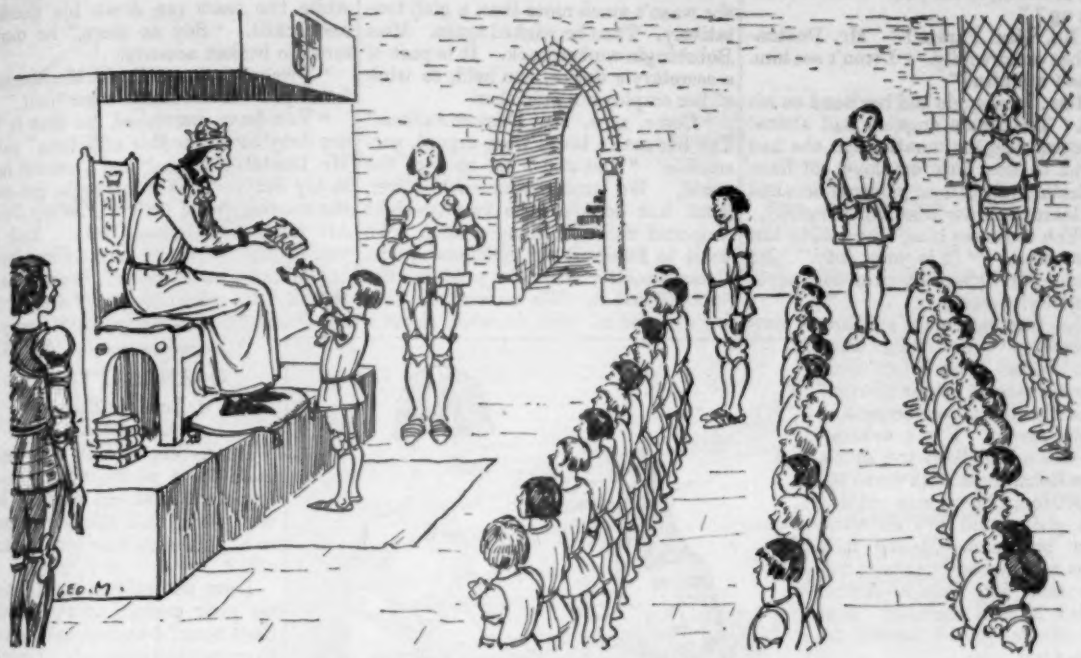
"Simply a *born* maid, my dear."



SPOKESMEN OF EMPIRE.

John Bull (*to delegates of Imperial Conference*). "TAKE A HAND, GENTLEMEN. THIS IS A COMMONWEAL — PLENTY OF SPOKES TO IT."





TENDER PASSAGES FROM HISTORY.

Always fond of children, Richard III. spends a happy hour distributing prizes to the League of Young Yorkists.

DEAD SEA FRUIT.

Mr. Algernon Duston-Asches paced his library floor with dragging steps. His chin was dropped on his chest, his hands clasped behind his back; in the thick pile of the carpet his despondent feet sank noiselessly. Now and then he uttered a low groan. It was plain to the meanest intelligence that Mr. Algernon Duston-Asches was acutely unhappy.

His secretary, seated nervously on the edge of a chair in a corner, her shorthand pad on her knees, watched the great man's moody progress with anxious eyes. Part of her duties was to stand between her employer and the harsh world of realities outside these library windows of his. Had she failed in her trust?

She glanced at the inscriptions on her pad, noted down during the last hour. "Oh, Gehenna!" "Rats and rabies!" "Sacred name of a dog!" "Furioso ma non troppo!" "Pistcchmx!" (There seemed to be something amiss with this last one. Her shorthand was not all that it might be.) Should she destroy them? No; they were the utterances of a soul in torment. Mr. Duston-Asches might be able to use them in his next novel.

The stricken man halted and faced her, only his burning eyes alive in his haggard face. "I can't do it, Miss Bobshingle," he groaned. "I can't! I have my reputation to consider. The claims of Art are stronger than those of Mammon."

"Courage, Mr. Duston-Asches!" murmured the girl bravely (she was little more than a girl—well, not much more). "Is it not your duty? Art may come before Mammon, but Duty comes before both. Will you fail?"

"How can I?" muttered the tortured man, resuming his restless round. "Do it, I mean; not fail," he added a little testily, for he was a fastidious artist and detested ambiguous phraseology.

The woman (she was practically a woman) heaved an involuntary sigh. Her employer's troubles were her own, for she was a conscientious girl.

The telephone bell on the big mahogany desk shrilled out its peremptory summons and Mr. Duston-Asches jumped violently. Miss Bobshingle jumped violently too, for she was a sympathetic girl and her employer's jumps were her own.

"Will you answer it," she asked in a low voice, "or shall I?"

"You will," groaned Mr. Duston-Asches without hesitation.

Miss Bobshingle rose from her chair and unhooked the receiver. "Hullo!"

"Hullo," said a voice. "Are you the Amalgamated Society of Gravediggers and Straw-Hat Manufacturers' Employees' Mutual Co-operative Insurance?"

"I don't think so," said the girl in her sweet grave tones. One never knew from day to day. Even from her Mr. Duston-Asches had his secrets. She frowned distractedly as she hung up the receiver.

An ominous silence ensued, broken only by the soft thud of Mr. Duston-Asches' footsteps on the carpeted floor. Miss Bobshingle held her breath. Her employer's worries were already severe enough without her adding to them by breathing. Miss Bobshingle suffered from adenoids. There is often something extraordinarily conscientious about the owner of adenoids.

Half-an-hour later she released her pent-up breath in a deep sigh. "It is almost—the hour," she whispered.

"Hell!" Mr. Duston-Asches whispered back. He was a brave man, but the strain was almost intolerable.

There was a knock at the door, and he started violently. Miss Bobshingle started violently too.

The housekeeper inserted her hoary head. Her eyes softened as she gazed round the room and a maternal look overspread her features. She was a perfectly new housekeeper, but she had been well trained. "Mr. Stumer, Sir," she said sympathetically, "of Stumer

and Stuffton, to see you. Shall I show him up?"

"No, Mrs. Parker!" Mr. Duston-Asches cried wildly. "I won't see him. I *can't* see him!"

Miss Bobshingle laid her hand on his arm. The man's anguish had almost unnerved her, for months ago she had learnt to love this employer of hers. Unfortunately this employer of hers had not learnt to love Miss Bobshingle.

"You must see him," she said in low grave tones. "It is your duty." No wonder Mr. Duston-Asches had never learnt to love her.

The tortured man swallowed convulsively. "Very well, then, Mrs. Parker," he articulated; "I will see him. Show him up."

As the door closed he sank on to the carpet. For a moment the strain had been too much. Miss Bobshingle sank on to the carpet too. There was nothing that girl would not do when duty beckoned. Heavy footsteps sounded on the stairs outside and Mr. Duston-Asches pulled himself together. Miss Bobshingle pulled herself together too.

"Well, Mr. Duston-Asches," cried Mr. Stumer, "what about *Only a Factory Girl?* Have you decided to let us republish it? The thing only sold two or three hundred, as you know; but that was eighteen years ago. Nobody 'll remember it; it 'll be as good as a new book and tide us over till your next one 's ready. It was a wash-out before, of course, but we 'll get away with it now that you 've made your name."

The stricken man turned away to check a sob. "I cannot do it," he said brokenly; "Stumer, I cannot do it. I must consider my Art."

The man Stumer, gross, worldly, material, winked at Miss Bobshingle. Miss Bobshingle winked back. She considered it her duty.

"Lor' bless you, they all say that; but think of your bread-and-butter."

"Bread of affliction," groaned the artist. "Stumer, you ask too much of me. I cannot do this thing."

"But they expect it of you," said the gross man, in the manner of one humouring a child. "Everybody does it. The public expect it, Mr. Duston-Asches."

"Then the public must be disappointed."

"Oh, Mr. Duston-Asches!" exclaimed Miss Bobshingle, clasping her hands. "Is not your duty to your public rather than to yourself?"

Mr. Stumer looked at the girl (well, she wasn't *much* more than a girl) tentatively. Then he winked again. Miss Bobshingle winked back. It is part of a secretary's duties, she held, to wink at her employer's publisher.

"Come, now, Mr. Duston-Asches." The big man's tones were urgent, persuasive. "You and I are men of the world. We understand each other. Your last book 's done twenty-eight thousand and still going strong. We want to follow it up good and quick. Doesn't matter what the punk is; the public 'll eat it. We understand your feelings and all that, so what about a couple of hundred advance to soothe them, on top of the royalties your agent suggests?"

"Money," said Mr. Duston-Asches sadly, "is dross. Forbear, Stumer. You ask of me an impossibility."

"All right then. Three hundred advance if you like," said Stumer.

Mr. Duston-Asches threw himself into a chair. "No, no," he groaned. "I cannot—I cannot!"

Miss Bobshingle groaned too. She had already been promised a commission by Mr. Stumer and she didn't like the way things were going.

Mr. Stumer placed his hat on the writing-desk and prepared to talk. He talked.

Half-an-hour later Mr. Duston-Asches raised his bowed head from his hands, while the tears ran down his cheeks unchecked. "Say no more," he muttered in broken accents.

"I wasn't going to," said Mr. Stumer frankly. "A thousand 's our limit."

"You have convinced me that it is my duty to suffer this affliction," said Mr. Duston-Asches, "and I cannot fail in my duty. Miss Bobshingle, get out the manuscript of *Only a Factory Girl*. Art must bow before Duty. And if you 'll just jot down a memorandum now about that thousand, Stumer, and sign it," he added thoughtfully, "you can have the manuscript right away."

A. B. C.



A bearer of bat and of ball
The Jacker goes out to Bengal;
Says the Tiger, "At cricket
You knew how to stick it;
At a Test you were best of 'em all!"

["It is understood that the name of Colonel JACKSON has been suggested as that of the probable successor to Lord LYTTON when he vacates the office of Governor of Bengal."—*The Times.*]

OPEN LETTERS.

To a London Theatrical Manager.

DEAR SIR,—Will you turn aside for a moment from your perpetual task of hunting for new plays and attend instead to a plea—not new but reasonable?

I am not asking you to ring up your curtain at the advertised hour; I am not asking you to curtail the intervals. I might put both requests, but am aware that it would be useless. No, what I am requesting now is that you should restore that old and admirable form of advertisement which used to be ranged "Under the Clock" and gave the names of your company. I am one who likes to know what actresses and actors he is going to see; but too often you give me no hint. You name the stars of greater magnitude and no others; whereas some of the minor luminaries are often better worth study.

Might you not also spend a shilling or two more on the advertisements that you now draw up for the papers and give the name of the author of the play? I have just counted the theatrical advertisements in *The Times* of this morning's issue and I find that out of forty-three plays the names of only twenty-three authors are mentioned. Would it be too much to concede this point? I ask both on behalf of other authors and because I might possibly be a dramatist myself some day and should hate to be hidden beneath a bushel.

I am, Yours faithfully, E. V. L.

"The annual flower and vegetable show was held on Saturday. The principal mourners were . . ."—*Provincial Paper.*

It is inferred that the onion-class was particularly strong.



Aunt. "Don't those heavy ear-rings hurt you, dear?"
Niece. "Only when I'm alone."

SHE-SHANTIES.

Saturday Night.

It's Saturday night, and I'm feeling all reckless;
I'll stand you a cider, I'll buy you a necklace;
We'll go the pictures and settle down snugly;
You be my Mary and I'll be your Douglv.

I feel so bright
On a Saturday night,
I want to jump over the moon;
I want to change hats
With a lady, and that's
A sign there'll be trouble quite soon.
Douggie, my boy!
Mary, ahoy!
Come to the pictures and register Joy,
For it's jolly old Saturday,
Mad-as-a-hatter-day,
Nothing-much-matter-day-night!

It's Saturday night, I could fight the whole town—
Just say the word and I'll knock a man down.
Monday won't happen again till next week;
You be my soul-mate and I'll be your Sheekh.

Saturday night!
Saturday night!
I'm a rash irresponsible spark;
Let's get a box
Of the two-shilling chocs
And gobble them up in the dark.
Soul-mate, hullo!
Sheikhy, what-ho!
Come to the pictures and let yourself go,
For it's jolly old Saturday,
Mad-as-a-hatter-day,
Nothing-much-matter-day-night!

It's Saturday night, and I like your new hat;
I'm ready to pop with emotion and that;
I'm fizzy and fiery and fruity and tense,
So let's have a cider and hang the expense!

Saturday night!
Saturday night!
I want to make Kensington hum;
I'm longing to thump
A piano or jump
Up and down on the top of a drum.
Harriet, hi!
Light of my eye!
Come to the pictures and have a good cry,
For it's jolly old Saturday,
Mad-as-a-hatter-day,
Nothing-much-matter-day-night!

A. P. H.

DOING FOR MYSELF.

WHEN I announced my intention of doing for myself, the women became quite hysterical. Why do women always make such a fuss about things, I wonder.

I did not, of course, contemplate self-immolation; if I had, they could hardly have made more fuss about it. By "doing for myself" I meant catering for myself—a fact which the women understood perfectly well, though they said it came to much the same thing in the end. That is just the sort of lamentable remark one has learnt to expect. I was in point of fact to be left alone in the flat for a week, and in order to show that housekeeping and cooking are not half so difficult as the women try to maintain, I had decided to do without feminine assistance. Besides, I suspect charwomen. The last one I had was called Monica, and she had a theory: she insisted that the only cure for sleepiness after lunch was to eat no breakfast at all; a gipsy woman, it appeared, had told her this. I can only conclude that it was the gipsy woman's business to cook Monica's breakfast.

In the course of the week I made a number of important discoveries, which I feel ought to be put at the disposal of anyone who may be inclined to explode the kitchen or domestic myth in his own home.

How to Shop.

First of all there was the old but none the less perplexing problem of those things lying on the shelf in the scullery. I took one of them in my hand and carried it round to the greengrocer's.

"Would you mind telling me," I asked, holding it up by the hair, "whether that is an onion? Or is it a forget-me-not bulb?"

While chary about diagnosing it as a forget-me-not bulb, the greengrocer assured me that it was not an onion.

"In that case," I said, "I should like to buy an onion." (Naturally. I can't see what the women in the shop had to giggle about.)

He gave me an onion in a paper-bag.

"You may have that," I said, laying the forget-me-not bulb on the counter, "in exchange." And I left the shop.

That is what is called barter. No woman would have thought of that.

I proceeded to the butcher.

"I want some sausages," I said; "good ones."

The butcher indicated in an aggrieved manner that all his sausages were good ones; the demand for bad ones, now that I come to think about it, must be almost negligible.

"How much?" he asked.

"Oh, two, please."

"Two pound?"

"No; lighter ones than that, I think," I said; and I went on to explain that I didn't much care about having them weighed, but that a big one and a little one were about my mark for breakfast.

He gave me two medium-sized ones, which isn't the same thing at all. The fact is the women don't train these fellows properly.



Gentleman with antique topper. "WHEN YOU YOUNG LADIES HAVE QUITE FINISHED DISCUSSING THE LATEST THING IN HATS, *I* SHOULD LIKE A LITTLE ATTENTION."

How to Cook.

Shopping having proved quite easy I turned my attention to cooking. During the week I made the following notes about cooking. I have omitted, of course, all the usual pretentious technical jargon:

1. *Haddock.*—You cook a haddock by boiling some water and then putting the haddock into it. (The girl in the fishmonger's shop told me this.) If on lifting it out of the water by the tail the tail "comes away in your hand," then the haddock is cooked. (I discovered this for myself.)

2. *Bacon.*—When frying bacon it is quite wrong to put water in the frying-pan. If on laying the bits of bacon in the pan they look rather lonely, naked, indecent or, as it seemed to me, merely silly, do not be disturbed. It is all right.

3. *The Oven.*—This is for baking apples in. And while I am on the subject of ovens there are in a kitchen-range two possible receptacles for food:—

(1) The *oven proper* (apt, as a matter of fact, to carry propriety to the length of absolute refrigeration).

(2) The *faux-oven* or "*oubliette.*" This is a smaller chamber, placed rather low, which I mistook at first for the oven proper, and into which, full of pious expectation, I put some vegetables. I think it has something to do with the hot-water system; but anyway it has NO EXIT (unless perhaps in Australia), and anything deposited in it is *never seen again.* (It is depressing to think of the waste which in the course of centuries must have been occasioned by this treacherous little dungeon.)

4. *Vegetables.*—These are not supposed to be cooked in the oven at all really. (The greengrocer told me this when I was discussing the *faux-oven* with him.) They should be done in the same way as haddocks, and in the case of roots (such as turnips) they cook much quicker if you cut them up first, preferably into very small pieces.

N.B.—You can't do this with haddocks, though.

5. *Spinach.*—This vegetable is different. Soon after joining the water it fuses inextricably with it, and it is not edible until all the water has evaporated. In the meantime it is soup: clear (for three days), and then thick (for the next three days).

6. *Mustard.*—The easiest thing of all to cook is mustard. You put a little cold water on it and stir. When it begins to look like mustard, then you know it is cooked.

By-Products.

No industrial treatise is complete nowadays without a final section devoted to by-products. Besides the usual acknowledged by-products of the cooking industry, such as pigs' food and rissoles, there are a number of a more specialised nature which ought to be exploited without delay. Among

those which came under my notice were:—

Charcoal.—There are two sorts of this: *Wood Charcoal*, such as can be extracted after dropping the stirring spoons into the fire (used by amateur actors, cosmeticians, etc.), and *Animal Charcoal*, continually produced in great variety.

Synthetic Rubber.—During certain of my experiments a remarkably resilient waste-product was thrown off, grey in colour, and in every respect a perfect rubber substitute. As the recipe for this, however, is the same as for sponge-cake, further experiment will be necessary in order to isolate the secret of its occurrence.

Chamois Leather.—A strong serviceable variety can be produced by following closely the formula for pancakes. Allow to cool.

Useless Utensils.

Before closing this treatise I should like to give a final hint to those who intend doing for themselves.

Beware of all odd implements which are to be found in a kitchen, *e.g.* a frivolous sort of pestle made of stiff wires. When I attempted to use this for pounding the spinach it became hopelessly bent and twisted; moreover, the mortar in which I found it—a kind of china bowl—proved quite inadequate, for it disintegrated as soon as I found a good pestle in the shape of the rolling-pin.

It is better to avoid these badly constructed and (evidently) purely ornamental implements.

RHYMES OF MY GARDEN.

Birds.

'Tis pleasant in the months of spring
To hear the jolly blackbirds sing;
I always take my wife to see
The first nest in the lilac-tree,
And vigilantly spend the day
Shooing our neighbour's cat away.
But when the fruitful autumn comes
And apples, pears and purple plums
Hang ripening on the southern wall
I do not love the birds at all.
Indeed I heartily condemn
The sheer ubiquity of them.

Though sorely tried, I still can bear
That here a plum and there a pear
Shall go to feast the feathered throng
That keeps my garden gay with song;
And if they mar the best greengage
I still contain my mounting rage,
For, simple creatures, they must live,
And it is noble to forgive.
Yet mild forbearance such as mine
Must somewhere halt and draw the line,
And, when with raucous greedy screeches
They squabble for my favourite peaches,
Wrath bursts its bounds and out I run,
Exclaiming, "Mabel, bring my gun!"
Then, were I but a safer shot,
I'd let them have it strong and hot.

Till the last peach has graced my plate
I eye the birds with looks of hate,
Though, to be frank, I must admit
They hardly seem to notice it.
Perhaps it is because they know
In wintry days of frost and snow
Upon the terrace they will find
Soaked crusts of bread and bacon-rind
And large suspended lumps of fat.
Birds will forgive you much for that.



Aunt. "And what do you intend writing *about*, Ernest?"
Budding Author. "My dear Aunt, one does not write about *anything*—one just *writes*."

"One of the most successful shots in Scotland this season was the Hon. Mrs. ——. In one day she brought down three good stags, one a ten-pounder."—*Scots Paper.*

There seems to have been something rather fishy about that one.

AT THE PLAY.

"BERKELEY SQUARE" (ST. MARTIN'S).

THE idea on which HENRY JAMES'S unfinished novel, *The Sense of the Past*, was based is that time does not run in a straight line, but as it were in overlapping layers or, so to speak, folds, so that (if I understand him—of course, like his rather literal *Ambassador*, I don't) a man with a properly developed sense of the past may step across into another period in time, as into another country in space—not altogether unlike the young lady of Light who went out one day in a relative way and returned on the previous night. Just the sort of theme that would appeal to that ingenious and complicated mind and make full demands upon his dexterous technique to steer it past the rocks and shallows incident thereto.

Mr. JOHN BALDERSTON has worked upon this idea of his distinguished countryman and, with Mr. JACK SQUIRE in attendance to run his eye over the joints, has certainly—even if in the more difficult three-dimensional medium of the stage he hasn't altogether "pulled it off"—given us an interesting and effective play.

Peter Standish of the New York of our day, steeped in the literature of the eighteenth century and enthusiastic admirer of its art and life, has just come over to settle in this old house in Berkeley Square, left him by an English relative. There had been another *Peter Standish* who had come over from the New York of 1786 on a visit to his English cousins in the same old house, had falsified the fears which they entertained, that he might prove a mere colonial bumpkin, by ruffling it with the best in the town generally and at the tables in particular, had had his portrait painted by GAINSBOROUGH—it still hangs in the Berkeley Square drawing-room—and had married his cousin, *Kate Pettigrew*.

Peter Standish of to-day feels himself called back, or called across, to that fold of time, which is 1786, while *Peter Standish*, the beau and rake, takes his place. We are not shown *Peter I.* going the pace in a world of wires and wireless, night-clubs, short skirts, charabancs and coal-strikes (which was a pity), but we see our modern *Peter*, dressed in the mode of the day, first impetuously wooing the elder *Pettigrew* girl, *Kate*, then irresistibly drawn to the younger, *Helen*, who has "a sense of the future," and returns his love, but in gentle and perceptive renunciation sends him back to his own time. He, meanwhile, sadly disillusioned, has seen his eighteenth-century high world at close quarters—its cruelties, its emptiness, its uncleanliness, its self-satisfied ignorance, its family tyrannies. He steps back into his own century, but carries with him the memory of *Helen* and his love so deep in his heart that he can only dismiss his 1926 *Marjorie*, who, not unnaturally, seeing that *Peter I.* in his place has been behaving oddly enough for the past month, is there to welcome him as one recovered from a mental breakdown.



SECOND-SIGHT-SEEING IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Peter Standish . . . . MR. LAWRENCE ANDERSON.
Helen Pettigrew . . . MISS JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON.

Mr. BALDERSTON keeps his head amid these perplexing movements and arranges them with great ingenuity and plausibility. But necessarily he has to make his characters spend an undue amount of time explaining the difficult mechanism of the transfers. Nobody explained by the way what was a difficulty to the literal mind, how and in which fold of space and time *Peter I.* and *Peter II.* exchanged clothes or who kept turning out the electric light, and why—which may serve as types of the awkward questions which were apt to present themselves.

Mr. BALDERSTON'S achieved success is however much more important than his inevitable partial failure of mechanism and metaphysical or præter-physical speculation. He always held our interest, he avoided the hazards where the gigglers lie, he gave us well-written dialogue with friendly touches of humour and, so far as his pre-occupation with explanation allowed, plausible and effective characterisation.

Mr. LAWRENCE ANDERSON'S *Peter*—a difficult part—was perhaps best in his spirited moments. His speculative disquisitions seemed to drag a little. Miss JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON gave a spiritual, other-worldly beauty to the part of *Helen*. Her restrained method was naturally suited to the character, but she can put deep feeling into her work at the chosen moments and confirms the promise of her auspicious beginnings. I liked Mr. BRIAN GILMOUR'S bluff *Tom Pettigrew* and Mr. IVOR BARNARD'S carefully-toned study of *Helen's* elderly rejected suitor. Miss VALERIE TAYLOR, *Kate*, seized her few interesting chances with intelligence and spirit. I can't be sure that Miss BEATRICE WILSON'S *Lady Anne Pettigrew* wasn't too much of a broad comedy figure for the mood of the piece (*Peter* says, "I've seen you in *Sheridan*"—that I suppose gave her her cue). The production was adroitly contrived by Mr. FRANK BIRCH.

I think I could have better surrendered myself to the mood of the piece if it had not been for three miscreants who, coming very late, exercised their indifferent arts of conversation and explanation for the rest of the evening, or at least till certain winged words of no uncertain import flew from my lips. There should be a rule that these types may be picked up and dropped without penalty not nearer the stage than the foyer or the middle of the Thames. T.

"THE SCARLET LADY" (CRITERION).

When, in the absence of her husband, *Reginald Gill* dined alone with *Alicia Crane* and, after her retirement to bed, lingered on downstairs for a further glass or two of port, and so fell asleep on the sofa and was there discovered at dawn by the servants, the ensuing scandal—started by the housemaid—was not uncongenial to his hostess. For she was glad to utilise this opportunity for the object—fruitless, as it proved—of exciting jealousy in her husband, who, though virtuous and reasonably devoted, did not satisfy her exigent demands on his affection, being distracted by bucolic interests.

Though Mr. HASTINGS TURNER had honestly striven after a novel effect in the opening situation, the general idea was, of course, not very fresh. But, whereas in many of the numerous plays that offer us the picture of a husband absorbed in his own pursuits, to the neglect of a faithful and yearning wife, it is the practice for the lady to take serious steps, sometimes successful, to compromise herself, *Alicia*, being something of an actress, finds a frivolous delight in this comedy for the comedy's sake.

I say "comedy," but the author has been well-advised in giving no such description to a play which is really a farce—not of the knock-about order, but a farce in the sense that most of the characters, though generally conducting themselves with a very natural air of spontaneity, are made to do things which would be inconceivable outside a stage-picture of life. Thus the behaviour of the two female "vultures" of the local Shakespeare Reading Society—a welcome variant on the Dorcas meeting—who conspire to bring the scandal home to the supposed delinquents by assigning to them the parts of *Romeo* and *Juliet* in the next reading, serves the author's purpose at the total sacrifice of human probability.

But it is in the character of *Reginald* that the farcical method is most noticeably betrayed. This poor irresolute half-baked mountebank—and Mr. THESIGER did his clever best to execute Mr. HASTINGS TURNER'S design—was unimaginable as one of the protagonists in a sexual scandal. And, if you say that anything in trousers was good enough to illustrate the formula, I shall ask leave to doubt whether a woman with *Alicia's* sense of the ridiculous would have been content to associate herself with so anæmic a paramour, even though the rural neighbourhood may have been ill-supplied with suitable candidates for the part. Provincial gossip, again, may be capable of swallowing the most indigestible things, but it would surely hesitate to conclude that the lady preferred this figure of farce to her quite presentable husband. But, whatever may be said of so improbable a combination, there was nothing to explain the attraction which our timorous swain had for the nice clean girl, *Peggy Winton*, unless it is that in this sexless age, when girls have become boys, they prefer effeminacy in their men.

But I am hammering clumsily at a butterfly when I ought to be just grateful for Miss MARIE TEMPEST'S very perfect technique, though I have seen her more happily suited. Towards the end I seemed to lose touch of her temperamental vagaries, and indeed was never very poignantly concerned about the issue. But she always gave distinction to the scene.

I think that CHARLES HAWTREY might perhaps have been more plausible than Mr. THESIGER in the feckless part of *Reginald*, but if you don't mind its improbability you will get all the fun you want out of his treatment of it. Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE'S easy manner as the complacent husband nearly persuaded me at times to believe that Nature had been consulted about this production. *The Reverend John Price* (Mr. FREDERICK LEISTER) was a good fellow. As a vicar he disapproved of the alleged intrigue; as a man he disapproved still more of the vultures' way of making a carrion-meal of it. He said his words bravely, being apparently unaffected by the incredibility of the conditions. As the leading vulture (*Lady Hipcomb*) Miss ALICE O'DAY did all that was asked of her. This included some rather unlikely references to the promiscuousness of her late husband, whom she nevertheless located in Paradise, assuming that he had got there through "influence," being a baronet. As *Peggy Winton* I liked Miss FABIA DRAKE'S loyalty better than I liked those breeches of hers which she was in the act of discarding, with the idea of repairing a rent, when the curtain mercifully intervened.

Mr. TOM REYNOLDS is too good an actor for the rather thin part he got as a butler; and I should have liked to see more of Miss MARIE WRIGHT as the Vicar's wife, whose negligible protests of good-nature were ignored by the vultures at the committee meeting of the Shakespeare Reading Society. There was something very poignant in her *cri de cœur* when she told us how she disliked being the "bottom part of a quorum."

Mr. HASTINGS TURNER'S humour has always a nice quality; so nice, indeed, that there should have been no need for him to hover, as he did once or twice, on salacious borders. Perhaps it was the remoteness of my stall at the Criterion that made me feel a little uncomfortable. Anyhow I didn't find him quite at his best, which can be very good.

The Scarlet Woman of NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was branded with the letter A. I wish I could inscribe A 1 on *The Scarlet Lady*. But at least I foresee for her a good long spell of notoriety. O. S.



AN IMPROBABLE PARAMOUR.

Wronged Husband. "I'M SORRY, BUT I CAN'T SEE SCARLET."

Reginald Gill . . . . . MR. ERNEST THESIGER.
Peter Crane . . . . . MR. W. GRAHAM BROWNE.
Alicia Crane . . . . . MISS MARIE TEMPEST.

"REMARKABLE CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

In Victoria Street a tramcar crashed into a lorry and drove it against a standard.

The horse bolted and frightened another trolley, which, in turn, knocked a motor horse attached to a stationary G.W.R. cyclist off his machine."—*Bristol Paper.*

A very remarkable chapter indeed. We should like to have further details, with illustrations if possible.

From an article on commercial travellers:—

"Twice I have been bitten. On the last occasion a bespattered gentleman in a top hat, white waistcoat and frock coat 'interested' me in an elaborate scheme of advertising that was going to be 'worth hundreds to me.'"

Provincial Paper.

His bespattered state should have caused suspicion.

OUR POLYGLOT PERFORMERS.

The Basque Quartet.—The broadening of our linguistic horizon is a marked feature of modern recitals, and nowhere is it so conspicuously displayed as in the series of concerts given at the Ugrian Hall by Madame Chistera Gorosabel, and MM. Kusiko Odots, Pablo Zortzi and Baicorrixo Mendigorry. They all of them hail from the province of Guipúzcoa, and are splendid examples of the Celtiberian type, neither brachycephalous or dolicocephalous, without any tendency to prognathism, as in so many of the Celts, and of a massive and megalithic build. The programme at last Friday's concert was of exceptional interest, being prefaced by a brilliant exposition of the conjugation of the Basque verb, given by Mme. Gorosabel, in which the agglutinative and polysynthetic character of the Basque tongue was brought out with the utmost skill.

Hardly less illuminative was the chromatic fantasia on the Basque alphabet, which consists of thirteen simple vowels and thirty-eight simple consonants. This piece, which takes the form of a vocal duet with pianoforte accompaniment, composed by M. Mendigorry, proved a most affecting composition, and several members of the audience were removed in a state of stertorous hypnosis.

A rich treat was reserved for those who remained in the *Pelota* quartet, in which the three male members of the group were joined by M. Jauréguiberry, while the part of the *cantara*, or scorer, was sustained by Mme. Gorosabel, whose melodious vocal efforts made her not the least appreciated participant in the game.

A Mezzofantian Mezzo-soprano.—Madame Chivchavskoi, who gave a vocal recital at the Mingrelian Hall on Thursday, is to all purposes a newcomer. She is a Russian, and has recently returned to Europe after a prolonged tour in South America, including Tierra del Fuego, Patagonia and the Falkland Islands, where she astounded her audiences by the volume of her voice, the virtuosity of her technique and her marvellous command of living and dead languages.

She began with a group of Mæso-Gothic canticles, followed by three Bessarabian ballads and a cycle of Tartar war-songs. In the interval the singer presided gracefully at the samovar and the audience were regaled with caviare sandwiches, washed down with the finest caravan tea. Fortified by this refreshment they listened with redoubled appreciation to the artist's brilliant interpretation of ten Klephtic love-songs, in which her accompanist, M. Prenk Bib Doda, a relation of the famous Albanian chieftain, shared the honours. The programme was appropriately concluded by a selection of Finnish fishing and boating songs, in which the vocalist accompanied herself on the kalewala, the national instrument of Finland, which combines the timbre of the balalaika with the sonority of the Burmese gong.

THE HARVEST-MOUSE.

The morn and the eve for the mouse of the mead
And tunnels of twilit green;
The moon and the stars for the mouse of the wood
And the brambles' moth-grey screen;
The embers' red for the mouse of the house
And the wainscot's peep-holed run;
But for harvest-mouse the ripple and roll
Of the wheaten waves and the aureole
Of August's mid-day sun.

Russet and cream for the mouse of the wood
And a tail with a tufted end;
Grizzle and grey for the mouse of the mead
And a tail that you might extend;
Isabelline for the mouse of the house
And a tail all ringed and shorn;
But the harvest-mouse is orange and white,
And he hitches the end of his tail in a bight
On the swing of the dancing corn.

For mouse of the mead the dip in the run
And the grass-roofed surface-hole;
For mouse of the wood the tunnelled wrack
In the scoop of the storm-flung bole;
For mouse of the house the litter and fluff
That 'scapes the housewife's eye;
But the harvest-mouse, he nibbles the blade
And worries the spike till his bedroom's made
In a round house under the sky.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"To the present generation, St. Thomas a' Becket is best known for his writings. There is perhaps no better known book of a religious nature other than the Bible than 'The Following of Christ,' which is sold at every bookstore although its author has been dead 756 years."
Canadian Paper.

An "Agony":—

"Queen Dear—You promised me to call in two weeks; I want your head as a model. Please call. Love."—*Canadian Paper.*

He seems to have lost his own.

"Lady living in pleasant country home desires another. Midlands. Near station. £1."
Advt. in Ladies' Paper.

We doubt if she will get another home at that price.

THE MECHANICAL CLARENCE.

Do you know our Mechanical Clarence?

No, he isn't the Automatic Waiter, and he isn't the Synthetic Charlestonist, the substitute for the Lounge Lizard or for the young man you choose out of a pen at sixpence a time at the Palais de Danse.

Nor has he anything to do with the Pictures.

Here is the whole wonderful story, vouched for by the omniscient and infallible source of all true modern fairy stories, *Whitaker's Almanack*.

A hundred years ago, as near as makes no difference, when "Prinny" was on the throne, his brother, the Duke of Clarence ("Sailor Bill"), home from the sea and not anticipating a crown, followed the fashion of those days, like Mr. Hansom and Lord Brougham, and gave his name to a carriage very like a double brougham and exactly like a "growler," and it was called a "clarence." Everyone wanted to be in the fashion and soon there were hundreds plying for hire.

Now it happened about the same time that Bobby Peel went into the Inventor line of business and produced the London "Bobby," or "Peeler," with an office staff which at once assumed an official turn of mind; and, having nothing much to do, the office staff said, "Here are hundreds of hansoms and clarences plying for hire without our leave and licence; let us make them pay heavily for the privilege of being stencilled with the Royal Arms and provided with a number." *Simul dictum et factum.*

Years rolled by. Stage-coaches vanished and were replaced by shillibeers and omnibuses. More years rolled by and petrol was discovered as a means of locomotion; but the clock at Scotland Yard stood still, and the authorities barely condescended to notice or sanction such innovations.

And this regard for antiquity is reflected in *Whitaker's Almanack* of the present year of Grace, which gives, in the phraseology of romance, its simple record of "old forgotten far-off things." I quote *verbatim*:—

"HACKNEY CARRIAGE STATISTICS.

During 1923 there were licensed public carriages: Hansoms, 15; Clarences—animal 332, mechanical 7,674."

No, porter, I am too antique for a taxi; hail me a Mechanical Clarence.

"Lady recommends trustworthy and beautiful Cook."—*Irish Paper.*

A great improvement on the "good plain" variety.



Drawn by George Belcher.

Miss Sybil Thorndike.

"What's Hecuba to her," and what St. Joan?
Much, for she sees their sorrows as her own.
Ancient or modern, where she walks the stage,
She stamps her art on work of any age;
EURIPIDES she brings to our address,
And makes a classic out of G. B. S.
Oh, may her honoured name endure as long
As the old Sibyls' (though she spells it wrong)!

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—XXVII.



Helpful Farm-hand. "LET 'IM PASS YER—'E 'LL CHASE YER AS LONG AS YER KEEPS IN FRONT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

So many of the old graceful manifestations of "ELIZABETH'S" genius have a permanent place in my repertory as a light reader that I am sorry to set down her latest venture as that most ungrateful of contradictions, a coarse-grained fantasy. To put it another way, *Introduction to Sally* (MACMILLAN) displays a silverpoint theme much too deeply bitten on zinc. *Salvatia*, the radiantly lovely and virtuous daughter of a small grocer, is deported by her widowed father from Islington to a Cambridgeshire village, with the idea of preserving her from masculine attentions. Unluckily *Mr. Pinner* pitched his tent in Woodles during Vacation. Term-time brings a train of undergraduates, and the first to burst into the shop weds *Sally*. *Jocelyn Luke*, having a competence of his own, flings away ambition and sets off for a prolonged Cornish honeymoon, in the course of which he is to remould *Sally* socially nearer to his heart's desire. His widowed mother, a perfect suburban lady, drawn with a very nice understanding, receives the horrid tidings on the verge of refusing a substantial bounder, and reconsiders her decision. *Luke*, speedily worsted in a bitter wrestle with *Sally's* aspirates, brings his bride to his mother's house, which the exigencies of culture soon impel her to quit. How prettily "ELIZABETH" can cope with running away, in the case of a charming young woman, we all know; but the climax that sets *Sally's* modest feet on the necks of her critics is neither so credible nor so happy as the defeat of *Princess Priscilla*. There are, of course, memorable felicities—*Sally's* consolatory interview with her mother-in-law's little "general" is one of them—but the book is not one of the masterpieces I shall re-read while waiting for its successor.

The United States have always had so leal a friend in *The Spectator* that one would not expect Mr. JOHN ST. LOE STRACHEY to be other than the most genial of the great republic's critics or the warmest of its admirers. The fault I find with *American Soundings* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is that the book is not so much about America as, to borrow a phrase of ANATOLE FRANCE'S, about Mr. STRACHEY *à propos* of America. These soundings are taken, not from the bridge of the busy and ubiquitous tramp steamer but from the poop of a stately galleon brought to the Eastern seaboard, not by the trader or the adventurer, but for purposes of exhibition. The truth is that Mr. STRACHEY had occupied the editorial poop too long to be either an observer or a critic, or rather to put either his observations or his criticisms on paper. The apposite quotation from WORDSWORTH, the rotund phrase, the sweeping generality—these are his masters. We can only guess what stores of observation, if any, what catalogues of things seen, lie behind them. It is plain however that Mr. STRACHEY did not see much. He did not see the West or the Middle West. He did not see Main Street. When he is most critical we feel that he is quoting conventionally, as for example when he tells us that "The average American, the man in Main Street, in the Elk lodges or in the Ku-Klux-Kaverns, is full of a kind of infantile froth and folly. He is absurdly given to ritual and flag-waving, to shouting for an hour in chorus, 'We want Blank for the Blanket State,' to walking in dreary and perspiring processions with the pavement temperature at 100 degrees Fahrenheit, to bellowing out, 'Me for Ma,' or some such felicitous slogan, or to following an amateur brass band through the maze of a National Convention busy with the grave and significant act of nominating a Presidential candidate." This is all very true, but one feels that Mr. STRACHEY has not actually seen any of

these things, but is quoting from the American intellectuals among whom he moved. But if unconvincing Mr. Strachey is also very readable. His soundings may be uninstructive, but he swings the lead charmingly.

The novels of E. Phillips Oppenheim are such a goodly crop
That they are drawing near their fifties—
So lavish is he of the gifties
Not always issuing from the quills
Of those who deal in shocks and thrills.
'Tis true his very latest venture
Might probably incur the censure
Of moralists like *Mr. Barlow*,
Since *Prodigals of Monte Carlo*
Will not appeal to Montessorians
Or Puritanical Victorians
Who look askance on Rhoda Broughton.
But, though the book (Hodder and Stoughton)
Of "Monte's" madness less discloses
Than of its raptures and its roses,
And skates at times on thinnish ice,
Still, virtue triumphs over vice;
The sirens fail, the crooks are "downed"
And love is honourably crowned;
For the benevolent baronet
Not only manages to get
A new unhoped-for lease of life
But wins a young and lovely wife.

Setting aside an occasional weakness for purple phrases and intrusive historical parallels and the unkindness of the binders, who gave my copy eight pages in duplicate and a corresponding number of gaps, I found Mr. C. P. Hawkes's *Mauresques* (Methuen) a most enjoyable book. The writer's co-ordinating imagination and emulous adaptability of style are invaluable where they do not run to seed in the directions indicated, and he has explored enough literary and living by-ways to make an entertaining volume out of their mere recital. His articles are chiefly concerned with Iberians, Basques and Moors, wherever and whenever he finds them; the Moors of course being historically ubiquitous, the Basques having the advantage of an essentially local tradition, and the Iberians to a great extent combining the ethnical interests of both. An embassy to Charles II., with a bribe of lions and ostriches from his wife's dowry, Tangier, is the amusing theme of "A Wazeer in Whitehall," and a circumstantial account of the overthrow of the Moslem by Charles Martel at Tours is suggested by the apparition of Spahis and Berber infantry on the same soil, but this time under the flag of France, in 1917. An episode hardly calculated to recommend the importation of African troops into European warfare is the grim theme of "The Marabout's Doll," and the national Moorish sport of "Powder-play" monopolises a happier study. Mr. Hawkes is in his element when describing traditional pastimes. He has watched *pelota* in Pyrenean border-towns, seen a hawking contest at Biskra, attended a serio-comic bull-fight in the streets of a small Spanish city and a picturesque variant of tilting at the ring in Teneriffe. His photographs *are* illustrations, not indiscriminate views; and three little drawings in pen and wash have the humour and sense of proportion denied to the cleverest camera.



He. "Well, what do you think of him?"
She. "I should never have taken him for a famous pianist—apart, of course, from his playing."

William Bones was a sea-captain who traded in the Baltic and came under the favourable notice of Catherine the Great, from whom flowed riches and, finally, an emerald of great size and beauty. In 1930 this jewel, now a family heirloom in the possession of *Marjorie*, daughter of *Humphrey de Bohun*, Home Secretary, disappears one winter night, and the story of its recovery is told by Mr. Hilaire Belloc in *The Emerald* (Arrowsmith). It is a detective story without mystification. The emerald is found by the page-boy, who scents danger in the possession of it and gets rid of it by the process known to schoolboys as "passing it on." In this way the incriminating jewel is handled successively by the Home Secretary's three male guests, the peer, the professor and the journalist, who are all under suspicion of the theft, and ultimately reaches the detective, who makes use of his good fortune in a manner as amusing as it is original. The book concludes with a brilliant little epilogue, tracing the later fortunes of the characters in a manner which shows Mr. Belloc at his satirical best. I like *The Emerald* even better than *Mr. Petre*. Here, if nowhere else,

the satirist in Mr. BELLOC is kept in reasonable subjection to the story-teller, and the result is a gay and witty book which can be enjoyed by cynic and simpleton alike. There are twenty-one illustrations by Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON which did not greatly add to my enjoyment of the book. Mr. CHESTERTON's humour with the pencil seems to be perpetually struggling with its medium and too often making a losing fight of it.

There is something uncompromising about Mr. CHARLES G. NORRIS. He gives his books short masterful titles, as one who would challenge the reading public to take or leave them as it chooses. The author of *The Pit* and *The Octopus* had something of the same way with him, and *Pig Iron* (MURRAY) is dedicated to FRANK NORRIS, nephew of the brilliant novelist of the 'nineties. I perceive three former novels—*Salt*, *Brass*, *Bread*—quoted on the title-page of this book, and from these names you may guess something of our author's way of telling a story. He takes a good bite out of life and puts it all down on paper, stark and unadorned. He begins a long way back and finds very little that he considers unworthy of chronicling. Thus we start with the birth of one *Sam Smith* in the little town of Mendon, Mass., who appears simultaneously with the arrival of the great news of LEE's surrender at Appomattox, and we follow this young man's career faithfully through some four-hundred-and-fifty pages of small print until we leave him, a post-war millionaire, wondering what he has really got out of life. Well, he has gone through the mill and had his adventures and married a wonderfully beautiful lady of Jewish extraction (after a sufficiency of less successful love affairs), and he has finished up by becoming one of the great powers in the steel market, all which is not too bad for a penniless orphan who set out to New York in the summer of 1885 to stay with his uncle *Cyrus* and see if he could make his way in the world. There is much, especially in these early pages, that is worth reading in the book; but I fear some English readers will flag before they reach the ingeniously phrased but rather unsatisfactory conclusion.



Road-hog (who has been stopped for speeding). "ALL RIGHT, I DON'T WANT TO MAKE A FUSS. I 'LL GO BACK AND DO THAT BIT AGAIN."

The value of Miss RUTH SUCKOW's ascetic method in *Country People* (CAPE) is that, though this is quite a short book, you seem at the end of it to have a clear impression of a large number of real people and of a detailed background strangely unlike anything our own country has to show. The asceticism consists in a resolute refusal to be drawn away into disquisitions, descriptions, analyses, from the bare chronicle of these imaginary lives of the *Kaetterhenrys*, a family of German-American farm-folk, set down with as little colour as will give them objectivity. *Papa August*, a queer, hard-driving, but not unkindly soul, had made good by incredible industry and self-sacrifice, rising from the slavery of an overworked farm-boy to the slavery of being master of his own land and that of his sons-in-law, his tenants. He dies with the consolation of seeing his children fairly established in a moderate prosperity and freedom. It is a drab life, with no higher peak of romance than this, and no greater excitements than the visit of the old man to the clinic in the big town when his health is seriously threatened. *Mama Emma*, broken down with overwork, had made this same pilgrimage a little before, and these were their two holidays in the long life. And yet this crude record of a commonplace couple, of the wife's old father—a charming portrait, of the children and their lovers, avoids dulness by sheer artistry of method. It is not, I must give warning, a story for careless holiday readers, but rather for those who like their novels with a salt tang of life and who take a definite interest in form. Miss SUCKOW never uses two words where one will do or a long word where a short will serve, and her simple direct idiom is nowhere diluted with those tiresome neologies which sometimes make us fear that our cousins and ourselves no longer share a common language.

As a tale of rapid change and movement, Mr. HORACE BLEACKLEY's *Night of Peril* (LANE) is unsurpassed and, I believe, unsurpassable. In a few hours of exceedingly crowded life we see *Peter Berkeley* changed from a ruined man on the brink of suicide to the happy possessor of five thousand pounds (at least) a year. In the same space of time *Bertram Haverstock*, son of a Cabinet Minister, was transformed from a long-haired crank to a sane and ardent lover, who even consented to have his hair cut. The mainspring of these transformations was *Stella Waverley*, a most charming young lady. She was bringing her precious jewels from Russia, and on the way by car from Southampton to London she was attacked by Russian thieves and fled into *Peter's* house, just as he was meditating self-extinction. Space prevents me from giving a detailed account of the adventures that followed her invasion. I will content myself by saying that no sooner had the Russian bandits got the jewels than they were deprived of them by British robbers, who soon fell plump into the hands of the police. Never a fraction of a dull moment.

Mr. R. AUSTIN FREEMAN has never given his *Dr. John Thorndyke* a more difficult problem to solve than the one propounded in *The D'Arblay Mystery* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). *Julius D'Arblay*, a modeller by profession and of blameless life, was found drowned in a shallow pond, and it looked as if the verdict at the inquest would merely be "found dead." Astute eyes, however, had discovered a tiny puncture in the back of *Julius*, and it turned out that he had been poisoned with aconitine injected by a hypodermic syringe. In short, *Julius*, who, as far as his charming daughter knew, was without enemies, had been foully murdered. The tale that follows is engrossing enough, but it is also a little intricate. Mr. FREEMAN is such a clever writer of detective stories that it would be ten thousand pities if he were to allow himself to make his tales so involved that his readers lose themselves in the maze.

CHARIVARIA.

Ripe strawberries are reported to have been picked last week in several parts of the country. It was far the best thing to do with them.

* * *

A photograph of Mr. Lloyd George smoking a pipe has appeared in the Press, but we understand that it does not signify a *rapprochement* with Mr. Baldwin.

* * *

So far from disapproving of the G.P.O.'s scheme of commercial advertisement (now apparently abandoned), we are in favour of having a "Post No Bills" notice affixed to every letter-box.

* * *

A Southern Railway train was held up near Herne Hill for half-an-hour last Monday when a coupling broke. Passengers were made aware of the incident by reading about it in the evening papers.

* * *

It is said that the only caterpillar which escaped the last Hyde Park raid had had itself shingled and got away disguised as a worm.

* * *

The price of motor-car tyres has been reduced. Motorists will not have to be so careful now to avoid pedestrians with prominent teeth.

* * *

Complaint is made that some motorists are using ambulance bells on their cars. This convenience of course should be restricted to those conveyances that pick up the pedestrians they have knocked down.

* * *

A daily paper observes that the flapper is the mother of the woman. This is so; but the flapper doesn't like it known.

* * *

The Exhibition of Inventions opened in London last week, but Mr. A. J. Cook has not entered that one about the return to the *status quo*.

* * *

In connection with the National Community Singing movement nothing so far has been done towards having *The Evening Standard* set to music.

* * *

"Everybody wants to fight Tommy Milligan," says a boxing headline. That is an exaggeration. We don't.

* * *

Parents should always say "Good night" to their children—that is, of course, if they can manage to wait up so late.

* * *

A Rugby wireless enthusiast claims to have heard strange signals which he thinks emanated from Mars. Or it might have been one of those "mystery" men trying to get in touch with Scotland Yard.

* * *

An exhibition of coffins has been held in Leeds. Yet they say nothing is being done to brighten provincial town life.

* * *

A new book giving the unofficial language of Australians has just been published. We have heard of a man who tried to issue a volume giving the unofficial language of golf, but, after three proof-readers had been carried away in a fainting condition, he decided to cancel the scheme.

* * *



The following appeared in the Agony column of *The Times* on the day of the announcement of Lord Oxford's resignation: "Free.—Advertiser who has a small Egyptian Idol which has brought him bad luck wishes to hand it over to collector. Atmosphere apparently unpropitious." Our Artist appears to have jumped to the unwarrantable conclusion that the author of this advertisement was Mr. Lloyd George.

A Los Angeles film-actress who is seeking a divorce wishes the affair to be a quiet one. Only a few ex-husbands will be invited.

* * *

When the loss of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's famous mantle was reported the other day, the suspicion that it had descended upon a lesser man of letters proved to be unfounded.

* * *

The latest feminine fashion is an outdoor coat which looks like a jumper. We suppose it is expecting too much of our fashion-designers to ask them to produce a coat which looks like a coat.

* * *

There are said to be a number of men in London just now who rob houses as a part-time occupation. They run, of course, the risk of being taken on by professional policemen and thus losing their amateur status.

* * *

Cars are being exhibited at the Paris show with bodies made from silk. The time may yet come when you 'll have to go by bus because there 's a ladder in your best six-cylinder.

* * *

The latest beauty treatment consists of pouting the lips to make them full, and sniffing to reduce the nostrils. Some day the man who pays the bills may himself become beautiful by this process.

* * *

A writer asks if the village green has disappeared. We think not. You will see it again when the village policeman has moved on.

* * *

The Bishop of Woolwich says that he can't compete with modern young ladies when getting on a bus. He should try the Knight's move—one square forward on to the step, then two sideways.

* * *

An Esperanto marriage was solemnised recently in Bloomsbury. Both bride and bridegroom are said to speak the language like natives.

* * *

The Emir Feisal is said to contemplate promoting football in Arabia. Our fear is that if this new movement becomes general it may have the effect of introducing an element of roughness into inter-tribal warfare.

* * *

It is reported that at a night club several scantily-dressed girls rode round the room on donkeys. Usually, of course, they merely dance with them.

* * *

Several eminent composers are asking what makes music popular, and the answer seems to be the very low standard of some of the films that accompany it.

* * *

The recent discussion over a new flag for South Africa is thought to be due to a desire to make a change before the British Government lets out the vacant spaces on the Union Jack for advertisements.

* * *

Mr. G. B. Shaw declares that the celebrations of his seventieth birthday nearly killed him. He is believed to have resolved to keep the date of his eightieth birthday secret.

THE COST.

[It is anticipated that the decline of the revenue, due to the coal-stoppage, will necessitate increased taxation.]

Beside my empty cheerless grate
I crouch forlorn and shiver;
The symptoms clearly indicate
A chill upon the liver;
With briny dew my orbs are dim;
Vainly I dam my nostrils' flow;
And all to suit the curious whim
Of Messrs. Cook and Co.

I sit, with eucalyptus sprent,
Too brave to whine or wheedle,
Like Patience on a monument
(Say, Cleopatra's Needle);
One thought alone incites my phlegm
To jib at Fate's infernal smacks—
That I 'll be asked to pay for them
An Entertainment Tax! O. S.

SUBURBAN SCENES.

IX.—Flotsam and Jetsam.

The coal-stoppage, if not in every way productive of good, has at least brought back to Hammersmith the ancient and honourable sport of "wooding." When Thames sweeps up from Wapping on the flood he brings with him great quantities of admirable firewood, good seasoned wood, wood covered with tar, greasy wood, little wood and big wood, great beams and lengthy planks, together with wedges convenient for the chopping of the same. The higher the tide the more plentiful the wood that is scoured from the banks of Battersea and despatched to Haddock at Hammersmith. And sometimes, it would seem, the excellent gentlemen in the Pool of London have a dock-tidying day, and they rush about the wharves with baskets and brooms and fling into the river all the stray firewood they can see. On these days the whole breast of Thames is sprinkled seductively with moving masses of the coveted stuff. These are known as "Good Wood Days"; we see from our windows furnacefuls of firewood drifting by, and in these hard times the sturdy inhabitants of Hammersmith steal out from the shore in small boats and scrounge it.

The sport, like others, has its niceties, its meaner side and its aristocracy (to which Haddock belongs). There is wooding with oars and there is wooding by sail. Wooding with oars is low and obvious, plebeian and exhausting. Wooding by sail is the thing, at once more perilous and restful, and having a touch of distinction which might otherwise be lacking in a pursuit so very nearly material in its ends. I have never done much pig-sticking or rumbled for dog-fish, but these occupations, I suppose, have much the same excitement as a good wood-hunt. The boat must be sailed as swiftly and dangerously as possible, and never stopped. She darts back and forth like a sea-gull ranging the ocean for fish. Far-off the prey is spied, a luscious tarry log, a nice fat beam, a chubby road-block. The good ship bears down upon it, heeling over dangerously (this is easily done and makes an impression on the tow-path), and as we fly past, with one hand only for the tiller and the sheet, the other hand must catch and hold and bring aboard the prize, which generally has a row of sharp nail-points on its under-side. To do this slowly and avoid the nails, to bring her into the wind and stop her, is against the Haddock tradition and bad form, like shooting a fox. As well buy one's firewood at the grocer's. We leave that sort of thing to the meaner race of men who go wooding with oars and engines.

And as one hauls aboard the dripping prize one murmurs, one regrets to say, being only human, "One for you, Mr. Cook!" Then round and off again after some other Heaven-sent foot-warmer; and if, engrossed in the pursuit, one cannons into the bank, is bashed by a tug or runs over a swan, one has only oneself to blame.

Thus in no time a whole boatful of Cook-thwarters may be gathered; and really it is the only way I know in which one may get something for nothing without noticeably breaking the law. One carries, of course, a copy of Biles on *The Law of Flotsam*, which is important. Flotsam is goods floating on the sea, and they belong to the Crown, unless claimed by their true owners within a year and a day. The legal question does not often arise, but sometimes one finds a twelve-foot plank nestling on or near the bank. If it is on the bank it is jetsam, and the law, I believe, is different; but this difficulty can be met by tipping the plank into the river, thus in a moment converting jetsam into flotsam. Do not suppose these points are unimportant. There are low-minded persons going about who, being without energy and resource, would never think of collecting planks themselves, but, if they see you collecting planks, will think immediately, "Someone is getting something for nothing. I must object."

How English! For example, there seems to be some foolish local tradition that flotsam more than two foot long is not legitimate flotsam. For once, when I was towing home a twelve-foot plank, a man followed me for half-a-mile on the bank, saying over and over again, "Oy! that 's more than two-foot long. Oy! you take that back to Brentford!" This man became extraordinarily tiresome, and, as Brentford was three miles distant, against the tide, and I had not been near Brentford, and there was nothing to suggest that my flotsam had been to Brentford either, I did not pay too much attention to him. But I have often thought of that man since. I left him standing against the sunset, still shouting "Oy! that 's more than two foot long." A man of one idea. There is nothing about two-foot long in Biles on *The Law of Flotsam*. Still, before I chopped up the plank I put through a telephone-call to notify the Crown; but long before I got through to the right Department the servants had carelessly burned the plank.

I have a great long flotsam waiting to be chopped up now, a brown flotsam, eleven feet by eighteen inches, as I hereby notify the Crown. But the Crown will have to be quick.

Well, I need hardly say that a good red sparky flotsam fire, gathered with such difficulty and peril, is the most satisfying thing. True, the fire-place becomes full of nails, and sometimes the tar runs all over the domestic hearth or blazes like a furnace and frightens the girls. But one has a personal interest in the thing; one remembers individual flotsams, where they were found and among what dangers, and who said "Oy!" Such must be the comfortable sensations of an outcrop miner as he sits before his own coal fire.

The Crown will have to be *very* quick. A. P. H.

THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING.

The Whole Town's Talking
because
The Farmer's Wife
met
The Padre
in
Berkeley Square
After Dark
when
None but the Brave
see
Life
and
Escape;
for
Love's a Terrible Thing.
Just for a Kiss
sometimes
The Best People
take
The Ghost Train
and spend
A Month in the Country.
So
Lady Be Good.

"Cook in Oven."
Crossword clue in Sunday Paper.

We quite thought he was in the soup.



A FLIGHT OF FANCY.

Master Ramsay. "THE IDEA IS TO MAKE IT SOAR INTO HIGHER REGIONS—IF I CAN ONLY GET IT OFF THE GROUND."

[At the Labour Party Conference Mr. Ramsay MacDonald announced that the fight would begin again on a new plane. The solution of the problem would be by politics, and the new policy would be the nationalization of the mines.]



Spoilt Young Person. "I SAY—ARE YOU MAJOR BLUNT BY ANY CHANCE? I WAS TOLD HE'D BE HERE TO SEE AFTER MY LUGGAGE AND ALL THAT."
Haughty Individual. "EXCUSE ME, MADAM, MY NAME IS NOT——"
Spoilt Young Person. "NEVER MIND; YOU'LL DO."

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Mayfair Mansions.

YES, truly the leading feature of this Little Season is Dancing with a big D. It 's not enough now to have tea-dances, come-just-as-you-are evening-dances, supper-dances and all-night dancing at "The Grey Squirrel," "Blue Ruin" and the other night places. At the private view of the Incredible Artists at the Recherché Gallery the other day, just as everyone was crowding round Zigzag's wunnerful canvas, "Jealousy and Triumph," and raving about it (then asking each other in whispers, "What is it? Is that round green thing Jealousy? and is that square blue thing Triumph?"), Rosebud Foljambe, who was there with some more of the League of Jolly Juveniles, began to whistle the new three-step, "You Jolly Little Devil," and, hey presto! everyone began to dance and the pictures were forgotten.

The Arkwrights' Brainy Breakfasts have been killed dead by dancing. Just as an interesting subject was started, such as "The Musical Art of Rowdydowsky" or "When is a Novel not a Novel?" people would get up and begin to dance. Marion says that conversation is in danger of becoming a lost art and that we must all help her to bring it back.

And now the big shops, it 's said, are going to have a band and dancing-partners in each department, so that after buying something at the counter people can dance up and down the place and then come back and buy something else. It ought to be very good for trade.

Chatterton Soames tells me the Clayshires have had a party for stalking at Dunbogie. It 's a new departure for them and people were a bit surprised, as nobody thought there was anything to stalk at Dunbogie. The party went out, however, in various directions, and by-and-by a deer materialised in the distance on Colonel Chalfont's beat, and he set to work to stalk in earnest. It was a horribly elusive deer, and he crawled up hills on his stomach and down them head foremost, till at last the beast suddenly stopped. Before firing he put up his glasses to see how many points it had and distinctly saw someone winding the deer up! The mechanical quarry seems to have come to stay.

Yesterday, when I came in from the afternoon dance at the Gilded Galleries in aid of Those Who Haven't Been Aided Yet, I found a *person* (it 's a harsh term p'r'aps, but no other suits her) waiting for me. It was just the hour when I sit in a dark room with a face-rest and a beauty-mask on, shut my eyes and try to make my mind a blank. With all the smiling that is done now one's face works overtime in a terrible way. Well, she said she had come from Messrs. Blank and Dash, the publishers, and they wanted me to remember things for publication.

"All you 'd have to do, Lady Dolgelly," said the *person*, who 'd a year-before-last coat and skirt and any amount of cheek, "would be to fix times convenient to yourself to chat to me about your interesting and thrilling recollections, and I 'd do all the rest. No trouble for you. Names would be more thinly veiled than they have ever been in a work of the kind, but Messrs. Blank and Dash are willing to take all the risk of law actions in view of the

enormous sales they anticipate. They offer very handsome terms, which would be substantially increased if you saw your way to giving quite a full and behind-the-scenes account of the Mudborough case, in which you were a witness and in which (the public knew) so much was hushed up."

"Oh, but I don't consider myself old enough yet," I said, "to remember things. At present I'm busy *living*, and people shouldn't begin *remembering* things till they 've left off *living* them. But s'pose I *did* consent to remember a few little things, why do your publishers think I 'm not fit to write them down myself? When Lady Arkwright told the public the things she remembered—and a good many that she didn't—it was all done off her own bat."

"Oh," said the *person*, "Lady Arkwright—yes, of course."

"I wonder," said I, "exactly what 'Oh, Lady Arkwright—yes, of course,' means. I can spell and punctuate, I hope, as well as she can, and I know as much grammar and—what 's the other thing?—syntax. I don't say I 've made such a study of *epi*-grammar as she has, but even there I daresay I could hold my own."

Well, it ended by my saying I 'd think about it. 'Course I might lose a few enemies over it, and my Trifling Teas would suffer, I daresay, but they offer big money—and so, well. . . .

"Yvonne," I said later, when she was getting me ready for dinner, "*do* I look like the sort of creature that remembers things for publishers?"

"*Tiens!*" cried Yvonne. "*Madame la Comtesse n'a pas l'air de se rappeler le temps passé. Pas du tout! Madame a l'air de s'amuser des amourettes d'aujourd'hui.*"

Nice girl, Yvonne! The French are so sensible.

HIGH FINANCE AND HIGH COLLARS.

[*The Star* announces the foundation, in Paris, of an Anti-Collar League, by a number of artists, authors and composers. The movement, which is vigorously opposed by laundrymen, drapers, etc., is justified by the fact that the French spend annually £20,000,000 on their bills for washing collars.]

How fearsome, how impressive are
The figures given by *The Star*
Of what the French disburse in dollars
To pay the washing of their collars!
Incredible the total sounds,
Viz., twenty million English pounds!
But there it is, in black and white
In print, and so it must be right.
No wonder that a League has been
Formed over there to intervene,
To free all patriotic necks
From collars which compress and vex,
And aid them in their onward march
Untrammelled by the bonds of starch.



Poet. "Can I see the Editor?"
Boy. "No. He won't be here to-day."
Poet (handing contribution). "Oh, well, put this in the waste-paper basket, will you?"

No wonder, also, that the trade
Of laundrymen is sore dismayed;
That hosiers on the movement frown
And will not take it lying down,
But contemplate the prosecution
Of those who lead this revolution.
Still, these three thousand million francs,
If fructifying in the banks
Instead of going to the wash,
Would be, I think, extremely posh.

In England other thoughts absorb us;
We have outgrown the *collara morbus;*
Stiff neckwear we have largely doffed,
And wear it mostly low and soft,
While those who follow Mr. Shaw's
Contempt for all sartorial laws
Indulge in the entrancing hope
Of living without starch or soap.
And yet, though France may cure her ills
By washing out her washing-bills,
I cannot quite conceive a time
When England's green and pleasant clime
Shall breed a race of starchless scholars
Denuded of their Eton collars.

Our Ruthless Advertisers.

"Wanted, immediately, a man for boiling down. Apply —— Meat Company."
Dominion Paper.

SIMPLE STORIES.

X.—The King.

Once there was a King who had plenty of enemies, and he was always fighting battles with them and he generally won, but he had lost so many soldiers that he was afraid he couldn't go on fighting any more. But he thought he would have just one more battle, and if he won that then he could live in peace for the rest of his life and get married.

So he called the chief of his army and said to him I have been thinking of having a good battle, I suppose it will be all right about the soldiers.

And the chief of his army said well I shouldn't just yet if I were you because the soldiers are rather tired of battles, they have had so many of them lately.

And he said I can't help that, the soldiers are paid for fighting battles, and I have always been kind to them too, if I say I want a battle I am going to have a battle.

So the chief of his army said oh very well, but if you don't win it don't blame me.

So they had a battle and the King lost it, and he was taken prisoner by the Emperor.

And the Emperor said to him I've got you at last and you have given me such a lot of trouble that I think I shall tell them to cut your head off.

And the King said oh don't do that, and he said why not?

And he said because I can be very useful to you fighting battles, I have always liked it better than anything, and if you make me chief of your army I will win plenty of battles for you.



"So he spoke to the Queen about it."

So the Emperor did that, and the King won so many battles for him that at last he said well I have got all I want for the present and you have done so well for me that I am going to give you back your Kingdom.

So the King said thank you and went back to his Kingdom, and the people were very pleased to see him again because he had always been kind to them, but they said we don't want any more battles, we have had enough of them.

And he said oh very well, I am getting a little old for them myself and shan't be sorry to have a rest, and I think it is time I married now so as to have some children, because if I don't there will be nobody to reign over you when I am dead.

And they thought it was a very good idea, and there was a lady in his Kingdom who was suitable though she wasn't very beautiful, so he married her, and the people subscribed and gave them some beautiful wedding presents, and they had several children.

Well, the Queen was very careful about money, and it was a very good thing, because all the battles had cost such a lot that they were quite poor now, except for what the people had given them, but she said if we don't keep so many soldiers and don't spend more money than we can help we shall get quite rich again after a time.

And the King said I don't mind doing that, I really like playing with the children better than fighting battles at my age, so I can do with fewer soldiers and they can take situations.

So the King enjoyed himself living comfortably in his palace and playing with his children, and that went on for some time, but presently the people began to grumble because the King had left all the arrangements about taxes and those things to the Queen, and they said they couldn't go on paying so much.

So they came to the King, and he said oh very well, I shouldn't care about paying such heavy taxes myself, I will speak to the Queen about it.

So he spoke to the Queen about it, but she told him to mind his own business, and she went on taxing them as hard as ever.

Well then they came to him again, and they said we really can't go on like this, why can't you do something about it? And they made him some long speeches, and he grew very tired of them.

So he said well I won't listen to any more speeches just now if you don't mind because this is the time I always play with the children, but if you will come again to-morrow morning while they are having their rest I will tell you what I have decided.

So when they came again the next morning he said well I have talked to the Queen about it and I can't do anything with her, so I am afraid you will have to go on paying the taxes, but I am very sorry about it.

And they said well being sorry about it is no good to us, you don't seem to be the brave man you were.

And he said oh yes I am, and if we had another battle you would see.

So they said well we don't mind having one more battle, as it is a long time since we had any, and the soldiers would rather like it now, and anyhow it would be cheaper than paying all these taxes.

So they had another battle and the King won it, and his enemies paid him plenty of money, so there was no excuse now for the Queen going on charging such heavy taxes.

And she was rather proud of the King for being so brave and winning a battle at his age, and she said you can go on playing with the children as much as you like, I can do very well now on what we have and you needn't bother about it any more.

So they had peace after that, and all the people were very happy, and they loved the King more than ever because he was so brave and they liked him being so fond of his children. And he lived to be very old, and when his children grew up and married he played with his grandchildren.

A. M.

Commercial Candour.

On an Irish fruiterer's paper-bag:—

"——'s Fruit
Is a delight to the eye.
A pleasure to the palate.
An aid to indigestion."

Just after summer time was over:—"The chill in the air, more felt by getting up this week an hour earlier than last, warns us that winter is upon us."—*Northern Paper.* The writer was evidently one of those unfortunates who put his clocks forward instead of back.



Short-sighted old Lady. "GEORGE, DEAR, DON'T STARE TOO OBVIOUSLY, BUT DOESN'T THAT PERSON IN THE MOTOR-CAR STRIKE YOU AS HAVING A REMARKABLY SMALL HEAD?"

THE ARMY SAFETY-RAZOR BLADE.

It came as a surprise to me that during the mild tumult which arose out of the War Office's decision to issue safety-razors to the troops no mention was made, so far as I am aware, of the attendant problem of blade disposal.

In the absence of any official regulation governing the subject perhaps a few suggestions may not be regarded as out of place.

First of all we must consider what constitutes a used blade. Those of you with Army experience will remember, for instance, that the Quartermaster's opinion as to what was a derelict shirt often differed from your own, and I can foresee the same sort of thing happening where blades are concerned.

The question, in my opinion, is governed by the quality of the whiskers upon which a blade may be called to operate. For purposes of classification whiskers might be graded thus:—

Mark I., the Swansdown or Recruit's Fluff.

Mark II., the Visible Bi-Weekly Sprout.

Mark III., the Mist on the Moor Outcrop.

Mark IV., the Drive into the Rough Stubble.

Mark V., the Hindenburg Line Bristle.

The big idea, and one which must appeal on economic grounds, is that a blade refusing any longer to make hay of the Hindenburg Line Bristle should be returned to the Quartermaster and by him be re-issued to the next category, and so on, until it jibs when on Mark I. service.

After that a blade might very properly be regarded as unfit for further service, but before it is designated as scrap an affidavit by the man concerned should be attested by two witnesses of his last shave, countersigned by the Chaplain, and filed for reference.

The blade would then be struck off the active list and buried in a spot to be selected by the Adjutant, at a place removed from any buildings, thus obviating risk of lightning. A hole of the correct dimensions (to be considered later) having been excavated, the following procedure might be observed:—

The man's platoon, without arms, would be the unit engaged. This in itself would encourage care in the use of blades.

The platoon will approach the hole in line and halt at a distance of four paces. The Platoon Officer will then call upon the man concerned, who will leave the ranks and advance to within one pace of the hole. The blade will then be produced, identified by the Quartermaster, and signed for.

The command will be "Extend—Arm! Release—Blade!" Care must be taken to see that the blade is deposited fairly in the middle of the hole, cutting edge last employed facing north.

The excavation will then be filled in by the right-hand man of the front-rank and trampled flat by the two centre files advancing four paces and marking time.

That is all—perfect in its simplicity.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"One of the signs that autumn is upon us is the colder weather and the falling temperature."—*Daily Paper.*

"Mrs. ——, aged ninety, who said she went through the American War and was present at the Battle of Bunkers Hill, was a witness yesterday at —— Police Court."—*Daily Paper.*

What the Amazon said is not evidence.

From a road-guide:—

"Builth-Llandovery.—No through route. Four bridges washed away between Llandovery and Llanwrtyd Wells."—*Welsh Paper.*

The L.C.C. seem to be trying the same method in the case of Waterloo Bridge, but happily so far without success.

RAMASWAMI.

(*Lines addressed to the South Indian Cultivator or Ryot.*)

Ryot! How sadly art thou thus misnamed,
For thou art little riotous, God wot;
How shouldst thou be, when in thy cooking-pot
And brazen porringer existeth not
The stuff of which are framed
Roustums and Ramas and such warrior men?
Living on chicken-food, canst thou be blamed
If there result in thee the spirit of a hen?

Well, ryot, anyway, I greet thee here
To pay a debt I reckon overdue
For hours when I have summoned from the blue
Fierce curses on thy cranium to accrue,
And called thee names, I fear,
Scarce pardonable even under stress,
Swearing thou wast of all things on this sphere
The best designed to vex, most made for my duress.

Oft have I in my chariot ranging wide
Marked thee, a dotard wreck or dreaming lout,
Fair in the pass, stone deaf to horn or shout,
Then leaping like some maniac marabout
By turns to either side,
Till only by some soul-destroying swerve
I saved thee from determined suicide.
All very well for thee, but, oh! my shattered nerve.

And lo! when I have pitched my wandering tent
Contiguous to thy little house of mud,
All the long night thy tom-tom's feverish thud,
Thy scrannel pipe, thy voice's surging flood,
Have thwarted sleep's descent;
For thou wast striving in thy thrashing-floor
From dark to dawn, thy moil with music blent,
Heedless of this poor wretch who lay and cursed next-door.

How often, stalking the elusive buck,
Breathless and tortured, gasping, racked and dry,
Crawling on red-hot sand beneath a sky
Composed of one vast sun—how oft have I,
Looking at last for luck,
Drawn a fine bead and thought to drop him dead,
When up thou'st leapt from somewhere, pat as Puck,
And off he went. Ay, friend, these things are on thine head.

Wherefore I called thee senseless and accurst;
But other visions now let memory yield.
What of those days, when wandering afield
Weary and sore and lacking bite and bield,
I should have died of thirst,
Or burst spontaneous into flaming fire,
Or passed in steam; but thou cam'st hurrying first
With cooling fruits and such, forestalling my desire?

What of those days when I would have a shoot
And climbed some hillside hot and red and rough
And felt the clamber bad and bad enough—
But *thou* wast forcing through the thorns and stuff
With neither coat nor boot,
Beating for *me*? And little didst thou gain,
And very like wast called a clumsy brute
For that the game broke back in spite of all thy pain.

What of a thousand kindly little shows
To do me honour—ropes of marigolds
And reeking jasmine, whose embowering folds
Distinguished this poor neck; thy rustic holds
Decked out with porticoes
For me to pass, with pandals for my throne?
All these thy patient work when, goodness knows,
Thou hadst without this toil sufficient of thine own.

Remembering these and kindred happenings,
Remembering these, shall I not make amends
And take thee to the number of my friends
And say thy folly, after all, depends
On how one looks at things?
And hearken, ryot: when I cross the sea—
Now this is what the bard sincerely sings—
I 'll miss thy silly self much more than thou 'lt miss me.

H. B.

THE NEW MODELS.

(*By a Fashion Expert suffering from too much Motor Show.*)

A tour of the West End shops shows that the chief note in Autumn frocks will be an attempt to get more roominess in the lighter and smaller models without sacrificing the new fashionable body-line.

A most interesting exhibit noticed yesterday was the autumn model of the ever popular coat-frock. The coach-work is carried out in gabardine and the interior is roomy and comfortable. They are fitted with buttons of a new non-skid type which make for greater economy in running expenses. These buttons are operated from the off-side and are detachable.

An occasional single-cylinder tea-gown which is sure to be popular has a somewhat lower body-line than was in demand last year, and is fitted with twin panels suspended from the belt. The corsage carries a wind-screen of flame georgette.

In the light evening models the greatly simplified coach-work and the absence of all unnecessary fittings, combined with the knee-high body-line, have given a suggestion of even greater compactness than was noticeable last year. Air-cooling is favoured in all evening designs, and induction is by direct overhead pull to the front and rear axles.

In the heavy all-weather class I saw nothing more interesting than the latest twelve-coney-power Minx. This will appeal to the woman who wants a thoroughly reliable coat at a moderate cost. The internal heating arrangements are excellent.

The new bonnets have a somewhat higher centre of gravity, and will be featured in shades to match the coach-work of coats and gowns. Radiation is in most instances by perforation in the crown.

Among the accessories on exhibition the Russian boot will again be the popular mudguard, but an effort has been made to combine utility with greater smartness, and the new models will fit more closely to the shaft. The clutch will be round the instep in the newest design, and this will make for easier acceleration.

To the woman who does her own running repairs the little gear-box shown by a well-known firm will be of special interest. This handy little outfit contains, besides needles, cotton, thimble, etc., a useful collection of spare parts, such as buttons, clutches, and so on, together with a complete facial repair outfit.

Our Acrobatic Heroines.

"She sprang forward alertly now, in such wise that her clenched hands clasped his knees."—*Serial in Provincial Paper.*

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"The bride cannot talk English and the bridegroom does not know German. Because of this the service was in Esperanto, the only English word spoken throughout being 'Amen.'"—*Sunday Paper.*



"Do you and your wife agree in regard to politics?"
"No, we don't. But keep it to yourself, old man; I wouldn't have her know for anything."

LETTER TO A NEWLY-APPOINTED CIVIL SERVANT.

My dear Henry,—Allow me to congratulate you upon having passed into the Civil. It is so many years since this happened to me that I have quite forgotten the ordinary customs of men on these occasions, but I feel sure that you will come and eat a Special Bureaucratic Dinner I am giving on your behalf on the 30th. Please make out your reply on a slip and have it initialled by your mother and father, keeping three copies for future reference.

There is one thing about which I feel it my duty to warn you, Henry, and that is concerning a new regulation which has just sprung into being. As you will not be practised in the art of Circumventing Officialdom I will point the way.

In the first place no fire or fires, electric radiators, hot-water pipes, radiant heat or Turkish baths, or anything calculated to warm the blood, shall be allowed in any Government office, building, room or annexe unless the temperature falls below 50° Fahrenheit.

Now, Henry, there are several ways of persuading a thermometer to register 49·99° or less: one—which I do not recommend—is to wait for a cold day; another, as used in most Government offices, is to employ a Centigrade thermometer, which starts from 0, whereas the Fahrenheit has a handicap of thirty-two degrees. No respectable Centigrade thermometer will ever register a room temperature of fifty degrees. This little artifice is, however, becoming known to the authorities, and there is some talk of introducing a new officer with a thorough knowledge of the difference between types of thermometer, who will be provided with a table which will convert all kinds of degrees into Fahrenheit degrees.

A third method is now becoming popular on account of its simplicity. This is as follows: the thermometer is placed in a bag of ice, which it has become the special duty of the junior clerk to bring every morning. When it registers 32° F.—freezing-point—it is flourished in the face of the Proper Authority, who is reduced to tears by the sight. The coal then arrives in due course on the next broiling-hot day, and is removed on the next cold day for further approval.

I myself have resorted to a pretty conceit, which is less troublesome and not so well known. There is now a small tag attached to our thermometer, which reads:—

"Instrumental Error: subtract 10° to get true reading of temperature."

This is quite efficacious and is strongly approved in our office, because the temperature can now go up to 59° before we are deprived of a fire.

Of course, my dear Henry, you yourself may be the Proper Authority to whom these matters are referred; in which event your procedure for getting coal is much simpler. I trust you are enjoying good health. Yours,

Calceolarius Q. Haines.

How to Encourage Recruiting.

"Territorial Army Orders.

Mannequin Parade.

Madame —— will hold a Mannequin Parade to-night at the Regent Dance Hall, ——, when her beautiful new and exclusive Paris Models will be shown. Tickets, with Dancing, 3s. 6d."
Local Paper.

From a book review:—

"And there appears for a moment a veteran who might have served Mr. Weyman as model for his 'Barlasch of the Guard.'"
Literary Paper.

Or Mr. Merriman for "A Gentleman of France"?

From an article on traffic congestion:

"We have little doubt as to the essential palliative. It is the Tube. No other agency can in such areas shorten travel to the same extent or so directly make for taking people's elbows out of each other's ribs."—*Sunday Paper.*

This optimist evidently does not travel by Tube during the rush-hours.

TONY DACRE'S DAY OUT.

A Striking Story of Passion Recommended to Readers of the Daily Press.

BEGIN NOW.

As he gazed at his reflection in the mirror of the Metropolitan lounge, Tony Dacre was unable to help thinking how good the world had been to him. A fascinating place. Delightful.

He considered for a moment his clothes. How impeccable they were! True that there were times when lower prices had been offered to him in ready-for-service suitings, but it would have been a sheer impossibility, he felt, to obtain better value, more exclusive design or such durable material. Tony Dacre had been far-sighted. Autumn had come, and with it the inevitable need to revise his wardrobe. How thankful he was that he had seized the special offer held out to him, which might never have come again. Impossible to see his underwear, of course; but it was of the kind that ensured real luxury, gave everlasting satisfaction in use and was made from the pick of our Imperial wools. Neck comfort too was his. He was wearing the Bayard collar, which marks out the wearer for promotion in the office and forms the sole topic of conversation whenever well-dressed men or men of refinement meet.

And then there were his boots. As he looked at his boots he could see four of them: two real ones and two reflected in the polished floor. It was many years before Tony Dacre had found foot happiness, but now assuredly he had gained it at last. His boots were strongly made; they had pliable box-calf uppers and good solid soles. They smoothed life's difficult way.

His hat too was just right. That was the expression which he had used the moment he saw it. Just right. Like other hats, of course, yet possessing the indefinable note of distinctiveness which sets apart from his fellows the connoisseur in upper-grade headwear. He ran his hand lightly over his chin. Face joy had come into his life at about the same time as foot happiness and neck mirth, and not only was the shaving-stick he now used unrivalled in perfume and efficiency, it was more. It was easy to handle and economical. It made shaving a delirious ecstasy. He recalled the transports of rapture which had preceded, that very morning, his cold bath.

And now he was going to meet Célestine. Adorable creature! How tastefully she too would be attired! For, like him, she had availed herself of exceptional offers, which expired soon. Petite, she took small woman's sizes, which became her deliciously. He conjured up the vision of her slender figure, in natural ponyskin trimmed beaver with a charming collar of leopard-antelope and iguana-fitch. It was an exhibition model. All the pelts were selected. The lustre was exquisite and afforded the slim line. Célestine! She was incomparable. Nothing in neckfur values was too good for her.



FORCE OF HABIT.

Habitual theatre-goer listens-in for a change.

He wondered what stockings she would have on to-day. He could not feel sure. They might be flesh, nude or beige. More ravishing still, they might be putty, French nude, rosewood, silver-rose. Or shrimper's mahogany or sand. In any case they would be broad-ribbed and full-fashioned throughout. Her hat, he felt certain, would be a taupe velours. Célestine! He thought of the tiny home that they were to make together at Ponder's End.

How kind the manager had been! For a long time Tony Dacre had been doubtful whether he could furnish out of income, and his father had also been sceptical. Then one day the boy had made up his mind.

"I am going down to see the furnishing people at once," he had said, and he had taken Célestine with him. Both had been nervous at first in that great building. But how swiftly the urbane figure had reassured them!

"What kind of deposit must we make?" Tony had asked him, with a slight stammer.

The manager did not care. He would leave that entirely to them. O adorable manager! What sum did they think of suggesting? Twopence? That would do excellently; and a penny to be paid monthly until the total value of ninety-five pounds was complete. There would be a full insurance, it seemed, to cover volcanoes, cat-burglars and monsoons. The furniture would be delivered as soon as the house was ready for it, or earlier if they liked. They could have the furniture delivered first and the house built round it afterwards. He recommended Portland cement. A captivating man. He had smiled into Célestine's eyes until Tony had almost felt jealous of him.

And now the house was ready. Only the other day he had seen them carrying up *The Cosmic Encyclopædia* into the bathroom.

Smiling, he lit a cigarette. Never had he appreciated the flavour of his cigarettes so much as to-day, though he had always felt that they were unique, because of the peculiar quality of the leaf. There was something about them too which ensured cooleven smoking to the end. He left the lounge slowly and walked to his car, which was waiting outside at the kerb.

Tony loved his car. The body-work! The upholstery! Only fourteen horse-power, yet it developed forty-two. Affectionately he touched the tip of the shining radiator. How cool it was! Speed, power, roominess, they were all here; and, above all, inexpensiveness. The joy of the open road meant almost as much to Tony Dacre as foot ease or face bliss. And soon Célestine would be sitting by his side. Entrancing companionship! He got into the car.

Slowly moving amidst the huddled procession of the traffic, he thought of the many shop-fronts behind which lay treasures prepared for the happiness of himself and Célestine. Scents, clocks, jewels, hair-brushes, china, glassware—all had been collected from the ends of the earth and brought there for nobody but himself and Célestine. He thought especially of certain fadeless cretonnes with a pretty all-over design and chintz colouring on cream jasper ground with



"ITALY DON'T SEEM SO NICE AS IT DID ON THE FILM SOME'OW."
"NO, AN' IT AIN'T SO WARM AS IT WAS IN THE CINEMA EITHER."

which Célestine intended to upholster the scullery. How durable they were! How dainty yet fast in colouring! Wonderful fabrications!

He was in Regent Street now. Should he buy Célestine a little present before meeting her? No street in England, he thought, had such an intuition for the right thing in presents as Regent Street. If it comes from Regent Street, thought Tony, whatever it may be it is almost certain to be right.

What should he get? A mechanical piano-player? An Alsatian wolf-hound? A tea-urn? An aneroid barometer? The choice of possibilities was too bewildering.

And then suddenly he saw Célestine herself. She was standing on the kerb, and, oh bitterness! there was someone with her. A man. Yes, a man. Tony Dacre could scarcely believe his eyes. The sun was blotted out for him. Had he really, this other, the same superb tailoring, combining value with distinctiveness, as his own? Alas, it was only too true. The neck delight, the foot rapture—these also were identical. There was the same aristocratic refinement (evincing personal taste) in the head apparel. And last, most ironic blow of fate, the stranger—curse him!—was actually enjoying the fragrance of one of Tony Dacre's own individual brand of cigarettes.

It was too much. With a loud electric toot of despair the young man turned his wheel and drove back to the Metropolitan. Never again would he venture out of the advertisement columns and plunge into the *feuilleton* page. . . .

EVOE.

CORONACH.

[Glasgow has limited the hours during which bagpipes may be played.]

SCOTS wha, fu' o' native pride,
By the bonnie banks o' Clyde
Pipe frae morn tae eventide,
Skirrling soulfully;
Wha, by Gorbals' bloomin' brae,
Rouse ye to that martial lay:
"*Hoots! It's no' the rent we'll pay!*"
Wauling dismally—

What 's this clack that 's goin'
roun',
That the folk o' Glesga toon
Canna bide the perches' droon,
Whauping woundily;
That the men wham WALLACE led
Say they canna gang tae bed
Whiles their neebor owerheid
Miauls convulsively?

Caledonians, wild and stern,
Is it tae the jazz ye turn,
Like some daftie Southron kern—
Horns and fiddlery?
Has yon KIRKWOOD gar'd ye blat
"Flags o' Red" and sic as that,
Tunes that wadna scare a cat,
Moans o' Muscovy?

Gaels, wha in the fight were wont
Aye to gie the fiercest dunt
When the pipers marched in front
Braying cheerily,
Ne'er a Saxon raised on swipes
But was feart to come tae gripes
Wi' the squall o' Scottish pipes
Screeching horribly;

Ne'er a Frenchman or a Hun
But was utterly undone
Once their music had begun
Droning dreadfully
Ower mountain, moor and glen;
Ay, and are ye turning then
Frae the strains that made ye men?
Losh! I 'm shamed o' ye!

ALGOL.

"Good Plain Cook Wanted end of October; comfortable situation on the Hog's Back."
Morning Paper.

It does not sound very comfortable to us; but everyone to his taste.

INSULARS ABROAD AGAIN.

POLLY.

WE made Polly's acquaintance in Venice, where Percival and I have just been taking the water. Polly was not a parrot; she was a hen; and she belonged, strangely enough, to our favourite restaurant. One does not, I admit, generally expect to find a hen at a restaurant, except in the menu, but Polly, it appeared, was officially on the strength as restaurantal pet.

Our first meeting occurred when we were in mid-lunch, eating the usual Italian veal. Hearing a faint cluck we looked down, and there, standing incredibly by our table in the middle of the neatly-appointed restaurant, was a small grey-speckled hen. I put out a finger to the apparition, and it pecked me.

Then "Uncle," our fat waiter, put on his pince-nez and introduced us.

"Zees ees Pollo," he announced.

"'Pollo' is Italian for hen," I said to Percival.

"Si, si, si, si, si," answered Percival rapidly. If you want to say "Yes" in Italian you have to say it five times. If you only say it four times they take no notice—or else think you mean "No."

I looked down at the bird and said, "Hullo, Polly!" and Percival remarked, "Good hen, then!" after which we became great friends, and Polly attached herself particularly to our table. She was a matey sort of creature and her appetite embraced everything. Except veal; she would not eat the everlasting veal of the Italian menu, and I don't blame her. We had paid, and so had to plough through it, but she hadn't.

We tried her with many things during our daily visits. Cheese-rind was, I think, her favourite dish, and she made no distinction between cheeses. Not even if it was Italian Gorgonzola. I don't think hens can have a sense of smell.

Grapes also were much in demand, and we taught her to jump for them. We started low down and daily raised the height till she could pick grapes off a stalk at anything under four feet. This accomplishment stood her in good stead, for one day we saw her get away with several grapes off a bunch which a nearby customer had carelessly left near the edge of his table.

Polly, I regret to say, was not teetotal. She generally would not eat much bread, but if it had been soaked in Chianti she was all over it and would eat nothing else. After a bigger binge than usual one morning she flapped her wings and, attacking a large stray cat which generally overawed her considerably, she drove it headlong out of the doorway, securing a large beakful of fur. After which she suddenly sank into an inglorious slumber in the middle of the restaurant floor, where she got so much in the way that "Uncle" at last picked her up, snoring loudly, and deposited her in a flower-pot.

Once only did we come near to baffling her omnivorous appetite, and that was when we gave her a glorious piece of spaghetti about half-a-yard long. She at once got embroiled with one end of it and, not being endowed with the human power of suction, so useful on these occasions, could not immediately engulf the other. She shook it violently in her beak, and the spare quarter-metre of spaghetti whirled round and slapped her familiarly round the corner. She spun round instantly, suspecting attack, and it flicked her once more from the place she had just left. As she whirled back again it took a half-hitch round her tail-feathers and thus disappeared. The indignant gaze she bent upon us said clearly that she considered it a dirty trick to distract a poor honest hen's attention and then pinch her spaghetti.

She continued to eye us suspiciously at intervals, till during the business of preening herself the missing meal came to light. She surrounded several more inches of it before this time it wrapped itself round her neck, and her efforts to continue merely resulted in gradual strangulation. "Uncle" had to come to the rescue and release her, after which he held the spare end while she got ahead with it. She must have got a good grip on it at last somewhere inside, because the final portion disappeared with a flick, like a spring-tape-measure.

She was always rather suspicious of spaghetti after that, and in fact never ate anything lengthy without looking very carefully to see where each end was first and holding the other one down with one foot.

And then, on our last day in Venice, "Uncle" bustled up with, "Guten Tag, Messieurs! I haf molto surprise. You no have veal to-day. Something else très bon." He bent down and whispered. We smacked our lips, and then a thought struck us.

"Er—where 's Polly to-day, Uncle?" asked Percival apprehensively.

"Ach! Hélas!" "Uncle" wiped away a tear and pointed to the menu.

We debated, but at length decided it would be a fitting end to our friendship.

"Pollo!" continued "Uncle." "Ees malade all last night. No get well. Morto ce matin!"

We changed our mind without much difficulty and reverted to veal. After all, it was, we felt, the least we could do, and Percival drew a black border round the "Pollo arrosto" on the menu.

A. A.



Wife. "WHAT IS A BETTING-SLIP, DEAR?"
Husband. "WHEN YOU PUT YOUR MONEY ON THE WRONG HORSE."

Our Helpful Contemporaries.

From an anticipatory article on the Cesarewitch:—

"Myra Gray . . . A nice old lady with about as much chance of winning the race as the bookmakers have of losing over it."
Daily Paper.

From a review, in a Scottish paper, of the Glasgow novel, *Warm Blood*:—

"The bedroom door opened and Sheila herself entered. She led a small boy by the hand.
'My child,' she said simply.
Rupert remained on his knees, frozen. His mouth opened widely. 'My God!' he said. And then again, 'My hat!'
Without a word Sheila handed it to him."

Thus glossing over with admirable aplomb what must have sounded very like an anti-climax.

"BEANS GIVEN AWAY.
GROWERS BADLY HIT."
Daily Paper.

The growers seem to have got as good as they gave.

CHANGING WITH THE TIMES.



WHAT A WELCOME CHANGE IT WAS WHEN THE UGLY CLOTHING OF THE 70's WAS REPLACED BY THE MORE SENSIBLE FASHIONS OF THE 80's!



AND HOW PLEASANT IT WAS WHEN THE TERRIBLE COSTUMES OF THE 80's WERE SUPERSEDED BY THE ARTISTIC CREATIONS OF THE 90's!



WHAT A RELIEF IT WAS WHEN THE HORRIBLE CLOTHES OF THE 90's SURRENDERED TO THE DELIGHTFUL DRESS OF THE 1900's!



AND HOW DELIGHTFUL IT WAS WHEN THE HIDEOUS RAIMENT OF THE 1900's WENT OUT AND THE CHARMING MODES OF THE 1910's CAME IN!



HOW WE ALL CHEERED WHEN THE UNSIGHTLY GARMENTS OF THE 1910's WERE OUSTED BY THE FASCINATING DESIGNS OF THE 1920's!



AND I WONDER WHEN THE GHASTLY GARB OF THE PRESENT DAY WILL GIVE PLACE TO SOMETHING REALLY INSPIRING.



First Super Lizard. "Hullo! Just arrived?"
Second ditto. "Yes. My job doesn't begin till twelve."
First ditto. "Lucky man. I've been here since nine."
Second ditto. "Dining! Good Lord! I dance with 'em, but, thank heaven, I've never eaten with 'em—yet!"

SHE-SHANTIES.

Susan Goes Shopping.

When Susan goes shopping
There's joy in the town,
The weather is topping,
The Bank-rate goes down;
Policemen, seraphic,
Extend their blue arms,
Obstructing the traffic
To study her charms.
The prosiest grocer
Contrives to come closer,
The fishmongers yearn at their doors,
The shopwalker rushes
To meet her and blushes
As soon as she enters the Stores.

And all of them say,
"Dear Moddam! Good-day!
Moddam! Moddam!
Beautiful Moddam!
What do you fancy to-day?
It's perfectly topping
To see you out shopping!
We've all kinds of raiment,
But don't think of payment—
Just take what you fancy away."

She's rather fastidious;
She tries on a shoe;
The first one is "Hideous!"
The second won't do.
They ransack the cellar
And bring her some more,
Which seem to repel her
As much as before,
Till, lost in a litter
Of shoes that don't fit her
And footwear enough for a Ball,
She murmurs, "Don't worry;
There's really no hurry;
I don't want a shoe after all."

And all of them say,
"Sweet Moddam! Hooray!
Moddam! Moddam!
Fastidious Moddam!
We're anxious to meet your desires;
Please go on shopping;
Keep changing and chopping;
We've everything handy,
From buttons to brandy,
But what is it Moddam requires?"

She's not very certain—
They show her a cheese,
A hat and a curtain,
A jolly chemise,
And ribbons and laces,
And cloth by the mile,
Controlling their faces,
But failing to smile;
They clamber up ladders
And, slippy as adders,
Surround her with satin and silk,
Until she confesses,
"I've plenty of dresses,
But I *should* like a glass of hot milk."

And all of them say,
"Sweet Moddam! Good-day!
Moddam! Moddam!
Detestable Moddam!
We wish you were stopping
A fortnight or two.
Pop in when you're popping;
Keep changing and chopping;
Go on till we're dropping;
We've nothing to do;
But, if these researches
Don't lead to a purchase,
We'd like to stop shopping,
Dear Moddam. Would you?"

A. P. H.

"For Sale.

Steel Guitar. Perfect tone. Rs. 90 or near offer. Owner buying Canary."—*Indian Paper.*

Another triumph of Nature over Art.

"There is to be no levy by the trade unions on behalf of a union that has defied the general body all along, and has, for its own ends, protracted its darling struggle far beyond the limits of the general patience."—*Glasgow Paper.*

We should not have applied the epithet "darling" to it; but it has certainly proved very dear.



BULL-BAITING.

John Bull. "A LITTLE WHILE AGO THAT THING MIGHT HAVE EXCITED ME; BUT RED RAGS ARE A BIT CHEAP TO-DAY."

[Bolshevist influence, to which the anti-British feeling in China is largely attributed, has suffered a set-back elsewhere through the almost simultaneous rebuff administered last week to the Communist Party by the British Labour Party Conference and the Convention of the American Federation of Labour.]



Aged Apothecary (to fellow-prisoner). "The world is full of injustice. Here am I, a prisoner this twelve years, and all because of a love potion which I sold to the Lord of the castle. It didn't work, and I am not surprised, for he was very ill-favoured, and I have it on good authority that he never even shook the bottle."

THE HORN-BOOK PROBLEM.

An Initial Mistake.

Sir,—The photographs of the Horn Book discovered in Anne Hathaway's house make it abundantly clear that the second letter is *not* S. but B. I regard this as one of the most illuminating and convincing contributions yet made to the controversy about the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. It was obviously to Shakespeare's advantage to conceal the name of the "only begetter" of those immortal works; and yet he could not in common honesty resist the temptation to give a hint of the truth. So by a skilful compromise he inscribed W. B. on the Horn Book, *i.e.*, William Bacon. If he had put F. B. he would have given away the show completely. His action thus partially vindicates his character for integrity, while knocking one more nail in the coffin of the exploded heresy which credits an illiterate clown with the composition of the best-sellers of the Elizabethan age.

Orlo Wafflehead.

Mon Abri, Great Poopington.

P.S.—Has it ever been noted, in further illustration of these veiled references to the man behind Shakespeare, that he called his eldest child Susannah (Latin *sus* = a pig) and his only son Ham-net?

Swan and Signet.

Dear Sir,—It will be remembered that in the course of a conversation between an Englishman and a Scotsman, after the latter had claimed for his countrymen a practical monopoly of intellect, the Englishman retorted, "What about Shakespeare? He wasn't a Scotsman"; whereon the undaunted Caledonian rejoined, "Well, Wully Shakespeare was a man of sech pairts that he micht well have been one." The Horn Book discovered at Stratford-on-Avon throws an interesting light on this question, since, as I need hardly remind you, the initials "W. S." stand for "Writer to the Signet."

Donald Dinwiddie.

Dormy House, Drumnadrochit.

Verulam Vindicated.

Dear Sir,—According to a correspondent of *The Daily News*, "without the Horn Book Shakespeare could not have gone to the Grammar School, and without the Grammar School there would have been no Shakespeare." Another correspondent replies that there is not a shred of evidence that Shakespeare *did* go to the Grammar School. But this is a side issue. Far more to the point is the fact that Bacon expressly declared that there were already too many grammar schools, and that as a consequence many persons were bred as scholars, "which fills the realm full of indigent and wanton people."

Pompey Boldero.

The Azineum, S.W.1.

A Great Doctor's Happy Thought.

Dear Sir,—The so-called Horn Book was discovered in the bedroom of Anne Hathaway's cottage, where the "second-best bed," her husband's sole bequest, was presumably installed. I suggest that it was not a Horn Book at all, but a primitive form of Warming-Pan. The second initial might easily be read as a P. The illiterate Anne Hathaway had no use for a Horn Book. But the records of the Meteorological Office show that Stratford-on-Avon is noted for its low temperature in winter; moreover, warming-pans are mentioned in the last half of the sixteenth century.

Abernethy Tabb-Lloyd, M.D.

Methyl Mansions, West Ealing.

That Monday Feeling.

"Week-end Forecast for E. and S.E. England.—Fair weather likely to continue, with rather high day temperature. Some morning fog."—*Daily Paper.*

"FROM OUR POST-BAG.

Is There a Hell?—Dull Cardiff."

Headlines in Welsh Paper.

Can this writer be making a covert allusion to the description of Cardiff as "the city of dreadful knights"?



Parson. "WHAT 'S THE NAME OF THE CHILD?"
Father. "'ALF A MO', SIR; WE 'RE DRAWIN' IT AHT O' THE 'AT."

SUSPICIONS.

"IF there is one thing I dislike more than another," she told me with intense conviction, "it 's people being suspicious of everything."

"So do I," I agreed feelingly. "The attitude some men adopt when you tell them how you did the hairpin hole in one makes you almost despair of human nature."

"Only that 's not suspicion," she pointed out, "that 's jealousy, because you 've told them about you before they 've had time to tell you about them."

"Call it by what name you will," I said, "the village maiden's attitude of simple faith would make this world a better and a brighter place if only it were more widely practised—especially by Customs-house officers and income-tax assessors."

"And that 's not suspicion, either," she retorted, "that 's experience. But what a suspicious nature really is you only truly understand when you try to engage a new parlour-maid. The questions you are asked—and you can see all the time that they don't believe one word you say, not one word. Blanche declares that all parlour-maids seeking situations to-day are really eminent K.C.'s in disguise, practising the art of cross-examination ready for the next divorce season."

I shook my head.

"It can't be that," I decided. "If K.C.'s were clever enough for that they would go on with it, take the job and earn more."

"Anyhow," she observed gloomily, "they don't take the job. I did have hopes of one girl, because she seemed so friendly, but she refused in the end because she said she couldn't bear the picture of my husband on the mantelpiece. He looked a real villain, and she wouldn't ever feel safe for her life in the same house."

I couldn't help smiling a little.

"Evidently a born student of physiognomy, that girl," I remarked. "Poor old Tom! But I never noticed you had a photograph of him on your mantelpiece?"

"I haven't," she explained. "It was that one you gave us of you last Christmas."

"You were well rid," I said with dignity, "of a girl so foolish and so empty-headed."

"One is never," she corrected me, "well rid of a parlour-maid when one hasn't got one. Fortunately I was able to find one girl who seemed fairly well satisfied with my references, only she hinted that nowadays people sometimes wrote their own, but she said she would put me on her waiting-list if I would promise to pay another pound a month."

"I remember," I remarked, "that SHAKESPEARE tells us how suspicion disposes kings to tyranny, husbands to jealousy and parlour-maids to want more money."

"Where does he say that?" she asked suspiciously.

"In one of his essays—one of those he wrote under the name of BACON."

"Well, it 's true about husbands," she confessed. "Even Tom——"

"Tom!" I echoed.

"Even Tom," she repeated firmly, "can be horribly suspicious, and not one bit my fault either. I often cut out to keep those household hints the papers publish, because they 're so clever and practical and tell you things you never knew before, and I wanted to show him a recipe for a simple supper dish for bachelor-girls I found last week in *Sunday Gibberings*, because, even if

we aren't bachelor-girls I thought we could try it all the same. You had to have caviar and plovers' eggs in aspic, with a sauce of truffles stewed in champagne, served up on slices of smoked salmon, and I wanted Tom to bring me the things home from the City. Unluckily I gave him the wrong cutting—one telling you how to use up men's top-hats, because you know high-crowned hats are coming in again."

"I've noticed it," I admitted, "especially at *matinées*."

"And the very moment," she went on indignantly, "when Tom had read how you only had to cut a top-hat in half, and press it out, and pinch it in, and sew it round, and hem it up, and turn it down, and one or two other things as well, he got straight up from his chair and went upstairs and got out his silly old hat-box and hid it away where he thought I couldn't find it. Of course I knew where he'd put it, but I did feel so hurt."

"It was unworthy of him," I admitted.

"And it had never even entered my mind for even one little moment ever to try to do anything of the kind," she protested earnestly, "not once. I'm not often cross with Tom, but that time I was—two-stalls-for-the-theatre-and-supper-afterwards cross, so you can tell how I felt."

"And even more easily," I mused, "how Tom felt, considering the present price of stalls—and suppers."

"Well, it was all his own fault," she insisted, "being so suspicious."

"But a man's top-hat," I told her, "is often very dear to him—his last, his sole link with respectability."

She looked contemptuous.

"Tom's never even looked at his," she declared; "not even before he went and hid it away like that, not once since the day we were married."

"No, no," I protested earnestly. "Of that at least you cannot be sure. Many and many a time he may have slipped away for a surreptitious peep at his hidden treasure; often and often may his fingers have strayed caressingly along its glossy sides, its silken summit. Who knows what dreams he may not have cherished of wearing it once again down Bond Street some dark night when none could see?"

"Nonsense," she snapped, almost rudely. "If it had been like that he would have found out long ago."

"Found out?" I repeated. "Found out what?"

"Well, you see," she explained reluctantly, "when we were first married we weren't very well off. It was ever so long before we could even afford to have any debts."

"It's a wonder you managed to pull through," I said with sympathy, "but I don't quite understand."

"I knew I oughtn't," she admitted, "but I did want a fern for the hall so badly, and when I told the woman I couldn't afford it and hadn't any money she said I could have it for any old clothes I had done with, and so I thought of Tom's top-hat, because he never wore it, and so of course it was done with, wasn't it?"

"You don't mean," I cried, horrified, "that you exchanged Tom's top-hat for a fern for the hall?"

"It was ever such a nice fern," she said, "and it lasted ever so long. And it just proves," she added with a touch of melancholy triumph, "how wrong Tom was to be so horrid and suspicious merely because I happened to have kept that cutting, when it just hadn't anything whatever to do with his hat, and then to go and hide his hat-box in the cupboard in the attic when he ought to know I simply wouldn't dream of touching it, not ever. I do think it is such a mistake to be so suspicious about things—don't you?"

"It is indeed," I agreed, "a great mistake."

E. R. P.



Mistress. "WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE FOR CHRISTMAS, COOK?"
Cook. "ONE OF THEM 'GOIN' AWAY' SUIT-CASES WOULD BE HANDY, MUM."

OPEN LETTERS.

To a Cinema Theatre Manager.

DEAR SIR,—I have nothing but praise for the way in which, once we are inside, you run your movie-house. You let one film follow another without any delay; you spare us the boredom of singers or instrumental soloists; there is a suggestion of ventilation.

All this inside. My reason for writing is to try to induce you to be a little more considerate to us outside your theatre; where no one could lose, and everyone, including yourself, would gain, if an accurate time-table were shown.

Why cinema managers are so unwilling to let their patrons know when the star films begin is one of the new mysteries of life. Only with the very greatest difficulty can one wring this information from the commissionaire or box-office attendant. The posters do not say; the advertisements do not say, or, saying, mislead. Can I not induce you to cease to preserve such foolish secrecy and no longer drag us from our dinner at 8.30 to see a picture that, we discover too late, does not start till 9.45?

I am, Yours sincerely, E. V. L.

THE COAL PROBLEM.

THE subject of coal has been hitherto discussed, in our opinion, from too narrow and biassed a point of view. We propose this week to give a brief *résumé* of the geological, historical, ethnological and economical importance of this fascinating little fossil, which has already endeared itself to the hearts of the highest and lowest in the land.

What is coal? A leguminous and bituminous product—how bituminous we shall probably never know. Careful examination under the microscope of a small lump of coal reveals the presence in it of the spore cases and spores of certain lycopodiaceous trees, which perish instantly in the process of combustion. Whatever may be the view of humanitarians, nothing can be done to prevent this. We can only go forward with good faith and confidence in the future destinies of England, retaining a certainty that the term anthracite is still applied to some coals containing eighty per cent. of carbon. If anything, the position is even more delicate than that.

In 1306 the Parliament petitioned KING EDWARD I., possibly the strongest of our Kings, to prohibit the use of coal, and a proclamation was accordingly issued against it—alas! in vain. The counsels of the wild men prevailed, and so general did its use become that in 1871 a Royal Commission sat on coal. This body reached the wise conclusion that at the then rate of consumption there was enough coal to last for 1,273 years, if it was not used in the master's study in the morning, but that with a constantly increasing consumption its term of years would necessarily be reduced. No fairer or juster conclusion has ever been reached by a Royal Commission, either in its majority or minority report. It was received with a general *furore*, and the use of the mineral flourished wildly for over half a century. It was not until 1926 that conferences replaced coal.

What then has been the cause of the present landslide? In the first place the miners have behaved like wart-hogs. But, if this is true of the miners, it is also true to say that the mine-owners have acted consistently in such a way as to give the impression that they are peccaries, whilst the attitude of the Government throughout the whole dispute has been that of a recumbent cow.

Coal is exhumed from the ground by the process of going down and fetching it, after which it is taken and brought up until it reaches the top. The difficulty or ease of obtaining it therefore depends upon three main factors:—

(1) The trouble of finding it;
(2) The heaviness of the coal;
(3) The annoyingness of getting the hands dirty.

The minimum and standard rates of wage, on the other hand, are determined by first thinking of a number, then doubling it, and afterwards taking away the number you first thought of. Where this is done scientifically there should be no difficulty in obtaining coal.

Why then is this not being done? Psychological influences are no doubt largely responsible. The cherry or soft coal which is common throughout Staffordshire breaks easily into small irregular cubes, has a beautiful shining lustre, is readily kindled and gives out a cheerful flame and heat. Nothing can daunt the geniality of this popular coal.

Splint coal, however, which occurs plentifully in Lanarkshire and places where they sing, is hard, and breaks into cuboidal blocks of the utmost pertinacity and strength. It is equally true to say that borecole, or common cabbage, was introduced into England by the Romans, and scarcely known in Scotland until it was taken there by CROMWELL'S Ironsides. Meanwhile there is plenty of coal in Warwickshire, but little or none in Sark.

All these considerations will have to be taken into account if we are to understand why the windows of the coal-dealers' offices are now filled with nothing but lumps of wood.

What then of the future?

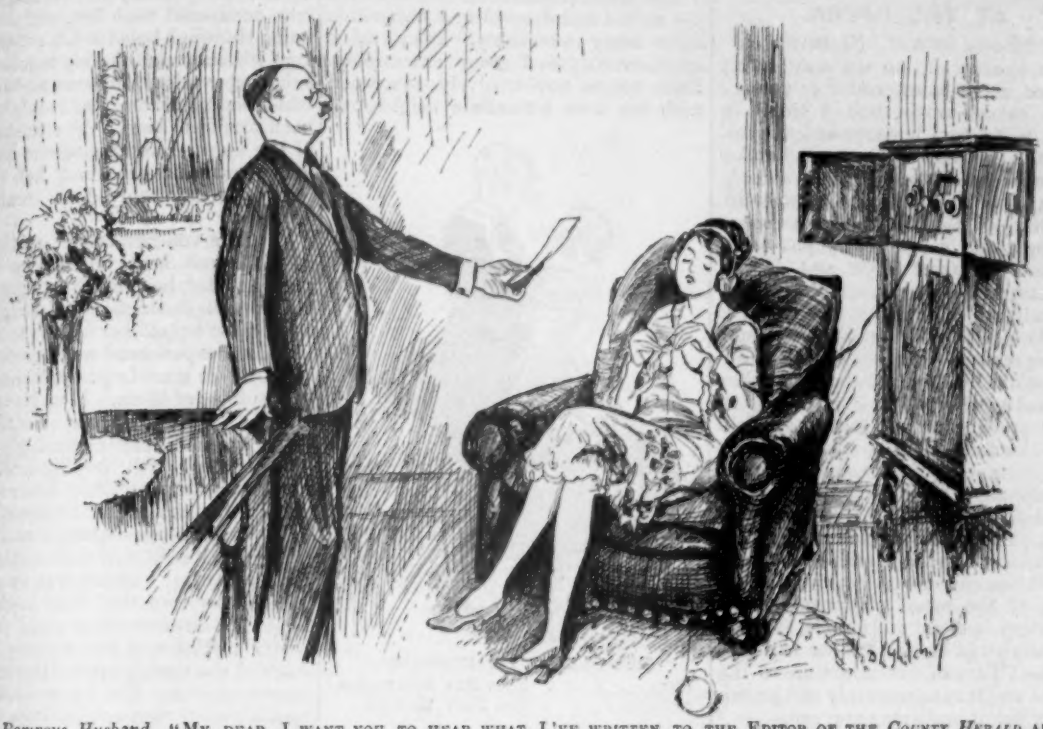
The amount of coal that might be available at a greater depth than four thousand feet in the proved coalfields of Britain, if carefully looked for, is estimated at 5,239,433,980 tons, although many experts place the figure at nearer 5,239,433,981 tons. Much of this can be saved if householders would only remember to remove the smouldering lumps from the fire before going to bed, and put them under the grate. The use of the incandescent mantle in gas-lighting also saves coal, but irritates the ordinary consumer if it flares up suddenly and falls off into the soup. Little use has at present been made of England's water power in order to provide a substitute for steam, but this is owing to the conservative attitude of the roach-fishers on the Thames.

There are, however, hopeful features in the situation. In the first place the miners are in many districts drifting back to work, a process invented by Colsquash in 1897. In numerous important seams Cook-power is being replaced by HODGES, and even by HERBERT SMITH. Much of the trouble in the mining industry during the last twenty years has been undoubtedly caused by the fact that the miners have adopted an indefensible slogan and refused to face the economic situation; whilst the owners have adopted an irresponsible jodel and sat firmly on the fence. Various Governments meanwhile have remained entrenched behind a policy of *laissez faire* and *nemo me impune lacessit*, like the old cat in the adage. How futile these manœuvres are is shown by the generally accepted truth that coal is now our only reliable source of heat, and there is no effectual substitute, except argument or alcohol.

It must not be forgotten, however, in making these calculations that can-



Old Dear. "I WANT A NICE LARGE BOX OF SOAP, PLEASE, WITH 'FOR A GOOD BOY' MARKED ON THE TABLETS."



Pompous Husband. "MY DEAR, I WANT YOU TO HEAR WHAT I'VE WRITTEN TO THE EDITOR OF THE *COUNTY HERALD* ABOUT THE SCANDALOUS POLICY OF HIS PAPER."
Wife. "GO ON, DEAR; I'M LISTENING."

nel coal, when distilled at a suitable temperature, yields paraffin-oil in abundance, and that the cod-fish (*Gadus carbonarius*, a species of cod with black upper parts) is happily common in our Northern seas. At the same time the extraction of coal tar for the purpose of preserving ships from rotting was achieved by the ninth Earl of DUNDONALD as early as 1782, and has never been repudiated by the Miners' Federation. All things being considered, it is our duty then to remain calm, trusting that a way may be provided out of our difficulties when we least expect it, and holding ourselves ready to seize it firmly by the handle as soon as it appears.

Once a true remedy has been discovered, further procrastination can mean nothing but delay. EVOE.

At a hunt-ball:—

"Mrs. —— favoured a frock composed of gold and silver sequins closely sewn, on one shoulder being placed a cluster of scarlet puppies."—*Scots Paper.*

Highly appropriate to the occasion.

"LADIES' COUNTY GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.
Surrey (holders) . .	3	3	3."

Sunday Paper.

These games are apparently never won till they're lost.

COLOUR-SONGS.

II.—THE GENTLEMAN IN YELLOW.

THE lady on the mantelpiece had flowers in her lap;
She wore a dainty yellow gown and ribbons in her cap;
I was always rather sorry that the mantel was so wide,
Because the yellow gentleman lived right the other side.
He was such a pretty fellow,
And he had a little 'cello,
And he would have liked the yellow
Little lady for his bride.

They lived there all alone, with just a pair of Toby jugs,
And a graded row—like organ-pipes—of big and little mugs
Which I filled with yellow daffodils and kingcups in the spring,
And sometimes when I'd gone away the gentleman would sing.
He was such a merry fellow,
Till I went and bought Othello
And the Meissen Punchinello,
And they ruined everything.

When the summer sun was shining and the buttercups in bloom
I used to fill the Toby jugs with spikes of yellow broom,
And the gentleman would fiddle till the day when things went wrong
And the little yellow lady wouldn't listen to his song.
Was she smiling at Othello
Or the Meissen Punchinello
That the gentleman in yellow
Had to play in vain so long?

And when autumn filled the garden I arranged the plumy sheaves
Of asphodel and golden rod and yellow autumn leaves
In the mugs upon the mantel, where they mingled in a hedge
Behind the little figures standing silent on the ledge;
And I wondered if Othello
Or the Meissen Punchinello
Pushed the gentleman in yellow
So very near the edge?

It may be she was fickle, so perhaps it served her right,
But this morning, when I filled the mugs with winter aconite,
I found the yellow lady, who had seemed so coy of late,
Bewailing very bitterly her little partner's fate.
For she didn't love Othello
Or the Meissen Punchinello—
And the gentleman in yellow
Is in pieces in the grate.

AT THE OPERA.

"Love Adrift" (Gaiety).

St. Cicely, if, as we may surely assume, she is as interested in profane as in sacred music, will, I think, in sheer pique toss her lute and virginal over the gold bar of heaven if London music-lovers fail to rally to the comedy opera, *Love Adrift*, by the Hungarian, Poldini, at the Gaiety—most enterprisingly and courageously put on by Messrs. William Foss and H. M. Taunay, to whom we were indebted for the admirable, delicate *Mozart*. The Gaiety of course has in the past more or less made a speciality of "pithecanthropoidal" music, and those who have reached a rather higher stage of musical development may fear that *Love Adrift* is in the old tradition. Let me undeceive them. Here is gay, spirited, witty, occasionally brilliant, always well-constructed music made for an intelligent book. The music flows into a pattern as a whole; it is not a series of snippets. And it has charmingly borrowed something of the mood of *Rosenkavalier*. The story is slight and simple, as opera stories should be, so that we can give the best part of our attention to the music, and it runs smoothly and plausibly, which is gratifying and rare.

Suzy, heroine, is pledged to one *Jonas*, whom she loathes. This is the night of the betrothal feast. But the roads are blocked with snow. *Jonas* does not arrive, but the half of Hungary that happens to be travelling that night does, and is welcomed with royal hospitality. Conspicuous among the arrivals are a lovely countess and a gold-and-vermilion Captain of Hussars, who immediately click. Last of all a young student, who is evidently destined for *Suzy*.

This little opera is admirably produced and staged. The Gaiety can have seldom seen a room that really looks so like a room that human beings can live and eat in. The great hall of the genial *Peter* is admirably designed for its job of allowing free movement and attractive grouping, of being a restful background, a tactful foil to the gay figures, not a distracting gilt and enamelled affair which proclaims with loud voice how many needless pounds it has cost.

The original producer, Alois Mora, has drilled and dressed and trained his little army admirably. They move spontaneously and group charmingly. Each seems unobtrusively concerned with his own immediate neighbours' business. There's none of the eyes right, eyes left, unison grinning and general dull symmetry of comic opera tradition. It is gratifying to note that all except Fräulein von der Osten are recruited in England.



HUNGARIAN CHARLESTON.

Suzy . . . . Miss Eva Sternroyd.
Kalman . . . . Mr. Jack Wright.

I do not know who was responsible for the musical production, which was admirable: possibly Mr. Hubert Foss, who conducted with fire, and as if he had a thorough belief in his score. He kept his chorus admirably together and achieved a variety, a balance and a colour which in less zealous hands might have been muddled away. The working up of the spirited and melodious Tzigane dance music in the First Act was in particular admirably done—really exciting.

Fräulein von der Osten, as the lady of the house bent on making a rich marriage for her daughter, sang and played with distinction—making, if the truth must be told, her fellows seem just a trifle inexperienced and amateurish. I mean this more in praise of her than in dispraise of them. Miss Kathleen Lafla, *The Countess*, has an attractive voice which she used charmingly. She played also with intelligence. Mr. Jack Wright's excellent tenor served well in the part of *The Student*; and I liked Mr. Andrew Shanks's mellow, if perhaps just a little co'ourless, baritone. But the Hussar Captain was an unsuccessful lover, so that may explain it. Miss Eva Sternroyd as *Suzy* made a pretty picture and has a pretty voice. Nor did she merely appear the amiable empty heroine. Mr. Frederick Collier's genial squire, and Miss Gwen Knight's comic governess were agreeable and competent performances; and Miss Constance Groom, a guest, sang her short part with real distinction.

One has suffered so much in one's day from Gaiety opera that perhaps one is inclined to exaggerate the merits of this. But, if that large new musical public which the enlightened policy of the B.B.C. is nobly begetting—it is whetting the appetite rather than satisfying it, for no honest music-lover can deny that music is apt to suffer an unhappy radio change—doesn't realise that there is here something musically interesting without being too abstruse or modernist, it will be a gross pity. As a technical achievement in comedy opera production—intelligible book, seemly and subordinated *décor*, liveliness and precision in the chorus-singing, balance and colour in the music—*Love Adrift* is notable. I think this show is important, because we really do begin to feel



SAYING IT WITH MUSIC.

A new terror added to toasts.

Suzy . . . . . Miss Eva Sternroyd.
Peter . . . . . Mr. Frederick Collier.
The Countess . . . . . Miss Kathleen Lafla.
Zoltan . . . . . Mr. Andrew Shanks.
Peter's Wife . . . . . Miss Eva von der Osten.

the need of something in the way of popular music a little less sterile, snappy and syncopated. Our musicians want a market for work which they can do well enough if they get a public. *Mozart* and *Lilac Time* and *Love Adrift* can help to give them that public. T.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE CHARLOT SHOW OF 1926" (PRINCE OF WALES).

Charlot 1926 will be known, I prophesy, as a sound vintage. It has good colour, a distinctly pleasant bouquet, together with plenty of body; also, which is of importance in these dancing days, an abundance of agile nether limbs, shapely in the slender modern mode, attached to the engaging young ladies of the chorus. Mr. RONALD JEANS, who provides the book, has a stock of genuinely original ideas, which he presents with a sufficient seasoning of wit and polite naughtiness.

I think, however, that no one of the team of co-operators—assistant-lyricists (Messrs. DONOVAN PARSONS and ROWLAND LEIGH), dance-devisers (Messrs. ANTON DOLIN and LADDIE CLIFF), music-makers (Messrs. NOEL GAY and DICK ADDINSELL), decorators, costumiers, principal players and chorus—will resent the verdict that the most memorable thing was the personal success of Miss JESSIE MATTHEWS. This young lady has apparently leaped with a single graceful bound from the chorus to the exalted company of the stars. She has a charming little voice, excellent enunciation, a versatility unusual in one so young, is a most graceful light-footed dancer, and has a challenging personality—most important of stage gifts. A dainty rogue in chiffon. Perhaps those astonishingly supple eye-muscles may betray her into a mannerism which will be tiresome when it has lost its freshness; but there can be no doubt that she is a discovery, and is fortunate to have found producers perceptive enough to have given her so complete an opportunity.

The first hit of the evening was a playlet, "Yours to Hand," in which Mr. JEANS restricts himself entirely to the mad jargon which commercial men who share the tongue of SHAKESPEARE have devised to convey their ideas. *Reginald Shorthand* is applying to *Lord Carbon* for an engagement as *fiancé* to the *Hon. Corona Carbon*, and the deflated romance is worked out in the most ingenious manner. Mr. HERBERT MUNDIN's *Reginald*, Miss SUNDAY WILSHIN's *Corona* and Miss JEAN AYLWIN's *Lady Carbon* were excellent. I didn't make much of "The Golden Key," a miniature ballet arranged for music of DEBUSSY's. The setting lacked beauty (if that was the intention) and the ballet lacked ideas. But Miss JESSIE MATTHEWS, the *Princess*, danced with a charming grace, and of course Mr. DOLIN's technical feats were most adequately performed. If one can be diverted, as happily I find myself still able to be, by the sight of a man being beaten to insensibility by a champagne bottle of india-rubber there is entertainment in "The Price," in which *Jasper*, the villain (Mr. HERBERT MUNDIN), in a sinister unsymmetrical moustache receives his deserts at the hands of his intended victim's lover, Mr. HENRY LYTTON, JR. The dancing by Mr. LYTTON and Miss MATTHEWS in "Silly Little Hill" seemed more important than the song. Miss MATTHEWS' rippling supple movement was a real delight to watch.



THE LAST OF THE CABBIES.
Blinkers . . MR. HERBERT MUNDIN.

In "The Last Cabby" an old and valuable trick of heightening pathos by humorous preamble was brought off most successfully. The apparently cruel chaffing of the old cabman by his brethren of the taxi and by the attendant at the shelter, the bravely assumed air of prosperity and the grumbling of the old cabby are shown up for what they are worth when the old man comes to pay, and the attendant, with a handshake and a gruff "That 's all right, Blinkers," knows he 'll be twopence short in his accounts. The house insisted on dragging up Mr. HERBERT MUNDIN from his dressing-room to tell him what they thought about it.

The series, "Making Playgoing Brighter," included an excellent spoof Grand Guignol turn, enlivened by song and dance; a really diverting and novel presentation of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, without music but with all the exaggeration of gesture, competing personalities and babble of flamboyant grand opera; and a version, not new in concept but distinctly amusing in detail, of the ballet. The son of the house has lost his collar-stud; the dancers set to work to find it in the Muscovite manner.



A PICNIC DANSANT.
"*She*" . . . . . MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS.
"*He*" . . . . . MR. HENRY LYTTON, JNR.

Space-limits compel me to decline to mere cataloguing. "A Gala Night at Galashiels" is a new version of the eternal theme of Scottish financial caution, with Mr. MUNDIN, Miss AYLWIN and Mr. HAROLD WARRENDER as effective principals; Miss JESSIE MATTHEWS, as pert diseuse, scored yet again with Mr. JEANS' amusing "The Good Litt'e Girl and the Bad Little Girl," to Mr. NOEL GAY'S music; "The

Whimsical Pedlar" ballet was adequate if not notable; "Atmospherics," perhaps the best jest of the evening (on a thoroughly jestworthy subject), was audaciously naughty without offence; versatile and deservedly popular Mr. MUNDIN in "The Elevator Belle" made us laugh with an amorous page-boy, assisted by Miss HAZEL WYNNE as *The Milliner's Girl*; also as a valet gleefully pushing his master deeper into a compromising situation, and as a cheerful convict; Miss MATTHEWS sang prettily in "Friendly Ghosts" (the producer might note that his ghosts destroyed his plausibly-designed illusion by not keeping their gestures in one plane), and a charming final number, "Journey's End," by Mr. DONOVAN PARSONS and Mr. NOEL GAY. With Mr. ANTON DOLIN in "See-Saw" Miss MATTHEWS proved herself something of an acrobat as well as a light-footed dancer. A very charming thing was the genuine and generous pleasure which the ladies of her profession on the stage and in front received this attractive young lady's deserved success. A jolly evening —awfully unlike *Rosmersholm*. T.

"LONDON'S POTINIÈRE" (LITTLE).

It seems of the essence of successful revue that the revuers should promptly establish a friendly contact with their audience, bring them into the show and make a sort of family party of the business. That contact effected, the good joke is amplified into a better, the mild joke seems good, even the mouldy jape will seem to stir in its grave. Somehow the team in *London's Potinière* doesn't seem to possess anyone with this notable faculty of wiring up the set. It is not that Mr. ARKELL's book is poor. It has wit—more wit than humour, perhaps, which is meant for a compliment—and he can loose a gay shaft of penetrating malice at the appropriate, deserving object, which is the chief and most diverting function of wit. The playlets of "SEAMARK" are well imagined and have the due element of surprise. Mr. NORMAN O'NEILL has disciplined his ambitious muse to perform the lighter capers demanded of her. I think what fault there is lies with the players. Possibly Nervousness, the merciless, had them in thrall, and they may contrive to exorcise her. The intimacy of the Little Theatre is somewhat intimidating, I can well imagine.

The best items in the first half of the programme were, first, a mischievous rag of Mrs. HENRY WOOD, BROWNING, BEARDSLEY, DISRAELI, and a certain flamboyant modern; and, next, "The Hole in the Law," a playlet with a grim ending, which I may not disclose. Whether there be such a hole in the law as is here so ingeniously indicated the lawyers must decide. "Road Up," a really humorous and plausible explanation of the holes one sees in the town's highways, is a dialogue (by "SEAMARK") between Mr. JACK MELFORD as a puzzle-headed and slightly intoxicated youth and Mr. ROBERT ATKINS as the imperturbable hole-keeper. A happy and much appreciated gambling element was introduced in "Luck," a large roulette-wheel indicating the fortunate winner of what looked to the envious unlucky like a handsome shagreen cigarette-box. Miss BABS VALERIE wasn't, I am afraid, very plausible as a hard-swearing Mistress of Foxhounds, and her tailor and bootmaker might reasonably be chid for their share in the matter. The company professed to play *Maria Martin; or The Murder in the Red Barn* as the original barnstormers would have done it. Of course they did nothing of the sort. They, probably quite wisely, ragged it to pieces, Mr. ATKINS making an excellent thing of the black-hearted *William Corder*.

The second part opened with a turn ingenious in conception and excellently carried out, "Golf Spirituals," by Mr. GORDON SHERRY, in which the author (and composer?) was joined in a bright foursome by Miss BERTÉ ADAMS, Miss LILA DUBOIS and Mr. JULIAN HERBAGE.

"A Game of Bowls," in which a certain mysterious seafaring man expressed his annoyance that his game should be interrupted by rumours of ruin from Bolsheviks at home and abroad, and protested at the "Ah me! oh my! ah me!" attitude of certain modern defeatists (deans and what-nots), was an excellent turn and a sound homily. Mr. FRANK COCHRANE sang Mr. O'NEILL's jolly tune with a fine spirit. "Embers"—perhaps just a little over-sentimentalised—dealt with a poignant memory of Zeebrugge. Mr. JACK MELFORD as *The Man* and Mr. HAY PETRIE as *Harry the Hawker* made a good thing of this. Mr. ARKELL, interpreted by Mr. FRANK COCHRANE, was witty about sundry of our follies in "The Sphinx;" and the whole company, which, besides those mentioned, included the Misses NADINE MARCH, KATHLEEN VAUGHAN, MARGOT BARFF, EILEEN LESLIE and BEATRICE LANCE and Messrs. THOMAS WEGUELIN and CYRIL WAKEFIELD, rounded the evening off with the sufficiently amusing "The Hell of New York," to the music of the original "Belle." But something is amiss here. T.

"What a glorious day was Sunday. We use the phrase in a very special sence."
Scots Paper.

And with a very special spelling.

THE OPERATIC ORCHESTRA.

THE composer of opera 's teeming with thought
Of which orchestras thunder the trend;
So the life of most opera-singers is brought
To a speedy and premature end.

They shout and they scream for a season or so
In a frantic attempt to be heard,
But when you consider the strength of the foe
Their ambition seems almost absurd.

Prima-donnas who stand upon tiptoe and shriek
Of love and such passionate things
Have been known to survive for as long as a week
By gargling port-wine in the wings;

But if tenors should try to exhibit their class
They have to contend with a phrase
Which, nobly expressed with the whole of the brass,
Their light serenading outweighs.

If the bass should endeavour to make an effect
By booming aloud in his boots,
His purpose at once is effectively wrecked
By a frenzied fantasia of flutes.

And even though three or four singers conspire
To sing all at once for a space,
A scream on the strings, rising higher and higher,
Will put them again in their place.

The most numerous chorus is nearly in tears,
Bows its head to the boards and succumbs,
When its longest, most strident and heartiest cheers
Are drowned by a thunder of drums.

But at last, in this highly-mechanical age,
A happy improvement is planned;
They 're fixing loud-speakers, I 'm told, to the stage,
And a silencer on to the band. G. B.

"B—— was one of his creditors . . . and now, on the death of her husband, he asked her to pay up."—*Daily Paper.*

He seems to have been as callous as he was impudent.

"The Grand Opening
DANCE
(Dress Optional) will be held at the —— Hall on Thursday; —— Blue Lagoon Dance Band."
West-Country Paper.

But we always understood that university costume was regarded as essential in the best blue lagoons.

A NIGHT OFFENSIVE.

West-End Front, London, 1926.



2 A.M. Zero hour.—Party advances and occupies position according to plan.



Z + 1 hour.—New zone barricaded. Men dig in. Gas alarm.



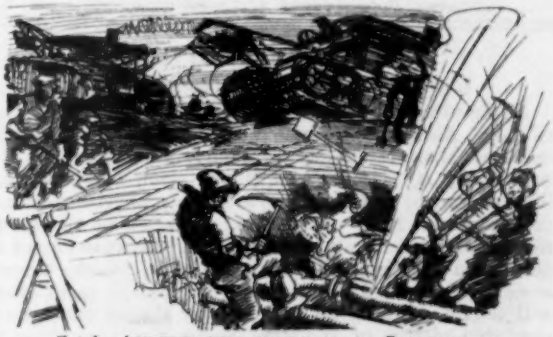
Z + 2.—First hostile activity. Easily repulsed.



Z + 3.—Position further consolidated. Barrage of pneumatic blasters opened.



Z + 3 hour 1 minute.—Intensive hostile retaliation from counter-blasters.



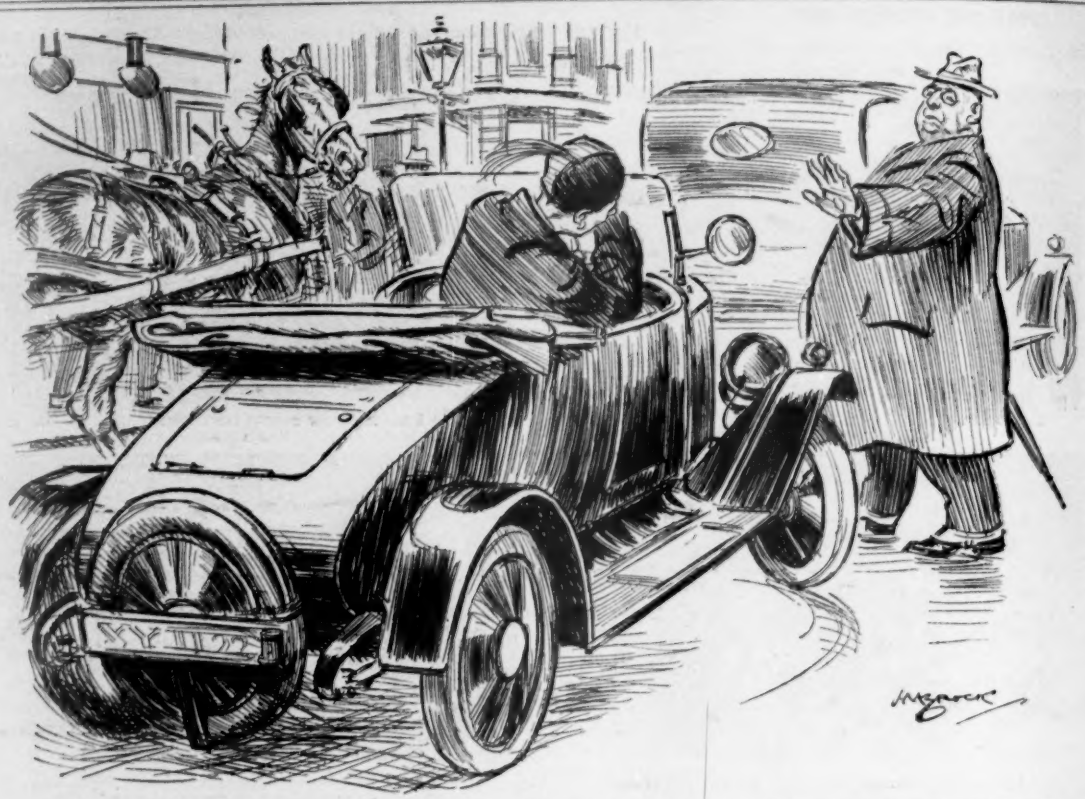
Z + 4.—Activity over whole area. Caterpillars start action at dawn.



Z + 5.—Reinforced concrete and heavy mortars come into position.



Z + 6 (8 A.M.).—Situation impregnable. Men withdrawn. All action entirely suspended. Traffic paralysed.



Masterful Pedestrian. "I WOULD HAVE YOU KNOW, SIR, THAT I AM IN THE HABIT OF MAKING THE TRAFFIC DODGE *ME*."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

MY first thought on turning over the four-hundredth page of *Lord Raingo* (CASSELL) was that, in this masterly merciless book, Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT has returned to his best form; my second, that it will make angry and disillusioned men, of whom there are plenty, angrier and more disillusioned. Here is a novel, conceived in the grand manner and technically of so perfect a craftsmanship as to be beyond criticism. *Lord Raingo* will probably become a classic. Learned professors of a hundred years hence will take it down lovingly from their shelves and browse over this picture of Whitehall under the microscope in the Great European War. We, however, are still in the year 1926, getting, it is true, a clearer perspective of the War as time rolls on, but even now, many of us, sore and puzzled from the aftermath. And so, for all its wit, for all its drama (and no one can tell a tale more thrillingly than Mr. BENNETT when he chooses), the book leaves one with a feeling of savage despair for the sanity and safety of the human race. In a world of sacrifice, humility and courage, can it be that there was so much cynicism and chicanery in Downing Street, so furious a jealousy between the various Ministries in Whitehall? It can. The book has the stamp of bitter truth. It is idle to pretend that because *Andy Clyth*, Prime Minister, is represented as "tall" and "Lancashire-Irish" we are dealing with fiction. In so far as the politics of the book are concerned, we are dealing with real personages, and those who enjoy the game of fitting caps to heads will have the time of their lives. But the game is too easy. Who, for instance, could mistake *Sid Jenkin* or *Tom Hogarth*? Certainly not *Sid Jenkin*, who will be the first to appreciate his portrait. Only Mr. BENNETT'S hero, *Lord Raingo*, remains outside, aloof, mysterious, and a great piece of writing. A type rather than an individual. Lovers of Mr. BENNETT'S earlier work cannot fail to enjoy him, for what else is he, after all, but our old friend "The Card" plunged into Affairs. *Lord Raingo* is a great and courageous novel, but it will disturb the sensitive reader almost beyond endurance.

It is unfortunate that the only available text of *The Letters of George Eliot* (LANE) had been pruned of "everything that seemed to him irrelevant" by the novelist's husband, Mr. CROSS. Their writer herself postulates three kinds of letter-writing: correspondence "of simple affection, which gives a picture of all the details . . . that a loving heart pines for"; correspondence "purely moral and intellectual, carried on for the sake of ghostly edification"; and the correspondence "of impulse, which is necessarily irregular as the Northern Lights." The reason, I fancy, that posterity has rather cold-shouldered GEORGE ELIOT'S letters is that probably Mr. CROSS classed domestic gossip under irrelevancies, and we are left with an overplus of edification. This, as Mr. R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON points out in a graceful preface to a very telling selection, followed the mode of the writer's religious enthusiasms. Finally, she arrived at the, for her, sterile perception that "the highest lot is to have definite beliefs." Had she been, you feel, less impressed by her male advisers—whose reflected presences "date" rather shabbily—the issue of her struggles might have been a happier one. This, however, is not the only interest of the letters. There are gaily-coloured travel-pictures—the

orange-and-white morning robe of a German Princess, the chocolate-black houses of Amsterdam; sketches of fellow notabilities; accounts of the provenance of the novels, and the expression of a massive, homely, vigorous yet wistful femininity. The most amusing thing in the book is a Warwickshire correspondent's account of Mr. Liggins, the pretender to the authorship of *Adam Bede*, found "washing his slop-basin at a pump by a deputation of Dissenting parsons." I cannot help wishing that George Eliot had occasionally been allowed to indicate herself and her own circle in the spirit of this quotation.

It's generally understood
Among the criminal and lawless
That murder leads to nothing good
Unless your *alibi* is flawless;
And this sound rule, whereby the crook
Prolongs *ad lib.* his evil courses,
The Verdict of You All, a book
By Mr. Henry Wade, endorses.

A murder mystery of the sort
Which *Holmes* delighted to unravel—
Candle-grease, cigarettes burnt short,
A fallen telephone, some gravel—
The clues with which its scene is set
Point, when the experts come to view it,
To him who did the deed, and yet
Prove that he wasn't there to do it.

Conditions, these, which seem to ask
For copious probing and explaining;
And there 's an aspect of the task
As novel as it 's entertaining—
We're spared the super-sapient sleuth
Whom writers of most tales like this use,
And Scotland Yard finds out the truth
Which Constable (most aptly) issues.

A first novel is more likely to give evidence of exploited than suppressed intelligence, but in *A Florentine Comedy* (Bles), which I take to be an initial venture, Mr. Claude C. Washburn seems a little afraid of the edge of his own understanding. This is perhaps natural in a young American writing of the Anglo-American colony in Florence. A memory less implicated than I feel Mr. Washburn's has been would have presented the snobocracy of Fiesole and Settignano with more detachment; the ironic attitude would have been given freer play, and the story, which, as it stands, is almost the tragedy of its hero, would have been (with perhaps greater justice) the comedy of his environment. As things are, a mild tinkle of teaspoons dominates the more conventional moiety of *Conrad Brooke's* romance. He writes a best-seller in New York, acquires an income for life by gambling with the proceeds, comes out to Florence, marries a compatriot heiress and instals himself in a villa. His circle and that of his wife are tolerantly indicated, and there is little to prepare the reader (who, if he has a palate for the second half of the book, is probably wearied by the first) for the better wine to follow. The War intervenes, and *Conrad*, distracted by his universal sympathies, works in an Italian hospital. Peace and the colony return, and the teaspoon-tinkling resumes, blended with a pleasant canvassing of the rate of exchange. *Conrad* is beginning to



Mistress (directing her pet's attention to new notice). "There, Tootles—they won't come in and tread on you now, darling!"

hear more subtle music, but his change of face is so diffidently handled that it does not command the interest it might. There is, however, enough life and art in Mr. WASHBURN'S last chapters to bespeak a benevolent curiosity towards the next manifestation of his talent.

The name of JEROME K. JEROME on the cover of a massive book—*My Life and Times* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON)—gives a slight shock to some of us who have been accustomed to regard ourselves as merely on the verge of middle-age. For we can remember the appearance of *On the Stage—and Off*, and *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*, and *Three Men in a Boat*, and how the papers, almost without exception, sneered at the New Humour, and how the public, less critical or more discerning, bought these early works by the thousand. It does not seem so very long ago; but afterwards there came the JEROME of those two bright periodicals, *To-Day* and *The Idler*, which perished untimely owing to an ill-advised libel action that benefited nobody but the lawyers; and then yet another JEROME, the writer of *Paul Kelver* and *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*. So it seems that the amiable and ruddy gentleman whose portrait looks out on us from its gilt frame opposite the title-page may be entitled to his massive volume, and we are all somewhat older than we imagined. He writes his reminiscences very much as he wrote those early works to which I have referred. Even then he liked to put in a page or two of serious moralising here and there. Like most humourists, he was anxious to show that he was capable of something else, and here he may have rather overdone the serious side. But I commend his book of memories, though it does not possess an index and its title might be considered imposing. It is full of amusing stories in quite the old vein, and the author has always been a good fellow, though we may not agree with all his theories as to social topics or the spelling of proper names.



Magistrate. "YOU SAY HE SAID YOU HAD THE FACE AND HABITS OF A MONKEY, AND THAT HE COULD MAKE A BETTER MAN THAN YOU OUT OF CHEWED STRING? WHAT HAPPENED THEN?"
Victim. "'E THEN BECAME ABUSIVE."

Jill, daughter of *Lord Eaglebridge*, newspaper colossus, sketched in after a famous model, was called *Comrade Jill* (METHUEN) by *David Gurrant*, leader of the British Communists (they continue to get all their advertising free from those who most disapprove of them), in whose sterling character and not unagreeable person she is interested, with the natural result that honest *David* is suspected by his intriguing colleagues to be a tool of the ineffable bourgeois. *Julian Grimthorpe*, the great revivalist, is also a suitor for *Jill's* charming hand. The third competitor is a plain sound major, who is eventually left in possession. *David*, I may say to comfort the timid, is a very gentle brand of Communist, and the political discussions of the party have not a great air of likelihood. Nor has the final scene at the great revolutionary meeting, in which *Julian*, having saved *David's* life by receiving the bullet of the sensualist and extremist *Stennitz*, dies, but not before he has made the blood-thirsty audience join in the refrain of his famous hymn and depart in peace. Mr. HERBERT ADAMS, manufacturer of yarns, has no serious political purpose and manages his conventional machinery with sufficient skill to be entertaining.

The "gentleman" who so successfully dusted the mirrors of Downing Street and the glass of Fashion may have bettered himself—he is now a full-blown novelist—but he is not ashamed of his humble beginnings. On the contrary, he has proudly pinned his duster to his waistcoat. He was and is and will be "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER," and as such he has written *The Other Door* (MILLS AND BOON). It is rather a pity, I think. Not merely because this is a book to which six writers out of seven would have been glad to put their names, but because you can't habitually carry a duster without occasionally wanting a flick round with it. Our gentleman is an acute observer of men and of things, but most of his characters talk too much. They do not bore—they talk too well for that—but they tend to become mere mouthpieces for the exposition of rival philosophies, and the story suffers in consequence. The best character in the book is *Lord Roger Nugent*, a very happy combination of sportsman and humbug, whom the author has been able to observe with complete detachment. *The Other Door* is a stimulating and thought-provoking book and good enough, even as a story, to go on everyone's library list. May the gentleman continue!

The Treasure Ship (PARTRIDGE) is launched betimes and joyously solves the difficulty of choosing a Christmas book for children. Those of you who remember its companion volume, *The Flying Carpet*, will need no further recommendation from me, but in case that most engaging book escaped your notice let me say that this "ship" is even more laden with the treasure in which every properly-constituted child delights. Lady CYNTHIA ASQUITH has captained this enterprise as she captained the other, and her part is admirably done. She has been assisted in her task by a crew whose work is uniformly worthy of the distinguished names appended to it. You can find those names in the book itself for the reasonable price of six shillings.

I confess to a mental bias in favour of tales of the good old coaching days, so when the *Royal George*, in *So Speed We* (LANE), "with the jingling of harness and the musical blare of the horn" rattled into Sherborne, I felt that I had embarked upon an excursion after my own heart. Perhaps I hoped for too much; possibly Miss G. V. MCFADDEN has for once failed to reproduce her true form. Anyhow, this story of gambling and revenge did not grip me. Its atmosphere is stuffy and its theme hampers Miss MCFADDEN'S natural skill as a novelist. I must admit, however, that at one point she quite fairly bamboozled me and that the last pages of the story explain much that is bewildering in its earlier chapters.

CHARIVARIA.

NEXT week is Rat Week. Rat early to avoid the rush.

* * *

Bookmakers, we read, attend big fishing matches near Leeds. It must be heart-breaking to have put your money on an "also fished."

* * *

The fact that salmon are ascending the Tees in greater numbers than for many years is ascribed to the freeing of the river from pollution by the stoppage of works. These attempts to justify Mr. A. J. COOK leave us cold.

* * *

A baby-washing-and-dressing competition for husbands is to be held in Ayrshire. This, incredible as it sounds, is connected with the Child Welfare scheme.

* * *

We read of a dog that knows a particular make of motor-car. You should see our fox-terrier shaking a Ford.

* * *

At Lowestoft a trawler delivered fifteen thousand herrings, returned to sea and was back with a catch of a hundred thousand within fifteen hours. It was nice of the fish to wait.

* * *

A poet complains that we take more interest in football than in verse, but that's only because we can't yell out "Foul!" when he rhymes "glass" with "face."

* * *

Mayfair announces that frocks are to be cheaper, so long as customers will pay for them. We thought there was a catch in it somewhere.

* * *

What the Government seems to have started with this American contract is war to the safety-razor.

* * *

An American scientist claims to have discovered that earth-worms sing, particularly the syllable "Do." There seems to be some excuse for the early bird after all.

* * *

In consequence of the report that the tin industry is looking up, many sardines are getting so thin through worry that they aren't worth catching.

* * *

A contemporary points out that cabbage contains the ingredients of guncotton, yet no motorist ever takes the trouble to ascertain whether his pedestrian happens to be a vegetarian.

* * *

A motorist charged with dangerous driving pleaded that he was infatuated with a woman; so it seems to have been Love that made the wheels go round so fast.

* * *

A survey of modern business leads one to the conclusion that we shall never make both ends meet until we leave off making two week-ends meet.

* * *

The number of public characters introduced into works of fiction lately has been only less remarkable than the number of fictitious characters appearing in public life.



Second (helpfully). "ANTICIPATION, THAT'S THE THING. TRY AN' IMAGINE WOT 'E'S GOIN' TO DO TO YER, AND THEN IT WON'T COME AS A SURPRISE WHEN 'E DOES IT."

Mr. R. D. HOLMES says that there is not much the matter with a man who can laugh at himself, but, in that case, what has he got to laugh at?

* * *

A free fight in the Mexican Parliament, during which revolvers were used, was started by a boot-black hooting in the gallery. This just shows how careful Mexican boot-blacks should be as to where and when they hoot.

* * *

STALIN, the man of the hour in Russia, is said to be a Georgian. One of those Neo-Georgians, no doubt.

* * *

An epidemic of thefts from automatic cigarette-machines in London by means of Dutch coins is reported. Suspicion attaches to a desperate gang of chain-smokers who have made Holland too hot for them.

* * *

A tame fox in Lincolnshire has collected over a hundred pounds for charities, but we understand that these do not include the Hunt Servants' Benevolent Society.

* * *

The announcement that the increase in the number of telephones in London during the last twelve months amounts to over forty thousand arouses suspicion that the authorities are not doing all in their power to check it.

* * *

Medical men say that yawning is good for human beings. That accounts for the robust health of dramatic critics, presuming of course that they are human.

* * *

A picture postcard posted in Birmingham in 1910 having been delivered recently in London, it is thought that the POSTMASTER-GENERAL is breaking up his collection and going in for cigarette-cards.

* * *

Among this year's literary anniversaries it should be noted that Mr. BEVERLEY NICHOLS has celebrated his twenty-sixth birthday.

* * *

Dr. ELSNER claims to be able by means of a special apparatus to take photographs of the inside of a stomach. It must be very difficult to get some stomachs to look pleasant.

* * *

TUNNEY announces that he is planning to do something that no champion has done before. Can he by any chance be intending to fight?

* * *

It is greatly to the credit of the congregation of Salisbury Cathedral that, when it was announced from the pulpit that a thousand-pound banknote had been found in the offertory bag nobody claimed to have put it there in mistake for a threepenny-bit.

* * *

The wives and daughters of Wallasey business men have formed a club to popularise cigar-smoking among women. If the movement spreads we may hope to see many women smoking the cigars they would otherwise have given to their husbands at Christmas.

* * *

The doctors are again advising us to see that we absorb sufficient proteids and calories. It should be mentioned that a proteid is very much like a calorie, only longer, and it has a shaggy coat.

THOUGHTS ON THE MOTOR SHOW.

FROM being a luxury, the motor-car became a necessity: from being a necessity it has now become a nuisance.—[*Copyright.*]

I am tired of my own motor-car, because it never seems to be ready when I go round to talk to the man who feeds and waters it, and because we cannot see eye to eye with each other about what is wrong with the magneto. He believes that the thyroid gland has been eliminated from the thorax, whereas in my opinion the real trouble is that the ultra-violet rays have run down. Anyhow, I 'm not going to the motor show at Olympia.

Hardly anybody I meet is going to the motor show at Olympia. No, not this year, they say, and you can see by the little shifty gleam in their eyes that they are perjuring their souls. Probably by next spring all these avenues will be blossoming with six-cylinder cars. Who wants a six-cylinder car, anyway? In my opinion the fewer cylinders a car has the better. They only make for pride, and pride is one of the seven deadly sins.

Moreover, of what use are many cylinders when one is travelling along a narrow lane behind a motor-lorry which has been employed to tear up the roads and has no time to allow anybody to pass. Any kind of car is good enough to sit and look at the back of a motor-lorry in. Even if there were no motor-lorries, there are the careful old gentlemen who have decided that twenty-five miles an hour is the perfect velocity and insist on keeping the crown of the road. I travelled for six miles behind one only the other day. It was easy to tell, by carefully examining the back of his head, all the thoughts that were passing through his brain.

"I am driving," said the fat red part under the white hair and just above the collar, "well over the maximum speed that is allowed by the law. If I went any faster parliamentary government would be at an end. There may be a hundred-and-forty cars behind me, but this is my Verdun. They shall not pass."

"When the road gets a little wider," I thought to myself, "I will pass him if I die in the attempt. And when I pass him I shall throw him such a look of contumely as shall make him wither at the wheel like a fading flower."

And I carefully rehearsed my look of contumely in the mirror on the right.

At the end of the six miles the old gentleman put out a fattish hand, slowed down to twelve and turned up a by-road to the left. He was not so much a careful old man, I suppose, as a visitation sent to chasten us.

Nevertheless it does seem to me that with all the improvements that are being made in the modern motor-car, some kind of panel to be shot out at the side, containing words of opprobrium, such as "Foul hippopotamus!" or "Three-toed sloth!" could be supplied, with the letters reversed, of course, so that they would be legible in the looking-glass of the driver in front. In the present state of the roads this kind of thing would be far more useful than more additional cylinders.

No, I am not going to the motor show. When I think about it, when I study its prospectuses, its specifications, I am tempted to inquire what happens to the old motor-cars. Every year every maker brings out a new model. Every year, or every two years, people like the Blisworths and tens of thousands of others exchange their old car for a new. It is the Blisworths, by the way, who had twins a few weeks ago, and called the boy Magneto and the girl Carburetta.

But what, I repeat, happens to the old motor-cars? One cannot, of course, pretend that one never sees a dead motor-car, as one never sees a dead donkey. One does see them in the ditches sometimes—quite dead—and the owners standing by the little pile of autumnal wreckage, and, having nothing else left to quarrel about, arguing in which drawer of the writing-desk they put the insurance policy. But motor-cars don't die nearly as fast as they are born, and there must be a limit not only to the road space of Great Britain but also to the possible motor-car-owning percentage of the population. In America, of course, that is not so. In America, I gather, every charwoman is a motor-charwoman, but in England, as you gaze at the tide of traffic along Piccadilly, you may be pretty certain that, however mixed the sex and social status of the drivers may be, there are scarcely any charwomen amongst them. Nonagenarian fruit-eaters from the outer suburbs, I grant you; ladies in the Higher Thought Movement perhaps; but not manual toilers—no. Except, of course, when they stop the engine and the self-starter fails.

I know one lady who bought a small brand-new Poltergeist, and the third time she took it out decided to run a friend down to Chichester. It happened to be the Friday in Goodwood week, but she did not study the newspapers. On the way down the thing went into a trance, and refused under any provocation to come to life again. Silent prayer went on behind for some time, and then a gentleman in a white hat who was driving a—well, driving a motor-car, got out and asked whether he could do anything to help the tired sufferer on. After about ten minutes' work he discovered that the passenger had inadvertently kicked the petrol-tap during a discussion on theosophy, and turned it right off. After that Goodwood week was resumed.

There must soon, I say, be a limit to the motor-car-owning population. There must be a point at which it is impossible to sell second-hand cars. Where do they go, like the elephants, to die? I used to have a theory that there was a kind of stag-leap for motor-cars, where they are driven over the cliffs into the sea, as so frequently happens in American films. Perhaps there is. If not, I think a judicious agreement between the English motor-car manufacturers and the English film industry might help, even now, to settle the problem. Nothing is so delightful as to see a motor-car going to glory on the films. HAROLD LLOYD accounts for two in his latest film, and in one case there is nothing whatsoever left of the machine except the starting-lever, which remains in his hand. Assuming that he had that bit done thirty or forty times over before it was satisfactory, as I believe is often the case with the important films at Hollywood, the motor-car industry would be benefited by the elimination of quite a lot of second-hand cars. We need more enterprise and more combination in English business all round if the old country is not to go to the dogs.

I say I do not want one of these new little six-cylinder cars. I know that the Blisworths will be getting one. In a month or so from now I shall see them standing outside their front-door examining the thing and trying to look unconcerned.

"Not too bad," they will say about it. "We did Reigate to Eastbourne in an hour-and-a-half the other day."

"Dear me!" I shall answer in commiserating tones. "I suppose the road was dreadfully crowded. Do you know the record four-in-hand coach time from Piccadilly to Brighton? Three hours and forty minutes. It was done by ISRAEL ALEXANDER in 1837 with QUEEN VICTORIA'S first speech to Parliament. What an awfully nice luggage-carrier you've got!"

Even if I *do* go to the motor show at Olympia I shall not look at any of these little six-cylinder cars. I am going to look out for a new little car called the "Safety," which is being advertised everywhere on the roads. It seems to be always first.

EVOE.

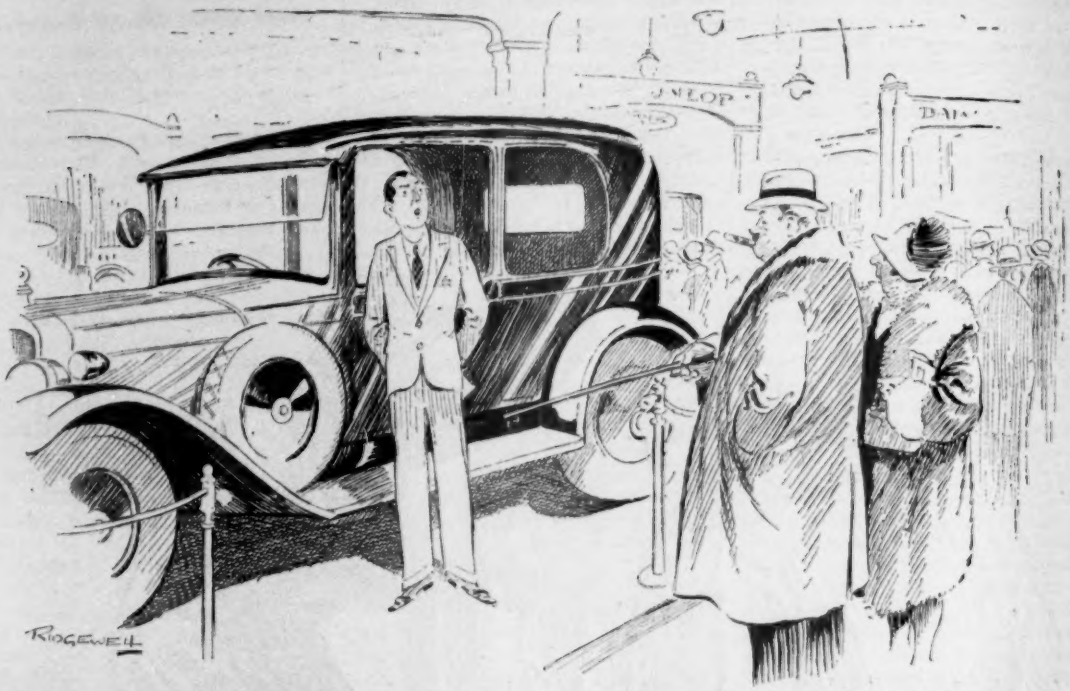
"Pedigree Cockerel Spaniels for Sale. Parents registered at Kennel Club."
Provincial Paper.

Well "feathered," no doubt.



THE LAST SLOGAN.

Mr. Cook. "WHY WORK FOR YOUR OWN SAKE WHEN YOU CAN STARVE FOR MINE?"



Person of recently-acquired wealth. "Yus, I must say I like the look of 'er. (*To salesman*) Just stick one foot on the running-board an' pretend you be 'olding a cigar."

THE REWARD OF OBEDIENCE.

Sir,—I am, I trust, a good citizen. When the Editor of *The Sp ctator* uses the phrase, "Every right-thinking Englishman," he must refer to persons like myself. So at least I like to think.

In the street I "keep to the right," even if it involves stepping into the traffic. In the lift I "stand clear of the gates" at the risk of losing my train. I am told to eat more fruit and to buy British goods, and I do. I am told not to throw bottles out of carriage-windows or spit in tramcars, and I don't.

So that when the Government exhorted us to economise in electric-light the warning did not fall on deaf ears.

With that regard for the community which is one of the pleasing traits of both the Miners' Federation and the Coal-owners' Association, the strike (or lock-out) was arranged to take place, as usual, during the summer, which happened to resemble a real summer rather more than usual.

Now I confess to a certain extravagance during the after-sunset on days of late summer. It is pleasant, if the evening is at all chill, to draw the curtains, switch on the light and enjoy a pipe and a chapter of a book before a small fire. It is a suitable close to a perfect day.

Although I live in an "out-crop" area, where the butcher, greengrocer and newsboy all offer to bring me privily "a bit of good coal" after dark, I have kept to the letter of the Coal Controller's orders. Indeed, I went further and refused even my ration.

I acquired the habit of going to bed early, for one cannot knock out a pipe at a gas-fire, nor can one poke it with any satisfaction. This small sacrifice saved coal, gas and electricity, and would help the country to win through.

When at the quarter's end my meter recorded only four units of electricity instead of the customary thirty, I felt indeed a worthy citizen.

Judge of my surprise when I received a demand for the price of twenty units. I wrote in protest that I had used only four, that the meter, which belonged to the Electricity Department and which was unlikely to favour me, agreed that my consumption was only four, and that, much as I should have liked to consume twenty, the Government's demand for economy could not be ignored by any right-thinking citizen.

In reply I was informed that twenty units was the minimum per quarter, and, whether used or not, must be paid for. A cheque by return would oblige.

I am now a changed man.

The evenings, as you may have noticed, are drawing in. I toast my toes before a fire of "out-crop" coal which has been delivered furtively in, as it were, a plain van. Two bulbs at least glow above my head, and I do not intend to go to bed until I have probed the mystery of the corpse found in the bar parlour of The Blue Swan.

The municipality has goaded me into rebellion. I already keep to the left when walking the street and push my way to the head of the queue. Yesterday I bought a packet of cigarettes after 8 P.M.

Where it will end I know not. Already I feel a desire to throw bottles out of the carriage-windows. I hope and trust that I shall still refrain from expectorating in tramcars.

Faithfully yours, A Rebel.

"Robbery at French Chateau.

Thieves carried off the dagger belonging to the African rebel Abdel Kader. The dagger, studded with diamonds, was presented by the Rev. O. Tunis."—*Provincial Paper.*

His name is unfamiliar, but presumably he was a North African missionary.

"Mr. Lloyd George was wearing a bright blue sofe [? soft hat] of his own design."
Daily Paper.

Brought to Mr. Churchill's notice, this is said to have been received with an indulgent smile. Nevertheless it is thought to be one of the most serious challenges he has yet had to face in his ambitious career.

HINTS TO INVALIDS.

(*By our Medical Correspondent.*)

The recent spell of cold weather has caused a certain recrudescence of influenza, though of a mild type, and as yet not reaching the proportions of the epidemic which is long overdue. It is none the less desirable, however, to impress upon all who are affected by this ailment the need of due care in promoting conditions conducive to its cure.

Strange to say, one of the most potent influences—remedial or otherwise—has hitherto been sadly neglected. It is notorious that when people are out of sorts, or really ill, they evince a dislike, sometimes amounting to positive antipathy, for the society of their family or relations. The question accordingly arises whether the patient should resist or yield to this feeling; and by way of assisting him to form a judicious decision the following notes which have been supplied me by a distinguished medico-psycho-pathologist are worthy of attentive study. They are, it will be observed, of the nature of a "Table of Affinities," without special reference to matrimony, but indicating the extent to which it is expedient to regulate friendly relations with one's kith or kin when one's health is impaired.

Respect for grand-parents is a laudable trait, but it needs to be controlled. Their habit of criticising modern manners leads to friction; but, where they show a disposition to move with the times, their company can be endured with equanimity. A visit from a grandmother who has swum the Channel is not to be roughly rejected. A man may not marry his grandmother, but in stages of convalescence he may dance with her. *Mutatis mutandis*, the same remarks apply to parents. The crude philosophy of Dickens enshrined in the question, "Is the old min friendly?" is not a bad guide. If he is; if you are in the habit of addressing him by his Christian name or as "old fruit," conversation with him will not retard recovery. It is harder to dogmatise about mothers and daughters, for here the competition in dress and social accomplishments is more acute, and a shingled mother is not always a ministering angel.

The functions of uncles nowadays are so multifarious that it is impossible to lay down any rules of universal application. Patients whose funds are limited, or whose balance is overdrawn, should exercise caution in communicating with their financial uncles, unless they happen to be of the long-lost and affluent type. Again, in moments of depression the counsels of Dutch uncles are to be avoided. Juvenile invalids may profit from the discourses of wireless uncles, but facetiousness sometimes defeats its ends, and adult professional optimism may produce juvenile pessimism.

Modern civilisation, it is to be feared, has impaired the quality of fraternal affection. Elder brothers remain critical, and younger brothers have ceased to be hero-worshippers. Bands of brothers are seldom encountered even in the musical world. "Weird sisters" have become more numerous. Cousins are, according to the old saying, either less or more than friends, but the angelical quality preserved in the epitaph, "She was first-cousin to Lady Jones, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," is not encouraged in this democratic age, and there is, alas! only too much truth in the unpublished epigram:—

"By independence let your worth be proved;
Thrice blest is he whose cousins are
'removed.'"



The Man (real Artist). "Were they all artistic people you met there?"
The Girl. "Some of them were, but some were quite nice."

Keeping His Monkey Up.

"We are afraid that if he be not elected the new leader Mr. Lloyd George will continue his gorilla warfare against whoever may be the choice of the Party."—*Scots Paper.*

SIMPLE STORIES.

XI.—The Genii.

Once there was an alchemist who was fond of making experiments, and one day when he had mixed two powders there was a smoke so thick that it made him cough and his eyes water so that he had to shut them, but when he opened them again the smoke had all cleared away and there was a great figure standing there looking at him.

So the alchemist said hullo who are you?

And the figure said you summoned me and I am here.

And he said well I didn't mean to summon you it was quite an accident, but what are you? you look something like a man but I suppose you can't be one as you are made of smoke and so much bigger.

And the figure said no I am a Genii.

He said I suppose you mean a Genius, because nobody could be *a* Genii, it isn't grammar.

And he frowned and said well *I* can, and I don t care anything about grammar, and if we are going to begin like this we shan't get on very well together.

So the alchemist said oh well I suppose anybody can call himself what he likes and I don't really mind, what are we going to do now?

So the Genii looked a little more amiable and said well we can do anything you like within reason, you will find me very powerful.

And the alchemist said it is lucky I summoned you, I have been trying for a long time to turn base metals into gold and if you can help me to do that I shall be very much obliged to you.

The Genii said I don't know what base metals are and anyhow I was not brought up to that sort of thing, but I can transport you anywhere you like in the twinkling of an eye.

So the alchemist said very well then transport me to Timbuctoo, but he didn't really believe he could do it and he was only trying to be rather funny.

But before his eye could twinkle he found himself in Timbuctoo, and he didn't like it much because it was so hot.

So he said to the Genii well I see you can do it all right, and if you will kindly transport me back again we can think of somewhere else to go to.

So he transported him back again in another twinkling of an eye and then the alchemist said well I have been working rather hard lately and I should like to have a day's holiday, transport me to the seaside.

So he did that, and the alchemist had a nice bathe in the sea and then he said transport me to an inn, and he had a good dinner and then another bathe because he was fond of swimming, and then he said I think we might go home now.

So the Genii transported him home, and he said well thank you very much, I 've had a nice day and I 've enjoyed it, and I shan't want you any more at present but I suppose I can summon you when I like.



"'I SEE YOU CAN DO IT ALL RIGHT.'"

And the Genii said oh yes, and disappeared.

Well, the alchemist went on being an alchemist for some time but presently he said well I don't seem to be getting on very well at this and it seems rather silly when you can be transported anywhere you like in the twinkling of an eye not to take advantage of it. Perhaps I could set up as a special messenger.

So he went to some people who wrote a lot of letters to America about business, and it was not long after Christopher Columbus had discovered America, so the letters had to go in sailing ships which they called caramels then, and it took a long time to get an answer. And he said look here if I take a letter for you to America and bring back an answer in the twinkling of an eye what will you pay me for it?

And they didn't think he could do it but was only trying to be funny, so they said a thousand pounds, because they thought they would be funny too.

So he said well of course I should have to wait long enough for them to write an answer, how much will you pay me if I bring it back the same day?

And they didn't think he could do that either, and they were laughing at him because they thought he was rather silly, so they said two thousand pounds.

And he said very well then write your letter.

So they wrote their letter, and all they put in it was what do you think of this man? And they sealed it with their seal so the alchemist didn't know what was in it.

Well he summoned the Genii and was transported to America in the twinkling of an eye, and he liked it very much and thought he would like to stay there for a little, but he said I must take back the answer to the letter now and I can easily come again when I have got my two thousand pounds.

So he took the letter to the people, and they said how did you come here? because this letter was only written to-day.

And he said my private Genii brought me here in the twinkling of an eye.

And they didn't believe him, and they said oh did he? and he said yes he did.

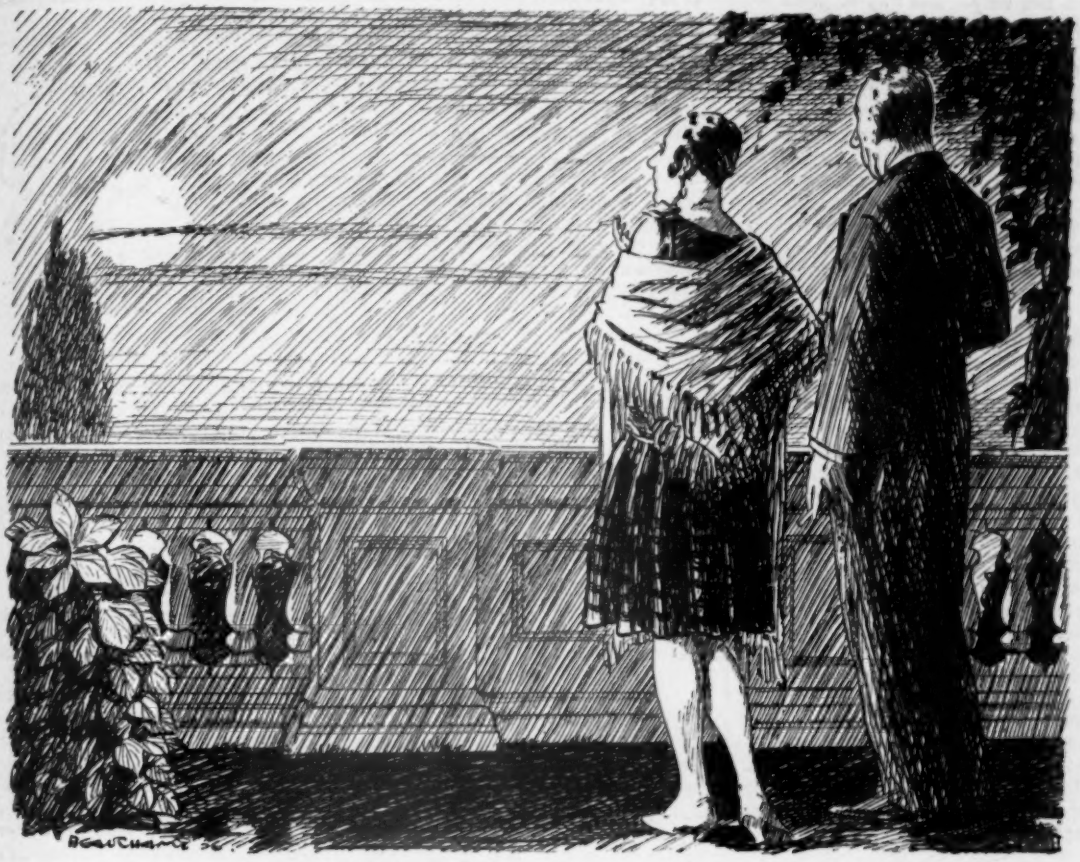
So they wrote in the letter this man is a liar, and they sealed it with their seal, so he didn't know what was in it.

Well the people in London were very surprised when he took them the letter, and they said how did you do it?

And he told them about the Genii, and they said oh well that isn't fair, you didn't say anything about that and we shan't pay you the two thousand pounds.

And he said you promised to, and if you don't I shall summon my Genii and he will make you.

Well, they were frightened at that, and they were annoyed with themselves because they had only put what they had in the letter when they might have made a lot of money by writing about something in their business and getting an answer in the twinkling of an eye. So they said well we did promise and we always keep our promises, people wouldn't do business with us if we didn't, so we will pay you the two thousand



He. "Glorious moon, isn't it?"
She. "Rather. Makes one feel quite old-fashioned, doesn't it?"

pounds, but it is a great deal of money and the letter you brought wasn't much good to us, so I suppose you won't mind taking another one at the same price.

And he said do you mean for the same two thousand pounds or for another two thousand pounds?

And they said well we were rather thinking of the same two thousand pounds.

So he said oh very well I don't mind doing that, but I can't bring you the answer for a week because I should like to stay in America for a little, it suits me and I like the look of the people.

So they said oh very well, but don't be longer than a week if you don't mind.

So he was transported to America again and enjoyed himself very much there and saw a lot of the country because the Genii transported him wherever he wanted to go to and he didn't have to pay anything for it.

Well just as it was getting time for him to be transported back to England he found he had run out of one of the powders which he mixed to summon the Genii, and he couldn't buy it in America, so he had to sail back to England in a caramel and it took him nearly two months to do it. And the people were angry at his being so long bringing them an answer to their letter, and they said it is no good to us now and we are very sorry we paid you the two thousand pounds.

And he said oh well I'm not.

And after that he couldn't call up the Genii again because something had gone wrong with one of the powders, but he said oh never mind, I have got two thousand pounds and I have been twice to America, so I will make that do.

A. M.

The Unbendable Chauffeuse.

"To-day, a girl, in a frock that reaches just to her knees without the slightest suggestion of a curve from shoulder to hem, depresses the accelerator with her toe and her car shoots by."
Daily Paper.

Isn't it high time that she learned to drive sitting down?

INSULARS ABROAD AGAIN.

II.—The Flask.

This is the story of Percival's flask, and it all happened in Venice. Venice is the place where they make Venetian glass, Venetian beads and other Venetian wares. And now Venice is the place where Percival made his Chianti flask.

A guide named Emmanuele in the Piazza San Marco had decided it was worth while adopting us. He was an enthusiastic sort of chap and keen on his job. He began by saying winningly:—

"You like-a see glass factory and glass-blowing? Men make-a da bowl and da flask. Vera naice, vera bootifool."

Percival said in kindly fashion, No, thanks, he didn't want to see a glass factory. Emmanuele replied in pleased tones, "All-a right-ho, gentlemens, I take you. Vera bootifool!" We then both said, No, thanks, we didn't want to see a glass factory. Emmanuele, in an ecstasy of delight, said, "Splendeed!

Fiv-a lire only. Zis way to glass factory."

I remarked firmly that I didn't like glass, and Percival said that he hated factories. Emmanuele merely begged us to restrain our very natural eagerness for one leetle second, as we were nearly there. Percival took a deep breath; then he apologised to Emmanuele for not having made it clear at first that we didn't want to see a glass factory. It was stupid of him, he admitted, and it had been on the tip of his tongue to say so before, but he had been under the impression he had mentioned it.

Emmanuele simply said, "Pronto! Vera naice," and led us into an inferno of flame, of busy men and of still busier small boys, all which, he informed us proudly, was a glass factory. He also added that it was "vera bootifool."

For some while we watched men playing with lumps of molten glass on the ends of long iron tubes which they twirled rapidly in their hands and down which they occasionally blew. It all looked very busy, but we could not see anything actually being made. Each figure in turn that we watched seemed just to have finished. All the while Emmanuele's treacle-like purr of probably inaccurate explanation dripped gently on our ears from a position of vantage behind, whence he could see that his five lire didn't get away from him.

At last Percival pointed out a massive high-browed man who really appeared about to start. He was a fellow of some consequence, the MUSSOLINI of the place, for he had three small boys to help him, two to bring him tubes with blobs of red-hot glass from the furnace and one to bring him drinks of wine.

Mussolini began by slapping his chest several times, and we edged up close so as not to miss anything. Then he squinted along various rods, like INMAN selecting a good cue, and put them in the furnace. Then he sat down and had a drink.

After a while he got up and inspected his rods, cuffed a small boy, sat down once more and had another drink.

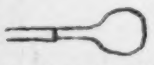
The third time he got up with purpose in his mien. He dashed to the furnace. We nudged one another in a frenzy of anticipation. After all this we felt sure he was going to blow at least a good-sized conservatory, if not a Crystal Palace.

With a flourish he pulled out a rod with its glowing burden and relit his cigarette. Then he had another drink.

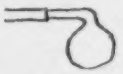
We rounded angrily on Emmanuele and asked what all this meant. When he had finished his long explanation we found that, unobserved by us, Mussolini had just made a beautiful glass flask and was now having a drink. . . .

It may have been Percival's exclamation of annoyance at missing it which drew attention to us; anyway, however the thing began, it ended by Percival taking his coat off and leaping into the arena determined, at Mussolini's invitation, to "make-a da good fiasco for Chianti."

Mussolini handed him one of the long rods complete with lump of molten glass, and Percival in masterly fashion twirled it in his hands and blew. A pleased murmur went round the factory as the result was seen to be something like this:—



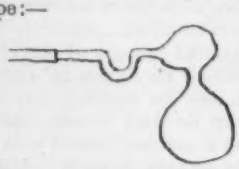
Percival, bowing graceful acknowledgments, stopped twirling for a moment and the "fiasco" instantly became like this:—



Hurriedly he turned it over and began to blow once more. When he paused for breath he had more or less retrieved his error, thus:—



By now the word had gone forth and workers were crowding round. Percival, rather embarrassed, began to question Mussolini on further procedure and again forgot to blow till rather late. The "fiasco" instantly took up this shape:—



With a slight shudder Mussolini returned it to the furnace for reheating; and Percival, somewhat shaken, was given a half-litre of wine. The drink seemed to affect him considerably, because when his rod was returned he leapt at it and blew several mighty blasts, holding it alternately up in the air and down towards the ground, and looking something like Pan in a Spring pastoral ballet. During this he rested it once on his own foot and once on Mussolini's, at which he laughed in an eldritch fashion in mid-blow.

The result was so horrible that everyone crossed himself and drew back in alarm, while two of the small boys burst into tears. With averted face Mussolini took the thing from him, cooled it and handed it back, wrapped in straw. We were seen off in a hostile silence with our trophy, which finally looked like this:—



THE FINISHED FIASCO.

A. Pause for graceful acknowledgments.
B. Pause for questions re procedure.
C. Spring pastoral ballet.
D. Percival's foot.
E. Mussolini's foot.
F. The eldritch laugh.

Emmanuele alone seemed to like it, and said it was "Vera naice, vera bootiful"; but then his opinion was probably biassed because he had not yet received his five lire.

And yet as a fiasco it was complete and perfect. A. A.

PRIDE OF REGIMENT.

[The French army is proposing to instal labour-saving devices in all barracks in order to enable conscripts to devote more time to purely military training.]

THERE may be some who 'll joy to think that Science
Should not consider it outside its sphere
To ease by means of many an apt appliance
The burdens of a soldierly career,
Should make those burdens lighter than a feather
And thereby wake an unaccustomed doubt
If warrior and housemaid go together
(Except when walking out).

But I, admittedly for selfish reasons,
Would find this change a matter to deplore
When I recall the few but hectic seasons
When I was Private 20394,
Who, having with his puny mates (a queer row)
Lined up before a doctor slow to bar,
Was duly passed and lived to find a hero
Extremely like a char.

I should consider it indeed an ample
Cause for the loosing of the mournful tear
Did England imitate this French example;
The arm I served with then would disappear;
And I should simply hate to see disbanded
As something which the KING no longer needs
Cookhouse Fatigue, wherein, to be quite candid,
I did my doughtiest deeds.



Lady (to her gardener's son). "I SUPPOSE YOU HELP YOUR FATHER WITH HIS OWN GARDEN?"
Boy. "OH, NO, MUM. FATHER'S VERY PERTICLAR; 'E WOULDN'T LET ME TOUCH IT."

BILLS FOR REPAIRS.

OF two accounts that greeted me at breakfast this morning, one was from my builder, and it read as follows:—

"Repairs to roof refixing slipped slate renewing one 24 × 10 slate and make good cement fillet and lead valley material 1 slate and nails ½-peck of cement and labour 15/10."

No breaks, no stops; all in one breath.

The other was from my doctor. No details, no account of materials used; simply three printed words: "To Professional Attendance," and underneath, in a bold round handwriting, "Twenty guineas."

Why should not the doctor have set out his statement in more or less the same form as the builder? Thus:—

"To examining you after motor accident and finding that you had a fractured left leg and left arm and sundry superficial cuts and bruises repairs to leg and arm refixing after fracture and make good cuts on face and hands material 4 splints 40 yards of good quality bandage 4 pads 5 yards adhesive dressing 6 boxes ointment 20 bottles medicine and labour Twenty guineas."

I might have felt that I was getting value for money. As it is I feel that the builder, if only by the fulness and candour of his statement, has earned priority of recognition, and I shall pay him first.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"In the dear Victorian days, when girls did not smoke or wear short skirts, a poet wrote of some damsel: 'Her voice was soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in women.' If that poet lived to-day he would be a sorrowful man."—*Sheffield Paper.*

Why confine to the Victorian era the poet who was not for an age but for all time?

NELSON'S NIGHT.

I HAVE to announce the results of one of the best speech-sweepstakes that ever were, held last week at the jolly and imposing dinner given by the Press to the Imperial Premiers and members of the Dominion delegations. Good dinner, good company and anybody's race till the very last moment. And then, when has one had four or five Prime Ministers to bet about? Is it treason, by the way, or irreverent, to bet about Imperial statesmen, and which of them will make the longest speech after dinner? I hope not. I think not. We did it most respectfully. They made capital speeches, all of them, and (until the crisis) I for one missed not one word. Nobody who has drawn a Prime Minister in a speech-sweepstake does miss a word. That is the glory of the game. These speeches were capital, I repeat, but had they been otherwise we should still have listened to them with every ear. So that no after-dinner speaker should do anything but commend my sweepstakes; and I want no complaints from any Prime Minister, please.

We had the usual rules—a pound a share, and prizes for the Longest Speech and the Shortest Speech. There was no *cliché* prize this time, out of respect for our distinguished guests. Besides, the Empire (bless it!) is a terrible temptation.

George behaved badly, of course, and I still think wangled the draw. The horses (if I may say so) were:—

GREAT BRITAIN (Lord BURNHAM).
CANADA (Mr. MACKENZIE KING).
AUSTRALIA (Mr. BRUCE).
NEW ZEALAND (Mr. COATES).
IRISH FREE STATE (Mr. COSGRAVE).
NEWFOUNDLAND (Mr. MONROE).
INDIA (Sir BIJAY CHAND MAHTAB, MAHARAJAH of BURDWAN).

I drew India, and George drew little Newfoundland, the two last speakers, so we were rivals at once for the Shortest Speech. Australia was drawn by a perfect stranger opposite to me, a Mr. Chalmers, a good man, I am sure, but why should he draw Australia?

Great Britain (Lord BURNHAM up) led off modestly with nine-and-a-half minutes, and was almost certainly out of the running for any prize.

Canada followed with nineteen-and-a-quarter minutes, a stiff proposition to beat, with so many speeches, and music in between; and I must say it is a bit hard to sandwich so much music in between the speeches at a public dinner. One goes to a dinner prepared to hear bad speeches, but, if one is to have good music as well, then where is Liberty?

However, Mr. BRUCE was up soon, and loud and long was his welcome. I had a slight argument at this point with Mr. Chalmers, who said that this preliminary applause ought to count as part of the speech. George backed him up, but only, I think, because he had taken a dislike to the man who drew Canada and wanted Australia to win the Longest. (You see the subtleties which surround you in this sport?) I ruled definitely against them—and provincial players had better make a note of this: "*A speech is timed from the moment the orator opens his mouth till the moment he hits his seat again—all intermediate applause, of course, being included.*"



Earnest Youth (to meek waiting client in solicitor's office). "OH, YES, SIR, HE DOES TAKE ON SMALL JOBS, BUT, IF YOU WANT TO GET THE BEST OUT OF HIM, *HE'S ITCHING TO DEFEND A MURDERER.*"

But with an unscrupulous player like George even this rule is not water-tight. Mr. BRUCE speaks forcefully, weightily and well, and I hate to say this, but I am afraid that certain passages towards the end of his speech did not really merit so much applause as they received. When he reached the seventeen-minute mark he seemed to waver a little, and George, having this stupid down on the man who had drawn Canada, started round after round of applause. This not only took time but seemed to put new life into Australia. He went on easily to twenty minutes—there was a good deal of sneering and bitterness across the table between Chalmers and the Canada man—and ran out at twenty-two, almost a certainty for the Longest Speech.

New Zealand put up a poor half-hearted performance for such a jolly Dominion, and only ran to thirteen minutes—no sort of use.

The score now stood as follows:—

AUSTRALIA	22
CANADA	19¼
NEW ZEALAND	13
GREAT BRITAIN . . .	9½

Then Ireland came in and made a spirited knock of eleven.

By the way, speaking of Ireland, how strange are the minds of the men who report speeches! Mr. DESMOND FITZGERALD deputised for Mr. COSGRAVE, who was ill, and he made the most amusing speech of the evening, real Irish, real after-dinner stuff, and not less serious because it was amusing. But all I read about *him* in a column-and-a-half report next morning was:—

"Mr. DESMOND FITZGERALD replied in place of Mr. WILLIAM COSGRAVE."

Another injustice to Ireland!

However, he was no earthly use to his holder in the sweep.

And now began the real drama of the evening, the desperate struggle for the Shortest Speech between little Newfoundland (George) and India with its teeming millions (Haddock), between East and West, the New and the Old, between the Hon. W. S. MONROE and the Maharajah of BURDWAN. When little Newfoundland began by saying that he was not going to detain us long at this late hour of the evening I put him down for ten minutes. But I was wrong. Newfoundland were all out for a sturdy 7.

Still, I made pretty sure now of winning my money. We had now been dining for over three hours-and-a-half—a nervous position for the last speaker, and I hoped the Maharajah would be jumpy before all these Prime Ministers. I also hoped he might not know very much English. I imagined him stammering out a few broken words of thanks in Hindustani and sitting down with a record two-and-a-half or less. What an opportunity it is, by the way, for the last speaker on these occasions to stand up and say, "Really, I am not going to make a speech. Really, I have nothing to say except 'Thank-you'"—and really sit down! What an ovation



Reckless Driver. "No—never had a collision."
Nervous Passenger. "Ah—always hit 'em in the back, I suppose?"

that man would have! But no white man has ever done it. Perhaps India would show the way.

But no. The awful thing was that the Maharajah spoke better English than anyone else—smooth, flowing, deliberate periods. Nervous? Ha! True, he seemed worried about the lateness of the hour, but this did not hurry his admirable delivery; and there was George, of course, applauding like a lunatic. It *was* a good speech, quite one of the most impressive of the evening. But that was no reason why George should hammer on the table with a spoon at every word the man said and wake up the whole audience. Four minutes—five minutes—they were gone in no time. Five minutes and a-half—and then the Maharajah said modestly, "I must not detain you any longer at this late hour in the evening . . ." And I *know* he was going to sit down.

But "Go on!" shouted George. And all those three-hundred sheep in the audience made encouraging cries and clapped their hands—little knowing, poor fools, that they were so many pawns in the vile schemes of George. I tried to kick George under the table and kicked Mr. Chalmers instead, but he had won four pounds for the Longest, (curse him!), so I did not really care.

Six minutes—and I still had hope. The Maharajah paused, and I thought he was gathering himself for his peroration. A nice snappy little peroration, and three pounds sterling would be mine.

And then some imp, some fiend, put into the Maharajah's head the name of Nelson; for the morrow would be Nelson's day. At the name of Nelson my heart sank. At the name of Nelson George gave a sort of whoop, and the assembled Press of the Empire cheered with him. The Maharajah went on about Nelson. But really I do not know what he said about Nelson. I am sure it was good; but I was too broken to listen. And I will say for the Maharajah that few speakers I have heard, having once got on to the subject of Nelson at an Imperial gathering on the eve of Nelson's day, would have got rid of Nelson so quickly as he did.

But he was not quick enough for me. He went to seven minutes, and he went to seven-and-a-half, and then he sat down, a gallant loser, but still a loser, by half-a-minute.

"Well done, Newfoundland!" I said, as I handed George the boodle.

"Well done, Nelson!" said George.

A. P. H.

"Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio."

"Fur s c lge mans flt, 2 rec. 2 bdrms, kit, gsyr, g frs, piano, p. lin. 49s 6d or opl pt prte sh do."—*Advt. in Evening Paper.*

No prize is offered for the solution of this conundrum.

From a pastoral letter:—

"The last two Sundays in church have been like meeting old fiends."—*Church Magazine.*

We feel that a Church Magazine was not quite the place for this remark.

"The —— colliery proprietors offered the men returning to work a special bonus of 3*s.* per shirt. The circular concluded: 'Have no fear, the men presenting themselves will be adequately protected.'"—*Provincial Paper.*

Naturally; they would be wearing all the shirts they could lay their hands on.

From a report of a Golf Tournament:—

"Especial praise must be given to the greenkeeper, who had his course in perfect condition and must have spent the night watches in filling up divot marks with his men, for of bad lies there were none."—*Daily Paper.*

Unless this is a bad lie by our contemporary, it indicates extraordinary devotion on the part of the green-keeper's assistants, unequalled since the days when Quintus Curtius flung himself into the gulf.

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE.

A NUMBER of eminent bankers and business men (forsooth) seem to have met together and propounded a scheme for levelling the tariff walls of the Continent, and establishing open trade. What right have eminent bankers and business men to do any such thing? I wonder whether they realise what misery an arrangement of this kind will bring into countless humble homes.

How, for instance, will it fare with Gregory, and how with me? You might as well take away from us the sunlight, the flowers and the birds as this long-standing dispute between us on Tariff Reform and Free Trade.

Gregory is a Tariff Reformer, and I believe in Free Trade. That at least is the immediate position of affairs. If I shiver and say, "What disgusting weather!" Gregory answers, "How can you expect to have decent weather without Tariff Reform?"

And if Gregory says he cannot shake off his cold I point out to him that his cold is the natural affliction of a man who does not believe in Free Trade.

This proposed abolition of all the tariff barriers of Europe would not help either of us in the least. It is my contention that Free Trade is good for England even if all the tariff barriers in the other countries were two hundred feet high, with little Frenchmen and Germans and Spaniards peering scornfully over the top. It is Gregory's profound belief that even if all the other countries of Europe adopted Free Trade, England would be benefited by Tariff Reform. To remove the whole issue takes something out of our lives which can never be properly replaced.

Some time ago I triumphantly showed Gregory two coloured penny motor-cars made of tin. The wheels of one of them went round, and the wheels of the other wouldn't. The motor-car with the sticky wheels was made in England, and the other one in Germany. I alluded to the aptitude which the Germans have always shown for making toys, and used the two motor-cars as the text for a short homily on the advantages of procuring from every country those manufactures which the genius and natural resources of its inhabitants enabled it to produce most cheaply and well.

Gregory responded with some heat that if the home penny toy motor-car was protected for a few years, a point of skill would almost certainly be reached by our home manufacturers which would enable them to produce an article the wheels of which revolved with equal facility to that of the German model. In trying to demonstrate this on the mantel-piece Gregory broke the English motor-car, which I regarded as a triumph for Free Trade.

Gregory replied that the car would not have broken unless he had hit the clock with it, and that the clock came from Switzerland and was of a peculiarly detestable shape. This, he pointed out, was an argument for Tariff Reform.

I have not, I may say, always been a Free Trader. What converted me was Gregory's lamentable defection, towards the beginning of this century, to the heresy of Protection, which he had previously opposed with all the eloquence at his command.

I could not permit our life-long intimacy to be broken by so untoward an agreement on a vital economic policy. For the sake of our friendship I threw over Tariff Reform, and we now both of us have the added advantage in argument of being able to observe:—

"Let me recall for a moment what you said in 1905 (or 1906). Sitting in that chair (or lying on that hearth-rug), you used the words: 'It seems to me that the country is heading towards the precipice of economic disaster, and cannot possibly be saved unless——'"

And this, I must say, gives an added piquancy to our debates.

A structure of family life so complicated, bound up with so many pleasant reminiscences, is now to be destroyed, if you please, by a posse of eminent financiers, many of them foreigners at that. There are books in this room the loss of whose covers remind me of pleasant differences of opinion between Gregory and myself in this matter of Protection and Free Trade. Are we to have the sanctity of home life violated to suit the whim of a few wealthy bankers whose hearts are so cold that they prefer economics to humanity? What substitute are we to find, Gregory and I, for this bond of disagreement that they are about to remove?

I have said that I am a Free Trader, and that Gregory believes in Tariff Reform, but as a matter of fact, at the moment when this bombshell from the bankers burst upon us, negotiations were actually on foot to transfer our respective allegiances, on the grounds that each of us now thinks that he has one or two more corking arguments on the other side than his opponent is able to advance. The blow therefore has been very bitter to Gregory and me. We see in this attempt to break down all economic barriers yet one more symptom of the decay of tradition and the loosening of restraints which is the curse of our modern era. Morality has gone, and the respect of the young for the old. The classes and the masses are inextricably mingled. Yet we had hoped that for our time at least the distinction between Tariff Reform and Free Trade might have been preserved from the Vandal and the Visigoth.

Judging by their reticence, I suspect that several of our great daily newspapers are feeling a similar sense of affront.

EVOE.



Lisa. "WHAT 'S THAT MEAN, BILL?"
Bill (wisely). "THAT 'S LATIN FOR 'KEEP OFF THE GRASS.'"

"PARTNERSHIP.—Course bookmaker requires man with £200 to act as his confidential clerk, etc. Wages £2 per day and short of profits monthly."—*Daily Paper.*

Is the betting tax casting its shadow before?

From an article on "A Flutter at Monte Carlo":—

"One black-coated croupier, a heavily-moustached gentleman in evening dress, so unwholesomely pallid as to suggest his having been recently disinterred, having thrice repeated the official 'Fait vos peux' ('make your game'), now says, with an air of pronounced weariness, 'Le jeux est fait' ('the game is made')."—*New Zealand Paper.*

The pallid gentleman's French also seems to have been a little mouldy.

MANNERS AND MODES: WINDOW-DRESSING.



Merely to give prominence to a ravishing creation is all right in its way—



but a tableau illustrative of its devastating effect upon the public would carry a tremendous selling punch.



Small Luncher-out (confidentially, to waiter who is helping her to hors d'œuvres). "WOULD YOU MIND IF I DON'T HAVE ANY TOMATO, PLEASE? YOU SEE, IT ALWAYS MAKES ME SICK."

ODE TO RED.

O you that give the shepherd
A morning tip that he
Will probably be peppered
Before he 's back to tea,
Yet when you come at nightfall
Inform his westering eye
That, bar perhaps a slight fall,
The morrow should be dry,

All colours have about them
A charm we cannot shun;
What we should do without them
I couldn't say, for one;
But, though I speak with deference
For others, be it said
That my unshaken preference
Is still for you, O Red.

I love the crude geranium,
The lobster and the prawn,
A bald and sunburnt cranium
And hippos when they yawn;
A ferret with a pink eye
Inflates me with delight,
And, now I come to think, I
Prefer red wines to white.

The red of kingly trappings
Which charm the subject's eye
And rouse devoted clappings
I place extremely high,
And, though one feels a check where
That royal hue is found
In Communistic neckwear,
The taste itself is sound.

Dear is the Eye of Danger
Which, shining through the gloom,
Saves the unwary stranger
From damage or the tomb;
Red garments worn by ladies
Exalt me to the full,
Unless the red-clad maid is
In trouble with a bull.

I love, again, red roses,
Red cheeses and red gold,
The crimson blush of noses
Afflicted by a cold,
The planet Mars, and parrots
(When red), and cherry-tart,
A motor-bus, and carrots:
O carrots! O my heart!

Beat not, O heart, so wildly
For her of long-ago
Whom you, to put it mildly,
Worshipped when ten or so;
Her dazzling head she rated
As auburn—all the same
Her brothers, whom she hated,
Gave it a ruder name.

Such dreams the world may pooh-pooh,
But oh, I loved that crown,
Crested to shame the hoopoe,
Until she turned me down;
And, though I 've long been pensioned,
My heart is not yet chill,
And that same root I mentioned
Reminds me of it still.

DUM-DUM.

A Mixed Bag.

"On the —— New Farm Major ——, Mr. John —— and Mr. Stephen —— shot in one day 27 brace of partridges, Captain L. ——, Lieut.-Colonel ——, and seven hares."
North-Country Paper.

"Wanted, a number of motorists to push new business propaganda in and out of London in their spare time. Free petrol."—*Daily Paper.*

There's quite a lot of new business propaganda that we should not mind seeing pushed out of London.

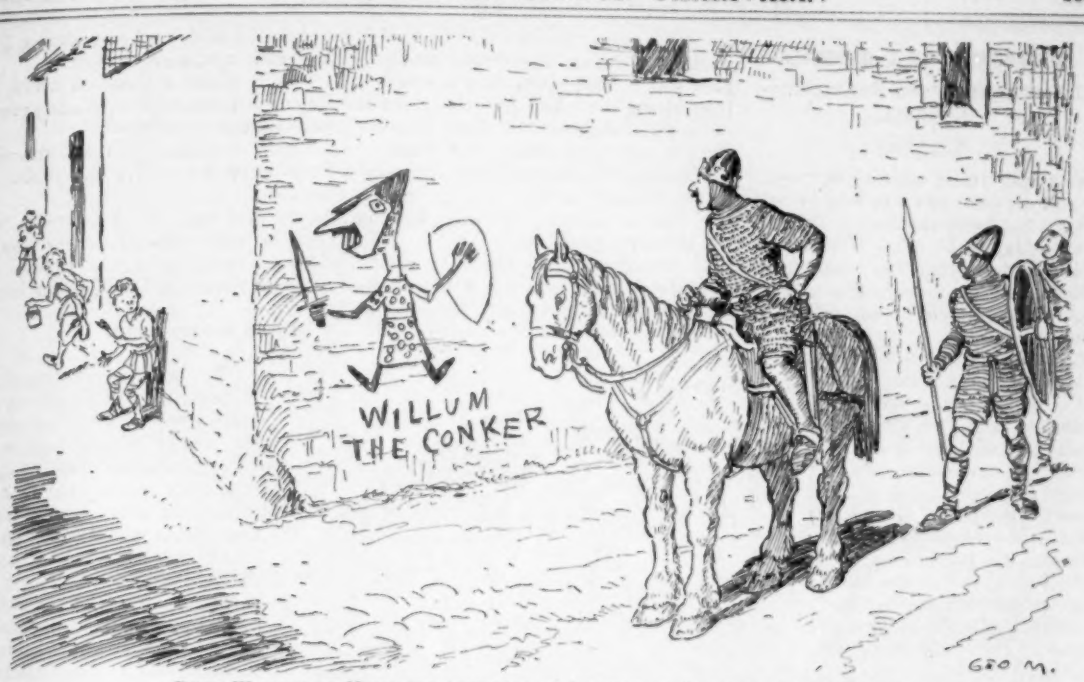
"Mr. and Mrs. F. —— gave a most enjoyable dance at the Masonic Hall, Gonville, for the coming of age of their kingfisher blue panne velvet, trimmed daughter, Doreen."
New Zealand Paper.

They were almost bound to give a good dance for a girl like that.



EXCALIBUR.

Mr. Lloyd George. "MINE, I THINK!"



DUKE WILLIAM OF NORMANDY DISCOVERS AN EXAMPLE OF SAXON MURAL DECORATION.

MY PHOTOGRAPH.

I HAVE just had my photograph taken. It stands on my desk before me as I write. It is the picture of a grim, smug, self-conscious cad. No, it isn't. It is the picture of a poor, weak, indeterminate, characterless ass. The head is thrown back in an arrogant manner and tilted foolishly to one side; the chin is thrust forward in a pathetically feeble imitation of MUSSOLINI; the eyes are soulless and cruel, with a suspicion of insanity lurking in their expression. The mouth is vague and nervous, the lips pursed tightly and yet portraying nothing but weakness and indecision. The complexion is shiny and white, like that of a man who lives his life in the more expensive night-clubs and never takes exercise. The hair is smooth and glossy, with the marks of the comb showing clearly upon it. The clothes are stiff and conventional; the whole thing is a lamentable failure. Yet none of it was my fault.

I remember so well how it happened. I remember how I sat in the waiting-room that morning looking through albums of photographs of other people who had been "taken" before me, all of them so prim and steady and respectable. I remember how I looked in the mirror and straightened my tie and pulled down my waistcoat and sighed. I remember how the man fastened me down in the chair and clipped my head into a gadget that came up from the back. I remember wondering if this gadget would come out in the picture. I remember how the man came up to me and turned my body sideways, facing to the right, and my head sideways, facing to the left. I remember how it reminded me of having my tonsils taken out with a local anæsthetic. And I shuddered.

I remember the conversation.

"Not quite so serious, please."

"But I *am* serious," I replied.

At which the man laughed and said, "Not *always* surely? Come—a little more cheerful now."

Whereupon I smiled a wan and sickly smile, so that he had to wait for a few moments until it had worn off. I remember affecting an air of nonchalance with a dash of devilment in it, but this again checked him.

I remember how I wanted to look to one side instead of straight into the gaping mouth of the camera, and I remember how the man declined to allow it.

I remember trying to concentrate on some happy event of my life and failing to think of one. I remember that at the last crucial moment I was horrified by the thought that I had contracted a violent squint.

And it all comes back to me as I look at this photograph propped up in front of me on my desk, and I realise that it ought never to have happened.

My friends are all clamouring for a copy. How can I let them have it? How can I allow this false impression of me to be stuck up on mantelpieces all over the country? How can I allow it to appear alongside those powerful articles which I am always about to write for the Sunday papers? How can I? I cannot; I will not allow it.

There is another picture of me. It was taken by an amateur, aged eight. In it I am seen playing a shot with my mashie-niblick in the garden. The expression is particularly bright and intelligent, despite the fact that it is obvious from my swing that the shot with the mashie-niblick must have been socketed. It is an exceedingly pleasant likeness of me. I have decided to use this. I have decided to have it enlarged (the head and shoulders, cutting out the golf-swing), and I shall send it round to my friends. They may say that it is mean of me, but it is better so. Meanness is only one fault. All the others are in that picture which now lies in a hundred fragments in my waste-paper basket.

L. B. G.

Misfortunes Never Come Singly.

"During the Term we had measles, German measles and mumps, and a full inspection by the Board of Education."—*School Magazine.*

"Police last night took to Cannon-row Police Station a large motor-car fund unattended in Whitehall."—*Daily Paper.*

If this fund was raised for the upkeep of our roads, it is not the first raid of the kind. Does Mr. CHURCHILL know anything about it?

CONFESSIONS OF A REPORTER.

INTERVIEWING THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

I.—THE DREAM.

WITH lightning rapidity my request for an interview was sent by pneumatic tube to the inner sanctum of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, who, I understood, was superintending the framing of a halfpenny stamp for presentation to the High Commissioner of one of our vast Dominions.

A warm invitation to come up at once was extended to me.

As I entered the room he came to meet me with outstretched hand, and I felt the currents of magnetism flowing around me, under the door and down the stairs.

For the POSTMASTER-GENERAL is a personality.

"Surely that was the LORD CHANCELLOR whom I passed on the stairs?" I queried as we sat down and drew our chairs together.

"Why not?" smiled the P.M.G. "I had a very reasonable complaint this morning from Mr. Smith, who keeps the general shop at Blackberry-on-Hill, with regard to one of our slogans, and of course I hastened to enlist the highest legal aid in the land."

"But all this must take up your time," I said wonderingly.

"What am I here for?" demanded the P.M.G. "Could I take any pleasure in my high office if I thought that one of my employers was nursing a grievance against me in his heart? Mr. Smith will receive a postcard—no, a letter-card—to-morrow morning which will assure him that his objection has been completely and lovingly dealt with. The Smiths of Great Britain are very dear to the heart of a Postmaster-General," he concluded earnestly.

"Our readers will be delighted to hear all this," I said. "I represent one-million-and-two people, exclusive of complimentary and voucher copies, you know."

"Who do you suppose the odd two are?" inquired the P.M.G. interestedly.

"The Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND and Mr. COOK, I expect," I said thoughtfully.

"And all of them with their little grievances, no doubt," mused the P.M.G. with a glistening eye.

"Without *any* doubt," I said decidedly.

"Give them my love," said the P.M.G. "What a slogan that would make, by the way! Tell them they are ever in my thoughts. And tell the children that *their* slogan, 'Eat Your Crusts!' will be on the envelopes next week."

He slipped a one-and-sixpenny postal-order into my hand.

"Just a sample," he said, smiling. "Good-bye, good-bye."

I passed out into the busy streets and stood for half-an-hour with a pigeon on the toe of each boot, thinking on the greatness of St. Martin-le-Grand.



SANDS FOR PLOUGHING.

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD. "THERE'S NONE TOO MUCH SWEETNESS IN THIS DESERT AIR."

Mr. NOEL BUXTON. "NO, AND THERE WON'T BE ANY UNTIL THE LANDOWNERS TAKE A LEAF OUT OF OUR BOOK."

[Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, accompanied by Mr. NOEL BUXTON, formerly Minister of Agriculture, has gone to the Sahara.]

II.—THE REALITY.

"Official 000," I said, taking down the receiver.

"Fishguard is Trunks," said a sweet voice reprovingly.

"No, *Official* 000!" I repeated.

"Oh, *Finchley*," said the sweet voice.

"No, no, *Official 000!*" I shouted.

"As well as Finchley?" asked the sweet voice . . . "Have they answered? I'll ring them again . . . I'll change the line . . . You're through."

"Official 000," said a voice.

"I want to speak to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL," I requested.

"Is it about a telephone account?" said the voice guardedly.

"No," I said. "I just want a little talk with him, man to man."

"Is it about a postcard which has just been delivered after fifteen years?" went on the voice warily.

"No," I said; "it's an interview. Press interview. 'Tell the public' interview."

"In that case," said the voice, "we shall be very pleased to see you at eleven o'clock precisely, if you can make it convenient to call at that hour."

* * * * *

I made it convenient.

* * * *

To see the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, I gathered from the official who received me gravely, was as impossible as to see the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER when you want to complain about your income-tax assessment, though I learnt that over a space of some fifty years there had been no fewer than three regrettable irregularities in this respect. One was a man from Aberdeen; another was an American from a small town in the Middle West who wanted to "Check up on the Big Noise" (the official shuddered in quite a human way when he told me this); and the other, of course, was a lady. These cases were still occupying the attention of officials who dealt with Schedule Q (7).

"Do you anticipate any more trouble for the POSTMASTER-GENERAL over the postmark slogans?" I asked.

"Further dissatisfaction on the part of the public would of course take some considerable time to reach the POSTMASTER-GENERAL," said the official. "I might say, in fact, that it would be more likely to reach his successor. The special forms required for submitting such objections have not yet been passed by the committee which deals with such matters. Then there would have to be a careful sifting of evidence and classifying of persons concerned. Then, after a suitable interval, such persons would be requested to present themselves, with such forms as were necessary, at the head offices of their districts."

"And the finalists?" I asked.

"Would be granted an interview—no, not with the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, but with some official under Schedule P (18), who would——"

"Note the objection?" I said brightly.

"Exactly," said the official with quite a kind smile.



Mabel (who has been to tea with small friend). "AND ONLY FANCY, MUMMY! MOLLY CAN SAY THE LORD'S PRAYER AND DO UP HER OWN GAITERS!"

THE POPINJAY.

'TWAS JULIUS CÆSAR'S self, so goes
A story I find pleasant,
Who gave to us our English rose
And, equally, our pheasant;
So when in June a rose I pick
When roses on the trees are,
Or when, just now, I hear a stick,
A far-off beater's busy stick,
Go tap, I think of CÆSAR,
Of General JULIUS CÆSAR.

The rose of royal sort is she,
To England's Arms material;
But if a rose is royalty
A pheasant cock's imperial;
His collar's white, his mail's more bright
And bronze than I can utter;
And when he goes to bed at night,
Kok kok, goes up to bed at night,
He makes a lordly splutter,
A mighty lordly splutter.

He mixes much with millionaires
Who mostly own our good land,
He gives himself infernal airs
When walking in a woodland;
He ne'er in cottage gardens is
The pledge of rustic lovers,
His are the gold-roofed palaces,
Those blue and gold-roofed palaces,
The gay October covers,
Our gold autumnal covers.

And later, when you see him come,
Some sparkling morn surmounting,
Tall as the towers of Ilium
The battery discounting,
He sails, a popinjay of blood,
Resplendently aspiring;
And if he crashes with a thud
There 'll seldom sound another thud
More meet for your admiring,
Complacent self-admiring.

So when you hear a beater's stick
As busy as the bees are,
Spare half a moment (but be quick!)
To think of JULIUS CÆSAR
(The fraction of a breath will do,
I 'd say to lord or yeoman),
Then concentrate, my lad, like glue
Upon (remember, please, *like glue!*)
Another noble Roman,
This right imperial Roman.

"Women (2) of Social Prestige, good appearance and personality, for civic work: must be capable of meeting the elect."
Dominion Paper.

Would these be the Mayor and Corporation?

OPEN LETTERS.

To Jenny the Chambermaid.

DEAR JENNY,—You are a nice girl, and, when you like, you can smile very prettily and make the hotel seem almost a possible place. You look after the rooms fairly well—that is to say, as well as anything is done nowadays, when there is such a concentration of thought on time-off and its beguilements, from love and the shops to dancing and the pictures; but you have one grave fault: you will not bring in my boots.

Wherever I find you, in England or abroad, you are fixed in your determination not to perform this simple act, and I wish you would tell me why. Are you bound by a rule drawn up by the Confederation of Chambermaids or League of Servants? If so, even while not understanding it, I can accept the situation. But if it is a mere capricious and whimsical unwillingness on the part of you and your sisterhood I wish you would reconsider it. Nothing is more annoying than, half-dressed, to have to stoop at the doorway and rake them in.

I appeal to you, Jenny, to think of our plight and behave more kindly.

I am, Yours sincerely, E. V. L.

OLYMPIANA.

Two things one quickly learns at the Motor Show. One is that every car is, in turn, the best, or, at any rate, has no defects. The other is that, whatever else the busy inventive brains at the back of the industry can do, they can't devise a door that can be securely shut without banging.

* * *

Olympia when the Motor Show is on would be a really amusing place were it not for other people. Other people are always in the way, but never so much so as when you want to look closely at a car or to ask questions of the salesman; and no matter how early you arrive, even to putting yourself out painfully to get there, these other people are there first.

Nor will the salesman catch your eye. Obviously, by any person of sense, and particularly by a dealer, to whom serious customers and orders are the breath of life, everyone else should be gently but firmly discouraged directly your approach is discerned. But this does not happen at motor shows, where the salesman seems to be at the mercy of any impostor who is there merely out of idle and loquacious curiosity. I suppose the poor fellows become dazed.

* * *

As for the impostors, who pretend that they want to buy but really have neither the intention nor the means, they are always a nuisance, but never more so than when they sit in the cars. Under the pretence of testing the comfort of the seats and springs they will retire in couples inside these fastnesses and there repose and talk for half-an-hour on end. The salesman would eject them if he could; but how dare he if they look like the real thing?

* * *

But the greatest blemish of all is that, although motor shows are promoted in the interests of trade, the aim of every exhibitor being to sell his car, the one thing that you cannot do there is to buy one. Not what I call buying, which is putting down your money and removing the goods. No one can go to a motor show, take a fancy to a car and drive it away. HAROLD LLOYD might succeed in this manœuvre, HAROLD LLOYD being supernatural, but no one else could, not even the millionairiest of Napoleons or the most Napoleonic of millionaires.

* * *

The perfect way would be for every exhibitor to keep in a garage close by, or even in a side street, numerous other examples of his cars ready for service. Then there would be business indeed. You would see the model, make the usual inquiry, "Can't I have this one?" receive the usual reply, "No, I 'm sorry, but it was sold on the first day of the show," and then be led to the reserves to conclude the bargain and dash home with the prize.

But how far is this ideal from the real! "I should like one of these," you say. "In fact, I 'll have one. When can you deliver it? To-morrow?" and you draw out your cheque-book.

"To-morrow!" shouts the young man, in his consternation and surprise almost taking his hands out of his pockets. "To-morrow! That would be impossible."

"The next day, then," you say.

"The next day!" he echoes, in the renewed disorder caused by such a revolutionary suggestion actually disarranging his hair. "You could not have it for at least three weeks."

* * *

Three weeks is the stock phrase. It might be three months; but if you want a new car very badly the difference doesn't matter: three weeks and three months are the same.

* * *

Even the body-makers, those aristocrats, won't let you drive the car away. "Yes, you can have it," they say, "but not till the end of the show. You see, it 's a model."

More often, however, it has just been sold. "If you had only come along half-an-hour ago," the superb creature murmurs; and you walk sadly away, wondering what it must be like to live in homes such as theirs, with satinwood inlay even in the kitchen-table.

* * *

Pondering on this iron rule of postponement, this impossibility of getting immediate possession, I thought, as I went home, what an amusing and satisfactory thing it would be if we varied the Motor Show with a Coffin Show. And why not? It sounds gloomy, but as a matter of fact might be made an aid to composure. Can't you see the rival makers standing discreetly but proudly by their exhibits, praising them in carefully-modulated tones, with all the rich resources of the advertisers' dictionary, that unctuous tome. It would be pleasant to see how tastefully or even luxuriously upholstered one's last residence was to be; but more than pleasant—deliciously soothing—to hear the salesman, no longer a superior and unsympathetic youth, but a suave and elderly man, respectful and reserved, assure you that not for many years could it be ready for you!

"But I want it at once," you would (just for fun or from habit) exclaim.

"At once! Impossible! We could not make this to give you satisfaction under twenty years at least."

That would be worth hearing.

E. V. L.



Irate Gentleman. "WELL, HAVE YOU FINISHED WITH THE TELEPHONE?"

Indignant old Lady. "I HAVEN'T TOUCHED IT, SIR. I'VE ONLY BEEN WAITING FOR THE RAIN TO CEASE."

"Our soft Furnishing Expert's advice is always at the disposal of Customers who are considering alterations to existing schemes."
Advt. in Scots Paper.

Our experience of Caledonian experts is that their softness is apt to be overrated.



Dealer's Man (*to sportsman who has been put down when trying a hunter*). "SHE DO SOMETIMES DANCE A BIT WHEN SHE'S FRESH, BUT THERE AIN'T NO 'ARM IN 'ER."

Sportsman. "WELL, IF THAT'S THE KIND OF STEP SHE DANCES YOU CAN FIND HER ANOTHER PARTNER. I'M SITTING OUT THE REST OF THIS HUNT BALL."

SHE-SHANTIES.

I LIKE THEM FLUFFY . . .

SOME like them gentle and sweet;
Some like them haughty and proud;
Some of us like them *petite*,
And some of us love the whole crowd;
Some will insist upon grace,
And some make a point of the pelf,
But, to take a particular case,
I do like them fluffy myself.
I like them fluffy, I freely confess,
With fluffy blue eyes and a fluffy blue dress,
With fair fluffy hair, like Love-in-a-mist,
And lips that declare "I want to be kissed,"
With fluffy soft cheeks, like plums on a wall,
With a fluffy soft heart, and no brains at all.

Some like a girl that 's well-read;
Some like a shingle or crop;
But I don't care what 's in her head
If there 's plenty of hair on the top;
Give me the frivolous locks;
Give me the Gaiety Queen;
Give me the Chocolate Box,
And give me the Girls' Magazine!
I like them fluffy—I know it's bad taste—
With fluffy soft looks and a flower at the waist,
With golden hair flying like mist round the moon,
And lips that seem sighing "You must kiss me soon;"
Not huffy or stuffy, not tiny or tall,
But fluffy, just fluffy, with no brains at all.

Brains are all right in their place,
But oh, it 's a shock to the heart
If the lady postpones an embrace
To invite your opinions on Art!
And to-day, as I paused on the brink,
I own I was slightly annoyed
When she sighed and said, "What do you think
Of the basic assumptions of FREUD?"
"I like them fluffy," I gently replied,
"Not huffy or stuffy, or puffy with pride,
With downy soft eyebrows and artful blue eyes,
The kind that the high-brows pretend to despise,
With fluffy complexions, like plums on a wall,
And fluffy opinions, and no brains at all." A. P. H.

Our Helpful Contemporaries.

From a column headed "Matrimonial Queries":—

"The French word 'nee' means born. Hence Mary Smith nee Adams means that Mary was christened Adams and took the other name by the marriage route."—*Canadian Paper.*

From Smith Minor's history-paper:—

"*Q.* Write a short note on Pope Innocent the Third?

Ans. Pope Innocent the Third was a very good Pope. I'm afraid I don't know much about Pope Innocent the Third. Well, honestly, I don't know anything about Pope Innocent the Third."

"HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

William Shakespeare was the name of a man convicted yesterday at —— Police Court of game trespass. It was stated he killed two rabbits in a wood. Shakespeare, who said he wanted a dinner, was fined £1 or 14 days."—*Sunday Paper.*

It does not seem to have occurred to him to plead that the rabbits were really killed by a man named BACON.

AT THE PLAY.

"CHILDREN OF THE MOON" (ROYALTY).

IF the author, Mr. MARTIN FLAVIN, meant me to leave the theatre in a state of nervous apprehension, wondering whether there was a tendency to moon-stroke in my family, I am sorry to disappoint him. The fact is that my flesh was never made to creep properly. For one thing, the atmosphere of mystery which he invited me to breathe was too obscure to be really uncanny. For another, the manner of its introduction was not calculated to thrill me. For we first heard of the *Atherton* tradition of lunacy from a half-witted old grandpapa who had lost his memory and simply doddered. It was his view that we are all sprung from the Moon, and that to the Moon we ultimately return. I gathered that she had a curiously perverted sense of motherhood, for she sometimes required her children to go out of their minds and commit suicide when she was at the full. This had happened to the old man's son and grandson, and, though he himself had survived and still kept in filial touch with his unearthly mother by means of a massive telescope (loaned by Messrs. NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA), we learned that this moon-business had spoilt the promise of a brilliant career. True, he had contrived to become a Judge, but apparently in America, where this play seems to come from, a little job like that doesn't count.

But, if Mr. FLAVIN fails as a mystery-monger, his humanity is better than his metaphysics, and in *Laura*, the daughter-in-law of *Judge Atherton*, he gave us a very real and original character. The First Act had been little more than a preparation for her appearance in the Second. It had moved very deliberately while everybody, except a butler and an air-mechanic, was talking terribly good English; and its only relief was the charm of Miss MARY ROBKE as the sweetest of grandmothers. But with the advent of Miss MIRIAM LEWES as *Laura* we sat up and began to take serious notice.

News has reached her that her daughter *Jane* is taking kindly to a *Major Bannister*, an aviator (so *Laura* called him), who is being nursed in the *Atherton* house after a crash in the neighbourhood, and she comes at full speed to intervene, having given up a foreign tour ("cancelled her reservations," as she puts it) for the purpose. She is one of those women whose passionate love for their children is nothing



A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE MOON.
Laura Atherton . . MISS MIRIAM LEWES.
Jane Atherton . . . MISS DELIA DELLVINA.

but a glorified form of prehensile egoism. A very tigress of a mother, she would herself claw them to death rather than lose them by any other process. She had already done something very like this to her only son. In a final effort to dissuade him from joining-up in the War she had let out the secret of the suicidal lunacy in his blood (his father had died of it), with the result that this knowledge had preyed upon his mind and he had thrown himself from his fighting-plane.

First she forbids *Jane* to marry any flying-man because of this tragic association. Then she discovers that *Major Bannister* had been her son's superior officer and had allowed him to fly under a full moon, though aware of his hereditary taint. That made him a murderer, and she forbids *Jane* to marry a murderer. Failing here, as a last resort she discloses the family tendency, takes *Jane* into the full moonlight and lets her go mad.

Subsequently, whether through a revulsion of spirit or because she sees that she must in any case lose her daughter, she repents and gives way. But it is then too late. *Jane* retains enough sanity to refuse to let her lover marry a lunatic; and he, recognising that her suicide is only a matter of time, arranges to antedate and share it. So he seizes the opportunity of a moon-trance to carry her off in his plane, with only a thimbleful of petrol, into the thick of a sea-fog. And that's that.



COMPÈRE AND GRAND'MÈRE.
Dr. Wetherell . . . . . MR. FELIX AYLMER.
Madam Atherton . . . . . MISS MARY ROBKE.

If the play survives it must be on the strength of *Laura's* character and Miss MIRIAM LEWES's notable interpretation of its domineering egoism. Time after time, when the devastating arguments of all the others ought to have reduced her to pulp, she came up resilient. Now and again her voice betrayed the familiar influence of Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL, but her personality is too distinct for that to matter much.

Miss DELIA DELLVINA had perhaps a more difficult part as *Jane*, and she did some brave things. If her gestures were a little angular she at least escaped the self-assurance of the girl of to-day. Indeed there was happily nothing very modern in this play, though its time was the present or thereabouts.

As the family doctor Mr. FELIX AYLMER had a light task, or made it seem light by the soundness of his manner. Mr. FRANK FREEMAN'S *Major Bannister* seemed a little colourless, but that may have been due to a commendable reticence. I have spoken of Miss

MARY ROBKE'S charm as "*Madam*" *Atherton*; and it remains to say that Mr. STANLEY LATHBURY, as the old *Judge*, babbled of very improbable matters as probably as could be expected; and that Mr. ELLIOT MAKEHAM gave a pleasant sketch of *Higgs* the mechanic. We could have done with a little more of his Cockney humour, mild as it was, for very little diversion was to be got out of the trivialities of the butler, *Thomas*, the only other character who really tried to be funny.

The elementary lighting of the simple scene—the same commonplace interior throughout—discouraged any atmosphere of mystery. No attempt was made at an effect of chiaroscuro; we were given a steady stream of electric light within and of full moon without. Indeed the latter paid no attention to the alleged sea-fog, but shone right through it with unabated brilliance. I should add that "the Atherton Residence" was supposed to be situated on a rock-bound coast, where, according to the butler's statement, the surf roared day and night without intermission. This continuous monotone might have contributed a suggestion of impending doom, but in order that the dialogue might have a chance it was only suffered to operate spasmodically. O. S.

"PRINCESS CHARMING" (PALACE).

The new piece at the Palace, though labelled "A Romance with Music," is really quite in the authentic British musical comedy tradition, and must be judged by standards proper and peculiar to the type rather than with the critical apparatus called for by really grown-up entertainments. It has more plot and coherence than is usual, and perhaps slightly more plausible characterisation. But I doubt whether FERENCZ MARTOS, the librettist, or ALBERT SZIRMAI, the composer, would altogether appreciate the interpolation by assistant lyricists and song-makers which give the whole a rather snippety air. And I should be surprised if even a third of what Mr. W. H. BERRY (*Albert Chuff*, insurance-agent) says was even put on paper at all. His fun has that effect of adroit extemporisation so characteristic of this comedian's competent if somewhat stereotyped method; but, however amusing, it needs pruning, simply because four hours is too long for even tolerant citizens to hold out against the minor pangs of boredom.

Princess Charming, Elaine of Novia (Miss WINNIE MELVILLE), is destined to



AS TO THE PALACE BORN.
Christian II. of Sylvania.
MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH.

be the consort of the cynical *King Christian* of Sylvania (Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH). The revolutionary leader, *Ivanoff*, has surrounded the Sylvanian Legation, whither *Elaine* has fled, and demands her surrender. After much flashing of swords and heroic resolutions of what might very well have been all the junior officers of the Sylvanian navy under command of a *Lieutenant Torelli* (Mr. JOHN CLARKE)—to an excellent martial air of Mr. RUSSELL BENNETT'S—the resourceful *Chuff* suggests that if she marries one of the officers (and why not *Torelli*, who is obviously in love with her?) she will be a Sylvanian subject and free to depart. *Ivanoff*, man of blood and iron, rather surprisingly accepts this solution and stalks out of the picture, his resolution having no doubt been sapped by the dancer, *Wanda Navaro* (Miss ALICE DELYSIA), who plays Delilah to his Samson with her finished audacious skill.

The newly-wedded pair arriving at *King Christian's* court, this sham-sinister monarch, who has been ready to approve the marriage if his unseen princess should turn out to be dull and plain, immediately and naturally succumbs to the beautiful if reluctant *Elaine;* has her divorced forthwith by his *Attorney-General*; and strictly guarded pending her re-marriage to himself on the morrow. And, to cut an obvious story short, of course all ends as the gallery could wish—constant lovers united, wicked king consoled by siren much more suited to his sophisticated taste.



"COLOSSAL ASSURANCE."
Albert Chuff (Insurance Agent) . MR. W. H. BERRY.
Wanda Navaro . . . . . MISS ALICE DELYSIA.

Needless to say Mr. BERRY and Miss DELYSIA contributed many outrageous jests, and there were others in a politer vein, of which the definition of a rake as "a thing which makes hay with grass widows," may serve as a good sample.

Tuneful airs in many moods, fruitily sentimental, flippant, mock heroic or danceable; an excellent portrait of a king in Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH'S subtler manner; DELYSIA'S admirable technique and calculated indiscretions; Mr. BERRY'S incorrigible drollery; Miss WINNIE MELVILLE'S charming looks and voice (with a little roughness in its high notes—not surprising perhaps in a smoke-laden atmosphere); some lively loose-limbed dancing — particularly by Miss ARDATH DE SALES, Miss ELAINE LETTOR and Miss BEBE PHILLIPS; gorgeous scenery, dresses and uniforms—in all this there is plenty to delight the eyes, tickle the ears, and provide an escape from the realities. Compression should improve this show, for which I prophesy a long run. T.

THE BOOK MART.

Mr. Philip Anderer is bringing out yet another *Angina* novel. Readers who have followed the exploits of *Lady Angina Pectoris* through *Angina, Angina Married* and *Angina Divorced* need not feel discouraged by the title of his latest novel, *Angina Buried*.

Mr. Anderer, who is a firm believer in an intensified after-life, has another *Angina* volume well on the way.

* * *

Jaws That Have Interested Me is not, as might be supposed, either political or theological. It contains a series of thumb-nail character sketches and sympathetic obituary notices written by a retired prize-fighter who hides under the *nom de guerre* of "A Gentleman with a Glove." He gives us a number of personal recollections of prominent money-lenders, landlords, and fellow-pugilists, some of whom are still living. We welcome the appearance of this vivacious writer, who makes such an agreeable contrast to the more recent type of biographer whose ambition it seems to be to live comfortably and to write dangerously.

* * *

The publication by the Fleshpots Press of a volume of Memoirs by Viscount Mammon of Unrighteousness has created quite a stir in many quarters. It is rumoured that the continued instability of the franc may be attributed to it and that several episcopal sees will shortly be vacant. Lord Mammon has been associated in his time with a great many public figures and is well known in the City and on Wall Street. Those of his Lordship's admirers who would like to see him our future British Dictator are particularly recommended to secure his book.

* * *

Messrs. Borrow and Boost have done the public a great service by bringing out in a cheap and convenient form a modern version of Dante's masterpiece, under the title of *Down among the Dead Men*. Several of the Immortal Florentine's purely local characters have given place to notorious people of our own times, such as Trotsky, Landru, Wilhelm II. and the inventor of the saxophone. The foreword, by an ex-curator of Madame Tussaud's, is in itself a brilliant piece of suggestive and restrained criticism. The book, as he points out, should help to fill the gap caused by the burning of the Baker Street institution.

"A large tannery at Sydney was completely gutted by fire yesterday. One fireman was estimated at £40,000."—*Provincial Paper.*

He seems to have been worth more than a million tanners.

AN ECHO OF COLCHESTER.

Hail to thee, blest oyster,
Only shunned by cranks,
Welcomed in the cloister,
Worshipped by the Yanks,
The glory of the genus of *Lamelli-branchs!*

Though the first who swallowed
Thee remains *incog.*,
Millions who have followed,
Avidly agog,
His splendid lead, acclaim him as a brave bold dog.

Prized in ages hoary
In the distant East,
Gustatory glory
Of the Roman feast,
Yet sanctioned and approved of by the fasting priest;

Beautiful in barrels,
Making luncheon gay,
Mourned in Lewis Carroll's
Elegiac lay,
Beloved of bards and sages down from Chaucer's day;

Linked with the inglorious
Name of Dando, still
Famed as the notorious
Bilking ostreophil
Who used to eat his thousands but never paid the bill;

Better than all fishes,
Salmon, sole or trout,
Better than the dishes
Gourmets rave about;
Devoid of acid, unprovocative of gout.

Crabs "await our question,"
Thou from blame art free;
Men of weak digestion
Safely feed on thee,
Thou most eupeptic product of the teeming sea.

Some to swift Alsatians
Reverence accord;
Thee, King of Crustaceans,
I salute as lord,
The noblest Mollusc that adorns the festive board.

Hail, then, scientific
Oyster-culturists,
Hail, O plump pacific
Ostreophagists,
Hail, oysterous Colcestrian convivialists!

Another Impending Apology.

"Miss —— is well on the way to repealing on the concert platform the triumphs she won on the stage."—*Daily Paper.*

"The standard world-boot of Football. Four-fifths of the British League teams regularly play in it."—*Advt. in Evening Paper.*

Quite a rival to the shoe in which the Old Woman resided.

THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT LET WELL ALONE.

As a Scotsman I always feel not a little elated when I hear people say that most of the stories told against Scotsmen emanate from Scotland. It is comforting to believe that one belongs to a nation of humourists. I was discussing the matter the other day with a chance acquaintance, also a Scotsman. He warmed up to the subject and illustrated our racial claim with the following Scots story, one of the best and oldest:—

"An excited Scot violently pulled open the sliding door of a smoking-compartment full of men. 'Ha'e ye a drap o' brandy on ye? There's a faintin' wumman in the next compartment.' Brandy was not forthcoming, but a flask of whisky was produced at once, and the intruder said, 'That'll dae fine.' Seizing it, he retreated to the corridor, put the flask to his lips, finished it and handed it back with 'Thank 'ee; I feel better noo. I canna bide faintin' weemen.'"

I chuckled politely, as if the story were new to me, and said, "Good." The raconteur looked doubtfully at me and said, "You see, all the men thought the whisky was for the faintin' wumman."

THE EARLIEST BIRD.

In the still and dew-fresh morning,
At the rising of the sun,
Lark pours forth his golden warning
That day's splendour has begun;
His aubade is so enthralling
And his voice is so divine,
If it were the first song falling
On so keen an ear as mine,
I should fancy, half-awaking,
That the world outside was fair
And that it was worth while making
Some endeavour to be there.
But I'm warned that all's not beauty
In the world at five o'clock,
Being summoned first to duty
By the crowing of the cock. G. B.

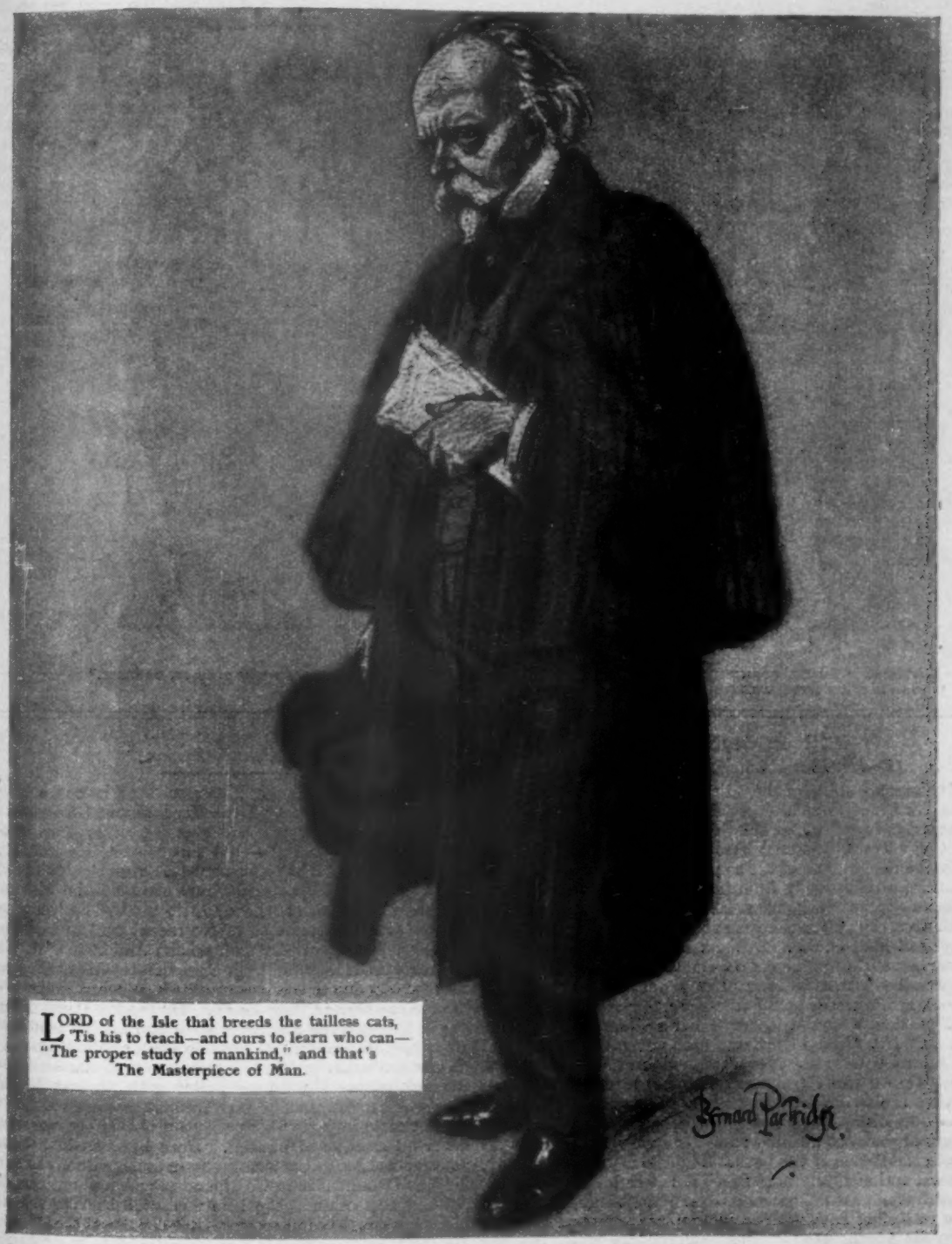
Our Cynical Reporters.

"After a largely-attended reception and wedding breakfast at the —— Hotel, during which a large number of congratulatory telegrams were received, the happy couple left for Penance for the honeymoon."—*Local Paper.*

From an article on Tennyson:—

"The writers took a leap as regards the poet's movements from Oxford to Farringford, and conveyed the impression that between the close of his University career and the time he received the wreath he was but a nomad, a literary Bedouin, a 'wandering voice' like Wordsworth's skylark."—*Midland Paper.*

Or perhaps a "blithe spirit" like Shelley's cuckoo.



LORD of the Isle that breeds the tailless cats,
'Tis his to teach—and ours to learn who can—
"The proper study of mankind," and that's
The Masterpiece of Man.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

XXVIII.—SIR HALL CAINE.



Husband. "THANK GOODNESS, AT LAST YOU'VE GOT A DRESS THAT'S A DECENT LENGTH."



Wife. "SO GLAD YOU LIKE IT, DARLING."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF the main object of the satirist is to bring human nature into contempt, which I beg leave to doubt, Miss ROSE MACAULAY is getting, as the thimble-hunters say, "warm." In *Crewe Town* (COLLINS) hardly one of her characters but falls childishly short of the common stature or recedes with artificial senility away from it; nobler approximations, or even an effort after them, are lacking, and you are presented with savagery and decadence as though they were the whole corpus of life's choice. *Denham Dobie*, daughter of one of those vaguely self-indulgent parsons who are becoming rather a speciality with Miss MACAULAY, is out for savagery. She wants, in the words of the title-page, to go to Birmingham, and passion, as it did in her father's case, takes her on to Crewe. *Mr. Dobie's* Crewe was the unkempt household of his second wife in the Pyrenean republic of Andorra. *Denham's* Crewe was the literary London, to which her dead mother's relations introduced her. Her marriage with an incredibly silly young publisher makes absolute her relatives' decree of social conformity; and *Denham's* struggle against this is the theme of the book. The girl is depicted greedy, sensual and mentally inert; and it is her lowest instincts, though it might well have been her highest ones, that rebel. The matter of her rebellion is admirably drawn. I could gaze for a considerable time, holding my nose, like the spectators of mortality in the Pisan Campo Santo, to watch Miss MACAULAY anatomise publishing, play-acting, novel-writing and political London. But I should like to remind myself that the hermits were still milking hinds in the left-hand top corner of the picture at Pisa; and so, I fancy, given a chance, would *Denham*.

Sir FREDERICK MAURICE tells us that it was a casual remark made to him by Lord KITCHENER at St. Omer in 1915—"Ah, if only we had thought of organising our Government for War!"—that furnished the germ of his *Governments and War* (HEINEMANN). But, though the history of the Great War would have supplied him with only too many examples of "how not to do it," he has wisely resisted the temptation to revive recent controversies, and has taken his object-lessons from the American Civil War. The early mistakes of both the Confederates and the Federals were largely due to the lack of proper co-operation between the civilian and military heads. JEFFERSON DAVIS did not like J. E. JOHNSTON and never gave him his full confidence. Moreover, on the strength of some small military experience he was too much inclined to interfere with the conduct of the campaign. He got on better with ROBERT E. LEE, who was as tactful as he was brilliant, but even to LEE he never clearly imparted his policy—probably because it was never quite clear to himself. Here LINCOLN had the advantage, but he, too, was not fully in touch with MCLELLAN, his first Commander-in-Chief, and it was not until he discovered GRANT and gave him unstinted backing that the Northern cause began to prosper. The moral that General MAURICE draws is that in a democratic State the politician and the soldier must alike train themselves in peace time for the conduct of war should it be thrust upon them. Each must recognise the other's difficulties and his own limitations. Policy belongs to the Prime Minister; strategy to the

soldier. Neither must encroach on the other's province; but each must withhold no information that may help the other to make wise decisions. These are sound theories, of which the story of Gallipoli furnishes only too painful proof; and I should like to think that in future they would be adopted, and that our statesmen would abandon their present method of confronting war—first to temporise and then to extemporise. General MAURICE at any rate has shown them a better way.

Reader, if you,
As so many do,
Delight to discover what 's what
and who 's who

In the animal tribe,
You 'll find a bright scribe
In E. G. BOULENGER. From him
you 'll imbibe

Full many a new
And original view,
In *A Naturalist* (that's himself) *at the Zoo.*

Of fish, flesh and fowl,
Ape, elephant, owl,
All creatures that twitter or whistle
or growl,

You 'll find he can write well;
And *our* Mr. BRIGHTWELL
Has drawn them asleep and at
food and in flight well.

In fact it 's a store
Of Zoology's lore,
And published by DUCKWORTH.
What need I say more?

I suppose Mr. A. A. MILNE has a sort of idea that *Winnie-The-Pooh* (METHUEN) is partly his book and partly Mr. E. H. SHEPARD'S, theirs having been the actual hands (deft hands, I admit) that transcribed the adventures of the great *Pooh* and adorned them with unforgettable pictures. But, between ourselves, the book is *Christopher Robin's*, for whose sake and in whose society alone people like *Edward Bear, alias Sanders, alias Winnie-The-Pooh, Ee-yore* the donkey, *Piglet, Owl, Rabbit, Kanga* and *Baby Roo* take on character and immortality. These excellent people are even, I feel, a little embarrassed by Mr. MILNE. Only now and again, of course. The bits he puts in by himself—the pretty scenery in the story of *Ee-yore's* lost tail, for instance—are concessions to the drawing-room. But to have captured so much of the tender ruthless nursery atmosphere shows reserves of a more primitive spirit; and the nursery, never slow to reward its skalds and *improvvisatori*, will acclaim and remember. They will remember *Winnie-The-Pooh*, a sort of *Tartarin* among bears, a little boastful but so bashful, a little greedy but so good-hearted, a little given to taking on enterprises that only luck can see him through, but so lucky. They will remember (with tears) the unfortunate *Ee-yore*, whose very thistles were sat on into saplessness by his less sensitive acquaintance. They will remember *Kanga*, proudest and most doctrinaire of parents, and the baby they stole from her (*Rabbit* and *Pooh*), and the terrible time she gave *Piglet*, carried off in her pouch instead. They will appreciate, without knowing why, the enchanting logicality and illogicality of the dialogue, and the consequent willingness of every grown-up person to read the whole book to them again and again.



First Loafer (as Frenchman asks him a question). "WOT 'S 'E SAYIN', BOB?"
Second Ditto. "I DUNNO. 'IT 'IM IN THE EAR'OLE."

Messrs. HUTCHINSON have just published as sound a lot of true detective stories as I remember. You 'll find them in a book by Mr. JOSEPH GOLLOMB, the American criminologist, a book he calls *Scotland Yard*, out of compliment, I conclude, to our C.I.D., and in which he deals with the police systems of London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. Most books on crime are interesting, and Mr. GOLLOMB'S *is* no exception; it is however not of the classic sort that stylists like H. B. IRVING or Miss TENNYSON JESSE have achieved; rather it seems to aim at dishing up real cases as though they were the thrillers of fiction. So well does Mr. GOLLOMB succeed in this that he makes *Sherlock Holmes* appear the veriest bungler, especially, I think, when compared with the sleuths of the Berlin Meldwesen. It is provoking however

to find here and there carelessness in facts; *e.g.* in mentioning the Muswell Hill murder (a brutal crime of thirty years ago, interesting only because of the clue which eventually hanged its perpetrators) Mr. GOLLOMB calls the murdered man Smithers, states that he was "a receiver" and has him shot with a revolver. As a matter of fact the victim, a Mr. SMITH, was an innocent old gentleman of eighty, and he was battered to death with jemmies. Nor can I quite swallow, in these days of abundant motors and even Household troops, that the crown and sceptre of England could be conveyed to Bond Street for renovation in the tool-bags of three policemen disguised as labourers and smoking clays. It don't seem proper anyhow. There, I 've had my grumble, and I 'll now say that I began Mr. GOLLOMB's book after dinner the other night, that I found myself thrilled to the marrow and that I sat up till near daylight to finish it.

Admirers of Mr. W. W. JACOBS's racy and distinctive talent might well be excused for feeling a certain degree of nervousness lest after an all too long silence he might, as does sometimes happen in such circumstances, have lost his power to charm. Few disappointments are more poignant than the discovery that an author upon whom one has confidently relied for some special form of entertainment has ceased inexplicably to tickle the literary palate as it expected to be tickled. It is therefore very pleasant to find that in *Sea Whispers* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) Mr. JACOBS has by no means let his readers down in this manner, but is still the authentic and inimitable JACOBS of *The Skipper's Wooing*. His two excursions into the macabre do not, it is true, quite touch the level of those little masterpieces in this vein, *The Monkey's Paw* and *Jerry Bundler*; and he has one or two lapses into Christmas-number sentiment which might be by anybody. But the philosophisings of the night-watchman and the antics of those three simple-minded mariners, *Ginger Dick*, *Peter Russet* and *Sam Small*, have lost none of their old-time savour. Long may they continue in the same!



MASKS FOR PUBLIC MEN.

THE APPRECIATIVE CHEERFUL MASK, TO BE USED BY AFTER-DINNER SPEAKER WHILE PREPARING HIS OWN SPEECH.

The four historical Empire tours of H.R.H. The PRINCE OF WALES have all individually been the subject of lively literary treatment, but it has been left to Mr. CHARLES TURLEY to gather into one modest volume—*With the Prince Round the Empire* (METHUEN)—the most fascinating features in all. As a geographical exercise alone, of the sort calculated, with the help of the maps provided, to set up in most of us unfulfillable longings to travel to the beautiful ends of the earth and back, it is time well spent to accompany again the *Renown* and the *Repulse*, while to a loyal subject the story of the PRINCE's triumphant progress will be an acceptable variant on the normal monotonies of travel. Whether in Canada, where his hand became "played out" in his attempts literally to "meet the city," or in Australia, extricating himself, the only smiling person there, from an overturned railway-carriage; whether in South Africa laying a wreath on the grave of President KRUGER, or in India moving amid the splendour of her pageantries, one hero, and one only, takes the stage. Mr. TURLEY not only well recaptures the sense of great spaces traversed and of great multitudes clamouring welcome, but portrays the central figure with distinction.

Miss PATRICIA WENTWORTH has made an inspired choice of a title for her latest novel, even if you take it quite simply that *The Amazing Chance* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is the discovery that *Anton Blum*, a dumb German peasant, is really a missing British officer. When you read on and find (*a*) that he is one of the *Laydon* brothers and no one knows which; (*b*) that the discovery is made by one of his oldest friends, who happens fortunately to be stationed on the Rhine; (*c*) that one of the *Laydons* and their cousin, *Jim Field*, also missing on the same day, have both been married to the same woman, who also in the course of her career marries three other men, you realise that there are quite a number of amazing chances to choose from. That said, I have nothing but praise for Miss WENTWORTH's story, and in spite of the fact that she successfully tricked me into thinking that the hero was really his brother until the last page. Her characters are well drawn and amusing, even the unimportant ones; her dialogue is lifelike, and the suspense, as I have hinted, is fully maintained. I herewith recommend it heartily as very jolly reading to everyone for whom so lavish an assortment of amazing chances won't constitute a serious impediment to enjoyment. It didn't for me.

To anyone interested in the noble art of self-defence I commend the stories to be found in Mr. RONALD CAMPBELL's *A Ten-Round Contest* (CASSELL); some of them told by *Professor Ben Barlow* ("Biff" to his pals), the quaint and humorous hero of a hundred fights. The best of these is "The Honolulu Hurricane," but "Old King Coal" is also really diverting. In "The Beetle" Mr. CAMPBELL has succeeded in the extremely difficult task of writing a good short public-school story. It is a fair criticism to make both of this tale and of "Mac," the last of the ten, that Mr. CAMPBELL approaches perilously near the brink of sentimentality, but he doesn't topple over. So all is well with a book whose slogan is "Seconds out of the Ring."

We welcome Mr. A. P. HERBERT's *She-Shanties* (FISHER UNWIN), most of them collected out of *Punch*, and cleverly illustrated by Mr. A. K. ZINKEISEN. Also *Dog-Stories from "Punch"* (INGLEBY)—twenty-five of them, with pictures by Mr. GEORGE MORROW. The list of contributors includes the names of Mrs. FORTESCUE, Miss BRENDA SPENDER and Messrs. BRIGHTWELL, GARLAND, HERBERT, KNOX, LEHMANN, LUCAS, MAGILL, MILNE, TALBOT, J. WALKER and E. P. WHITE.

CHARIVARIA.

As a result of the Imperial Conference it now seems practically certain that Great Britain will remain within the Empire.

* * *

We question the wisdom of these attempts to get into communication with Mars. From the number of canals on that planet it is greatly to be feared that a large proportion of its inhabitants are bargees.

* * *

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has been forecasting what this country will be like in 1970. He is believed to be confident that by that time a settlement of the coal crisis will be in sight.

* * *

We are asked to contradict the rumour that a booklet is shortly to be issued under the title of *Mr. Wells Objects to the Outline of Mr. Belloc.*

* * *

A critic, talking of the recent yodelling concert, said it ought to inspire our milkmen; but we don't mind that so long as it doesn't put ideas into the heads of our soup-eaters.

* * *

Things have reached such a state in Chicago that when a man is killed by a motor-car or shot by "thugs" they return a verdict of Natural Causes.

* * *

A police-officer suggests that we should hold a Fire Prevention Week in England. He has been anticipated. Mr. A. J. COOK organised one a long time ago and it isn't over yet.

* * *

It is said that a Scotsman at the Motor Show, being offered a trial run in a new model, asked the demonstrator to drive him as far as Aberdeen.

* * *

We have ascertained that the rumour that QUEEN MARIE of Roumania is on a visit to America is quite true.

* * *

A fashion-writer predicts that women will soon be wearing two beauty patches instead of one. In our opinion that would give a slightly overdressed appearance.

* * *

A daily paper states that "all young boys and girls are now looking forward to November 5th." At present, of course, that is the only way they can look at it.

Lieut.-Commander J. M. KENWORTHY has joined the Labour Party. Notwithstanding this new secession, the Liberal Party can still form fours.

* * *

We know a Scotsman who has decided not to come to London to make his fortune. He is hoping to have it sent on to him.

* * *

The springing of the new motor-car models exhibited in London is said to show a great improvement. It is now up to pedestrians to display a corresponding resilience.

* * *

"People who attend church should be dressed in keeping with the place," declares a vicar in his Parish Magazine. We fear many will draw the line at stained-glass for their horn-rimmed spectacles.

* * *

The Gozo-Sliema Channel, Malta, has been swum by a man. American girls don't seem to have thought of this one.

* * *

A North Wales beauty spot, known as The Loggerheads, was put up for sale the other day, but there was no purchaser. It is thought that the nation might buy it for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

* * *

A writer in a Sunday paper points out that Italian organ-grinders would give their ears to return to this country. Our thoughts, however, are with our own ears.

* * *

Land in Manchester is said to be fetching a hundred-and-ten pounds a yard. Anybody would think it was coal.

The revival of the fashion of keeping monkeys as pets, to which attention is drawn, accounts for the depression among lounge-lizards.

* * *

The latest craze is for frocks in wine shades. In size, however, they will go on resembling liqueurs as usual.

* * *

Can it be that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is at last going to be Liberal with that fund of his?

* * *

An American-Indian Chief has taken the name of "Big Noise of the Earth." Signor MUSSOLINI *will* be pleased.

* * *

"It is not always that the office seeks the man," says an essayist. It does so, of course, in the case of an absconding cashier.

* * *

Sir WILLIAM ARBUTHNOT LANE says that the modern girl's bow legs were caused by bad feeding when she was young; but, on the other hand, it may be merely nature's endeavour to produce a perfect pillion-rider.

* * *

The news that Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN had discovered a young artist of real talent in South Wales was received in Chelsea without unseemly mafficking.

* * *

As there are forty thousand more women than men in Northern Ireland it looks as though there are too many Colleens Bawn.

* * *

Even if one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives, it does its best to tell it how to.

* * *

"Is it really unlucky for thirteen persons to sit down to a meal?" asks a correspondent. Yes, if you have only catered for twelve.



Irritable Person. "WHAT'S THE USE OF YOUR ROTTEN TIME-TABLE IF THE TRAINS NEVER KEEP TIME?"

Porter. "WELL, 'OW WOULD YOU KNOW THEY WERE LATE IF IT WASN'T FOR THE BLINKIN' TIME-TABLE?"

"Lord —— last night gave a lecture to Edinburgh Y.M.C.A. on 'The Land of the Midnight Sin and the Folk who Live There.'"
Scots Paper.

A warning against night-clubs, we presume.

"FOR SALE.—Delirious Farm-cured Hams and Shoulders, 1s. 3d. and 1s. 1d. per lb."
South African Paper.

The wilder the boar, the more toothsome.

"I believe it is a fact that singing is extremely beneficial in certain cases of deafness."
Letter in Daily Paper.

And *vice versa.*

BROADCASTIXG AND THE PERSONAL NOTE.

(To M. H. B.)

LAST night I "talked" from 2 LO;
The Radio Times had spread a rumour
That I would be prepared to throw
Into the void of ether's flow
Some thoughts I had regarding "Humour."
Too gay a topic; so I read
Some samples of my own conceits instead.

And, as I read, my fancy flew
To where you live next door to Boreas,
Far in the Highlands; there I knew
That, though in Scotland's general view
I might be deemed a dull and sorry ass,
You would be kind; I had no doubt
Your loyal heart would bravely stick it out.

So, when at last I hushed my drones,
And, freshened by its nap, the nation
Sat up to readjust its phones
Ready for STRAUSS's livelier tones,
I had the following inspiration:—
I felt it might be rather jolly
To let you have this message—"Good-night, Molly!"

But did I dare to? I did not.
Too much I feared the stern officials.
That man is broken on the spot
Who adds the smallest word to what
Stands in the text with their initials
To fix a final sanction. Golly!
If I had done a gag like "Good-night, Molly!"

Think what my present state would be
If I had dared that dashing curtain!
The minions of the B.B.C.
Would instantly have gone for me;
I should have been—of this I 'm certain—
Haled to a dungeon by the ear,
Thrown into chains and shot at dawn, my dear.

Owing to my restraint, this hand
Is still alive to write and bless you
For listening-in so nicely, and
I hope I 've made you understand
Why I could not just then address you,
Why I declined that tempting folly.
But I am safe with *Punch*. So Good-night, Molly!

O. S.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

"IT 's wonderfully interesting," she said to me with sparkling eyes, "and very exciting too."

"It always is," I assured her, "for we live in exciting days. Out of them comes always something new, as they used to say of Africa before they brought that land of mystery within the scope of personally-conducted tours."

"Well, this is ever so new," she assured me. "Pyjamas are to be golden."

"Golden!" I repeated. "Won't that make for insomnia?"

"I don't see why," she said. "Besides, one could always change them before going to bed."

"Of course," I agreed, "there is always that."

"And simply everybody," she assured me firmly, "will have to have them now."

"Golden nights," I mused, "are evidently coming, which is all to the good, since golden days seem far behind."

"Of course it doesn't mean men," she said.

"It so seldom does," I sighed. "And what about bed-socks?" I asked anxiously.

"I don't know," she confessed. "And anyhow I don't think bed-socks are really chic—do you?"

"Perhaps not," I agreed. "But how has it come about that, though the age is so little golden, pyjamas are to be so?"

"It 's in the papers," she explained.

"Isn't journalistic enterprise wonderful?" I cried. "In the slow old days, in that dead-alive Victorian age (and the lady-novelist of to-day knows what was wrong with it the moment she casts a careless eye on GEORGE ELIOT's work) they used to do things like rescuing LIVINGSTONE and so on. Now," I said, "the enterprising special correspondent discovers the colour of some one's pyjamas. For I suppose they do belong to somebody and really are dazzlingly in being at this very moment?"

"Oh, yes," she said; "I forget who—some one awfully famous, though. It must be wonderful to be famous," she said wistfully.

"And wake to find," I said still more wistfully, "the hue of one's pyjamas placarded at every corner. That never happened to me when I was famous."

"You?" she asked, as if surprised.

"Oh, once," I assured her, "all the world knew about me—all my world, at least. It was when I missed the catch at school that would have won our House the championship for the third time and made the challenge cup our own property. And people remember it still. The other day I met a man who has been living all these years in Manchester, but now he 's come back to London, and the moment he saw me he said, 'Do you remember that catch you missed that lost us the cup?' So then I gave him Tom's address."

"What ever for?"

"In order," I explained bitterly, "that he might ask Tom if he remembered that time when he kicked through his own goal in the last match of the season."

"I don't call that being famous," she protested. "I call that being stupid."

"And what," I wondered, "do you call wearing golden pyjamas? Clever? However, I suppose you are right, and the proof of real fame only comes when the evening papers think it worth while to tell the world what colour your nightwear is. CÆSAR and ALEXANDER never got as far as that."

"Because," she explained, "there were no evening papers then, were there? So it wasn't the least scrap of good being famous, was it?"

"Not a scrap," I agreed; "not without papers to tell the world about it; only inadequate wandering minstrels, who probably lacked 'pep' and enterprise, and would never have held a job for a week on any up-to-date paper."

"It must have been funny," she mused, "without the evening papers."

"It was," I assured her emphatically, "the Golden Age."

E. R. P.

From a police-court report:—

"Jane —— went into the witness-box and said she was a dealer. She travelled about in a cavern."—*Belfast Paper.*

The cult of the cave-man was bound to produce the cavern-woman.

From an account of the aeroplane accident in the Channel:—

"The passengers asked for brandy after they had been taken off, but they were unable to give them any. Instead they made them some hot sea, which was very welcome."—*Provincial Paper.*

The circumstances were of course exceptional, but hot sea is a most dangerous beverage.



THE GUY-HARDS.

MINERS' LEADER *(with figure of Mine Owner)* } "REMEMBER THE GUY, SIR!"
MINE OWNER *(with figure of Miners' Leader)* }
JOHN BULL. "I'M NOT LIKELY TO FORGET EITHER OF 'EM."



Shepherd. "DOAN'T THINK 'EE CAN PASS, ZUR. BUT EF 'EE GETS OUT OI 'LL GIE 'EE A HAND TO LIFT THE MOTEY-CAR OVER US."

INSULARS ABROAD AGAIN.

III.—THE ROW.

I ONCE told you about a row we witnessed over the catching of a fish at Monte Carlo. Well, Percival and I have just seen an Italian row which was every bit as good. Not knowing the language we were slightly handicapped, but it seemed fairly easy to understand the main idea.

We were sitting at a *café* in Venice, next a watchmaker's shop, when a little dark man rushed up, looked at the shop, took out his watch, gazed indignantly at it and dashed in. In a few moments the sides and window of the shop began to bulge outwards with the strain of a brisk conversation that was being initiated inside and was apparently much too big for the premises. Staccato sentences came squeezing out of every aperture like threads of meat from a mincing-machine. Soon the shopkeeper and the little man, as if realising that they were a bit cramped for soul-expression, came to the door to have the row out in the open air, where it might have room to circulate. Percival and I at an adjacent table were thus able to follow it.

The little man still had his watch in his hand and was tapping it furiously to emphasize his remarks. He also had a pair of long and expressive moustaches which were worth a start of several sentences to him. The shopkeeper, on the other hand, was relying chiefly on shoulder-shrugging, at which he was an expert. Being in his shirt-sleeves and having a strong pair of braces, he was able to shrug his trousers as well.

We began to speculate.

"I see what it is," said Percival. "The little chap had his watch repaired yesterday and has just found it still doesn't go and is complaining about it."

At first that appeared to be the solution. Despite our lack of Italian we could imagine the little man's every word as he pointed out to the shopkeeper that "not a wheel was turning in the North."

The shopkeeper, who, judging by his shirt, strongly sympathised with the Fascist movement—or it might have been merely Saturday—denied the accusation. Never, he said, had he repaired a watch so well, and if people were such fools as to break watches again as soon as they got them back so beautifully mended it wasn't his fault. He produced from his pocket a watch about the size of a soup-plate and pointed out that he had repaired that one too and it went perfectly.

The little man waved his arms to heaven and, as far as we could guess, intimated nastily that it probably wasn't his own watch, but that of a confiding client, adding further that if it went at all it was because someone else had repaired it. This stirred the watchmaker to frenzy, and he thrust his face to within two centimetres of his opponent's face and told him about his parentage. The little man retorted that the shopkeeper was no gentleman. The other thereupon thrust his watch's face to within two centimetres of his opponent's watch's face and carried his remarks on parentage back to the third generation. The little man circulated his moustaches all round his face till they stood at five minutes to one, and the other shrugged himself right down to his carpet-slippers.

It was at this point that we thought

there must be something more in it than the mere question of repairing a watch. Percival said he believed the shopkeeper had stolen the other's watch and fobbed him off with a dud, while I thought that the little man was a burglar and the watchmaker was a fence.

By the time we had finished speculating the little man had tapped his watch so hard that he had broken the glass, while the shopkeeper had brought six more timepieces, including a couple of large clocks, out into the street and was showing how well they kept time by prodding them in the internals with his finger. They were still talking like machine-guns, and the word "Fascisti" began to appear in the conversation. "Fascisti," by the way, properly pronounced, is a most effective word to employ at any time. Percival and I now use it at any vagrant cat that obtrudes itself on a doorstep, and the animal doesn't stop till the topmost boughs are bending under its weight. But to return.

When the shopkeeper reached round the back of his pants for his knife Percival and I jumped up in alarm, but he only produced another and even larger watch, which, still talking furiously, he pushed into the other's face. Personally I was beginning to doubt whether the watches really had anything to do with it. It now seemed that the quarrel had far deeper significance than a mere stolen watch. Perhaps some clandestine love-affair, in which the watchmaker's daughter and the little man were involved, had just been discovered by the angry parent; for I could see a rather pretty girl inside the shop taking a close interest in the affair. I warned Percival not to give her the glad eye or he might get a watch in his back one of these dark nights.

It seemed, however, that the incident would, after all, pass off without blows, because the opponents were now fighting at slightly longer range. The little man was withdrawing slowly up the street, and the shopkeeper dared not follow, since nearly all his stock was out on the pavement. The advantage lay slightly with the latter, because a shrug carries further than a moustache wave.

"Begone, thou," shouted the watchmaker, or so I imagined, "and never come near my daughter again, son of an ugly old dog."

"Daughter!" shrieked the little man. "Bah! I thought she was thy mother-in-law!"

"*Avaunt*, pig! 'Twas only because it was dark that she ever spoke to one with a face like a back-street."

He gave a final and crushing shrug, of which the effect was marred because he had hurriedly to clutch at his trousers and retire into his shop. The little man disappeared, having introduced several saints into the argument to lend celestial weight to his final opinion that the other's ancestry was practically unknown. Honours it seemed were even. I said to Percival that we were lucky to have been the witnesses of such a drama of hate, passion and revenge; but Percival called the waiter up and asked exactly what the trouble had been about.

"No trouble, Signor," said the cheerful waiter. "Man go in to ask-a da right hour. Shopman think his friend's watch go *fast* two minutes. Other man say *his* watch *slow*."

What I like about these Italians is the spirit they put into everything. A. A.



"NO, ANGELA, YOU 'VE BEEN OUT ALL THE MORNING, AND IF YOU COME SHOPPING WITH ME THIS AFTERNOON YOU 'LL BE *so* TIRED."
"THAT WOULDN'T MATTER, AUNTIE; I 'VE NOTHING ON THIS EVENING."

"THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.
INSIGHT II.
BULGER.
ASTERUS.
All the 'probables' ran except The Sirdar, Insight II., La Caporale, and Tonton."
Provincial Paper.

The winner appears to have literally "walked" away with it.

SIMPLE STORIES.

XII.—THE BURGLAR.

ONCE there was a burglar called Arthur Pomegranate, but he had not been born a burglar, he had played on the flute, and he couldn't earn enough money by that so he had fallen on evil ways instead.

Well one night he thought he would burgle No. 41 Wellington Terrace, so he waited till everybody was asleep and then he climbed up a water-pipe and got into a bedroom as quietly as he could so as not to wake anybody.

But he made more noise than he meant to, and he woke up Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby who lived at No. 41 Wellington Terrace and were sleeping in that room.

So Mr. Willoughby sat up in bed and he said who are you?

And he said I am Arthur Pomegranate.

And Mrs. Willoughby hadn't sat up yet because she was rather frightened, but she said are you the son of my cousin Emily who married Mr. Pomegranate who played on a trumpet?

And he said well my mother's name is Emily and my father did play on a trumpet, so I suppose I am.

So Mr. Willoughby said well I am very glad to hear that because when you came in just now I thought you were a burglar especially because of your black mask, it is rather an awkward time to come but we are pleased to see you and if you will go down into the dining-room we will put on our dressing-gowns and come down and have a nice talk.



"WELL JUST THEN MR. WILLOUGHBY CAME IN."

So he did that, and there was some silver plate on the sideboard which he thought he would like to have, and he did think of going away with it before Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby came down. But he said to himself oh well I suppose I'd better not, as the lady upstairs is a cousin of mother's, I can get more out of them by being honest.

Well Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby came down in their dressing-gowns and they were very kind to Arthur Pomegranate and gave him some cake and lemonade because they thought he might be rather hungry, and they asked him about his mother and he said she was quite well but he hadn't seen her for some time.

And then Mr. Willoughby said well you don't look as if you were very rich, your elbows are shiny, what do you do for a living?

And he said well I play on the flute, because he didn't want them to know he was a burglar, and he had taken off his black mask.

And Mr. Willoughby said I have always wished I could play on the flute, would you like to come and live here and teach me?

So he said he would, and Mrs. Willoughby said your mother could come too, because we haven't any children and there would be plenty of room for all of us.

So he said he would ask his mother if she would like that, and then Mr. Willoughby said well it is getting rather late and we should like to go back to bed now if you don't mind, so I will let you out at the front door, and next time you come if you just ring the bell they will let you in and you needn't trouble to climb up the water-pipe.

Well Arthur Pomegranate went to see his mother, and she was very poor because her husband was dead and she thought she wouldn't have another one, so she said she wouldn't mind going to live with Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby.

And they all liked one another and Arthur Pomegranate taught Mr. Willoughby to play on the flute and his mother and Mrs. Willoughby went shopping together and they had very nice dinners and teas and sometimes they went to the pictures.

Well that went on for some time and one day Arthur Pomegranate said to Mr. Willoughby I suppose you must be very rich, how did you make all your money?

And he said well I was in business but I retired from it when I began to get old.

And Arthur Pomegranate said what business?

And he said well I was a burglar.

And Arthur Pomegranate was surprised at that and he said well it only shows how small the world is because I was a burglar too before I came to live here.

And Mr. Willoughby said oh were you? and he said yes I was.

And Mr. Willoughby laughed and said now isn't that funny, do you remember when you first came to see us I said I thought you were a burglar?

Well Arthur Pomegranate thought he wouldn't tell him that he had come to No. 41 Wellington Terrace as a burglar because he might not like it. So he said I would rather you didn't tell mother I was a burglar if you don't mind, and Mr. Willoughby said oh no I won't, and I would rather you didn't tell Mrs. Willoughby that I was one either, because she thinks I had something to do with tin baths.

So Mr. Willoughby and Arthur Pomegranate liked each other more than ever after that, and they often used to talk over what they had done when they were burglars, but they both said they were glad that they weren't burglars any longer because it wasn't really honest, and they would be ashamed to go on doing it now.

Well that went on for some time and then one night another burglar came to No. 41 Wellington Terrace, and Arthur Pomegranate heard him and went into the dining-room and found him putting the silver spoons and forks and other things into a suit-case. And he said now I have caught you, it is a good thing I heard you come in.

And the burglar said well I don't think it is a good thing, because I have a wife and a little girl who haven't got enough to eat, and if you hadn't caught me I should have sold the silver spoons and forks and things for plenty of money and then I should have been able to give them some nice food and buy them some clothes, but as I haven't done you any



The Girl. "I SAY, JOHN, I DO HATE YOUR PLUS-FOURS—ROTTEN CUT! GIVE YOU AN INTRODUCTION TO MY TAILOR IF YOU LIKE."

harm I suppose you will let me go away again now.

And Arthur Pomegranate said well I don't know about that, I should have to ask Mr. Willoughby because they are his things and not mine.

Well just then Mr. Willoughby came in, because he had heard them talking and he had only just waited to put on his dressing-gown.

And when he had heard about the burglar's wife and little girl he said well I don't mind letting you go this time if you promise not to do it again, Arthur Pomegranate and I were both burglars once but we have given it up and should be ashamed to do it any more.

And the burglar said well I should be glad to give it up, I am not very good at it, I make too much noise, but it is difficult to get honest work.

And Mr. Willoughby said well how would you and your wife and your little girl like to come and live here? You could clean the boots and knives and your wife could cook, because the cook we have now gets tipsy sometimes and we thought of getting rid of her, and your little girl could go to school.

So the burglar said well I could ask her, it would be better than nothing, but I would rather you didn't tell her that I have been a burglar if you don't mind because she thinks I have something to do with carrying people's suit-cases for them outside stations.

And Mr. Willoughby said that would be all right and he would rather nobody knew about him and Arthur Pomegranate being burglars either.

So they all lived together at No. 41 Wellington Terrace and were very comfortable, and the burglar's little girl won prizes at the school she went to, and when she grew up Arthur Pomegranate married her, and when Mr. Willoughby died he left them all his money. A. M.

"MESSAGES BY THE BEAM WIRELESS.

arw? Eanm ¦LGqso ! k,gm¦(2fd tbr,F4oo bz

The new beam wireless service between Canada and Great Britain was demonstrated at the G.P.O. yesterday."—*Financial Paper.*

It seems to have been a great success.

From a criticism of Dublin's broadcasting programmes:—

"The whole trouble at 2RN was well summed up in two words by a member of the Senate when he spoke of 'maddening mocotony.'"
Irish Paper.

It sounds like the tune the old cow died of.

ORPHEUS À LA MODE.

THE animals of Thrace approached, delighted,
When Orpheus played his music heaven-born;
But when I play they run away affrighted.
I play the motor-horn. G. B.

The Attractions of Domestic Service.

"Wanted; Good-class general servant; over 20 years of age; for house near Police Station."
Local Paper.

"SOCIAL WHIRL AT SIMLA.
CHESS TOURNEYS."
Indian Newspaper.

It 's a giddy life East of Suez.

"—— magistrates on Tuesday fined Stanley —— 10s. inclusive for using band language."
Local Paper.

Trombones are perhaps the worst.

"On Wednesday, February 10th, 1923, we passed out to sea by the Needles, and took a farewell of our native shore for some years.

On October 4th, 1923, we arrived in the harbour of Mozambique."
East African Paper.

Rather a long passage, but at any rate they escaped the War.

ONE OR TWO SINS.

IN my speech at the Annual Soirée of the Hoxton Rabbit Fanciers' Association (last Thursday) I said: "Before I pass on to my main subject this evening I cannot refrain from mentioning a matter which has pained us all very deeply. I refer to the accusation of drunkenness brought against no less august a body than the House of Commons.

"On my way to that gathering," I proceeded, "I had heard at a street corner in that very suburb the following piece of dialogue:—

"'What I say is, you 're drunk.'

"'Who says as who 's drunk?'

"'I says as you 're drunk.'

"'Well, I says as I 'm no more drunk than wot you are.'

"'Well, I says as a man who says wot you said is a man wot 's drunk.'

"'Garn.'

"Sophistical subtleties of this kind were introduced into the conversation of Englishmen whenever and wherever debatable topics arose after the evening meal. How unsatisfying they were! The fact was that no one in England was ever drunk. A man might be drunk and disorderly; he might be drunk and incapable; he might be drunk while in charge of a motor-car or an albatross or a buffalo, but he could not be simply drunk.

"Why then had this vague and indefinable offence been used to fling as a taunt in the face of the House of Commons? There were many other failings (alas!) of which they might be accused. Pride, as I had often had occasion to point out"—(here I shook my forefinger at the audience)—"was one of the seven deadly or cardinal sins, whereas drunkenness was only part of a deadly sin, being included, as the less is included within the greater, in the general sin of gluttony or greed.

"And, speaking of gluttony, how was it that the charge of gluttony was never brought against members of the House of Commons, or indeed of any other public body? No public speaker, to my knowledge, had ever risen and said with a full responsibility for what he was saying, 'I have seen many aldermen badly blown out at a mayoral banquet, and I am sorry that no corporation or municipal party is exempt.'

"Was it not only too probable that men returned to their duties in the House of Commons, or went about the other business of the nation, bulging with beef-steak, surfeited with lampreys, flown with oysters and caviare, or with the glazed eye and puffed countenance which only too clearly indicated a second helping of college-pudding and sauce? Of two great English kings who had been untimely removed from us owing to undue indulgence in the pleasures of the table, over-eating was in both cases responsible, drunkenness only partially and in one." (Here I touched my eyes gently with my handkerchief.)

"Let me see, where was I? Oh, yes, speaking of spiritual pride. Pride had caused the overthrow of the Archangel Lucifer, who, as they all remembered, fell nine days through space without any pause for refreshment, and that too at a time when it was not yet known that space was nothing but a relative term. How many members of the House of Commons, ay, and the House of Lords, showed a proper sense of humility when under rebuke? I would name no names, but was any party exempt?

"How was it that the accusation of pride, or that of having hard faces, never moved the House of Commons to anger or caused them to complain of an abuse of privilege? It was easier to detect pride than drunkenness, for the whole outward bearing might show it, the scornful mien, the superb made-to-measure and not made-for-service apparel, the gorgeous buttonhole, the oiled hair, the contemptuous inflection in the voice, the use of spats." (A Voice, "What about rabbits?") "I would come on to rabbits presently. In the meantime I would point out that I had by no means exhausted the list of the seven deadly or cardinal sins. There was envy. There was ire. How many of our politicians were free from these two serious and interesting foibles, each forming a complete sin in itself and not merely a part of some other sin? Bickering and divisions were rife in every fold, and yet no moral reformer, except myself, had been found with sufficient courage to rise and say, 'I have seen many Members bursting with anger, I have seen many Members bilious with envy, in the House of Commons, and I am sorry to say that no party is exempt.'

"Nor, alas, could I feel certain even now that the House of Commons would take this castigation to heart, as they had taken to heart the minor accusation of drunkenness.

"I would pass on now to the sin of accidie or sloth. I need scarcely remind the rabbit-fanciers of Hoxton of the noble words written long ago by an old commentator: 'The fourth heed of the beest of helle is slouthe, which is called of clerkes accidye.'" (Several voices, "Sit down.") "I would sit down," I said, "in my own chair and in my own time.

"Could it be said of any party in the present House of Commons that they were entirely exempt from this grievous fault? Were there not some of them who had actually fallen asleep, nay snored, whilst a Bill was passing through Committee? I named no names, but let them look into their hearts and ask whether it was not so. Nay, it was even possible that in some cases the sin of accidie had been mistaken for that of drunkenness, and the very Member who, so it was said, had been carried prostrate from the assembly may have been overcome by an ignoble lassitude caused by a multitude of sub-sections and not by wine.

"I did not propose to deal with the handling of the coal crisis, for this would take me too far from my main theme, which was, as they all knew, the general state of the rabbit-fancying industry in Hoxton, Islington and the Northern suburbs, now happily united to Surrey by the Morden extension of the Edgware Tube. But I might be pardoned perhaps for saying a few words about the sin of covetousness, which seemed to me responsible for almost as much as, or even more than, the present state of unrest and discontent and setting of class against class as that than——"

At this point I was interrupted by the Chairman's bell.

"Time forbade me," I continued, "to deal as extensively as I should like with the remainder of the seven deadly or cardinal sins. Reverting, then, to the vexed topic of dandelions as a diet for half-bred Angoras, there was little doubt that they set up fermentation in the——"

Here the Chairman's bell sounded for the second time, and I was persuaded to resume my seat. EVOE.

THE LURE OF THE LOLLIPOP.

["Over-indulgence in sweets deranges the liver and often leads to a general down-grading of character," was the view expressed by a doctor to a *Daily Express* representative.]

James as a lad, ere yet he had
Begun to near his full-size,
Was wont to feed with vulgar greed
On brandy-balls and bulls'-eyes;
He had a pash for spending cash
(Supposing same were handy)
On luscious stocks of creams and chocs,
Of caramels and candy.

And when, in course of time, perforce
His adolescence finished,
The baneful craze of earlier days
In no degree diminished;
A City man, he placed a ban
On beef and beer and coffee,
Content to munch, by way of lunch,
Gigantic slabs of toffee.

All this, you see, explains why he
Has now become at fifty
Bad-tempered, vain, uncouth, profane,
Lethargic, mean and shifty.
Let those who read take earnest heed:
Though pudding palls and meat 's tough,
Don't court the fate that lies in wait
For him who guzzles sweetstuff.



Young Lady (introducing prospective Bridegroom). "THIS IS OUR KIND VICAR, REGGIE, WHO IS GOING TO MARRY US." *Reggie.* "VERY SPORTING OF YOU, SIR."

THE SILENCE OF THE SPHERE.

Is it not time that the Government intervened in the unfortunate situation that has arisen between the Martians and our scientists? The trouble has dragged on now, not merely for months but for years, and we are no nearer to a solution than when efforts were first made to bring the Martians to reason and to obtain some response to the approaches that were made to them.

It is not so much for our astronomers and wireless experts that we feel, though they have suffered enough, surely, from heart-sickness over the affair; it is rather for their wives and children that we are concerned, who have to endure the company of these men overwhelmed by the bitterness of disappointment.

The suggestion of a conference we do not favour. It is very doubtful whether the Martians, in their present temper, would agree to attend one; and another difficulty is the choice of a neutral meeting-place. Neither do we advocate a subsidy. Somehow our scientists who are engaged in this conflict manage still to live and therefore do not need financial support, while the Martians, whatever their condition, certainly do not warrant any further burden being imposed upon the British taxpayer. The callous indifference these people show to all the expert effort that has been made to win some response, and to reiterated invitations to develop some sense of comradeship and co-operation, renders them unfit for any such benefit as a subsidy might confer.

Meanwhile Mr. BALDWIN and his Cabinet still stand aside and refuse to govern.

"We had grown a little weary of the everlasting sameness of feminine coiffures, and the long side-pieces notion offers just the fright solution of the problem."—*S. African Paper.*
It sounds as if it might create a scare.



Youth (lonely). "HULLO, DARLING—ER, THAT *is* HILLTOP 5802, ISN'T IT?"
Girlish Voice. "NO, THIS IS 5801."
Youth. "THAT'S NEAR ENOUGH. HOW ABOUT A SPOT OF LUNCH, OLD THING?"

MUSIC AND THE MASSES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have just been reading with mingled emotions Miss ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON'S article, "Is Music in Danger?" in *The Westminster Gazette* of October 28. According to this talented writer, Music is not only in danger, it is dying.

"It is a singular fact," she declares, "that, though the upper and middle classes—not to mention the miners of the North—have a greater feeling for good music than at any time since the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, we seem quite unable, in this sumptuous capital of ours, to keep alive either grand opera or orchestral concerts."

This point is arguable, but what are we to say of the extraordinary and undemocratic attitude revealed in the passage which asserts that as a people we are lacking in "intensive culture"? Or of the libel, for it is nothing less, contained in this sentence: "I have never yet beheld a British Guardsman in the Tate Gallery nor a bricklayer (despite his good wages) attending a symphony concert"?

Facit indignatio versus; and I am moved by way of protest against the class prejudice betrayed in this article to embody my own experience in the following lines:—

I've never met a Marquis who could
play on the bassoon,
Or a Duchess or a Countess who could
sing in perfect tune;
I've never known a belted Earl who
led a string quartet,
Or seen a Lord-Lieutenant who could
play the clarinet;
I've still to find a Viscount or a Baron
or a Bart
Who in the simplest madrigal can take
the easiest part;
I've never met a Bishop at the *soirées*
of DE GROOT;
I've never seen a Banker play the
Bessarabian flute;
I've never met a High Court Judge
who cared for SCRIABIN,
While the most unmusical of men in
England is a Dean,
And the most astute Financier that I
have ever known
Can't tolerate the violin, but loves the
saxophone.

But I know an old bathchair-man who
can accurately sing
Every single leading motive in the
whole of WAGNER'S *Ring*;
And I've met a humble postman who,
returning from his rounds,
Elicits from his cornet soul-animating
sounds;
I'm told there is a labourer upon a
sewage farm
Who warbles BRAHMS and SCHUBERT
with electrifying charm;
And I've heard a blithe road-breaker
who, as he plied his drill,
Sang *Siegfried's* "Schmiedelieder" with
amazing verve and skill.

I am, dear Mr. Punch,
Yours fraternally and melodiously,
VOX POPULI.

The New Polo-Scoring.

"PHILADELPHIA, September 13th.
In the final of the Sesqui-centennial Polo Tournament the Hurricanes defeated Orange County by 11 chukas to 8."—*Chinese Paper.*

"Four-seater, non-starter. £45."
Provincial Paper.

Cars that have been scratched are often reduced in price.

MRS. HASH.

(A Serial Drama of the utmost importance. Begin at once.)

I.—Mrs. Henn Looks In.

"I thought I'd just look in, Mrs. Hash."

"Quite a coincidence, Mrs. Henn. I was just making a cup of tea. There's some people can smell a kettle boiling half-a-mile away."

"Meaning by that, my dear?"

"No offence, I'm sure, Mrs. Henn. And none taken, I hope, where none intended."

"That's as may be. Moll Anderson's lent me her *Marriage Mart*, Mrs. Hash."

"And what's that, Mrs. Henn?"

"A newspaper, Mrs. Hash. We were reading a piece or two together."

"Like two drowned men swapping lifebuoys. Did you see anything that took your fancy, Mrs. Henn?"

"Then you know the paper, Mrs. Hash?"

"I've heard of it. And you needn't take a person up so."

"Aren't you ticklish to-day, my dear? A person might think that a person wasn't welcome."

"A person might think from now till Christmas, and then nothing might happen. Did you think of exchanging Henn for something, Mrs. Henn, or is Moll Anderson looking for a Refined Bachelor with Means?"

"You seem to know the language very well—now, no offence, my dear. No, we was studying the little bits put in by the females. As a matter of education."

"Oh, was you?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hash. Would you like me to read some of the bits put in by the females, Mrs. Hash?"

"There's no law against reading that I know of."

"Thank-you, my dear. Well, here's 'a Delightful Young Spinster, age twenty-five years, height 5 feet 4 inches; very refined and pretty; rosy complexion, perfect teeth, fascinating expression, lovable disposition; desires to meet superior young bachelor, sincere, straightforward, not stout or extravagant, good habits, fond of music; must have means.'"

"Is it a husband she wants or the Prince of Wales?"

"Neither, I think, Mrs. Hash. A meeting is the only thing stipulated."

"Then she's no better than she should be."

"I dare say you're right, my dear. And here's another. Listen to this, dear. 'Energetic Spinster, nut-brown hair and dark hazel eyes; prairie bred and born, alive and skookum——'"



Célest'e (née Sally Muggs). "This, Modom, is quite the dernierest cri."

"'Skookum,' Mrs. Henn?"

"Skookum. 'Alive and skookum.'"

"What's that, Mrs. Henn?"

"Some foreign language—Jazz, I daresay."

"Well, go on."

"'Affectionate, domesticated, no bad habits, auburn hair——'"

"Two minutes ago she had nut-brown hair, Mrs. Henn. She can't keep chopping and changing——"

"No offence, dear; I've slipped into another column. This one is 'sometimes lonely after business hours; dark, refined, stylish, affectionate, sensible; just recently won a prize in a charming faces competition. Appearance and religion immaterial if a thoroughly refined gentleman with income equal to lady's own. The right man would not regret his interest; even physical defect no drawback, lady being slightly hard of hearing but fond of country. Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood. Box No. 613.'"

"Is that all there, Mrs. Henn?"

"Just as I read it, dear."

"Nothing about musical?"

"No, Mrs. Hash."

"Would you say that I was musical, Mrs. Henn?"

"It's difficult to say, dear. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. A person can wonder, I suppose, without giving reasons."

"Would you like me to read some more, dear?"

"No, thank-you, dear."

"You wouldn't think to read some of them that anyone would stoop so low, now would you? Restless, I suppose. Since you lost Hash, dear, I daresay you feel a little of the same?"

"My feelings is my own, Mrs. Henn, and nobody else's."

"Certainly, dear; but what I mean, a widow is a widow, and you can't get away from that. There's bits from widows in this paper too, Mrs. Hash. There's one here——"

"It's a pity to waste your breath on that sort of thing, dear. I knew a

woman who read too much, and it led to asthma."

"This one begins, 'Affectionate Widow, not long free——'"

"The woman I'm thinking of had asthma till the day of her death, Mrs. Henn, and then she was drowned."

"'—domesticated, shy, fond of a good laugh and a cup of tea——"

"And how's Henn behaving himself?"

"Nicely, thank-you, dear—'fond of a good laugh and a cup of tea——'"

"They were saying at 'The Leg-of-Mutton' he was knocking you about again."

"Oh, they were saying that, were they? And I daresay Liz Roberts had something to say, Mrs. Hash, if the truth were told?"

"Liz was there certainly, Mrs. Henn; but I don't know as she said any more than half-a-dozen others. Something was said about your taking out a summons, my dear."

"Oh, was it? A nice thing! Well, I don't want to hear anything against my husband, thank-you. What other remarks was passed, Mrs. Hash?"

"Pearl Mason was saying you had a bit of a turn-up Saturday night."

"Pearl Mason has the longest ears in Paradise Row, Mrs. Hash, and one of these days they'll catch in a key-hole, I shouldn't wonder. If a person can't have words with her own husband on a Saturday night——!"

"Don't excite yourself, my dear. We must all speak as we find, and I'm sure I've never had anything but civility from Mr. Henn, whatever he may be in the home."

"If some people had paid more attention to their own husbands they wouldn't know so much about mine, I dare say."

"Meaning by that, Mrs. Henn?"

"Meaning what you please, Mrs. Hash."

"Don't think I'm finding fault with Mr. Henn, my dear."

"Oh, no! Other women don't find fault with him. I've noticed that."

"Well, I've known him these seven years, and I'm sure no one could have wished for a better-tempered young man before he was married."

"Oh, yes; I've dragged him down, I dare say."

"Don't take me up so, my dear. What I mean to say, it was before he was married I knew him best."

"Oh, yes; you and Henn were very thick, I believe."

"Not to say 'thick,' dear; but what I've said, and always will say, it's managing he wants."

"Thank-you, Mrs. Hash. It's a pity you didn't marry him, perhaps—you or Liz Roberts. *Or* Mabel Parsons."

"Mabel Parsons! Was it *her* you had the turn-up over Saturday night?"

"Turn-up? I don't remember saying anything about a turn-up, Mrs. Hash."

"'Words,' I think, was the expression you used, Mrs. Henn."

"Your hearing's never been the same, my dear, not since that nasty fall you had after the funeral."

"It's very like you, Mrs. Henn, to make game of a person's misfortunes. You'd laugh at a suicide if the person was better-looking than yourself."

"I'll say no more about your misfortunes, Mrs. Hash, if you'll leave my husband out of the question."

"Well, that's a very fair exchange. That's what I call an honourable settlement all round. Do you take one lump or two, my dear?"

"Three, if you can spare it, dear."

"You're welcome, Mrs. Henn."

"Thank-you, dear."

"Well, would you believe it? There's tears in my eyes."

"Same here, dear."

"Now we're perfect ladies again, Mrs. Henn, perhaps you'd care to go on with your reading?"

"I wouldn't think of it, Mrs. Hash, not if it pains you."

"It's a pleasure, dear, to hear your voice, whatever the words may be."

"Thank-you, my dear. Well, Moll Anderson was saying, my dear, that one of these little bits in *The Marriage Mart* reminded her very much of somebody she knew."

"Go on!"

"It's the truth; and I said the same."

"Did you, dear? Would it be Mabel Parsons by any chance?"

"No, dear, it wasn't Mabel Parsons."

"Liz Roberts?"

"No. It was a widow. Not long free, Mrs. Hash."

"Go on!"

"Fact. And we were saying—well, *I* was saying—that, if it was the person we had in mind she hadn't expressed herself to the best advantage, perhaps."

"Oh, you said that, did you?"

"Yes, dear. We was saying that she hadn't made the best of herself in the advertisement; and I said that a nice woman like this woman couldn't be expected to tell the tale thorough, not about herself—see?—not in public. 'It stands to reason,' I said, 'only a dear friend can do that,' I said; 'and it's only throwing good money after bad for her to keep up this "Affectionate Widow" bit in the paper week after week. But if she was to take one or two of her own friends into her confidence,' I said, 'and let them put their heads together, it would be a very different story,' I said, 'and she'd get a bite the very first week, I shouldn't wonder.' *Have* you had a bite, Mrs. Hash?"

"Not a nibble, Mrs. Henn."

A. P. H.



Friend. "SO YOU GOT YOUR POEM PRINTED?"

Aspiring Poet. "YES. I SENT THE FIRST STANZA TO THE EDITOR OF THE CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN WITH THE INQUIRY, 'CAN ANYONE GIVE ME THE REST OF THE POEM?' A DAY OR TWO LATER I SENT THE REST UNDER ANOTHER NAME."

"'Although there may be one or two among the 90 members of the council who object to dancing,' the vicar added, 'that is not the reason for the decision. I myself would never stop dancing.'"

We shall shortly be hearing of his promotion to the See of Rumti-Foo.

THE GREAT "BRIGHTER-CLOTHES-FOR-MEN" CONTROVERSY.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS TO THOSE WHO "CAN'T BE BOTHERED," SHOWING WITH HOW SMALL AN EXPENDITURE OF TIME AND MONEY THEY MAY ASSIST IN RELIEVING THE SARTORIAL DRABNESS OF THE PRESENT DAY.





Hostess (*an enthusiastic Film-Fan*). "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE 'FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE'?"
Guest. "NOT ENOUGH RUNNERS—NO PLACE MONEY."

THE WONDER OF IT.

I WALK by tower and steeple
And hugely I admire
To see so many people
Still able to respire;
I find it somewhat funny—
And so, no doubt, do you—
That all my friends have money
To do the things they do.

Old England needs a saviour;
Her sides are badly cracked;
But is the Bloggs' behaviour
Consistent with this fact?
While all the world is whining
That trade has taken wings,
How do the Smiths keep dining
On such expensive things?

"If blunder follows blunder
And bread becomes more dear,
"Where shall we be, I wonder,"
Says Mr. Brown, "next year?"
Still, as I pass The Gables,
This solemn thought occurs,
That Mrs. Brown has sables
Or coney musquash furs.

With deep, with deep disquiet
I scanned the various pars
On that Olympian riot
To purchase motor-cars;
No word, it seemed, was written
On any stand or stall
To tell men that Great Britain
Was tottering to her fall.

Our mills are mute and idle;
The state of steel is rank;
Yet Jones, the suicidal,
Embarks upon a ——;
In that vast exhibition
Did no one for his good
Point out in what position
The poor old country stood?

One thought at least I cherish
To cheer me for a while—
That England, though she perish,
Yet perishes in style;
Though fast the spirit peters,
She uses as she jogs
Six-cylinder four-seaters
To take her to the dogs. EVOE.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

MY son Peter, aged five, is in his second term at school. I took a father's natural pride in his first report. It ran as follows:—

Arithmetic—Fair.
Scripture—Moderate.
Geography—Poor.
History—Very poor.
General Intelligence—Excellent.

It was the last item that gave me particular satisfaction. For I am a free-lance journalist and it had always been my hope that my son and heir would carry on the good work. Already he takes an almost precocious interest in my compositions, and I am delighted that my own opinion of the excellence of his general intelligence should be endorsed by his schoolmaster.

A few days ago I was busy on a short story when Peter, on his return from school, entered my study and asked me to read it to him.

"Sorry, old man," I said, "but Daddy is racing against the clock or he would be only too glad to."

Peter has been taught good behaviour, so he did not repeat his request, but withdrew to his play-room and busied himself with his mechanical toys.

I finished my story with just four minutes in which to catch the post. As I sealed down the envelope Peter reappeared.

"I kept as quiet as I could, Daddy," he said, "so will you please read it to me when it comes back?"

As I said, I am very glad that his master has endorsed my view of Peter's General Intelligence.

Of a Parliamentary candidate:—

"Mr. —— was once Mayor of ——, and has twice visited Africa. On one occasion he met a lion face to face."—*Daily Paper.*

The ex-Mayor's face apparently won.



THE CONSOLATION STAKES.

MR. CHURCHILL (*Showman*). "I'M DROPPING A LOT ON THE SWINGS; BUT I'M GETTING A BIT BACK ON THE ROUNDABOUTS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, October 25th.—Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY is reputed to be the most unsquashable person in the House of Commons, but he is not unsquashing. This afternoon, amid loud and largely derisive applause, he took his seat in—or, to be strictly truthful, *on*—the Labour Party. Aiming his person at an imaginary gap between Messrs. VARLEY and ADAMSON, he lowered himself into it with defiant aplomb, the faces of the semi-submerged comrades indicating their feeling that there is a limit even to what the solidarity of the working-classes can bear.

A few minutes later he was questioning the POSTMASTER-GENERAL about the newly-appointed Governors of the Broadcasting Corporation. Sir W. MITCHELL-THOMSON replied that the hon. and gallant Member would have an opportunity of debating the matter on the Supplementary Estimate—"if the hon. and gallant Member is still in his place." At least two members of the Labour Party hoped that he wouldn't be where he was.

"No, Sir," replied Mr. CHURCHILL to a long question, of which he had received written notice, by Mr. SAKLATVALA. "No, Sir," he replied to a still longer supplementary question in the same vein. One recalled the dear old Victorian song in which the lady went on saying "No, Sir" (as ordered by Papa) for a dozen verses until the intelligent swain betook himself to the hypothetical negative, whereupon they became each other's own in less than no time. Mr. SAKLATVALA's straightforward Oriental mind is incapable of stooping to such a questionable weapon of debate as a hypothetical negative, and a third "No, Sir" finished him off.

The motto "*Experientia docet*" is evidently truer than some people realise. Colonel LANE-FOX assured the House that the upward movement of the price of coal had been checked. The statement, it appeared, was contrary to the experience of several Members present, who insisted on quoting the actual figures. Mr. J. H. THOMAS asked from what source the Department of Mines had got its information. "From my own experience and the experience of my Department," replied the gallant Colonel.

Some other matters were considered before the main question of the Emergency Regulations was reached. Mr. STORRY DEANS again drew his safety snickersnee across the SECRETARY FOR WAR's jugular, but it glanced off harmlessly. Sir FREDRIC WISE wanted to know how many shareholders there were in the "British" company that has been awarded the War Office contract, but there was no reply. Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, in answer to questions and also later in debate, explained that Mr. COOK had been prevented from speaking in Staffordshire by the Chief Constable, whose belief that the speeches would result in a breach of the peace he, the HOME SECRETARY, did not question.



THE SPRAT AND THE WHALE.

Mr. SIDNEY WEBB (the Acute Angler of the Labour Party). "OF COURSE I 'M GLAD TO HAVE CAPTURED THIS PROMISING LITTLE FISH, BUT WHAT I 'M REALLY HOPING FOR IS THAT BIG SPOUTER OVER THERE."

Dealing with the same subject in the House of Lords, Lord BIRKENHEAD said that as in the last five months Mr. COOK had made two hundred and eighty-eight speeches there could be no substantial loss to the rhetorical anthology of the nation by the suppression of two.

It is to the Upper Chamber, staid and even sombre as it is, that in these days we must wend to hear political opponents exchanging the niceties of badinage. Lord BIRKENHEAD quoted Mr. HAVELOCK WILSON who "had forty years of trade-union credentials to set against Lord PARMOOR's thirty years of fine Toryism." Later he twitted the noble Lords opposite with "galloping miles behind the band," to which Lord THOMPSON smartly retorted that he knew much less about galloping than the noble earl.

In the Commons, on the motion to adjourn, Mr. BALDWIN, having mildly observed that there was complete harmony in the Government, thought it well to add that if any combination of his colleagues had been able to curb Mr. CHURCHILL they would have done what no one in any previous Government had been able to do. Nothing was said about the coal dispute that had not been said a dozen times before.

Tuesday, October 26th.—Dr. SALTER, Labour Member for Bermondsey, where the drysalters come from, disapproves of drink, and, like some other fanatical temperance propagandists, does not allow such trifling considerations as good manners or good taste to curb his enthusiasm. Knowing that, and knowing further that the public takes little stock in the mouthings of fanatical propagandists, the House would normally have ignored his declaration, made to a temperance society and repeated to a newspaper, that he had seen Members of the House "with drink taken," as they say in Ireland.

Not so Sir A. HOLBROOK, who, seeing in the occasion an opportunity for harassing his political foes and maintaining the House's good repute at the same time, insisted, on Monday afternoon, on moving that Dr. SALTER's intemperate temperance oratory constituted a breach of the privileges of the House. The Doctor being absent, the motion was adjourned till to-day, the general impression being that the offender would express regret and the matter drop.

Mr. NEIL MACLEAN thought that, as they were going to discuss the practice of heaping insults on a defenceless legislative body, they might as well consider the heinous case of Dean INGE, who declares in his recent book that "the new type of Labour Member is sometimes a drunken ruffian." It so happened that, as Mr. MACLEAN read this phrase out with all due emphasis, the newest type of Labour Member in the person of Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY was sitting just below him. The House greeted the unintentional sally with shouts of delight, the victim assuming the Red-Indian-at-the-stake expression appropriate to the occasion.

To everybody's regret the SPEAKER ruled Mr. MACLEAN out on the tenuous ground of belatedness. There was nothing amusing about Dr. SALTER's

attack on his colleagues, but the spectacle of Dean INGE being haled before the Bar of the House by the SERJEANT-AT-ARMS complete with sword, and, after due hearing, incarcerated for a period of gloomy reflection in the dungeons sacred to the immortal memory of GUIDO FAWKES, would have provided the best kind of entertainment. Possibly the SPEAKER's decision was inspired by the fact that the DEAN is enjoying in the United States the sanctuary that he would otherwise have been compelled to seek on the steps of St. Paul's.

Dr. SALTER, when his turn came, not only refused to retract but exhibited an unrestrained desire to go muck-raking before a Committee on Privileges; but the House heavily defeated an Amendment with that intent. Its view was most aptly put by Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, who as "Father of the House" declared that it was a model of sobriety in comparison with former years and denounced Dr. SALTER for "dirtying the House's clean linen in public." The PRIME MINISTER put the whole matter in a sentence. Some Members might occasionally forget themselves. "We all know it but we do not talk about it." A few Labour Members made speeches resenting Sir A. HOLBROOK'S provocative declaration that "he knew there were Members opposite from North of the Tweed who made it their boast that they would destroy the character of the House," but the House passed the motion without a division.

Members proceeded to discuss the Emergency Regulations, the bright speech of the evening being made by Mr. PURCELL, who, amid loud shouts of "Drivel," declared that the Government's burning desire was to stir up disorder so that they could call out the troops and see if they would fire on the miners. This, the HOME SECRETARY said, was just the sort of speech that justified Emergency Regulations.

Another Paradise Lost.

"The Cam has every reason to be proud of having mothered Tennyson and Rupert Brooke, but the Isis has presented to the Muses a progeny no less distinguished. Milton and Matthew Arnold are names which spring readily to the mind."—*Daily Paper.*

And what about WORDSWORTH of Wadham, BYRON of Brasenose, MARLOWE of Merton, etc., etc.?

From a recent catalogue of books on Ireland:—

"A Collection of poems, by the Clare Bards, in Honour of the MadDonnells of Kilkee and Killone, collected and edited by Brian O'Looney."

Bard O'LOONEY seems to have included the DONNELLS in the Looney clan temporarily.

WINTER WARFARE.

LECTURES.

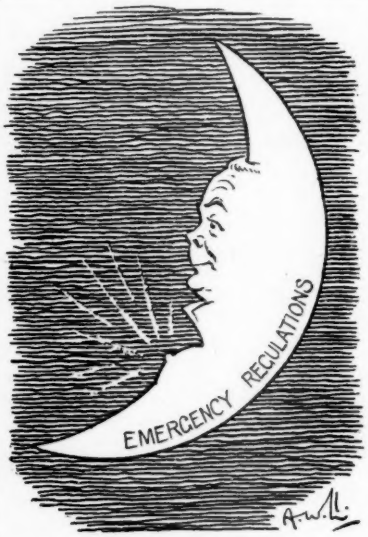
Now that the evenings are closing in, a full day's soldiering out-of-doors is impossible. The Army is therefore encouraged to settle down in earnest to its winter programme of Examinations, Boards and Lectures. It is with the last-named that I propose to deal in this article.

Military lectures have at least one feature in common with ordinary lectures. They are of two kinds only, viz.:—

A. Those with lantern.

B. Those without lantern.

(There are certain sub-divisions of these



A LUNAR RENEWAL.

SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS.

"SOME PEOPLE MIGHT BE BORED WITH THESE MONTHLY REVIVALS. I RATHER ENJOY THEM."

categories, such as "those with slides but without lantern," and *vice versa*; but these are dealt with fully in *The Manual of Good Staff Work.*)

"A" type lectures are far the more popular and attendance at them is often quite voluntary. They are presided over by a very senior officer, who is therefore too busy to attend in person, but a quite senior enough officer kindly consents to take the Chair instead.

The Chairman in his preliminary remarks announces that the lecturer has come all the way from London to speak on the interesting question of "The Strategical Significance of the Cachuca Islands." Nobody, in the Chairman's opinion, is better qualified to speak on this matter than the lecturer, who has been studying the Cachucan question ever since he went to the War Office in 1907.

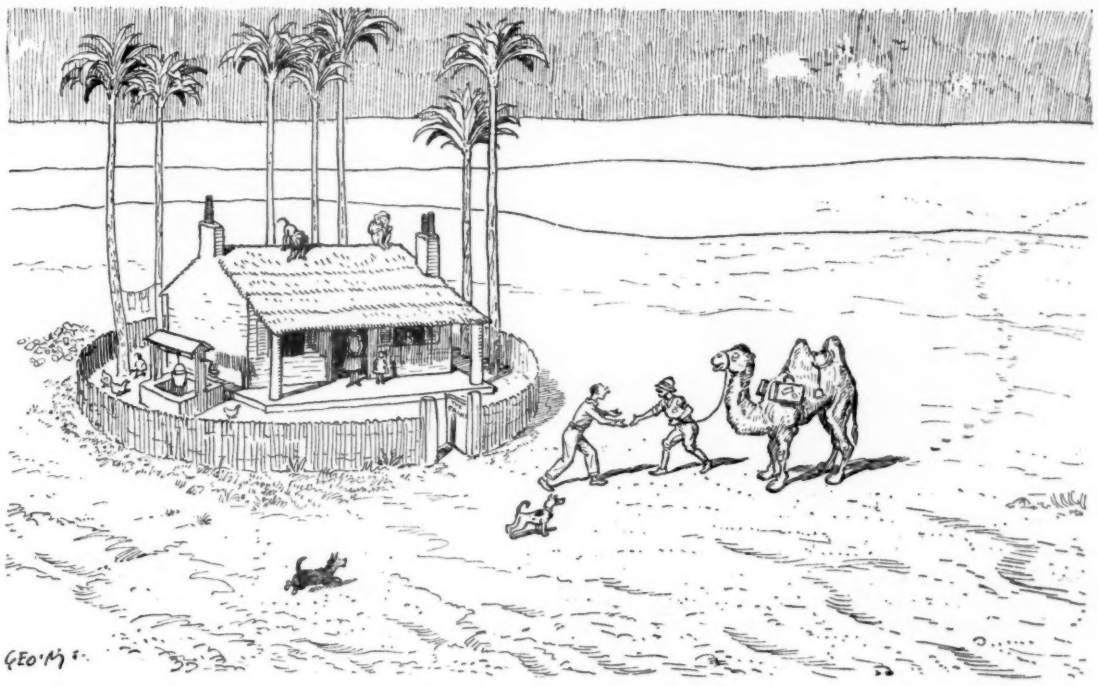
The lecturer bows in response to a hearty welcome from the audience, and there is a short delay while two orderlies unfurl a large map of the world covered with invisible names and proceed to attach it to the wall. No sooner is this completed to the lecturer's satisfaction than he remembers having left his lantern-slides in the taxi. The two orderlies are sent in pursuit and the lecturer begins.

In accordance with time-honoured custom his opening remarks are to the effect that he considers it a great privilege to address such an audience on such a subject. He says that it is quite impossible to deal with so vast a problem in such a very short time. (Loud applause.) He gazes round appreciatively and catches sight of the missing slides. They are on the table, where he first put them. There is a short delay while they are handed over to the lantern orderly, who vanishes with them inside his fireproof sentry-box.

After a futile search in the Pacific Ocean the lecturer assumes that everybody knows exactly where the Cachuca Islands are, so that he need waste no time in pointing them out. He proposes to get on with the first slide and makes a clicking noise accordingly. As this evokes no response from the sentry-box he bangs his billiard-cue on the floor, at the same time giving the command "Lights" in a smart and soldierly manner. Immediately the room is plunged into darkness, and from the sentry-box come sounds of escaping steam and falling glass. At last a faint beam illumines the screen and a table of figures is projected on to it, the wrong way round. This is hastily removed and reappears upside down. Thus it remains for a few minutes until, covered with large beads of perspiration peculiar to all military lantern slides, it fades away like the Cheshire cat.

The lecturer now warms to his work and touches upon the history of the inhabitants of the Cachuca Islands, their peculiarities, their harbours, their fighting forces. Graphic illustrations are given of Cachucan warriors, upside down, and of the Cachucan coracle fleet inside out. Just as the interest is at its height there is a muffled explosion in the sentry-box, followed by a complete black-out. The lecturer announces that time is getting short, but that, if any member of the audience would like to ask questions, he will be pleased to answer them if he can, and if there are any.

A plain dull regimental officer stands up and asks the lecturer whether it would not be a good thing to capture the Cachuca Islands right away and have done with it, because then we



The Host (of Bungalow Oasis). "TERRIBLY GLAD TO SEE YOU, OLD MAN! SORRY I HAVEN'T ROOM TO PUT UP YOUR CAMEL, BUT YOU CAN PARK IT ALMOST ANYWHERE OUTSIDE."

should know exactly how we stood. At this the lecturer becomes very serious and asks if there are any shorthand writers present. He then requests the audience to observe the strictest secrecy with regard to any remarks he may make, and finally informs them that, whereas several experts (whom he could name) are strongly of the opinion that such a procedure has just as many points in its favour as against it, yet he could mention quite as many others, equally expert, who are convinced that the "cons" are every bit as sound as the "pros." He would like to be allowed to go even further into this interesting question but he feels that the inside information which his official position gives him debars him from so doing. (Loud applause.)

The lecturer then thanks the audience for their appreciation, and the Chairman thanks the lecturer for his lecture. The lecturer thanks the Chairman for thanking him, and the oldest inhabitant thanks the Chairman for presiding. The Chairman, in thanking him, says that it was a great pleasure to preside over such a meeting. The meeting shows its appreciation, looks at its wrist-watch, fumbles for its cap, stick and gloves, and departs, inwardly blessing the lantern orderly.

THE BRIDLE GATE.

BLACKS and browns and bays and duns,
Chestnuts, greys and piebald ones,
Decked with stockings, stars and blazes,
Stepping clean or cutting daisies;
Sluggards, pullers, baulkers, stickers,
Staunch ones, stayers, colts and kickers;
Meek ones, mild ones, plungers, snorters;
Slant-eared rips with lifted quarters;
Rushing brutes that will not wait,
Ambling cobs, serene, sedate—
Here they come through the Bridle Gate!

Princes, squirelings, bucks and peers,
Merchants, Jews and profiteers,
Shipping-kings and sardine-packers,
Thrusters, busters, shirkers, slackers;
Men with wings and men with stars,
Gunners, Lancers and Hussars;
Youngsters of the Naval Forces
Riding rash on hireling horses;
Men alarmed and men elate,
Men who hunt in fear and hate—
See them crowd through the Bridle Gate!

Ladies stout and ladies slim,
Wearing bowlers wide of brim,
Habited or breeched and booted,
Bowing sweetly when saluted;
Ladies large and short of breath,
Timid ladies scared to death;
Ladies out for joy of jumping,
Ladies on their saddles bumping;
Ladies of uncertain date,
Lost to hope and trusting Fate—
Beauty abroad at the Bridle Gate.

Bright-eyed youngsters brisk as weasels;
Schoolboys kept at home for measles;
Girls both shingled and in tresses,
Girls escaped from governesses;
Children of more tender ages
Freed awhile from nursery cages,
Proud as conquering Alexanders
On their dwarfed eleven-handers;
Stout of heart if light of weight,
Bob and Biffy, Clive and Kate—
Blow them on through the Bridle Gate!

W.H.O.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"The absent-mindedness of people who suddenly step in front of an approaching vehicle is responsible for many street accidents, says the chief constable of ——."
Tasmanian Paper.

"It is marvellous what has been achieved at the —— Restaurant, where a beautiful Four Course Lunch is served at 1/9 and a potential Six Course Dinner at 3/6."—*Suburban Paper.*

SHAKESPEARE, no doubt, had such a dinner as this in mind when he wrote of "the bare imagination of a feast."



Colonel Pepper (to woman sauntering aimlessly across fairway). "NOW THEN! HURRY UP WITH THAT BABY OF YOURS."
Woman. "BABY YOURSELF—PLAYING WITH THAT LITTLE BALL AND IN THEM KNICKERS!"

EUGENA REX.

A GUINEA COAST LEGEND.

Eugena Rex, the Guinea Coast ape,
Looked thoughtfully at his daughter's shape,
Looked thoughtfully at his barrels of rum
And scratched the dome of his cranium.
"I wonder," he mused, "if a largesse of liquor
Discreetly expended would get her off quicker?
A suitor of spirit as well as position
Is needed for one who, though plain, is patrician."

To hinterland forest sped royal command
That he who aspired to the princess's hand
Must enter his name for a symposium
And drain to the dregs a whole barrel of rum;
While pantomime hinted a barrel would fill a
Grown chimpanzee, or even gorilla.
"You 'd think that there wasn't an earthly for me,"
Observed a Telinga, "but just wait and see."

Telingas, the tiniest apes in the trees,
Resemble each other like so many peas;
And long ere the entries had ended the clan
Had hit on a subtle yet promising plan
For the good of their chief, who, on signing his name,
Suggested short breathers as part of the game.
"And I trust, Sire, my inches may not prove a bar?"
"Get out of my sight!" said Eugena R.

The lists were appointed; by twos and threes
Came cheery gorillas and chimpanzees—
Never was seen such a simian throng;
But the day was hot and the rum was strong,
And what with the crowding and what with the sun
At every trial the barrels won.
Competitors entered again and again,
But the moon was topping the baobabs, *when*—

Came the wee Telingas, Telinga-linga-lingas,
Drop-drop-dropping like the petals of syringas;
Doggo in the grasses they halted for a while,
And on the tick of zero moved in single file.

Hared a nimble runner in from the grasses' border,
Back was passed from file to file the skipper's final order,
That he who first attained the lees in bolting his potation
Must hustle to headquarters to report the situation.

Out scuttled number one, where the grasses ended,
One link forward the living chain extended;
Back scuttled number one, sputtering and swallowing;
Strictly in rotation was the sequence of his following.

Stared at the miracle Eugena R. in wonder—
Tot . . . Tot . . . Tot . . . ! But he never got rotunder!
High among the baobabs a caprimulgus churring
Broke into a giggle, for the series was recurring.

Out, about and home again—all as like as peas;
Came at last the tidings that the ullage reached the lees;
Then forth, without a wobble in his speech or in his carriage,
There strode a beaming little ape who claimed the girl in marriage.

"Well, a promise is a promise," said Eugena R.
"Look among the grasses!" screamed the mean night-jar.
Up the nearest baobab, not a whit too soon,
The hope of the Telingas made a bee-line for the moon.

The yells of the belaboured and the squealings of the clawed
Betokened far beneath him the disclosure of the fraud;
And that 's why Telingas, who are all as like as peas,
Affect the highest branches of the very highest trees.

THE WEST WIND AND ZOE.

THE Winds had taken off with the twilight and not a breath was stirring. The West Wind, a robust but mild-mannered youth, with the pleasing exterior enjoyed by the majority of the Immortals (he is a minor Immortal, you know), was sitting on the hill-top. His rushing cloak of russet hung idly about his ample shoulders and he looked pensive.

You see he was very really and truly in love. And his beautiful lady didn't know about it, though he had frequently whispered the fact to her and had even shouted it; in fact she didn't know him by sight even—how could she? For the Winds are invisible; at least I 've never met any mortal who 's seen one or who could understand what their voices say, sing they high or low. And the West Wind, you see, loved a mortal, a mortal shepherdess, and the shepherdess herself loved a mortal shepherd and quite an ordinary shepherd at that.

Now the latter was an extremely shy lad even for a simple herd-boy, and he had, to date, not dared to declare himself to Zoe (our heroine's pretty name), though he indeed loved her devotedly. Here you 'll recognise that we have the makings of a proper kettle of fish.

"Hullo, old man," said a flippant young Zephyr slipping down from the pine-tops and addressing our hero, "what 's the trouble? You look as if you 'd dropped a drachma and picked up an obol."

The West Wind sighed, and the whole forest murmured sympathetically.

"I am in love," he said, and he proceeded to tell the Zephyr about Zoe at very great length, and about Zoe's confounded indifference; he did not say, however, that her affections were already engaged, for this he did not know. "What 's to be done?" he concluded.

"Dunno," said the Zephyr vaguely (all Zephyrs are vague). "Why not steal upon her disguised as a shower of gold; that 's *fashionable*, you know*—Danae and all that."

"My good fool," said the West Wind pettishly, "do talk sense! Am I Zeus? and how can a Wind be a shower of gold? I should probably blow myself away."

"Oh, use your wits, my dear chap, do!" said the Zephyr, who didn't the least know how to either, but was becoming bored with Zoe.

He moved importantly away into the night.

But the West Wind sat on under a garland of stars. He could hear the Zephyr (young ass) whispering nonsense to the nymphs and oreads in the blue shadows of the wood; but soon, his wits jumping, he exclaimed "*Eureka!*" twice and went to bed.

Eureka is Greek, and you all know what it means.

And in the morning it was fresh and blue and sunny, with all that freshness, blueness and sunniness for which the Golden Age was famous. And if you are doubtful as to how much that was, come with me by Mapledurham some jolly day when next the lilacs are out and the weir dancing and I 'll show you.

Meanwhile, however, the West Wind, thinking himself monstrous clever, had hidden in the laburnum-tree outside Zoe's door. Soon she came out. Her blue smock ('twas the colour of wild hyacinths) matched her eyes, and her sunny hair (she 'd *such* lots of it) was coiled ever so thickly round her little head lest it should fall into the churns. She looked as fresh as butter herself.

The West Wind jumped down in the golden showers of laburnum and sang, "*Zoe mou, sas agapo*" (but in old Greek, of course), as elegantly as Lord BYRON himself. Zoe didn't seem to mind a bit, besides it was only the Wind.

She said, "I love the West Wind," and then she blushed and added, but so low that none could hear, "Clytander." Yes, Clytander was the shepherd-boy's name.

She said no more, and the West

* And still is, I 'm told.



"YOUR DOG LOOKS VERY MISERABLE THIS MORNING."
"YES, IT 'S THE CAT'S FAULT. HE WANTED TO RUN AFTER IT AND IT WOULDN'T START."

Wind, puzzled but naturally enough encouraged, watched her trip lightly along the sheep-track.

The gorse was out, acres and yellow acres of it, and "Here goes again," said the West Wind, and swept across and came gallantly to her lost in the shimmer and the sweet smell of it and hidden in the little songs of its gold-banded bees. Zoe opened her bare arms wide to the scent and the sunshine and sniffed ecstatically. "I *do* love you, West Wind," she said, and then she sighed and began to say "Clytander"; in fact she'd got as far as "Cly" when she again blushed, like all wild roses, and then she turned as pale as possible and thought, "Oh, dear, if he'd heard!" for there came Clytander (really he wasn't half a bad-looking boy) to meet her among the gorse.

Now the West Wind (I've told you) had no idea (how could he, since no one had said so?) that Zoe loved and was loved by another, but he was nevertheless mildly irritated by the interruption. He looked round for fresh gold to be a shower in. "Three times does it!" he cried and—whoops—he blew away the chaplet of honeysuckle that kept Zoe's golden hair up, and there he was in a shower that wouldn't have dishonoured Zeus himself. "Oh, the Wind!" cried Zoe, and suddenly things happened. The golden softness of her hair streamed out hither and yon like sunshine; a strand of it, shining and irresistible, was round Clytander's neck in no time (a fatal carelessness for which the West Wind has never forgiven himself), and then somehow, all shyness forgotten, Zoe was in her shepherd's arms at last, and, as far as she could be seen for the golden tiffany about them, she was being kissed.

The poor West Wind (can you wonder that he so often sounds sadly?) gave one heart-broken sob and left them; and you and I perhaps cannot now do better than follow his gentlemanly example.

Zoe and Clytander have been dead these millions of years, but the West Wind is a faithful fellow, and, when you meet him this month rushing through Lycrofts with a shower of golden leaves, you can imagine, if you like (I shall anyhow), that he is still remembering Zoe.

P. R. C.

MENDER TO THE ZOO.

(Reflections of a small girl on hearing that a poisonous snake has just had a tear in its skin "invisibly mended" at the Zoo with a patch from another snake.)

WHEN I've seen Nanny mending us
and patching-up our frocks,
And putting torn-off buttons on and
darning holes in socks,
I never thought that presently I'd want
to do it too—
But I'd love to mend the animals that
need it in the Zoo.

I'd like to set a diamond patch upon
the cobra's scales,
And lengthen the baboons' grey frocks
which never reach their tails;
I'd like to mend the tiger's ear that
seems to have a tear,
And best of all I'd love to darn the
shaggy little bear.

I'd neaten all the edges of the vultures
where they're frayed;
I'd turn the eagle's trousers up and
bind the fringe with braid;
I'd stitch in time the dappled deer
whose coat is wearing thin,
And put tucks in the elephant where it
wants taking in.

I'd see why the rhinoceros's bib is out
of shape—
I'm sure that somewhere round his
neck he's been and lost a tape—
Yes, when I'm old I won't go mending
kids like me and you,
But I'll go and mend the animals that
need it in the Zoo.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE THREE SISTERS" (BARNES).

EVEN the most ardent Tchehovians may admit that it is difficult at first not to be a little exasperated with the futile provincials, the brother and three sisters *Prozorov* and the odd assortment of officers of the garrison who drift in and out, philosophise, strum on guitars and pianos, take photographs, make love and drink vodka in their aimless undisciplined way in this interesting tragi-comedy. But they will say, and wisely, "Just you wait. Observe the technical skill with which in the opening scene the author uses the device of puzzling you as to who is who and what he is after by way of exciting your interest and commanding your attention. Observe these people coming to life before you, figures of a real life, inconsequent, unsymmetrical, tragic-comic—this feckless unstable *Andrey Prozorov*, minor official of the Rural Board; sister *Olga*, the school-marm, old maid in the making, crippled by her headaches and her tenderness for her little sister *Irina* and her old inefficient nurse; sister *Irina*, with Moscow the pole to which her compass always swings, childishly romantic but unable to fall in love, hating the routine of her work; sister *Masha*, bored to distraction with her honest, devoted and sufficiently competent but plain and unambitious husband, *Kuligin*, and turning from sheer *ennui* rather than awakened passion to the introspective *Colonel Vershinin*; *Andrey's* pretty, meanly tyrannical shrew of a wife, *Natasha*, grabbing every advantage for her infants without scruple; the old army doctor, *Tchebutykin*, vague exponent of Bishop BERKELEY's perplexing philosophy, permanent cadger and occasional drunkard; and that bitter twisted *Captain Solyony*, whose wanton baiting of the blameless suitor for *Irina's* hand, *Lieutenant Baron Tusenbach*, leads to a tragic encounter. Not a 'well-made play' assuredly, but made as well as life is made—in Russia; and not so far in essentials from the way it is made in England. Of course, if you want OUIDA-conceived military heroes and close-ups of feather-pated blondes in their arms this is not your theatre. You can go to —— or ——."



THE THREE JOLLY SISTERS.

Masha . . . . . MISS MARGARET SWALLOW.
Olga . . . . . MISS MARTITA HUNT.
Irina . . . . . MISS BEATRIX THOMPSON.

Mr. THEODORE KOMISARJEVSKY has provided a charming and charmingly simple setting and manages the balance, grouping and lighting of the piece with real skill, indeed distinction. I thought that in the dark Second Act he let himself be seduced by his appreciation of the value of sudden shafts of light flooding the darkness by too frequently opening and shutting the two doors LEFT, thereby rather failing to conceal an artful dodge. The light also was a thought too sinister for the mood of the Act, and, moreover, to be trivial, we were sure that the lynx-eyed *Natasha* would never have allowed so extravagant an illumination. I notice too that Mr. KOMISARJEVSKY is very fond of leaning people against window-panes and doorways—though that may well be one of the most sacred of Russian traditions.

The Barnes Theatre is making a place for itself as a school of competent acting. I suppose, by the way, it 's no use asking the Director to put up a notice to the effect that Cockneyisms like "Olgar is" and "idear of" will in future be discountenanced. This is especially important in Russian plays, where every lady's name ends with the fatal vowel. The company of experienced and less experienced players worked admirably together and it is difficult to particularise individual performances. I thought Miss BEATRIX THOMPSON'S *Irina* a very attractive study; and Miss MARTITA HUNT'S *Olga*, a more difficult part, exceedingly well-handled. Of Miss MARGARET SWALLOW'S *Masha* I am not so sure. But I gladly give her the benefit of the doubt, as her relative colourlessness may have been a deliberate and not unintelligent reading of her part.

Miss DORICE FORDRED'S *Natasha* was a first-rate piece of work. Mr. DAN ROE'S *Tchebutykin* brought out all the humour and humanity of this well-written part; and I thought Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON'S *Captain Solyony* admirable. I imagine that TCHEHOV'S *Baron* was a gayer young man than Mr. LEONARD UPTON chose to present to us. The subalterns were particularly well done by Mr. ANTHONY IRELAND and Mr. LIONEL RIDPATH; as were Miss ELSIE FRENCH'S old *Nurse*, Mr. ALFRED SANGSTER'S *Kuligin* and the *Vershinin* of Mr. DOUGLAS JEFFERIES.

Indeed a notable demonstration of sound repertory technique. T.

A Matinée in aid of the Mothercraft Schools and Day Nurseries of the Marylebone Health Society will be given



THE BACKSLIDER.
Ivan Tchebutykin . . MR. DAN F. ROE.

at the Alhambra, on Sunday, November 14th. Among the artistes offering their services are Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE, Mlle. DELYSIA, Miss GWEN FRANGÇON DAVIES, Mr. FREDERICK RANALOW and Mr. LADDIE CLIFF. Reserved seats (from 12/- to 1/2) may be obtained from Miss L. G. MOBERLY, 53, Circus Road Mansions, N.W.8.



THE BABY IN THE CASE.
Mr. DOUGLAS BURBIDGE (Andrey Prozorov). "YOU MUST TAKE MY WORD FOR IT THAT THERE 'S AN INFANT INSIDE THIS."

MARK TAPLEY REDIVIVUS.

THE Earth's crust is quaking
With fissures and chasms
That come of bad baking
And cosmical spasms;
And Mars, the "red" planet,
Still plaguily near,
Distresses Lord Thanet
And Lord Beavermere.

And while the celestial
Conditions are sinister,
BALDWIN 's a "bestial"
"Ferocious" Prime Minister;
This, anyhow,
Is the amiable view
Of those who kow-tow
To the Communist crew.

All the world 's mad;
Die-hards and soft livers
Ceaselessly gad
In saloons or in "flivvers";
While women—why, LANE,
In defence of the verities,
Has to complain
That their *surae* ain't *teretes!*

But:—
My missus has learned
To be frugal in smoking,
And Jack has returned
From the films to stockbroking;
We 've got a new cook
Who is friendly and willing,
And Dolly's new book
Is both decent and thrilling.

We 've got some more coke,
Quite as much as we prayed for;
I sent up a joke
To *The Wail* which was paid for;
And Tom's last report
Concludes with "Excelling
In all forms of sport,
Though weak in his spelling."

So, cheerfully waiting
For rosier times,
I 'm not for migrating
To alien climes.
With INGE in his Inge-land
Refusing to mope,
I continue to sing "Land
Of Glory and Hope."

"TURF FOR SALE.—Parkside, Ashton-on-Mersey."
Provincial Paper.

We see already the moral effect of the betting-tax.

"For Sale—Quantity of Godown horses annas eight per foot."—*Indian Paper.*

Or two rupees per head. They sound cheap enough; but at that price could one rely upon them to get up again?

THE DECAY OF AUNTSHIP.

"IN my young days," I observed pathetically, "aunts were aunts."

My nephew Bill helped himself to my cigarettes and offered the box to Sylvia with a generous flourish.

"What are they now?" he asked in tones of polite interest.

"I don't know. Certainly they're not aunts as I understand the word."

"What rot!" said my niece Sylvia. Sylvia is Bill's twin, and shares most of his ideas but not his suavity of manner. "When a person has a sister or brother who has a daughter——"

"Or son," put in Bill plaintively.

"—or even son, then the person's an aunt. You can't get away from that."

"I should simply hate to try. But, Sylvia, there used to be more in auntship than that when I was young. An aunt was sometimes majestic, often awe-inspiring and always respected. Her nieces and nephews sought her approval, sometimes her advice——"

"And always her cash," said Bill.

I disregarded this piece of cynicism.

"They didn't call her by her Christian name." I looked at Sylvia. "Nor did they fill her cups with a hash of fag-ends." I looked at Bill.

"It *is* a disgusting habit," he agreed amiably, dropping a match in with a sizzle.

"Mine is a cruel fate when you come to think of it, children. I've had all the trouble of being a niece without any of the rewards of being an aunt."

"I don't find it any trouble to be a niece," said Sylvia.

I looked at her scornfully.

"You're not a niece. Not in the true inmost sense of the word."

"You, Sylvia and Bill," I went on, "do not understand the most elementary functions of niece-and-nephewhood. And I should never win the Gold Medal as an aunt. Just look at me."

"You look very nice," said Bill gently. "The back of your neck rather wants shaving, though."

"You see, darling," said Sylvia eagerly, "it's your age. It's the wrong age. If you were twenty, like us, you'd be young and sensible enough to drop all this nonsense about being an aunt. And if you were sixty or even fifty, naturally we'd be kind to you and—"

"Encourage your illusions," prompted Bill.

"Yes. But to be thirty-three is merely—*what* is it exactly, Bill?"

Sylvia generally appeals to her brother for suitable adjectives. Sylvia is the more voluble twin, but Bill has the larger vocabulary.

"Risible," said Bill, after consideration.

"Yes, risible," echoed Sylvia. "Meaning comic, you know," she explained.

"I find it tragic," I said bitterly.

"You are probably both right," observed my peaceful and pedantic nephew. "*Sub*jectively your ripeish age may very possibly be tragic. *Ob*jectively it is undeniably comic."

"Neither fish, flesh, fowl nor good red-herring," explained Sylvia.

"Neither youthful, middle-aged nor genuine antique," pursued Bill. "It's not the *right* age, dear aunt."

"What would you call the right age, Bill?" I asked meekly.

"For an aunt," replied Bill pontifically, "that is, for the kind of aunt you aspire to be, I should say about a hundred-and-seven. For any other person of the feminine sex, eighteen."

There was a hoot of derision from Sylvia.

"Marjory had a birthday last week," she remarked with apparent irrelevance, addressing me but keeping a watchful eye on her twin. "Poor Bill! I do call it touching. She was eighteen. Hence——"

Bill rose to his feet with a dangerous expression and carefully placed his cigarette on the mantelpiece.

"Who is this Marjory?" I asked.

Sylvia looked at me incredulously, arming herself at the same time with a sofa-cushion.

"What! Don't you know Marjory? I thought all the world had heard about Marjory by now, Bill being such a chatterbox. He writes poems to her too. Free verse, you know, because of course he hasn't enough brains to think of rhymes. Bill, recite that one about——"

Here she rose like lightning and attempted to barricade herself behind my chair. But it was too late. With great rapidity Bill placed his hand over her mouth and in another moment a regrettable scene took place, as they say in the best newspapers. I didn't mind at first. No longer suffering from the twins' united taunts, I sat and smoked peacefully and listened to the thuds, gasps and snorts.

But when I heard a noise like a curtain-rod giving way I looked round. When I saw a vase of flowers perilously tottering upon a swaying table, I stood up. And when the vase ceased to totter and deposited itself and its contents upon the carpet I summoned what little aunthood I had and protested.

"Children!" I cried sharply. "This is disgraceful. Stop it immediately," I commanded majestically.

But Sylvia was sitting firmly on Bill's chest and they were both deaf to my entreaties.

"O-hoooo!" wailed Bill in an agony of risibility, rolling against a collapsible card-table, which took the opportunity and collapsed.

"Stop it at once!" I yelled above the storm. "Bylvia! Sill! I mean to say, Sill and Bylvia! I mean—oh, damn!"

The effect was instantaneous. Sylvia put her hands over her ears. Bill rose to his feet with a pained expression.

"My *dear* aunt," murmured Sylvia.

"My dear *aunt*," said Bill sadly, "remember the tender consideration due to a nephew's young ears. Did aunts *really*——"

"Yes," went on Sylvia plaintively, "in your young days *did* aunts say——" Her voice dropped to a horrified whisper. "*You* say it, Bill."

"Damn," whispered Bill, large-eyed and shocked.

* * * * *

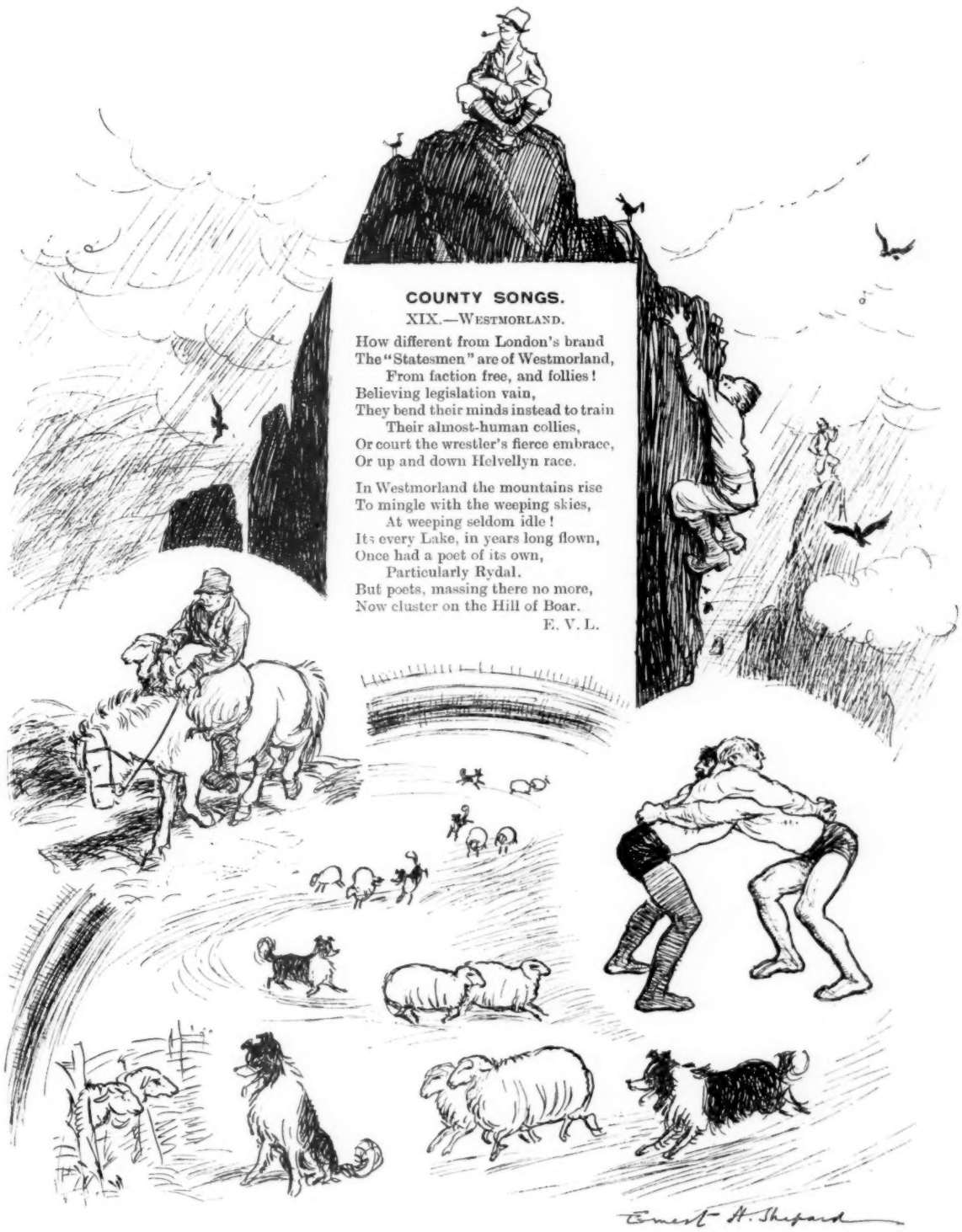
I am hoping that my great-nephews and grand-nieces will now have a better conception of what is due to an aunt; but I fear the worst.

SHE-SHANTIES.

POOR MR. DAVENPORT.

I've lost me job, George,
It's a shame!
I've lost me job, George;
All the same
I don't much care
If I never see again
That Mrs. Davenport,
She gives me a pain.
Well, there was I a-polishing
The rods on the stairs—
Up comes the creature,
And up she flares;
She lost her temper,
And I give warning,
And all about *nothing*, George!
Oh, well, who cares?
But poor Mr. Davenport!
Lord, how he'll miss me
Now he can't kiss me
Every morning
On the stairs!

Well, there we are, George!
Burned my boats.
Jealousy 's a thing, George,
Gets girls' goats.
Would you believe it?
The mean old tabby!
Took my notice,
An' it do seem shabby.
Well, what's a kiss, George?
I can't see the harm.
What can you expect
When a girl's got charm?
But bang goes my income!
We can't get married, George,
Not for a long time—
George, will you mind?
And poor Mr. Davenport!
Lord, how he'll miss me
Now he can't kiss me—
And he *was* so kind! A. P. H.



COUNTY SONGS.

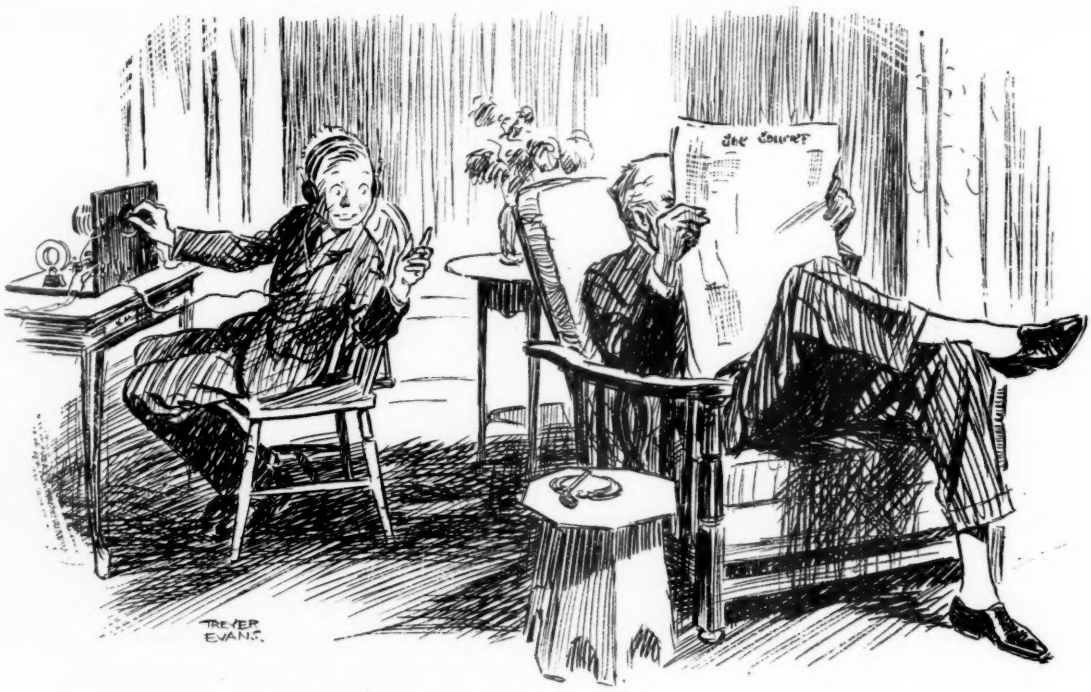
XIX.—WESTMORLAND.

How different from London's brand
The "Statesmen" are of Westmorland,
From faction free, and follies!
Believing legislation vain,
They bend their minds instead to train
Their almost-human collies,
Or court the wrestler's fierce embrace,
Or up and down Helvellyn race.

In Westmorland the mountains rise
To mingle with the weeping skies,
At weeping seldom idle!
Its every Lake, in years long flown,
Once had a poet of its own,
Particularly Rydal.
But poets, massing there no more,
Now cluster on the Hill of Boar.

E. V. L.

Ernest H. Shepard



Small Boy. "FATHER, I'VE GOT HONG KONG!"
Father. "OH, I EXPECT IT'S ONLY A MOTOR-CAR IN THE STREET OUTSIDE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

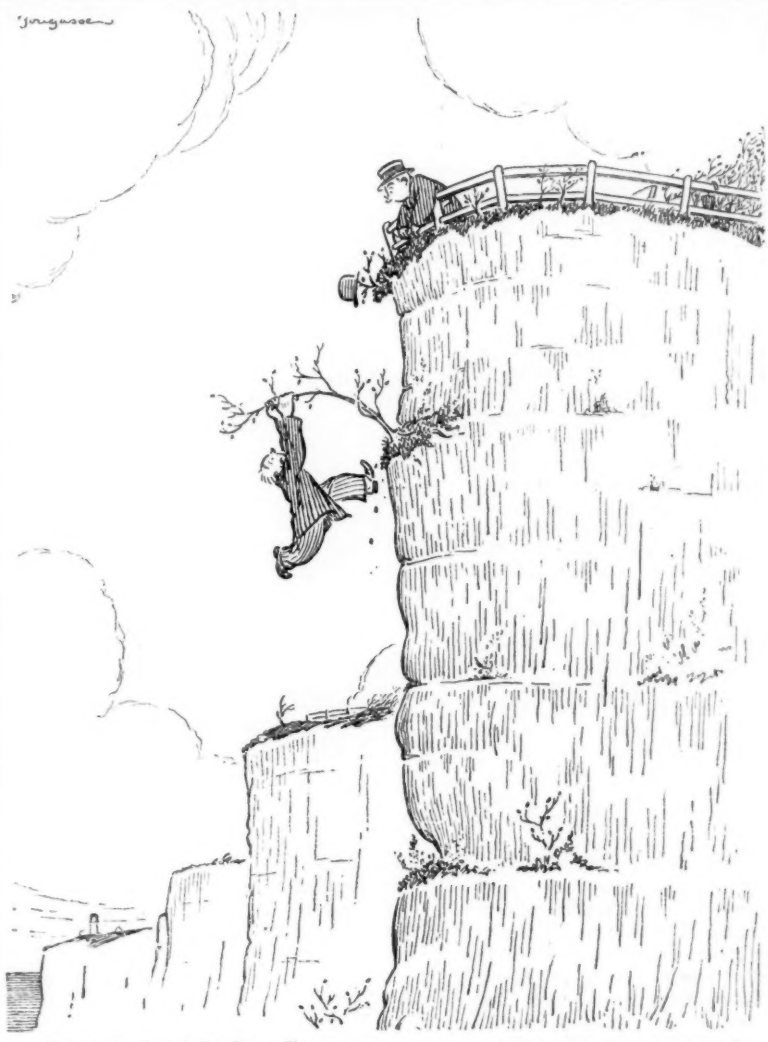
THE chief interest of the last volume of *The World of William Clissold* (BENN) is *William's* notion of an imminent redeemer, the benevolent man of big business towards whose advent all the foregoing jeremiads and isaiads have been so much mountain-levelling and path-preparing. He exists already, collaterally with kings, diplomatists, politicians and soldiers. He is already beginning to "supersede them by disregard." In time he will oust them altogether, "*Les grenouilles se lassent de l'état démocratique*," and a stork, super-storkishly disinclined to gobble the population, is the only alternative to anarchy or *King Log*. This kind of Whiggery—the doctrine of DIZZY'S *Millbank* cosmopolitanly extended—has the negative merit of eliminating a great many archaic and neo-archaic nuisances; and, if its exposition had not been attended by the incensing of so many of Mr. WELLS'S smaller fetishes, it might have served, very much in DISRAELI'S own manner, to familiarise a practicable ideal. On its domestic side I found the novel inconsequent but attractive; the proposal to wed and found a family, after decrying marriage as suitable to peasants, and children as the by-products of agricultural necessity, is so very Wellsian. But, like most men who have made all they want out of the world as it is, the elderly *William* can afford a tenderness for the world as it was. He even thinks it possible that some of us others may return to "the ancient balance of the peasant life when men and women were alike working. At a higher level and in a more lucid co-operation." For this idyllic but remote prospect, for two admirably destructive chapters on education, and for a sorely-needed exposure of "low-grade" romanticism, I express myself his debtor.

It is, I think, the admirable purpose of Mr. J. A. SPENDER to live in charity with all men; and, although he has given the best of his life to the exposition of Liberal politics, his ambition is fulfilled. *The Changing East* (CASSELL) is inspired with an urbanity and an impartiality which must charm even the politically prejudiced. An experienced observer of affairs, Mr. SPENDER went to the East to discover exactly what was happening in Constantinople, Angora, Egypt and India. I can promise a very pleasant journey to those who care to wander arm-in-arm with him across the Galata Bridge, jostled by men of all nations, and beside the magic waters of the Bosphorus, hearkening to the complaints of the Old Turk and the aspirations of the Young, or Kemalist, variety; thence to voyage to Angora, that bleak and ghastly experiment in capitals, and thence across to Egypt, where Mr. SPENDER had been in 1919 as a member of the MILNER Mission, and where, as he now reveals, he was pursued one dreadful night by a vindictive mob. Revisiting Cairo, Mr. SPENDER blandly analysed the politics of the moment; and then he went to India. His observations upon the working of the new diarchical system of government are instructive enough. Even more interesting are his personal impressions of the country and the people. He paid a polite call upon Mr. GANDHI, who is vaguely regarded by the English public as a terrible rebel. Mr. GANDHI was recovering from a fast, which is that holy man's specific for social ills, and, lightly attired in a loin-cloth, was discoursing amiably to a devout circle of *chelas* when Mr. SPENDER joined the party. Mr. GANDHI explained to Mr. SPENDER that the cure for the troubles of India consisted in a return to the old native industry of spinning. Mr. GANDHI himself spends a daily hour at the wheel. Such kindly pictures as Mr. SPENDER'S sketch of GANDHI, and his sympathetic account of his visit to the humane poet, Sir RABINDRANATH

TAGORE, serve better to enlighten the British public upon Eastern attitudes than a library of political treatises.

Though England was a more sedate land
What time CHARLES TURLEY wrote his *Maitland*
Major and Minor in nineteen-five,
The book is very much alive,
Like *Peter Pan*, who took the floor
And won our hearts the year before.
Wherefore, in fitting recognition
Of this new (METHUEN) edition,
BARRIE, Sir JAMES, and also O. M.,
Has added a delightful proem,
And *Punch* in unison acclaims
The benediction of Sir JAMES.
For here you have the "real thing,"
Devoid of all "swashbucklering,"
Or of the grousing and the growling
Of scribes addicted to nest-fouling.
Here, as in all the tales of TURLEY,
You 'll find no saints whose heads are curly,
But normal boys, shy, even surly—
Not sinister, nor modern *Erics*
Prone to undisciplined hysterics—
Boys whom at times one has to wallop,
Depicted by a schoolbo[illegible] TROLLOPE,
Who watches them with friendly eyes
As in their wildness they disguise
The soul that dares the great emprise.

The lectures Miss LENA ASHWELL gave towards the maintenance of the Lena Ashwell Players are now, with additions and her brother's aid, incorporated in one volume. I am bound to say that the compass of *Reflections From Shakespeare* (HUTCHINSON) includes the ridiculous as well as the sublime; but while the highest note is reached sweetly, confidently and often, the lowest, I feel, need not have been audible at all if the lecturer had faced her philosophy of life as squarely as she faces smaller problems. At the close of an interesting prelude summarising her career and the outlook gained from it, she contrasts "the way of the Intellect" with "the way of the Intuition, the way of Religion and the Arts"; and a surprising tenderness for cults that foster these distinctions (and account for the cold feet on the battlements at Elsinore by the amount of "ectoplasm from the bodies of the witnesses" needed to materialise the ghost) pervades an otherwise reasonable volume. Apart from ectoplasm and intuitions, you will find Miss ASHWELL'S work, like that of her rightful master, SHAKESPEARE, an inspiration and an entertainment. It is, as she says, probably the first book in which an actress has shared with her public what she has learnt from her labour of interpretation; and Miss ASHWELL has taken from and given to SHAKESPEARE more than most enthusiasts. She has studied his period to some purpose; that period when, perhaps to the betterment of both, "trades were respected—arts vulgar." She has read everything there is to read about SHAKESPEARE'S women and made up her own mind. And what a notable mind it is let her opinions of *Cordelia*, *Desdemona* and *Cleopatra* witness. Her effective insistence on the strength and scope of the Scandinavian element in *Macbeth* shows how little her insight has to fear from the alliance of reason.



Inveterate Serial Reader. "EXCUSE ME—DO YOU REQUIRE RESCUING, OR DOES IT COME ALL RIGHT IN THE NEXT INSTALMENT?"

A year or two ago, I seem to remember, one of Mr. Punch's less reverent artists depicted Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH as dominating East Sussex like a Colossus and angrily warning all literary aspirants off the sacred gorse. If Miss KAYE-SMITH does really feel like that about it I wonder what she thinks of Miss NORA KENT, whose trespasses are now becoming too serious to be ignored. *Barren Lands* (HOLDEN), like *The Vintage* of last year, is an East Sussex family chronicle, and, good as *The Vintage* was, *Barren Lands*, I think, is even better. If it covers a longish period, as a family chronicle should, it does not fail of interest from the first page to the last. Miss KENT has possibly taken a liberty with Nature in giving to farmer *Latimer* three children so sharply contrasted in character as *Stephen*, *Ellen* and *Mark*; but Nature is probably too busy to mind, and anyhow it adds greatly to the interest of

the book. Much as I liked the rugged *Stephen*, "clinging with the old yeoman faith to his native furrows," I don't think I could have stood for three of him. Miss KENT's style is always adequate and, when the occasion demands it, touches beauty. Altogether a delightful book—one, if the lapse into "Gorse" may be excused, which you will be "unaccountable" glad to read and "middling" sorry to finish.

Miss A. R. WEEKES is so definitely and deliberately a romantic that it is perhaps beside the point to suggest that her characters in *A Son of the House* (CONSTABLE) talk and act as people who move on the solid plane of reality do not in fact talk and act. But she can invent and develop a story and give a clever differentiation to her puppets. When proud *Lord Laleham's* adored wife ran away with the unscrupulous *Edward Delahay* she took the Laleham heir with her. After her death her lover reported her son as also dead for some malicious reason that appealed to his twisted nature. Hence *Martin*, the son of the forsaken peer by his second wife, grew up in all the pomp and circumstance appropriate to the heir of Laleham Chase. On his death-bed *Delahay*, now sunk to keeping a somewhat disreputable hotel in a stark Peruvian mining town, tells his reputed son *Denis* the truth. Whereupon that ingenuous youth, obscure clerk in a shipping office and by no means a gentleman in outward bearing, presents himself at the ancestral home, where, expecting to be welcome, he is taken for a blackmailer. That is one movement of the story. The other deals with the family of his friend *Julian Charnwood*, who also is "not quite," poverty having taken off the fine edge of the old Charnwood gentility; and introduces us to his sister *Olive*, who mothers the orphaned *Charnwoods*, of whom one is a drunkard, another cheats at cards. By what intricate paths Miss WEEKES leads her highly-coloured characters, tempered by the fire of the War, to the final happy ending in the union of the two families and the social rehabilitation of the Charnwood outsiders I must leave you to gather from her pleasant pages.



Pompous new Parson. "ER—I 'VE NOT SEEN YOU IN CHURCH YET. I—ER—HOPE YOU 'RE NOT A WANDERING SHEEP?"
Irascible Man. "BAH!"

In addition to a pleasant vein of sentiment "IAN HAY" possesses a real gift for scarifying unpleasant characters. I know few writers who can depict the horrors of a bore so convincingly as he. In *Half a Sovereign* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) he gives himself every opportunity. *Sir James* and *Lady Rumborough* (in themselves a fairly useful pair) collect together on their yacht for a Mediterranean cruise a really fine assortment. Here they are. A Member of Parliament named *Jubberley*, a pompous fellow with three chins who lives up to his distressing name; *George Bumpstead*, one of those incurably breezy comedians who ought to be shot at sight; *Podmore*, an insignificant little fellow who wants to teach the crew morris-dancing and is interested in spiritualism. Then there are the women. *Gwen Gowlland*, the clinging, helpless, soulful affinity; *Arabella Hockley*, a female hobbledehoy; and *Mrs. Dunham-Massey*, giving and inviting confidences from her fellow-guests with her sweet low voice and apologetic smile. A really excellent cast, which our author handles faithfully and well—so long as he keeps them aboard the vessel. Unfortunately he decides—perhaps the name of *Podmore* was too much for him—to have a little jest with the spiritualists. When *Queen Dido* makes her appearance Major BEITH's humour begins to wear a trifle thin. But so long as he steers clear of the occult he is as good as ever, and especially when depicting his middle-aged hero and the pair of modern lovers. I should call it a fair crop of HAY, slightly spoilt in the gathering.

Hermann Krug, with the idea of decimating France and so avenging his Fatherland, invented a deadly disease and also the serum that would counteract it. He was actuated solely by revenge, but the bandits who stole the devastating part of his secret, but failed to find the remedy, were seeking nothing but money and power. In the Kingdom of Evil these villains must, I fancy, be given higher place than *Krug*. Mr. ROBERT SERVICE has staged *The Master of the Microbe* (FISHER UNWIN) in Paris, whose underworld he would seem thoroughly to have explored. Indeed I am grimly convinced that for sheer horror and breathless excitement his tale is top of its class. "What," I see on its jacket, "is it that is so fascinating with the Apache style of living?" To that question I can still give no reply, but I can express a definite opinion about the statement that follows it: "After you finish this book you yourself will desire to have the same experiences." I personally desire nothing of the kind.

Mr. P. F. WARNER's name on the cover of *The Fight for the Ashes in 1926* (HARRAP) is a guarantee that this account of the recent Australian tour is written with knowledge and discrimination. He gives us the full scores, generally accompanied by short accounts of all the matches, but I imagine that cricket enthusiasts will turn at once to the match which decided the destination of the ashes. To this historic encounter he gives thirty thrilling pages. He does not crow over the result; and I feel certain that, if the game had gone against us, he would not have croaked. He pays a just tribute to the generous spirit in which the Australians accepted their defeat, and rightly draws attention to the handicaps they suffered from illness and accident. Cricket journalists are not always distinguished for their discretion, but this volume will leave nothing but good feeling behind it.

CHARIVARIA.

"I PREFER acting in plays I have written myself," says Mr. NOEL COWARD. But are there any others?

* * *

In a Sunday paper various prominent people have given their ideas of the After Life, and speculation is rife as to which will ultimately be adopted.

* * *

Some amalgamations of publishing firms are announced, but we attach no credence to the rumoured absorption of one best-seller by another.

* * *

We read that among residents in Westminster it is the fashion to keep curious pets. In some of these households tame M.P.'s are in favour because of their almost human intelligence.

* * *

It is officially stated that there are only two Italian organ-grinders in London. Well, we must just make them do.

* * *

"With trust gone, love is incomplete," says a writer in the morning Press. That is just what we keep telling our income-tax collector.

* * *

"What this country needs is a first-class brain," says Viscount CHELMSFORD. The silence of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is being adversely commented upon in certain circles.

* * *

From a home journal recipe for making a deodorizer: "Take a good lump of red-hot coal . . ." Yes; but from whom?

* * *

It is now illegal in France to imitate Roquefort cheese. Fortunately we have never been able to do it as we don't possess a falsetto voice.

* * *

It is being suggested in some quarters that what killed the parrot at the "Cheshire Cheese" was an attempt to say "Attaboy!"

* * *

Dean INGE points out that even a Bishop would be more angry if you told him he wasn't a gentleman than if you told him he wasn't a Christian. But we should never dream of denying the gentility of the Higher Clergy.

* * *

We hear of one man who was so tired of trying to get his coal permit that he set fire to all the correspondence and did without.

A new bus with two extra wheels in the middle is soon to be seen on the London streets. The idea is to prevent these two-seaters from running underneath.

* * *

It was recently discovered that Mr. SHAW was not on the list of authors banned by the Vatican, but we understand that he is bearing up as well as can be expected.

* * *

Alien thieves are said to be working as waiters in some of our exclusive hotels and restaurants. The C.I.D., disguised as diners, are keeping a careful watch over the thumb-prints on the soup-plates.

* * *

In return for the membership of the Sioux tribe of Indians conferred upon QUEEN MARIE OF ROUMANIA there is some talk of making Chief Red Tomahawk an honorary Balkan statesman.

* * *

A skull three-quarters-of-an-inch thick has been found in America. Now we know who invented the first moving-picture plot.

* * *

It is reported that in honour of their new Rector the students of Glasgow University now wear a goggle when motoring.



Mr. CHURCHILL. "If this little quarrel
Gets warmer and warmer,
I 'll end as a moral
And social reformer."

"Once again November is here, the forerunner of the month of Christmas festivities," declares a contemporary. This of course is according to precedent.

* * *

A correspondent writes to know if, when the new wave-lengths come into force, the old ones will be accepted in part-exchange.

* * *

It is pointed out that there are now twelve Lord Mayors in this country. Nothing, it seems, can be done about it.

* * *

Our theory about the pink-eyed rats which are reported to have been found in Mayfair is that this peculiarity is due to late hours.

* * *

According to *The Daily Express* a thrift campaign has been started in Aberdeen. Another chance for Scottish humourists.

* * *

During Rat Week it was said that one old rodent in a London warehouse refused to take the poison baits on the ground that they always gave him indigestion.

* * *

We read of a man who has named his new house "Dunwurkin." If he called it after his plumber he must be an optimist.

* * *

Since a well-known doctor has said that four hours' thinking exhausts the tissues as much as ten hours' manual labour we know why our gardener always looks so tired at the end of the day.

* * *

Floral decoration on the body is a feature of one of the new French cars. But surely a pedestrian is entitled to the sad privilege of preferring a simple ceremony and no flowers by request.

* * *

Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE has been saying disparaging things about Manchester, and he is understood to hold the opinion that "what Manchester says to-day" is not English.

* * *

A Bournemouth vicar complains of the theft of hymn-books from his church. The temptation, however, must be very great.

* * *

The bear in the Edinburgh Zoo that devoured a bag containiug fifty pounds in Treasury notes has become an object of morbid interest to crowds of Scottish sightseers.

INSULARS ABROAD AGAIN.

IV.—IL FILMO MAGNIFICO.

Percival and I, having decided that we ought to see everything there was to be seen in Venice, bought a guide-book. The first thing, our book told us, that every visitor to Venice ought to do was to see the pictures. So Percival said, yes, we would most certainly go to the pictures, and I voluntered to sally forth and get a couple of seats for that very night.

I studied the posters outside the cinema (formerly the church) of San Giuseppe. I observed that Signorino Giovanni Coogano was to appear shortly in his Grande Successo. That evening, however, there was an Italian film on, the title of which was posted up everywhere, so I took tickets for it. It was called *Oggi*. I told Percival when I got back that it would be very instructive to see a real Italian film for once and compare it with the ubiquitous American productions.

We arrived early to watch the vivacious Italian audience. At least the audience would have been vivacious but that every time anyone showed a disposition to chatter several young men with black shirts and "kinky" hair standing in the gangways told him to "Shssh!" As the young men, in addition to black shirts, were wearing large and knobby sticks, the offender always did so.

While we were watching these very efficient preservers of the peace, we were plunged in darkness and *Il Filmo Magnifico* began. Apparently it wasn't called *Oggi* after all, but some long title we didn't have time to read. Nor really would it have made much difference if we had, for neither Percival nor I understand Italian well, and could only guess at what was going on.

First we were shown *Signor Orlandino*, a typical Italian business man, a *milionario*, in his office in Via Muro (it sounded a little like Wall Street) at Rome. He wears horn-rimmed spectacles and a cigar. He is signing his name everywhere and handing papers to men in shirt-sleeves and reading tape-machines and dictating to his *stenografa*. He also conducts a snappy business conversation over the telephone in five-and-a-half seconds, including getting his number. We were glad to see that the familiar and super-efficient telephone service of the films is used in Italy as well as in America.

A younger business man then enters, *Signor Giuseppe*, and tells him he loves his daughter. *Orlandino* is furious at the idea. Why, the fellow's business is hardly worth five hundred thousand lire!

"*Non molto, per gosho!*" he cries, and tells him to guess again. *Giuseppe* reiterates that he loves her dearly, particularly as she is the daughter of a powerful business rival, and he is going to marry her, so there now.

Orlandino puts on his eye-shade, bites the end off another cigar, rolls it all round his mouth and laughs sardonically.

"Very well," he threatens, "if you do I will set out to ruin your business; and I will cut her off with a *centesimo*—at the present rate of exchange too."

Giuseppe retires, registering as much emotion as his face will hold.

Orlandino, left alone, takes a pull from a flask of Chianti in his hip-pocket and sets to work to ruin him by telephone and tape-machine.

That night *Signora Orlandino* is holding a magnificent reception in her palatial residence on Tiberside Drive. The house is full of negro-footmen and cocktails and guests. To show what a big affair it is there are real silver *cuspidori* everywhere, instead of brass ones. Despite all this, *Giuseppe* manages to get an enormous ball-room all to himself in which to make love to *Orlandino's* daughter *Sadia*. *Sadia*, by the way, is the kind of girl who always stands in front of a light to make her hair shine like a film star's. She sees her lover is dejected and offers him her chewing-gum to console him.

"*Caro mio*," she cries, "what's eating you?"

He tells her he has seen her father and that he must sacrifice either her or his business. He adds that for a proper hundred-per-cent. Via Muro business man there is only one course to be taken. There is apparently a little misunderstanding here as to what this one course is.

After this I confess I lost the thread. The *stenografa* came into it again and two men with masks and revolvers, and there was a lot about smuggling cases of Asti Spumante into Rome in motor-boats in which bribed gendarmes and *Federali* played an important part. Also what I understood to be the Italian for bootblackers or blacklegs.

At last, however, I gathered that *Giuseppe* bought off a business coup which put him out of his rival's power—something to do with selling bogus oil-plots in Calabria. He then managed to involve *Orlandino* in a vote-buying scandal which ruined his chances as *Candidato Republicano* for the Dictatorship. Having thus established his superiority he was able to bring off a business merger by marrying Sadia, which was done at sixty miles per hour, in a motor-car, by a stray priest. The make of the car seemed familiar, but I understood vaguely from the programme that it was all right, as it was made entirely in Italy from Italian materials and by Italian labour. I forgot to say they were married only just in time, as there were for some reason two car-loads of gendarmes firing revolvers at their heels.

We came out feeling very pleased that we had seen a typically Italian film. But I must say I had been unaware till then that they had sky-scrapers and an elevated street-railway in Rome.

A. A.

A NEW JANEITE.

(*With apologies to* RUDYARD KIPLING.)

Jane lives at my house—three times
blesséd she!
Praise the Lord for making her, and
her for making me!
And while the stones of my house (or
Jane's house) remain,
Glory, love and honour unto my partic'lar Jane!

Jane and I went motoring
To see our family;
Two nights in Somerset
And two by Devon's sea.
Jane packed my bag for me—
That was only fair—
Collars, hankies, everything,
Pyjamas—one pair.

"The Combe," in hilly Quantock,
Our first (too brief) abode;
On Monday after breakfast
We took the Dartmoor road.
Jane packed my bag again—
At least she thought she did—
Collars, hankies, everything,
Strapped on the grid.

Presently the under-
housemaid at "The Combe"
Laid her hands upon her hips
And went to do our room;
In a private limbo
Where none had thought to look,
Underneath the pillow
(So she told the cook)

Lay on the bolster,
Folded very neat,
A gaudy slumber-suiting,
Covered by the sheet;
Purple stripe on purple,
'Neath the counterpane,
Jane's lord's pyjamas,
Left there by—Jane.

Woe's me! When bedtime
Came on Monday night,
Where to find a costume
To clothe a naked wight!
But Jane used *Persuasion*,
Heaven and earth she moved,
And I slept in (whose?) pyjamas,
The man Jane loved!



OUR CIVIC PATRIOTS.

FIRST HOUSEHOLDER. "GHASTLY BUSINESS ALL THESE SOCIALISTS GETTING IN. YOU VOTED, OF COURSE?"

SECOND HOUSEHOLDER. "NO. DID *YOU?*"

FIRST HOUSEHOLDER. "NO."



Rather vulgar Person. "YOU MUST COME AND DINE SOON; THE NEW CHEF COOKS ALL THE TEN COURSES PERFECTLY."
Young Man. "SO TERRIBLY KIND OF YOU. BUT FACT IS I'M NEVER HUNGRY NOWADAYS."

MR. SWALLOW AND MISS GULP.

WHETHER I was ever actually introduced to Mr. Swallow I have never been able to recall. Quite possibly we fell into conversation at some public dinner or at the Gravel club. But, owing to many chance meetings, we got to know each other very well indeed, and I soon realised that our intimacy had progressed far past that stage at which it was possible to say to a man openly and straightforwardly, "By the way, forgive my stupid forgetfulness, but what *is* your name?"

For of course he was not Mr. Swallow. I only call him that because the word represents more or less the sound under which he was introduced to me, if introduced he ever was. He is a pleasant man, with clean-shaven face, blue eyes and fairly light hair. He is in the Civil Service, and does credit to that organisation. Many readers of this paper must know his name quite well. I only wish they would tell me what it is.

The first moment, I think, that I discovered that I was finally debarred from finding out by the *viva-voce* method was when he said to me casually, "Of course my family have been settled in Herefordshire for generations." I answered heedlessly, "*Of course*"—for I naturally like it to be thought that I know which are the oldest and best families in all the English shires.

There could now be no further thought of that ancient ruse: "Let me see, how does your branch of the family spell the name?" for everybody, or at least everybody with a knowledge of the world like mine, knows how the Swallows of Herefordshire spell their name, as distinct from the Swallows of Northumberland. I envisaged the Swallows of Herefordshire settled peacefully amongst the white-faced oxen in that pleasant county, never moving from the little village with the old church above the river valley; never migrating, for instance, to Egypt when the winter came, or forging a cheque, or doing anything that would bring their name into the headlines of the daily Press. Confound the fools!

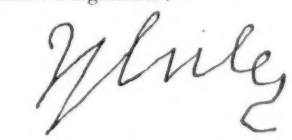
I began to learn a good deal about my Mr. Swallow's work in the office, his political views, his recreations, which appeared to be golf and winter sports, and his original views on the subject of coal. He had rooms in Kensington. That much was clear. Once, in a moment of desperation at a restaurant, I took his hat down from the peg as *though in mistake for my own, hoping* against hope that his hatter had stamped at least his initials inside. If he took an envelope from his pocket I glanced furtively at it over his shoulder. But with a diabolical cunning he defeated me every time. Occasionally I toyed with the idea of heaving him suddenly over the Embankment into the Thames, for I thought that during the restoration of the apparently drowned which would ensue there might be a chance of examining his handkerchief or his underlinen. But a fear lest my motive might not be understood restrained me.

There was the sounder and more manly course of getting a private detective to shadow him to his home and report his identity to me. But a private detective agency, I reasoned, if approached in a matter of this kind, would be unable to believe — would imagine that I wanted—well, perhaps we need say no more.

Once, with a flash of genius, I said to him after a long and interesting conversation (about the Balkans, I believe):

"I wish you would write me a letter about that when you get home."

He replied from his club. This was Mr. Swallow's signature:—



I took it to a handwriting expert, who committed suicide the next day.

Yet, apart from this fraudulent concealment of his nomenclature, Mr. Swallow was an honest and kindly man.

As time went on I began to avoid him as far as possible by slinking through doorways or getting into a different carriage at Charing Cross, for I felt certain that a crisis would come in which his obstinate duplicity would overwhelm me with confusion. It came. It came through Miss Gulp.

Miss Gulp was a pleasant enough girl, who meant nobody, I am sure, any harm. She was quite sufficiently young, attractive and well-dressed. The blame, so far as her share in the tragedy is concerned, lies with Mrs. Enderby, who introduced me to her twice, but afterwards, I suppose, quarrelled with her, for I never saw her with Mrs. Enderby again. If the two had been brought into conjunction I always felt that the name would have come back to me again by some irresistible association of ideas. As it was I quite frequently met Miss Gulp afterwards, at receptions and picture-galleries and places like that; but our friendship was soon of such a nature as to make any question of asking her name a quite unpardonable affront. We used to talk a good deal about her little brother, who is at some private school—I forget which—in Sussex. She is very fond of the lad. Richard Gulp. He plays half-back, and has a passion, it seems, for collecting stamps. I was shrewd enough to give Miss Gulp a Persian stamp from my Cousin Frederick and ask her to send it to the boy. The little ingrate never replied, and I was baffled again.

Fate, as anyone who has studied drama or literature will understand, was leading up to a terrible *dénouement*. I had never yet encountered Mr. Swallow at an evening party, and it was not without a sense of foreboding that I observed him at the Bartons', about the middle of last July, anxiously steering an ice through the serried throng. He greeted me heartily. I tried to show by my hauteur that I resented the familiarity of his manner, but with his usual dogged insensibility he stayed chatting by my side, and in a few moments (it might have been IBSEN!) the worst occurred.

Smiling pleasantly—it still makes me hot to think of it—Miss Gulp appeared.



Jones (who has arranged to meet his wife at the Stores). "HAVE YOU NOTICED A LADY IN A VERY SHORT SKIRT?"

Shopwalker. "I DON'T REMEMBER ANY PARTICULAR LADY, SIR. YOU SEE ALL THE SKIRTS ARE SHORT."

Jones. "THEN SHE CAN'T BE HERE. YOU 'D NEVER FORGET THIS ONE."

I suppose the presence of mind of an Englishman in the face of a great difficulty is one of his principal assets. There was nothing for it but to do what I did.

"Oh, how delightful!" I exclaimed. "May I introduce——"

And then immediately I was seized with a fit of uncontrollable coughing. It was terrible. "Gulp–Swallow," I spluttered, "Swallow—Gulp." Both of them, I am glad to say, were exceedingly sorry for me—there is a generous knightly strain about the Swallows of Herefordshire—and broke into conversation to cover my embarrassment.

"A crumb," I said apologetically, with streaming eyes, when the danger was overpast.

* * * * *

Only a few days ago I met Miss Gulp.

"I 'm going to be married," she said.

Thank heavens, I thought, that fixes *her*. "Who is the abominable ruffian?" I inquired.

"Why, you introduced us yourself," she said merrily, "at the Bartons'."

Well, well; I hope there will be a lot of little Swallows. EVOE.

SIMPLE STORIES.

XIII.—OLD MUGGLE.

ONCE there was a boy whose name was Jack, and somebody had told him the story of Jack the Giant-Killer, so he said well my name is Jack too and when I am old enough I don't see why I shouldn't kill a giant myself.

So when he was old enough he went to his father and he said what do you think about me being a giant-killer?

And his father said he thought it wouldn't be a bad thing because they were very poor and if Jack killed a giant they might get some money for it.

But his mother said I never heard such nonsense, you 'll stay where you are.

Well he didn't stay where he was, but one morning he got up early and went off.

And when he found he had gone his father said I suppose he has gone to find a giant but he will have to go a long way because there aren't any near here. And his mother said it is all your fault for encouraging him, I don't suppose we shall ever see him again.

And then they nearly quarrelled, but they were very poor and they had to work so hard that they hadn't time for much quarrelling, so presently they said oh well it can't be helped and they made it up again.

Well Jack went a long way off and he couldn't hear of any giants but at last he came to a place where they said well there was one here a few years ago called Old Muggle, but he hasn't been heard of lately.

Jack said do you think he is dead? and they said they didn't know, he was rather old and he might be dead, but perhaps he had only gone away somewhere else.

So Jack went on a long way farther and at last he came to a place where there was a giant and when he asked about him he found it was Old Muggle, and he lived on the top of a mountain, and when he was hungry he used to come down and take some cows and sheep, but he never took any little children so they said it wasn't as bad as it might have been. Still they would be very glad to have him killed and if Jack could do it they would give him plenty of money.

So they showed him the mountain where the giant lived and it was a very high one but he said he didn't mind that and he went up it.

And when he came to the top there was a great rock, and he thought the giant must be behind it, so he called out, and the giant poked his heads over the top, because he had two of them, and he said what have you come here for?

Jack said are you Old Muggle? and he said he was, and Jack said well I 've come to kill you.

Old Muggle said what for? I 'm not doing anybody any harm.

And Jack said yes you are, you are taking their cows and sheep and they don't like it.

Old Muggle said well I do call that unfair, I must have something to eat mustn't I? and Jack said no.



"YOU HAVE KILLED ONE OF MY HEADS, IT IS TOO BAD."

Well he didn't know what to say to that, but suddenly he roared out in quite a different voice very well then I shall eat *you* and we 'll see how you like that. And it was his other head that was speaking.

Well Jack was rather frightened for a moment, because the first head had spoken quite nicely but this one sounded most disagreeable. So he threw a stone from his sling and it hit one of the giant's heads but he couldn't see which one because it was getting rather dark.

Well directly after that Old Muggle began to cry and he said you have killed one of my heads, it is too bad. And then Jack knew which one he had hit by the way he spoke, and he said oh well never mind you will be much better without it.

Then Old Muggle said well perhaps I shall, do you think you could help me cut it off and bury it?

So Jack did that, and it was a most horrible head, but the one that was left was rather nice and he quite liked the look of Old Muggle now. He was as big as a tree and very strong, and he seemed to take to Jack and he said to him you must be rather tired coming all the way up this mountain, if you like I will carry you down on my back.

So he did that, and while they were going down he told Jack that he was really very glad to get rid of his other head because eating meat always gave him a stomach-ache but the other head *would* have it.

And Jack asked him what he liked to eat and he said he liked cabbages better than anything but the leaves of trees would do, especially oak trees because of the acorns.

Well the people who had told Jack about the giant wouldn't give him any money because they said he hadn't killed him.

And Jack said well I do call that unfair, he won't do you any harm now.

But they didn't believe him, and they said they couldn't have any giants there and he must take Old Muggle away.

So Jack said well if I take him away will you give him some cabbages? and they said they didn't mind doing that, and they joined together and subscribed a hundred cabbages out of their gardens and Old Muggle ate them all and he was very pleased because he said he had never eaten so many cabbages before at one time.

Well after he had had a good sleep Old Muggle took Jack on his back, but sometimes he walked, and presently they came to Jack's home. And by that time Jack liked Old Muggle very much, and he told him so.

And Old Muggle said well I 'm glad you do because I never wanted to do anybody any harm but my other head made me, but now I dare say I shall get on better with people.

Well when they came to Jack's home his father and mother were glad to see him back but his mother said what is that you have brought with you?

And he said it is a giant.

And his mother said oh well we can't have any giants here, we are not used to them.

Jack said but it is only Old Muggle, and she said I can't help that, we can't make enough money to feed ourselves



Village Gossip. "WELL, I NEVER! 'AD NO IDEA THEY TWO WAS WALKIN' OUT."

properly and they say giants eat a great deal.

But that was all right because Old Muggle did a lot of useful work in pulling up trees by the roots, and Jack's father only had to cut them up, and when they were cut up Old Muggle carried them into the town to sell, and that saved a lot of time instead of having to do it with a donkey which couldn't carry so much wood at a time and it saved its keep.

And Old Muggle ate the leaves of the trees that were cut down and never grumbled because he was really nice since he had lost his other head. And when Jack's father grew richer he bought a field and planted cabbages in it to give Old Muggle a treat sometimes.

And the people in the town got to like him very much because he was so gentle and if they wanted a building pulled down he would just lean against it and it would fall down, and he was always ready to do little things like that for them.

Well that went on for a long time, and then Old Muggle died, because he was rather old already.

And everybody was very sorry especially Jack, because he did love Old Muggle and Old Muggle loved him. But he was grown up now and presently he got married and had several children. And he used to tell them about Old Muggle, and he said I shall never eat a cabbage again as long as I live because of him. A. M.

OPEN LETTERS.

To the French Prime Minister.

MON CHER M. POINCARÉ, — Every country is, to the eyes of its neighbours, here and there curiously fallible. England, I am sure, strikes your clear and unemotional vision as being far from perfect; while France, for all its lures, has what are to us some very odd ways.

Just at the moment, when you are so much occupied by the problem of saving expense, I am more than ever perplexed by one of these. I ask myself if you can ever have thought what useful purpose is served by the officials posted at all the gates of Paris, who lean languidly from little boxes, with cigarettes drooping from their lips, and when you leave the city in your car give the chauffeur a ticket, and when you return receive it back again. To what the number which the chauffeur calls out has reference I am not certain, but I fancy to petrol; yet, as the contents of the tank are no longer measured, going or coming, there is no need for any number to be called at all. As to-day nothing happens whatever beyond the empty handing-out of a ticket and the delivering of it up, the retention of this army of officials is the more perplexing, especially as their duties necessarily lead to congestion of traffic, and all your countrymen detest delay.

I do not suggest that the elimination of these tickets and of their apathetic distributors would mean a great saving to the exchequer, but it would mean some, and their departure would be an earnest of financial seriousness.

With apologies for this interference in other people's affairs,

I am, Yours respectfully,

E. V. L.

THE TRUMPET.

TRUMPET, have you called to battle,
Bloodshed and to strife?
Have you driven men like cattle
From the light of life?
Has your voice predicted glory
Spite of fear and mud,
And when conflicts have been gory
Fired the hero's blood?
No; when there was cannonading
You were nowhere near:
But you've done your job in aiding
Aunt Maria to hear. G. B.

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

LIVESTOCK IN CONNAUGHT.

(*After* MR. AUSTIN CLARKE.)

THE LOST MISTRESS.

I.

In the midnight I heard the rain gathering,
Snuffling upon the thatch like Wicklow swine,
And the sound of its scuffling and snuffling
Made a half-lost memory mine;
I thought of the watery brightness of her eyes
When we had taken wine.

II.

Starlight had broken up the swine-packs
When my eyes knew sleep,
But still in my dreams I saw her gazing
With wet eyes daft and deep,
And her voice, low droning over the table,
Was the bleating of a sheep.

THE CURSE OF SEUMAS THE PIPER.

I.

Black luck upon you, Sean MacOidh,
Because your geese hiss when I pass!
I made a red sash into a bonnet
And stitched a swan's white plume upon it;
But green is your heart and green is grass,
And geese are swans in Ballinasloe.

II.

But, Sean of the Fiddlers, my curse shall hiss
Above their hate when your bier goes by.
The leaden shell will bear upon it
The bitter weight of a piper's bonnet—
A red curse under a windy sky
When geese are trussed in Ballinasloe! W. K. S.

THE COMING CRAZE.

SHE said to me with tears in her eyes:—

"I'm almost beginning to think that perhaps I'm growing old."

"A thing," I assured her, "that simply is not done nowadays, when it is both easier and more usual to grow young instead, and every great-grandmother's a lesson and example in frivolity."

But she shook her head.

"It is only the old who grow young," she said sadly, "and age is frivolous merely because it has no longer a reputation to keep up. Being old is when you find that change comes to you as a shock."

"But in these days," I said with some emotion, "there so seldom is any change, even out of a five-pound-note—and if there were the waiter would expect to keep it."

"When I say 'change,'" she explained loftily, "I mean the cosmic change;" and I felt her eye upon me to see what I made of that.

"Oh, the cosmic change," I said respectfully. "Oh, yes—yes—so do I. Yes, it's always so cosmic, if you notice."

"And up to now," she went on, "I have welcomed every change and felt equal to them all. When one morning we woke up and found that long hair and long frocks had gone out and no hair and no frocks—at least, short frocks—had come instead, I was quite unmoved. When we left music behind among the old outworn things and took to jazz instead, I was ready for it, and when people gave up dancing for the Charleston I didn't mind. Already it seems quite natural to me to know my place before the maids, and I trust I always remember that not to show proper respect to the cook is as much as my place is worth. I was one of the first to understand that to-day you judge a play entirely by the pyjamas in the Second Act, since they are now to the drama what wit and wisdom once were. When I was told that the Rima Memorial in Hyde Park was beautiful, I didn't mind a scrap, and it was no shock to me to discover that the short way across is to gyrate. I realised too, as quickly as any one, that it is hardly any longer respectable not to belong to a night club, and when both my maiden aunts took to rouge I scarcely noticed it. Yet there was one thing I did believe in, one illusion I still cherished, one that I shared, I think, with even the youngest and the weariest. In spite of all the changes I've seen, and welcomed even before they came, it was a shock to me—and that's what made me feel I must be growing old—when I heard that mannequins—mannequins——"

"Yes?" I encouraged her, for it is a subject that has always interested me—"yes, mannequins——?"

"Mannequins," she said faintly, "are to be—Ugly!"

"Impossible!" I cried.

"It's in all the papers," she told me, "so it must be true."

Of course there was nothing to reply to that.

"Is it," I asked, "to match the newest frocks?"

"It's to avoid," she explained, "distracting attention from the frocks."

"But surely no girl will ever consent to be called ugly in public?"

"With girls nowadays," she sighed, "one is never safe." She lowered her voice to an uneasy whisper. "Suppose it catches on? Suppose it's the coming craze? Suppose we all have to be ugly too?"

"My word!" I gasped, appalled. For a moment we looked in silence at each other, and then I tried to be brave. "After all," I said, "some do their best already with Russian boots and Eton crops, each end worse than the other."

"Russian boots come off, though with difficulty," she pointed out, "and transformations go on—on Eton crops. This is more than that—this is *you*."

"Oh, come," I said, a little hurt; "not *me*——"

"I mean," she interrupted, "you, your own self—all of us everyone."

"There ought," I said, "to be a society for the protection of mannequins. Probably I shall found one."

"Most likely it will become a real craze," she repeated moodily. "I fully expect it—Ugliness Parlours everywhere—pages of Ugliness Hints in all the papers. 'WHY NOT BE UGLY?' in large letters on every hoarding. Leading actresses writing articles on 'How I Became Ugly.' I can see it all coming."

"And the soap slogan," I mused, "will be 'Keep that New-Born Baby's Boiled Beetroot Complexion.'" In a shaken voice I asked, "If it does come, what will you do?"

"I shall be ugly too," she answered simply. E. R. P.

Dog Law.

"The question whether a dog which occasionally fights other dogs and chases acts could be ordered under the Dogs Acts, 1871 and 1906, to be kept permanently under control or destroyed as a dangerous dog was considered by a Divisional Court in the King's Bench yesterday."

A dog which chases acts is obviously entitled to no mercy from the Bench.

"The managers of the Opera in Paris have decided that henceforth it will be necessary for anyone seeking admission to any of the reserved parts of the house to wear at least a black tie."

Evening Paper.

So the day of the mere bootlace (with smile) is over.



AN ECHO OF RAT WEEK.

Professor. "I UNDERSTAND, MARY, THAT THE PRESENT WEEK IS DEDICATED TO THE EXTERMINATION OF RATS. KINDLY INFORM THE CAT."

SACRILEGE.

[A "Household Hint" declares that a cricket-bat makes an excellent ironing-board for sleeves.]

Mary, it may not be! Though winter's rigour
  Bids it stand idle in its coat of oil,
My bat shall not be called upon to figure
  Among the adjuncts of your laundry toil;
You shall not desecrate its blade by fitting
  Thereon the sleeves that decorate your dress
(Though I am glad to find the Mode permitting
  Sufficient sleeve to press).

For I remember many a prized possession
  Which you (unauthorised) have had on loan,
Misused and by a gradual progression
  Come to regard (and speak of) as your own;
"Your" bowl—for bulbs to make the home seem sweeter—
  Is my tobacco-jar you 've carried off,
And what you blandly call "your" carpet-beater
  Once served me well at golf.

I know you 'd take my bat without compunction,
  And, having duly wiped its oil away,
Divert it from its customary function,
  And then, upon some Saturday in May,
As I strode forth (eleventh), bold and breezy,
  To show the way that sixes should be scored,
Unnerve me with the stern command, "Go easy;
  Don't break my ironing-board."

MRS. HASH.

(A Serial Drama of the utmost importance. Begin at once.)

II.—THE DRAFTING COMMITTEE.

"WELL, if it isn't Henn coming across the street! Now that's very fortunate, Mrs. Hash."

"Quite a slice of luck, Mrs. Henn. The moment you went and stood at that window I kind of felt in my bones he was in the neighbourhood."

"Did you ever? It must have been an angel brought him."

"You flatter yourself, my dear. Good evening, Mr. Henn."

"Evenin', Mrs. Hash. Evenin', Flo."

"Well, Henn, as I was saying to Mrs. Hash, it's Providence that sent you here, and nothing else, for you being a bill-sticker, I said, you're well up in the use of words, and me being connected with the theatre, if it's only dressing the Chorus young ladies, between us, I said, there's very little we don't know about the English language. Mrs. Hash is thinking of making a change, Henn, and she's advertising for her second in *The Marriage Mart*. But what she's wrote don't do her qualities justice. And, what we thought, between us we might get her off quicker than what she will by herself, if you see what I mean."

"If I'm to exert my intelleck I must lay down."

"Do, dear. Have a lay-down on the couch, and Mrs. Hash will give you something. Then perhaps she'll read you what she's put in the paper already but hasn't had a bite, not yet."

"You read it, Mrs. Henn. You're fond of reading, aren't you?"

"I want to help others, Mrs. Hash. That's my be-all and end-all."

"Say another word, dear, and I'll burst into a hymn. Here's your tea, Mr. Henn."

"Tea?"

"Tea, Mr. Henn."

"Thank-you, Mrs. Hash. Well, read it quick, Flo, before the stimulant wears off."

"'Affectionate widow, not long free, domesticated, shy, fond of a good laugh and a cup of tea——'"

"Tea, did you say?"

"Tea, Henn. 'With lovable disposition, no encumbrances, height 5 foot 6, medium complexion, wishes to meet cheerful widower or bachelor, any age to forty, dark, fond of sport, genuine, gentle, strong, practical, sincere, respectable, refined.' Well?"

"*Well?*"

"WELL?"

"Well, why don't you say something, Henn?"

"I was thinking."

"What do you think of it, Mr. Henn?"

"I was wondering."

"With your experience of bill-sticking, Henn, would you call that a magnetic advertisement or would you not?"

"As to magnetic, I can't say. There's nothing much *wrong* with it, only the one sentence, 'Fond of a cup of tea . . . Fond of a cup of tea . . . Fond of a—' Ha, ha!"

"I suppose I can put a cup of tea into my own advertisement without asking your leave, Mr. Henn?"

"No offence, Mrs. Hash. Certainly you can."

"What Henn means, dear, being a gentle, strong, practical, sincere, respectable, refined man, he don't see Conway Street being overrun with cheerful widowers looking for a cup of tea. And I daresay he's right. You don't want the cup of tea; at least, men like Henn don't."

"And you don't want the cheerful. All widowers is cheerful."

"I want no clinical remarks from you, my man."

"Well, I wouldn't wish to seem to be poking my nose into my own affairs, Mrs. Henn, but are we much forrarder than we were?"

"All in good time, dear. Now there's one thing strikes me about your little bit, dear, and that is there's a lot in it about the gentleman but next to nothing about the lady. And there's some as might say when they read it that this was the kind of person that wanted a lot more from a person than they was ready to give to a person."

"They might."

"If your husband's come here to insult me, Mrs. Henn, he can take his foot off my clean auntmacassar."

"Let him be, dear. He can't think upright. Now what's all this about dark, fond of sport, genuine, gentle, strong, practical, sincere, respectable, refined? It isn't a man you're asking for but an elephant."

"I suppose I can have my ideel, the same as others, Mrs. Henn. But, if you want to know the truth, I borrowed them expressions from the other ladies' bits in the paper. I don't know as I care very much if he's refined or not, as long as he don't smoke in the bed."

"Just what I thought. It's no good expecting too much. Take 'em as they are, and mould 'em, I always say. Am I right, Henn?"

"G-r-r."

"Your husband don't seem himself, Mrs. Henn."

"That's too much to hope, dear. The day he seems like somebody else we'll hire the Assembly Rooms and give a party. Well, then, cut short the gentleman's attractions, my dear, and let yourself go on your own, so to speak. Now what about your habits?"

"Habits? I've always set my face against habits."

"Then it's my belief you ought to say as much. Half the young ladies mentions their habits, I notice. Here you are—'lovable, jovial, good habits' . . . 'nice habits, generous to a fault, wishes to meet refined working-class gentleman' . . . 'no bad habits, past sins or indiscretions whatever'—well, of course you wouldn't want to go as far as that——"

"I don't know why not, Mrs. Henn."

"Keep cool, dear. That's the question I was coming to. Are we going to tell the truth in this advertisement or are we not?"

"I wasn't aware that you was advertising at all, Mrs. Henn."

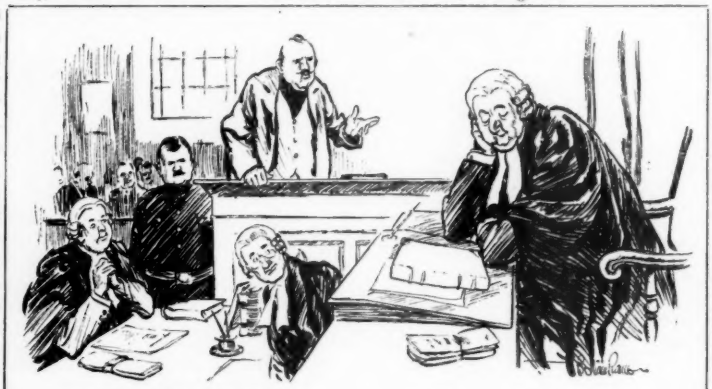
"When I'm doing a person a service, my dear, a spiteful taunt won't turn me from my purpose. There's no more sensitive woman in all Gale's Gardens than Florence Henn, but when she's doing good nothing will stop her."

"Very well, Mrs. Henn, go on. It's nothing to do with me who I marry. I know that."

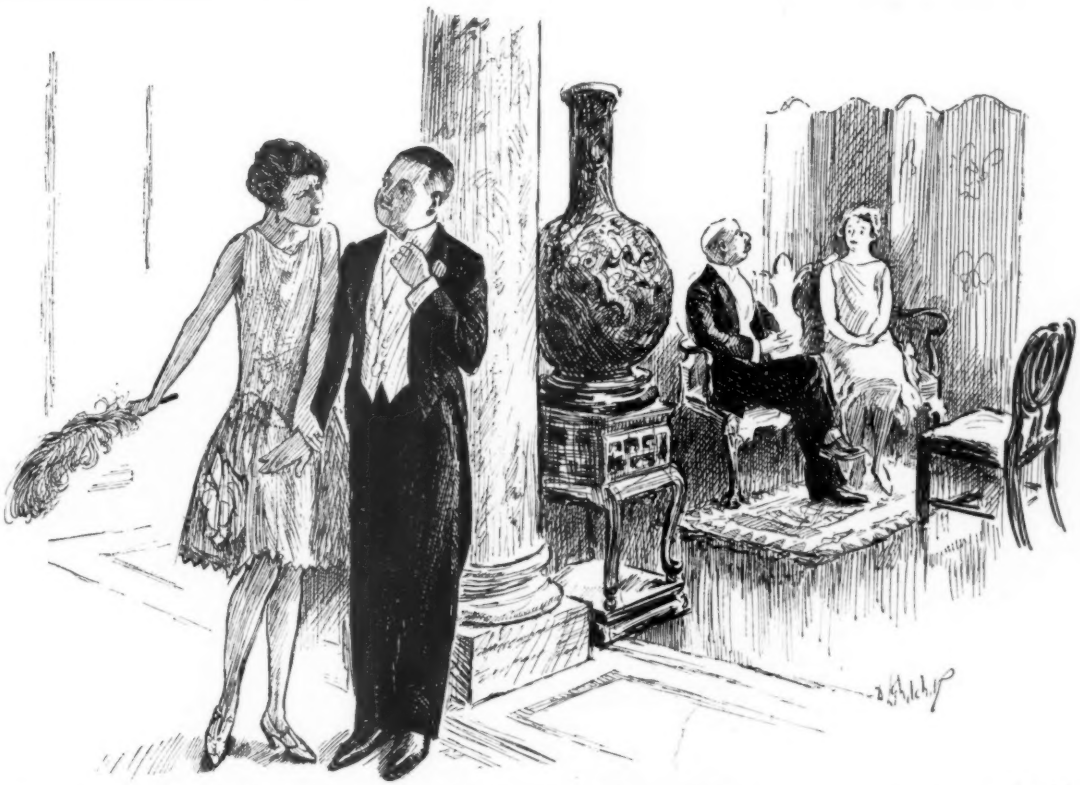
"What do you think, Henn?"

"What are you blathering about now, Flo?"

"At one time, Henn, you were very friendly with Harriet Hash here, though no one would think it from the way you go on in her house—take your foot off



Prisoner. "YOUR HONOUR——"
Judge (drowsily). "IS IT? I THOUGHT YOU WON THE LAST HOLE."



Wife (furiously). "YOU DON'T SAY YOU 'VE ASKED THOSE POISONOUS BROWNES TO DINE WITH US TO-MORROW?"
Husband. "WELL, THERE WAS AN AWKWARD PAUSE IN THE CONVERSATION, AND THAT WAS ALL I COULD THINK OF TO SAY."

that cushion, will you? And I 'm asking you, in your opinion should she let on about her bad habits, if there was any, or should she lay it on thick with the whitewash, like the others?"

"I should make a clean breast of it, and then nobody 'd believe it—see?"

"It 's an extraordinary thing, Mrs. Hash, every now and then this lump says something which would almost make you think he had a brain. There 's something in what he says, Mrs. Hash. Most of these ladies in the paper, to my thinking, seems too good to be true, and nine times out of ten, I shouldn't wonder, the gentleman 's disappointed. Now, if you was to put the truth, very likely it would seem too bad to be true. What were you going to say, dear?"

"Go on talking, dear. I wouldn't spoil anyone's pleasure."

"Anyhow, you see, your little bit would stand out from the other bits and get more attention maybe; and of course we could put in a word here and there to give the idea that you 're a lot better now than what you have been. And then the gentleman can't turn round at the altar and say you was telling a lie—see?"

"Well, Mrs. Henn, you 're very full of ideas. What do you suggest?"

"Give me the pen and I 'll show you, dear. I should begin something like this: '*Will-no-one-pluck-a-brand-from-the-burning-flighty-widow-seeks-sanctuary*——'"

"You 'd begin like that, would you, Mrs. Henn?"

"Don't excite yourself, dear. This is only the foundation, like. We 'd have to moderate the language, of course. '*Has-been-no-better-than-she-should-be-but-is-a-lot-better-than-what-she-was-needs-only*——'"

"It 's sixpence a word, Mrs. Henn."

"Never mind, dear. It will be returned to you an hundredfold—'*Needs-only-refined-musical-sincere-gentleman's-companionship-to-bring-out-flower-like-qualities-of-nature-crushed-by-harsh-experience-peppery-temper-but-soon-over-and-all-forgotten-better-than-long-sulks*——'"

"Thank-you, Mrs. Henn."

"Don't mention it, my dear—'*A-little-on-the-near-side*——'"

"I beg your pardon?"

"'A little on the near side,' dear—'*but-what-can-you-expect-of-defenceless-woman-surrounded-by-harpies-would-give-all-to-the-right-man-joyous-sincere-pleasure-loving-temperate-but-ready-to-condone-man's-weaknesses-hazel-eyes-and-after-rich-experience-in-youth-knows-too-much-to-expect-everything-5 ft. 7-moderate-habits-but-easily-moulded.*' There!"

"What did you say, Mrs. Henn? I was taking forty winks."

"The Early Christians went on with their good work under showers of arrows, Mrs. Hash. And so do I, Mrs. Hash. When this is printed in the paper they 'll have to put on an extra postman for Conway Road. I 'll go home now, dear, and write it out proper for you, and send it in to-morrow."

"And perhaps you 'll pay for it, Mrs. Henn?"

"There 's one or two wives in this borough, my dear, would think it was well worth the expense. Come, Henn."

A. P. H.

"In some of the leading stores . . . there are graduates of Oxford and Cambridge who have entered on the ground floor but are determined to work their way up."
Provincial Paper.

Very sporting of them not to use the lift.

THE NEW EMIGRANTS.

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM'S decision to leave England, now that broadcasting has been subsidized by the Government, as a country no longer worthy of good musicians, is, we regret to learn, likely to be followed, for other reasons, by other eminent personages.

Sir Dyson Hardwick, the well-known Conservative politician, has issued the following statement to his constituents:

"The only thing left to do since our Government, central or local, has gone Red, is to get out of England as quickly as possible. Wherever one goes this infernal colour affronts the gaze. Red pillar-boxes, red buses, red herrings, red routes, red judges, red admirals, red legs, greet one at every turn. The people of this unhappy country have no eye except for red. I am going, but have not yet finally decided whether it will be to an all-white country—to the Arctic regions, the land of eternal snow—or to Italy, the home of the black shirt. But wherever I go I mean to take with me as many Englishmen as possible who desire to escape from this horrible tyranny."

A famous and fearless cleric, whose name will leap to the minds of intelligent readers, has, we understand, addressed the following letter to the Archbishop of CANTERBURY:—

"England, once the home of quiet, is now given over to the dominion of din and, by a strange inversion of her racial virtues, welcomes and fosters this diabolical and devastating craze. There are, however, a few who have not bowed the knee to the idol of Sonority, and these will, I have reason to believe, follow me into the wilderness, where silence reigns and the voice of the saxophone is dumb. Music—so-called—has always been the curse of civilisation. England was great because she was unmusical; in the effort to deserve the title of 'a musical people' she has chosen the path which leads through Pandemonium to annihilation. The majority of eminent composers were either mad or bad—witness BEETHOVEN, SCHUMANN, HUGO WOLF, WAGNER. Most great singers have been impossible people. The great players are worse. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD has wisely sought the seclusion of the Sahara for a while, but I am resolved to make it my permanent address."

Consternation has been caused in City circles by the news that Sir Jonah Clamp, the great financial pundit, has announced his firm resolve to throw all his appointments and engagements overboard and proceed without delay to Patagonia, where he proposes to found a colony for the pursuit and practice of Quietism, on the basis of the prohibition of all dancing. The reasons for this momentous decision are set forth in a manifesto, from which we extract the following passage:—

"Voluntary expatriation is a serious step, but there are occasions on which it is inevitable. After long but fruitless efforts to promote industrial peace, I despair of weaning the British public of all classes from its disastrous infatuation for the dance. Hundreds of millions are spent upon it which, if more wisely bestowed, might suffice to restore our shattered commercial supremacy. England is no longer worthy of having wise advisers. No self-respecting financial expert can be expected to remain in a country where even grandfathers and grandmothers have succumbed to the charms of the Charleston and the tarantulation of the Tango. Reluctantly and sadly I have come to the conclusion that, for me at least and those who think with me, there is a better prospect of peace and happiness in the land of the Giant Sloth than in the land of perpetual motion. To adapt a Victorian singer:—

"'There methinks would be enjoyment, there a genuine advance,
More than in the endless slither of the everlasting dance.'"



"YOU LOOK A WRECK THIS MORNING, MAUD. HAVE YOU BEEN SITTING UP AGAIN READING A NOVEL?"
"YES, 'M. THEY DIDN'T GET MARRIED UNTIL NEARLY FIVE O'CLOCK THIS MORNING."

THE SORROWS OF THE MISFIT.

(*With acknowledgments to an article in "The Times" of November 4th, "Procrustes, the Clothier."*)

HARD is the lot of modern man
When, Nature having been unjust, he's
Controlled by a sartorial plan
Framed in the spirit of Procrustes;
Since Mass Production more and more
Inexorably "standardizes,"
And tends completely to ignore
The folk who fall between two sizes.

By Nature I was not designed
To fill the *rôle* of fop or dandy,
With features homely, unrefined,
And hair that borders on the sandy;
I do not haunt palatial Halls
With the sleek votaries of ST. VITUS,
And yet, when public duty calls,
I must appear *bene vestitus*.

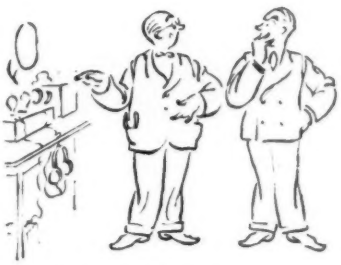
My figure, short and stout and square,
No female heart can set a-twitter,
But proves the wonder and despair
Of every ready-made outfitter;
From peg to peg I sadly go,
For, though my family may cavil,
I really can't afford the Row—
I mean the sumptuous Row of Savile.

My head is not of standard shape,
Yet, having little cash to scatter,
My modish friends I dare not ape
And patronize a Bond Street hatter;
My footgear oft offends the eye,
But I should soon be stony-broken
Were I so reckless as to buy
Boots that require to be bespoken.

Yet there is hope—for if, as LODGE
Contends, the force of mind can modify matter by some occult dodge,
And give us each a nice new body,
I crave no Herculean thews,
No classic grace, no brilliant ox-eyes,
So long as I am free to choose
A corpus absolutely stock-size.

THE WORLD AN OYSTER.

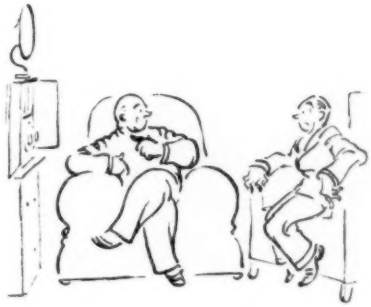
Jayaose



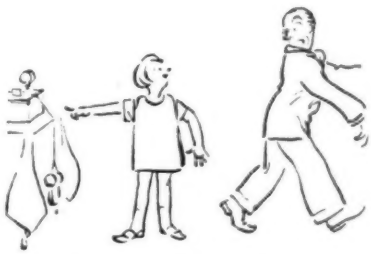
EVER SINCE WIRELESS FIRST CAME IN—



MY LIFE HAS BEEN COMPLETELY SPOILT—



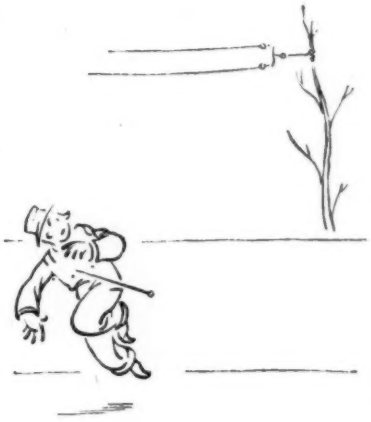
BY THE FEAR—



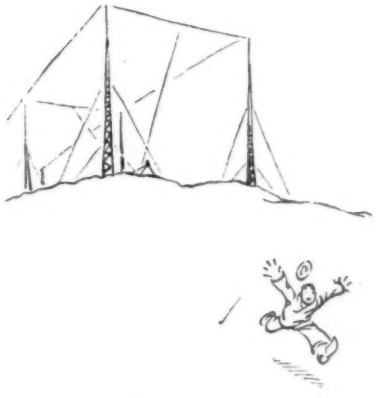
THAT SOONER OR LATER—



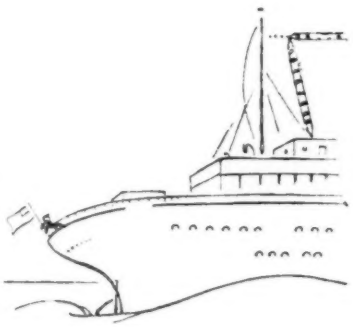
SOMEONE—



IS GOING TO SAY SOMETHING—



FEARFULLY GOOD—



ABOUT THE WORLD BEING THEIR OYSTER (*SHAKESPEARE*)—



WITH A BIVALVE SET!!!!



Lady (to caller who has come about cook's character). "HOWEVER, THERE IS ONE THING I *MUST* SAY FOR HER. HER COOKING'S NOT GREAT, BUT SHE *ALWAYS* LETS US HAVE *EXACTLY* THE SAME AS THEY HAVE IN THE KITCHEN—WHEN THERE'S ENOUGH TO GO ROUND."

MY BACK-GARDEN LTD.

I HEAR that Lord ROSEBERY, following the example of other noble lords, has turned his estates into a limited liability company. The arch-individualist has become a corporation.

I too find my estate more than I can manage. Neither my garden nor my income are large enough to justify a regular gardener, and I have to fall back on occasional help. I often wonder how MUSSOLINI handles his gardeners. I am, I confess, clay in the hands of mine.

To Old Joe a garden where things happen is preferable to the peaceful semi-wilderness where a tired man may rest. But however explicit my instructions he takes advantage of my absence to carry out his original plans of devastation, or goes behind my back and obtains contradictory instructions from Barbara.

The Heir too makes his own plans and executes them in my garden. He delights in uprooting the bulbs which the chatty letter-writer in Holland has sent us, and on each occasion Barbara insists that I shall punish him. I do not care to punish the Heir. I would rather hit someone of my own size.

It is obvious that some change of authority is needed. My garden has too many masters. And Lord ROSEBERY has shown me the way. I intend to turn my estate into a Limited Liability Company, whose purpose it will be to carry on the business of ownership, factorship, management, improvement, exploration and development of landed estate, and of farming, mining, fishing, forestry, oil, and shoreworks.

I've copied that from Lord ROSEBERY'S articles of association. The estate is a bit short of shoreworks and fishing at the moment, but strong in other lines. I hope I am not deceiving the public by retaining Lord ROSEBERY'S rolling periods. I do not want the issue to be oversubscribed on a false conception.

Barbara will join the Board after allotment. She is a born director. If she would only weed instead of directing, the garden would be less of a scandal. On second thoughts she had better be secretary, for we must have one, and I cannot be both chairman and secretary. She will like to keep the big black minute book. If she upholds the Chair, she will be allowed to read the minutes. She loves reading aloud to me when I am busy.

The qualification for directors must be low—say, twopence in fully paid ordinary shares—because the Heir must be a director, and that is all he possesses at the moment. I want him to realise that he is a partner in the property, and that when he uproots bulbs he is damaging his own estate. Perhaps he will fear the Board more than he fears his parents.

If, on balancing her bulbs and finding a deficit, Barbara insists that I shall whip the Heir, the deficiency will be brought to the notice of the Board, whose decision will be communicated to the culprit by the secretary. After all, I maintain, it is her job.

When I tell the occasional gardener to trim the hedge, giving it the merest shingle, and he retorts, "What she wants, Sir, is cutting down to the roots," I shall reply, "It's not what 'she' wants, what you want, or even what I want. It's what the Board wants." If he demands a rise, he must apply to the Board, and, if the Board desires to dispense with his services, the Board will sack him. I have never been successful in my efforts to sack Old Joe.

And if my neighbours complain of the seeds which distribute themselves from my garden to theirs, I shall be able to say, "Any representations you care to make should be submitted to the Board through the usual channels."



THE GREAT CONFERENCE.

NOVEMBER 11TH, 1926.



REMARKABLE CASE OF JOURNALISTIC HONESTY.

MR. LOUNGER, WHO DOES THE SOCIETY GOSSIP COLUMN IN A SUNDAY PAPER, WRITES: "I DROPPED IN AT BERKLIDGE'S LAST NIGHT AND DID NOT SEE A SINGLE FACE I KNEW."

SHE-SHANTIES.

THE PEACH ON THE PILLION.

RIDE on, pretty Percy! I'm clinging, I'm clinging!
I've needles and pins
From my skull to my shins;
There's dust in my eyes, but I'm singing, I'm singing;
I'm HELEN, or someone, and you are my knight.
You've a peach on the pillion,
A girl in a million;
I'm clinging, I'm singing,
And Brighton's in sight!

Ride on, my brave Percy! I'm aching, I'm breaking!
I haven't a bone
That feels quite like my own;
I've broke a suspender, my stocking is shocking—
I wonder just what that old gentleman said?
My HECTOR, my hero,
My Notting Hill NERO,
I'm lashed to the saddle
And Brighton's ahead!

Ride on, rapid Percy! Go faster, go faster!
Look round—do you mind?—
To make sure I'm behind,
But quicker!—the quicker, the sicker the Vicar;
He's waving, he's raving, the funny old dear!
Your face is vermilion,
But I'm on the pillion;
I'm clinging, I'm singing,
And Brighton is near! A. P. H.

"U.S.A —— Blades, 5/11 pkt. Why pay 4/6?"—*Provincial Paper.*
War Office, please note.

BRIDGE FOUNDATIONS.

I.—THE DEAL.

"And doubt not so to deal
As all things shall redound unto your good."—*SHAKESPEARE.*

IT is not until we are seated at the table that our merit as players is tested, and the first test is provided by the deal.

The earnest player should attempt to deal at least twice in every four hands (one in four being his legitimate deal). During play he should casually place on his left the pack not in use, thus indicating that the next deal is *his* deal. With the pack so placed he is in a strategical position to quell argument. Frequently this simple act is sufficient for the achievement of success.

In advanced circles more subtlety may be necessary. It should be remembered that each of the other three players will be anxious to secure the deal. Watching sound exponents, I have seen, on occasions, all four in turn dexterously seize the spare pack and place it in position, thus causing it to circle round and round the table. Yet to the uninitiated it appeared that each was intent solely on the play in progress. My own method is to work rapidly at the *end* of the hand.

In extreme cases it may be found desirable to seize the pack and to deal without waiting for the formality of cutting. A light flow of banter and criticism will help to cover the action and to divert attention.

By securing the deal, the student will obtain the first call, and this brings me to the vital matter with which my next article is concerned.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"It is not an unusual thing in racing to back the wrong horse."
Sunday Paper.

THE DISILLUSIONMENT OF MADAME PICOT.

"You ask her," I said to Estelle, my charming hostess, as we reached the concierge's glass door on our way out. "Ask her if she knows where I can find a nice room. I hate hotels."

Estelle peeped through the hideous lace curtains and, discerning the movement of an opaque form within, opened the portal a few inches.

"*Madame Picot!*" she called, in that tone of honeyed politeness with which Parisians mask their earnest desire to tear all concierges limb from limb. "*Un moment, s'il vous plaît!*"

A strangely-fashioned female in a puce woollen jacket came forward and made discouraging mumbling sounds. One obtained a glimpse of an apartment replete with souvenirs of the Tour Eiffel and Fontainebleau; there was an enormous quilted bed, a sideboard of unspeakable design and proportions and a profusion of jimcrackery in glass and china which positively held the eye in thrall.

The extravagantly-shaped female cast a look at the letter-rack and remarked in a nonchalant rasp, "Nothing for you, Madame; nothing at all."

"I did not come for letters," explained Estelle sweetly, opening the door wider and thereby disclosing a table spread with a check cloth, and on the other side of it a dark-eyed little woman eating cold sausage and butter, with a napkin tied under her chin; evidently a guest. Even a concierge, it would appear, knows the softening influence of friendship.

"This lady," said Estelle, indicating me, "seeks a room. Do you know by chance where she can find one?"

Madame Picot—though it was difficult on the instant to credit the existence, or imagine the fortitude, of a Monsieur Picot—bent a casual brow upon me. I was wearing a Paris hat and my bearing was no more typical of the traditional Englishwoman of French humour than is the demeanour of the majority of my compatriots. I aroused in Madame Picot's ample bosom neither interest nor cupidity.

"Nothing," she replied, raising her shoulders level with her ears and rather seriously dislocating the woollen connection. "One may search everywhere. Is it not so, Germaine?"

The little dark woman thus addressed became emotion incarnate. Never did a pair of eyes roll in a manner so indicative of the feelings of one who is pestered about rooms fifty times a day. "Every day!" she exclaimed. "And I have but one extra room, and that is let. It does not pay to let one's rooms, I tell you. A beautiful room, for which she pays me two hundred francs a month; but what would you? It is a friend, and she uses my gas, she takes my butter and my coffee, and last night, because she has a cold, she says to me, 'Is it that you have a little of rum?' No, it is insupportable."

"A beautiful room!" moaned Madame Picot, sighing heavily, "and from the window a view of the most superb."



Musician (to irate Householder). "DON'T PLAY OUTSIDE *your* 'OUSE? AND OO'S PLAYIN' OUTSIDE *your* 'OUSE? *This* IS THE 'OUSE I'M PLAYIN' OUTSIDE OF."

"All Paris, I assure you," supplemented the little woman in a frenzy of artistic appreciation. "From the window one sees all Paris. And there is the electricity and a stove. All that one will—and she pays me two hundred francs——"

I tugged at Estelle's sleeve.

"Can't you——?" I whispered. "Do throw out a hint that I'd adore a room with a view of all Paris: and I hate rum."

"It would be well, Madame, would it not," ventured the tactful Estelle, "if you could find a good tenant, such as Mademoiselle here? The English are so amiable, so——"

What else we are did not transpire, for Madame Picot became galvanised at this juncture.

"Ma'm'selle is English?" she asked, regarding me from a new and more inspiriting angle and exchanging glances with her friend across the table.

Thereupon they discussed the situation with that splendid frankness which comes from a conviction, frequently erroneous, that the person involved is not only without even the most rudimentary knowledge of the language employed but also destitute of the normal perceptions of a human being. I stood in the doorway while Madame Picot made it clear, with great wealth of detail, that I had the resources of a nation behind me; that from a financial point of view I left practically nothing to be desired. The small woman observed me thoughtfully, her head on one side.

"The English," repeated Madame Picot, "have they not *le dole*? Four, five, six *livres* a week—Heaven only knows how many of those English pounds—and for nothing?"

The dark woman's eyes became enormous. "For nothing?" she inquired breathlessly.

"*Pour rien du tout*," Madame Picot assured her. "It is the law in England, they say."

"*Tiens, tiens!*" cried the guest, overcome by this startling revelation of the state of things on the other side of the Channel. "It is astonishing."

I began to grow restive. Not even the prospect of a view of all Paris would permit me to remain silent.

"Do tell her," I said to Estelle, "that I haven't *got* the dole, anyway."

Estelle did so.

"Ma'm'selle has not *le dole*?" barked Madame Picot suspiciously. "And why not?"

"Mademoiselle works," replied Estelle. "She's a writer."

There was a further interchange of glances.

"One does not get *le dole* if one works, *alors*?" hazarded the guest, her eyes larger than ever.

"*Non, Madame*," I interposed, and at the sound of my voice both women leapt. The little person, however, was not disposed to regard me seriously, even though I proved to possess the double gifts of speech and understanding. If these English were mad, as she had frequently been told and no longer doubted, then assuredly I was the most unbalanced of my race. She gave an expressive shrug and returned to her consumption of the *saucisson*.

"Ma'm'selle works, *alors*," she remarked, signing to Madame Picot to be seated and derange herself no more over trifles. "I do not understand these English. No, it does not pay to let one's



Madame (taking her young charges to school in Paris). "BUT IS IT NECESSARY TO EXAMINE? SEE, IT IS ONLY THE BAGGAGE OF THESE YOUNG PENSIONNAIRES."

Harassed Douanier. "ALAS, MADAME, NOWADAYS THE YOUNG PENSIONNAIRES KNOW TOO MUCH."

rooms. Look at my *pensionnaire!* She takes my butter, she uses my gas, and last night——"

Estelle closed the door and we stepped sadly into the street.

How the Antipodes got the News.

"An American, Mrs. Corson and her two children, swam the English Channel to-day."
Tasmanian Paper.

The British Press, with unusual reserve, told us nothing about the youngsters' exploit.

From a review:—

"A song for the singer; yea, a song for the man who wants to be a singer and cannot."
Musical Magazine.

Surely it is a mistake to publish such songs.

Beneath a picture of the Atlantic Fleet:—

"AN IMPRESSIVE DEMONSTRATION of Britain's naval might will be provided by the Atlantic Fleet off Portland to-day."—*Daily Paper.*

It seems to have been between the Devil and the Deep Sea.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

(Being the Record of a Royal Tour.)

THE Queen of Sheba went to sea,
She took her son and daughter;
About the blue the dolphins ran,
And there was that *Leviathan*
To tote her through the water.

The Queen of Sheba went to sea,
The billowy deep she tossed on;
Her state-rooms were a cedar set,
And everything she wore and ate
Was radio-ed to Boston.

The Queen of Sheba came to land,
Her head was showered with roses;
The windows of her vast hotel
Were dotted night and day as well
With neatly-patterned noses.

The business magnates of the West
For weeks in serried sections
Had practised rolling on the floor,
And some had spoilt the bags they wore
By frequent genuflections.

They built for her a golden throne
And made a boom in *batik*,
And vowed there never yet had been
In Tyre or Babylon a queen
So truly democratic.

The Queen of Sheba's furniture
Was richly dight with gilding;
Her walls were hung with tapestry,
She trod on Persian rugs, and she
Was shown the WOOLWORTH building.

The Queen of Sheba caught a cold
Through Philadelphia's breezes;
Under the palms the Pressmen hid,
Hoping to learn what monarchs did
When overcome by sneezes.

The Queen of Sheba loved it all,
She smiled upon the gapers;
Her articles were copyright
And syndicated every night
To fourteen thousand papers.

Though now and then her spirit failed,
She still turned out her column on
The ivory and apes and gold
And all the richness manifold
That filled the land of Solomon.

EVOE.



Stranger (from London, in wrong bus). "WHAT TIME DO WE GET TO PUDDLECOMBE?"
Conductor (to friend). "HO! HO! THAT'S A GOOD 'UN. I THOUGHT AS EVERY KID KNOWED AS A PUDDLECOMBE BUS WERE A GREEN UN."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE LOVER" AND "THE CRADLE SONG" (FORTUNE).

THE humble critic (legends to the contrary notwithstanding) is so delighted to find something that he can praise unreservedly that when it appears he is bound to ask himself, "Can this be quite so good as it seems to me? Hasn't this gallant *banderillero* of an author bemused me by adroit waving of his gay *capa?* Hasn't he touched some purely personal preference and deprived one of the power of objective vision?" I don't think so here.

Both the "curtain-raiser" (much too perfunctory a classification for so charming a conceit), *The Lover*, and the two-Act *The Cradle Song* have a wit, sincerity and beauty of thought which deserve that too easily bestowed attribution—distinguished.

Our author, Señor G. MARTINEZ SIERRA, is one of the most accomplished of contemporary Spanish dramatists, and a translation of his *Romantic Young Lady* pleased the cognoscenti some little time ago. I shall be much surprised if he does not change the ill-fortune which has dogged the little Fortune theatre.

In *The Lover* the *Queen* has just been saved in a carriage accident by a stranger, a man-of-no-account, a *petit bourgeois*, an impossible, as the outraged *Lady-in-Waiting* insists when *Her Majesty* decides to thank her rescuer in private audience. "Her lover," she calls him whimsically, remembering that she has frequently seen his face here in the capital, yes, and there in a distant town of her kingdom, why, yes, and even in some foreign land, she forgets which.

And when the timid little man appears, his eyes alight with the flame of immeasurable loyalty to his Queen, reverent admiration of her beauty, exaltation in his heaven-sent opportunity, his body bowed, without cringing, in perfect self-abasement, you see that here is the fine jewel in the leaden casket. The *Queen* is a little amused and a little touched. She draws from his reluctant lips the whole story. He tells her how he had spent his substance—he was a cheese-maker of some standing, purveyor to the Court, in fact—on travelling, "which is now-a-days so expensive, your Majesty."

"You will remember your Majesty was in ill-health and had to go to India . . . . and then again later you were in the Holy Land."

In short, the perfect loyalist, the devoted servitor, the adoring admirer has become impoverished and supremely happy. No, he could not possibly accept the brilliant jewel from her breast because, "you see, your Majesty, that has a value and it somehow simply wouldn't do . . . But if I might have the little mirror that your Majesty has looked in." And so forth. Ingenuous, romantic, impossible—but so skilfully is the pattern worked out that you accept it as the beautiful and natural thing it in fact is. Mr. SHERBROOKE'S playing of the lover was a really superb piece of work. How easy for just a touch of falsity to creep in. How difficult not to make the little man simply insignificant, something of a worm. Mr. SHERBROOKE, who has done many fine things, has never done a finer. I am convinced that Miss PHYLLIS RELPH, competent and attractive as her performance was, seriously misinterpreted her author. She accepted "the lover's" faltering story with an air of faint

amusement, slightly modified by genuine feeling. The emphasis surely was wrong. The consciousness of the absurdity of the situation would no doubt have been throughout in her mind, but so lovely a devotion would have broken through her reserve, would have moved her, if only for a moment or two, much more deeply. I would beg Miss RELPH just to try this important inversion of emphasis.

The Cradle Song is based on a very simple theme—the effect on a community of Dominican nuns of a tiny girl foundling left at the convent by her unknown and presumably unmarried mother.

You see the immediate impact on the nuns of this, to them, world-shaking event; on the formidable legalist mother *Vicaress*, who pleads the "Rule" in her objection against undertaking any such charge and fears the consequent unwholesome distractions, the pettings, the jealousies, the competition for the little one's smiles; on the gentle mother *Prioress*, who cannot think that their Father DOMINIC would have meant them so narrowly to interpret the letter of their constitution, yet herself also faintly apprehensive, seeing the fluttering of young hearts in her lovely discrete dove-cote; on the young *Sister Joanna of the Cross*, who had left behind in the world a troupe of brothers and sisters, and in particular a baby brother, who still tugged at her heartstrings; on the whispering giggling novices; on the rounded, cheery portress; on the heretic *Doctor*, who offers the little one his honoured name provided the *Prioress* will do the thing that her human feelings dictate and accept this offering so evidently intended by the Lord for her birthday.

And then, eighteen years later, we are shown the more enduring effects. Some new loveliness and warmth have been at work in this austere and difficult, however essentially peaceful, place. The adorable little *Teresa* is singing in the garden. *Reverend Mother Prioress* sends to admonish her for interrupting their spiritual reading, but it is a tender smiling admonition. Sighs come from this nun and that, for this reason and the other, but most of all because their little *Teresa* is to-day to leave them to go out into the dangerous world and her young *Don Antonio*. The old *Vicaress* is still grim, reproving her for some minor fault; but there are tears near her eyes and a tenderness behind her fierce mask which eighteen years ago would not have been possible. *Sister Joanna*, who has more than all the rest mothered the darling foundling, is agonising on the cross of the coming parting. All the convent has worked on their loved child's trousseau, gowns and under-garments in the height of the worldliest fashion, cut from papers such as have never before been seen in this holy place. What tender ingenuous wishes are expressed for her happiness; what anxious monitions timidly advanced; what a delightful composite homily is delivered to *Don Antonio*, an honourable young man, no doubt, but hardly worthy of their treasure and, if the truth be half-glanced at, none too orthodox!



"ER—I THINK MY AUNT'S EXPECTING ME, ROSE."
"POSSIBLY, MR. ERNEST, BUT SHE IS OUT."

Señor SIERRA has perhaps as his best gift a delicate unerring taste. He has, for instance, invented no dissolute nun to tickle the groundling's fancy; the Sisters have their temperamental differences, and the inevitable faults, small jealousies, trivial tale-bearings, personal antagonisms, not always successfully veiled, of secluded folk in constant unrelieved contact with each other. He has produced an astonish-

ing diversity of characterisation in a most narrowly restricted frame. I don't see how anybody, whatever his particular stage-fancy may be, can fail to be impressed with the beauty, sincerity, observation and artistic detachment of this exquisite piece of work.

Mr. A. E. FILMER, one of our most thoughtful producers, has enhanced the charm and lovely simplicity of all this by the unmannered austerity of his setting, and the sweet air of repose which only careful drilling of an intelligent team could have achieved.

I have left myself too little space for the praise of individual players: of Miss GILLIAN SCAIFE for the tenderness and suggestion of internal conflict of her *Sister Joanna*; of Miss BARBARA EVEREST'S *Prioress*, with her sweet unruffled bearing and tender sympathy, and of Miss ISOBEL PARGITER'S stern *Vicaress*; of Miss NATALIE MOYA for the lively and lovable *Teresa*; of Mr. CHRISTOPHER OLDHAM for his shy restrained *Don Antonio*; of Miss DI FORBES for her stormy *Sister Inez*; of Miss IVY DES VŒUX for her *Sister Marcella*, both as a pert novice and as a full-fledged nun with her stormy world-haunted days.

If *The Cradle Song* does not captivate the town, from Kensington to Camberwell, I am prepared to eat this notice and offer a shamefaced abject apology to Señor SIERRA for my countrymen's obtuseness. But I feel pretty sure that neither the unwelcome diet nor the apology will be needed. T.

"SHAVINGS" (APOLLO).

This ingenuous honeyed comedy, done out of JOSEPH C. LINCOLN'S book by PAULINE PHELPS and MARION SHORT, is worth a visit for the admirably sensitive acting, charmingly unforced humour and attractive personality of Mr. HARRY BERESFORD, who, though a Londoner born, making his entrance to the stage *viâ* the Gaiety chorus forty years ago, promptly beat it for New York, and now comes back after his long exile to find a thoroughly deserved enthusiastic welcome, which evidently touched him deeply.

As for the comedy, it falls inevitably into the category of Romantic Mush. But our cousins do this kind of thing with a gusto which we now lack, and season it with a humour which removes its grosser emetic qualities.

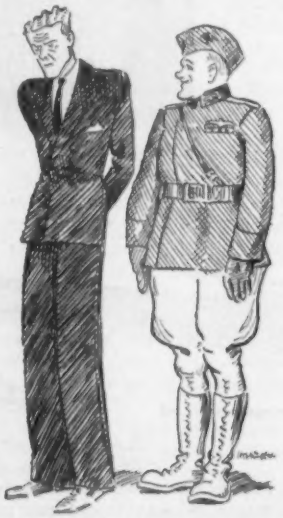
Jed Winslow, a maker of toys in a small American seaside town, is a hopelessly unpractical, kindly, child-loving, woman-avoiding person, who is only prevented from continued exploitation and bankruptcy by his rugged friend, *Captain Sam Hunniwell*, president of the local bank and bitter enemy of the local ironmonger, a malicious old curmudgeon, whose only son is in love with the banker's daughter, but nobly refrains from pressing his suit because he has contracted a permanent game leg



WORKING THE ORACLE.
"Shavings" . . MR. HARRY BERESFORD.

fighting for liberty in France. They do these things in such comedies.

There comes a charming widow to the little cottage over against *Jed's* windmill shop. We see at once that



THE KNAVE AND THE "ACE."
Charlie Phillips . . . MR. JAMES RAGLAN.
Major Leonard Grover MR. MILTON ROSMER.

nothing, not even her handicap, a veritable chee-ild of the most depressing stage type, can prevent him from laying his unspoilt heart at the pretty widow's feet. And the widow has a well-loved brother, a bank-clerk, who had temporarily retired to the State prison for borrowing money from his bank. He has come to this little town to hide and is fixed up at his old job with the fierce and unsuspecting *Hunniwell*. And of course he is recognised, pursued by the malignant ironmonger and saved by the desperate stratagems of the kindly *Jed*. And of course there is a bemedalled airman (it used to be a sailor) who has long been in love with the little widow. And of course the lady's love for *Jed*, which we saw developing so nicely, was only of that frank sisterly kind which is full of admiration for his more than human quality of patient virtue, but when it comes to business prefers well-nourished airmen. So *Jed* is left with his toys, reproving himself for barking for the moon, like the strange breed of hound heard baying in the yard, and reminding himself that he is very fortunate to be allowed the privilege of having the moon to look at.

But, as I say, Mr. BERESFORD played himself into our affections, entirely disarmed our critical faculties and thoroughly deserved his signal personal triumph. Mr. FERRIS HARTMAN'S irascible golden-hearted banker was well done. Mr. BREMBER WILLS thoroughly enjoyed spitting venom from the malevolent ironmonger's twisted lips; and nobody can twist a lip with Mr. BREMBER WILLS! Mr. FORRESTER HARVEY gave us a sufficiently diverting study of an egregious drummer; Mr. JAMES RAGLAN cleverly contrived to look the part of a well-meaning young man who has made an unfortunate error of judgment and is always looking out of the corner of an apprehensive eye to see who is about to recognise and denounce him; Miss JOAN CLEMENT SCOTT played prettily the part of the banker's daughter. There was nothing else to be done with it. Miss JESSIE WINTER, Mr. ION SWINLEY, Mr. FEWLASS LLEWELLYN and Mr. MILTON ROSMER had tasks which gave no sort of scope to their talents. The setting was of the ultra-realistic order; the toys duly moved their arms or wings; windmills revolved, and paper hollyhocks and roses were shaken by the wind—whose hand occasionally rested lightly on the garden fence. T.

"YELLOW SANDS" (HAYMARKET).

Though the firm of Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS and Daughter knows its local colour by heart, this picture of village life in Devon might well have failed (since Devon is not in Russia) to hold our interest if it had not been for a central figure which seemed to have intruded out of a different world. From the very start when we discover *Richard Varcell* re-

cumbent on the sands (we ourselves being seated in the sea) taking a sun-bath till such time as the public-house should open, he set us laughing with his amiable philosophy ("If the brain 's busy why should the body work?" or "Let them that can't dream work"), and scarcely ever opened his mouth without saying some good thing.

Where did he get his wit? Not certainly by inspiration drawn from the atmosphere of Yellow Sands, for the humour of his relatives and neighbours, if we except his sister *Jenifer's*, which had a quiet dry quality of its own, was mostly of the unconscious kind that one smiles *at* and not *with*. I suspect that, in spite of his disreputable clothes, his deplorable habit of cadging and his insatiable thirst (I dare not estimate how much birthday port at three-and-six, and how much funeral sherry at the same figure, he accounted for in the course of the evening), he acquired his humour under the immediate tuition of Mr. and Miss PHILLPOTTS.

The main scheme did not pretend to any novelty. We are familiar enough with the acquisitive attentions paid to a rich and moribund relative, with the reading of the will and the consequent exposure of disappointed insincerity. But we could still indulge a fresh curiosity as to the disposal of the property, though the fact that the deceased's favourite colour for her personal finery was red should have warned us that her money was to go to a Communist nephew. Even so we were closely concerned to know whether he would endorse the views of the old waster, *Richard*, and readjust his principles on becoming a "blasted capitalist."

If this was our unworthy hope, it too was to be blasted. For young *Joe Varwell* remains loyal to the under-dog. At first he is for distributing his legacy among those million out-of-works who had always obsessed his imagination; but when, after laborious calculation, it is proved to him that his four thousand pounds would only yield them a match-box apiece, leaving forty thousand still destitute of this convenience, he accepts the suggestion, offered by *Richard* in a rare interval of utility, that he should build an institute for the benefit of the fishermen of Yellow Sands.



THE BOLSHIE'S WOOING.

Lydia Blake . . . . . MISS MURIEL HEWITT.
Joe Varwell . . . . . MR. FRANK VOSPER.



SEEING DOUBLE.

Richard Varwell . MR. CEDRIC HARDWICKE.
The Twins . . . MISS ALICE AND MISS DRUSILLA WILLS.

A rather tame solution, perhaps, for those of us who had looked for something better—or worse. Happily it was at once followed by the solving of another difficulty—the misunderstanding between *Joe* and the girl of his heart. There remained the far greater and more fundamental difficulty presented by *Joe's* pronounced objection to marriage on the ground that with a million men on the dole nobody had a right to be happy or bring more children into a world where Capital was engaged in the sole occupation of grinding the faces of the poor. But, owing to the fortunate imminence of the final curtain, we were allowed to dispense with the consideration of this dilemma.

Young Mr. CEDRIC HARDWICKE's study of the old detrimental was a remarkable achievement. He delighted us not so much by what he said—though that was good—as by his way of saying it. And if, as I have hinted, *Richard* may have seemed a little too clever for his native environment, Mr. HARDWICKE never forced this reflection upon us by "pressing" his humour; he himself remained unmoved among the roars of laughter that followed his devastating sallies of cynicism.

Very good, too, in a broader vein, was the humour of Miss AMY VENESS as *Mary Varwell*, whose great expectations were so rudely shattered. Anything less conciliatory than her manner towards the old lady whose money she hoped to inherit I cannot conceive; but that was not her fault. In the part of *Jenifer*, who saw so much more than she was supposed to see with those kindly old eyes of hers, Miss SUSAN RICHMOND gave a very delicate and beautiful performance.

Perhaps the most difficult character to handle was *Joe*, the Bolshie. His revolutionary ideals were too naïvely solemn for any designed humour; indeed he never smiled once till the very end, and then only over the happy conclusion of his love-affair, and not because he saw any irony in his new status as a capitalist. Mr. FRANK VOSPER played the part

with so much sincerity that, though his *Joe* would have been prepared to exterminate us all for heartless plutocrats, he made of him a rather lovable creature.

Mr. EDWARD PETLEY brought a touch of simple nobility to his sketch of *Thomas Major*, the old sailor and faithful lover of *Jenifer* from early days. Mr. NICHOLSON was easily suited with the part of *Mr. Baslow*, lawyer and friend of the *Varwell* family; and the Misses ALICE and DRUSILLA WILLS were irresistibly funny as the twin spinsters from the local wool-shop.

I have only one serious criticism to offer on this delightful entertainment. It may be permissible to extract humour from the circumstance of death, for under its shadow human nature itself is apt unconsciously to provide the incongruity which makes for humour. But here, in the scene that followed immediately upon the funeral of *Jenifer*, some of the fun was purely gratuitous. One needn't be very squeamish to find this sort of thing a little jarring. I liked the idea of setting out her old arm-chair for her, but not the sport that her own brother *Richard* got out of her imagined presence. All this merriment, which we were asked to share, might have seemed less callous if she had been just a name to us, though I doubt if even the unknown dead make a very good subject for laughter. But we had known *Jenifer* living, and we had loved her.

For the rest I have only grateful praise, and I advise everybody to "come unto these Yellow Sands." O. S.

A WILD CAT SCHEME.

READERS of *The Times* have recently been made aware of the southward advance of the Scottish wild cat. But from the indifference of the public we gather that the true significance of this development in the life of the fauna of these islands has not been grasped.

It is stated, by one who knows, that "by means of a double southern migration between the years 1910-1926 wild cats have extended all over Central Inverness-shire and the Grampians, and have within the last three years, owing to a fresh movement, passed south over the Drumtochter Pass and through Craigienour and Rannoch, down to their old haunts in Perthshire."

The Grampians have not sufficed to stem the tide of wild cats. Not only is Gleneagles threatened; not only are Edinburgh and Glasgow likely before long to have wild cats in their midst, but England itself will not escape. Depend upon it, these Scottish marauders have London for their objective; and once they strike the high road that leads South through England nothing will stay their advance. They love their native land, with its glens and braes and burns, its rowan-berries and its bonnie heather; but that won't make any difference—they will get to London at last.

Then, believe me, there will be no withstanding them. They will roam everywhere. In business circles they will infest every newspaper office, every banking and insurance establishment, and the Stock Exchange. Among the ships in the Port of London one will be found in nearly every engine-room if not on every bridge. In social circles groups of them will appear in every drawing-room and every club, where they will discuss among themselves, no doubt, the great advantages offered by their native land in comparison with England.

It must be borne in mind that the Scottish type is much wilder than the English. It will be no joke, therefore, to be awakened in the early hours of New Year's Day or of any other of their festivals by a party of them letting off pæans in praise of the bonnie, bonnie land ayont the Tweed, and in their pure Scots tongue criticising the Southern cat for its inability to sound its "r's." For our part we regard this threatened influx of wild pussies from Scotland as appalling.

In a Good Cause.

On Thursday, November 18th, PRINCE HENRY will preside over a Festival Dinner at the Savoy Hotel to commemorate the Seventieth Anniversary of the Royal Northern Hospital. It is the only General Hospital in an area of seventy square miles of North London. In 1925 it treated over four thousand in-patients and two hundred and nineteen thousand out-patients. The annual cost of this work is eighty-five thousand pounds, of which only five per cent. is assured from endowments. It is nearly fifty thousand pounds in debt and has almost reached the end of its borrowing powers. Unless a substantial amount is received in donations before the end of the year it cannot continue to supply the needs of the vast population that it serves.

Contributions to PRINCE HENRY'S list should be addressed to the Marquess of NORTHAMPTON, Chairman of the Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, London, N.7.

"LONDON—In a comprehensive report on the Dutch Republic, issued by the British Department of Overseas Trade, it is stated that the year 1925 was, generally speaking, a satisfactory one."—*American Paper.*

Yet we doubt if QUEEN WILHELMINA will be altogether pleased to hear of her deposition.

INVOCATION.

MOST mighty hunters, hark to me,
Awake from your repose,
Dread Nimrods of old Nineveh,
Black beard and eagle nose;
Command your shadowy horse-masters,
Upon the chariots call;
You could not but be restless, Sirs—
The roses fade and fall.

For loved you not chill morns and bright
When, hand-to-hand, unawed
You roused the lion in his might,
Dark-maned and lightning-pawed,
To dare him in his desert state
And rush the horses in,
And chance the pitch-and-toss of Fate
Upon a javelin's spin?

The javelin 's out of joint to-day
And haply you 'd disclaim
The soft-nosed lead, the far-away
But telescopic aim,
Who closed like falcons from the wrack,
But still, bold horsemen all,
I bid you back, I bid you back—
The roses fade and fall.

I bid you to no perilous peers
Of your great days and done;
Yet come—the air 's like hunting-spears,
The little foxes run—
Come, lend us, when they lead the dance,
New called upon to *ride*,
The glory of a countenance
That ne'er would be denied.

For oh, there 's lions in our way,
And blackthorn's claws can clutch;
Come, lend the gay high heart to hey
And have at 'em as such;
My gamecocks of old Nineveh,
My shadowy captains all,
You could not but awaking be—
The roses fade and fall. P. R. C.

Our Intrepid Sportsmen.

"FOLLOWING HOUNDS.

"It requires in the first place nerve to negotiate coolly the difficult places . . . Crushing through a bulrush demands a good reserve of courage."—*Irish Paper.*

PHARAOH'S daughter was a braver woman than we thought.

"—— SCHOOL.

'MEN'S SANA IN CORPORE SANO.'

Preparation for Public Schools, Universities."
Advt. in Educational Publication.

But, judging by the motto, we should doubt if Classics are its strong point.

"Motoring has opened up . . . the faculty of flight on the ground level. . . Already it has made a difference in the distribution of population."—*Daily Paper.*

Very true. The ditches are full of people nowadays.



by George Belcher.

Mr TOM NEWMAN.

How did the Champion (whose skill increases)
Gain such control of ivory's caprices?
'Twas ROBERTS, *the superb, the super-human,*
Turned Master NEWMAN *into master cueman.*

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—XXIX.



Master. "DID YOU SEE A FOX CROSS THE ROAD?"
Roadman. "I ZEED ONE CROSS THE ROAD 'BOUT A FORTNIGHT AGO."
Master. "DID YOU, NOW? WE MUST BE FARTHER BEHIND HIM THAN I THOUGHT, THEN."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF you wish to amuse yourself and other people by baiting the high gods, the traditional method is to do so from behind a mask. Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN, in his latest book of short stories, too often brazens out situations that he need never have faced and communicates his embarrassment to the reader. To the school in which *The Twilight of the Gods* is the outstanding native masterpiece, *Ironical Tales* (CAPE) certainly contributes a few notable examples. There is, for instance, the satire of the deities *Law* and *Order*, who each create a world. In one world, due acknowledgment of natural cause and effect is the vogue; in the other, abject recognition of omnipotent Providence. *Law* likes to sit and watch his world. *Order* prefers to push his about. Neither gets the result he hopes for, and the experiment is described with admirable detachment and zest. To the same successful category belong "Joy in Heaven" and "Winkiboo," in which an old clown and a slow-witted schoolboy taste the supernal clemency. But "Lady to George Fox," which derides the Chestertonian impulse to believe everything of a mediæval character, is unworthy of its excellent object. As for such hagiological *jeux d'esprit* as "The Turn of the Worm" and "The Real Temptation of St. Anthony," they have been done too often, and better done, in the audacious nineties. A series of Oriental fables, mostly smoke and rose-water, serves to diversify the European legends; and there are one or two capital fairy-tales. "Kill or Cure" (which is not a nursery story) has an original fairy godmother; and "A Landlord and his Rent" (which is) ought to be taken up like Cassiopea and set in an anthology of similar stars.

I remember a crude passage, in, I think, an early WELLS, where the inhabitant of another star is shown a middle-class loafer loafing and pertinently inquires if it is for this that the proletariat sweats. Nowadays, of course, the proletariat makes less play with its pores than it did, but a certain amount of its spare time is still so to speak diverted. We all of us know working people who, like HOOD'S sempstress, have no leisure for emotion, and people (not as a rule of the lower classes) who have too much. The novels of Mr. MAURICE BARING are exclusively concerned with these last; yet so skilful is the hand that marshals their passions that it is only when it falters a little, as I feel it has done in *Daphne Adeane* (HEINEMANN), that you notice how otiose these passions are. *Daphne Adeane* is the story of a *mariage de convenance*, with which *Daphne* herself, being dead before it takes place, has nothing materially to do. But the immaterial is the best shot in Mr. BARING'S locker; and it is his and not their perception of the immaterial that lends distinction to his chattering philandering world. The dead *Daphne*, still swaying her lovers and informing

with personal fragrance the house she once dwelt in, has a lyric reality. Less substantial in her very substantiality is *Fannie*, the heiress, married to *Michael Choyce* and blighted by implicit comparison with his lost mistress. *Fannie* carries off her part with a certain stiff pathos, but she temporises with life too long and the salvation she ultimately finds has a fortuitous air. Her crowd is familiarly and delicately indicated, and its background includes several faces from the foregrounds of Mr. BARING'S previous novels.

In *Marazon*, by NEVIL SHUTE
(From CASSELL), we are shown a pilot
Whose doings totally refute
The view that theirs is not a high lot;
The pilot here, to be exact, 's
Engaged in civil aviation,
But there are also other facts
To justify his elevation.

He 's one of that delightful breed
Whose nerves and wits are never jangled;
He crashes his machine, is freed,
And straightway finds himself entangled
Deep in an enterprise to foil
A most exciting scheme of smuggling,
Which to reveal would be to spoil,
So full it is of wily juggling.

Enough to say that in the hard
Contested strife of brain and muscle
The Navy, Army, Scotland Yard,
And R.A.F. all join the tussle;
And lest this seem a tale too tall
For you to swallow whole unwincing,
I 'll add that as it 's told it 's all
Most entertainingly convincing.



"'THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.' AND WHAT DID THE POOR OLD LAD DIE OF?"
"SOME SORT OF ERUPTION, SIR, I FANCY."

Although he was active in public affairs only four years ago, the stately figure of the "SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY" seems properly to belong to the gallery of great sportsmen of the Victorian era. As he himself came to realise, Providence intended him to be a Master of Foxhounds rather than a statesman, and it must have been a strong sense of duty that called him to Westminster, even to be the champion of agriculturist causes. A superb horseman in spite of his heavy weight, he made of foxhunting a scientific study. That his knowledge of everything appertaining to it was profound, FREEMAN, afterwards famous as a huntsman, bore witness when, as a young whipper-in suddenly called upon to hunt hounds for the first time, and counselled by the "SQUIRE" to "put your horn into its case to begin with," he said, "You are the first person, gentleman or huntsman, who has ever told me a single thing." On the Turf of course he made history; and in the minds of most people he will always be chiefly associated with the sensational affair, as strange as a piece of racing fiction, that culminated in his revenge on his rival in Hermit's Derby. The true version of that business his daughter, Lady LONDONDERRY, now gives us, as well as letters in evidence of her father's subsequent magnanimity to the penitent lady who had jilted him on the eve of their marriage. I miss, by the way, any reference to his gallop from Langton Wold on one of the racehorses in training that he had just been watching (was it The Rapid Rhone?) to catch a train at Malton station; but perhaps that story is apocryphal. It goes without saying that a history of the "SQUIRE" throws many an interesting sidelight on those with whom he came in contact both in sport and politics, so that *Henry Chaplin: A Memoir* (MACMILLAN) is equally a worthy memorial of a great English gentleman and a valuable contribution to the records of the old days that seem so good to look back upon.

Animal books always please me, fact, fiction or fairy-tale, and Mr. HENRY WILLIAMSON'S collection of short stories, *The Old Stag* (PUTNAM), is no exception, unless indeed it be that it has exceptionally pleased. In fact, when I finished the initial yarn, the "name" story, about an Exmoor stag, I thought I 'd found a classic of venery such as had not come my way since first (or last) I read *The Life of a Red Deer*, to which Mr. WILLIAMSON makes a pleasantly modest allusion. "The Old Stag" (he runs, fortunately, to thirty-one pages of smallish print) is a masterpiece with which the rest of the book cannot quite keep pace, charm Mr. WILLIAMSON never so wisely. And charm he does, dipping his pen so to do in Pity and in Poetry and in all the "plovery Forest." But I am, for all that, now going to be nasty.

pernicketty and say to Mr. WILLIAMSON that he really must not, when telling what purport to be true stories, expect me to swallow like creams certain unnatural history. Duly deferential, then, I beg to doubt, among other things, that goshawks would readily "fly" a kite; that a *dog*-fox is tameable, or that a peregrine would or could take a woodpecker *climbing a tree-trunk*; but I simply won't have it at any price that a badger, in whose earth a hunted fox goes to ground, would, having killed the hunt terrier, emerge on his own initiative and attack twenty couple of high-couraged hounds, lame half the pack, defy the hunt servants and retire unscathed! Mr. WILLIAMSON hereby insults my intelligence; but, for the sake of his stag and the gallant fun shown from Stumberleap Wood till the Devon and Somerset are finally defeated, all is forgiven and a delightful book cordially recommended.

In a true spirit of investigation, as she might almost persuade her readers, JOANNA CANNAN, in *The Lady of the Heights* (FISHER UNWIN), sets out to hold judicial inquiry on the holy state of matrimony. Having found it a failure once in the person of her artist hero, *Roger Wilberforce*, who actually and most distressingly descends to throwing a palette at his irritating and rightly irritated *Nina*, she ruthlessly abolishes this lady and starts again. When *Roger*, after a nominally respectable but actually and unnecessarily disreputable interval falls in love once more and bars marriage and palette-throwing for the future, the question arises as to what alternative there may be. The writer, bringing in a verdict that one cannot but applaud, decides that there is none, and in the end allows *Roger* to enjoy an orthodox happiness that it is not at all certain he deserves. The theme may seem at first blush a little elementary, but nearly all the players engaged to thrash it out are at least brisk and workmanlike, while even the minor characters have clearly indicated parts that they really do get on with. Two of them hum at meals. *Roger* himself, though I admit that he could paint, since we are told that four of his pictures were hung one year at the Royal Academy when certainly the regulations would only have allowed him three, is perhaps the one weak spot, being a poor cardboard sort of fellow. As for the two lady principals, though one feels it rather a pity that they could not have met, since their exchange of opinions would have been both circumstantial and refreshing, and though the book is not improved by their dividing it between themselves in two distinct halves, yet they are both quite satisfactory human people, cleanly and attractively drawn, with something to like and something to dislike in each. And the success of the story is not confined to its treatment of these two.

Miss E. TAIT-REID will have to make up her mind, I think, whether her vocation is novel-writing or coaching for a Modern Languages Tripos. *Mareeya* (HEFFER) is a rather unhappy attempt to combine the two. *Alix Fleming*, who tells the story, goes to one of the women's colleges at Cambridge and there meets and falls under the spell of *Mareeya Pavlovski*, a Russian fellow-student of devastating charm and of still more devastating inability to speak more than three consecutive sentences in the same language. *Mareeya* meets *Alix's* brother, *Donald*, and a hopeless passion ensues; hopeless, because *Mrs. Fleming* will have none of it, objecting to *Mareeya* on the grounds of (1) nationality, (2) religion, (3) age and (4) instability of character. Personally I rather agreed with *Mrs. Fleming*; but *Donald* took it badly and even went so far as to call his mother a "skunk." (He had not left Winchester long, but long enough, evidently, to have forgotten the old school motto). *Mareeya* returns to Russia and marries one of her own race, while *Donald* goes off on an expedition to Central Africa. Difficulties—chiefly typographical, I expect—prevent Miss TAIT-REID from following *Mareeya* into her Russian household, and when we hear of her again she is in Italy, where finally she dies, still faithful to *Donald's* memory and, because of it, refusing the operation which might have saved her life. The book, I may add, is priced at the reasonable figure of six shillings, giving the reader approximately fifty-seven French words to the penny.



"EXCUSE ME, SIR. IF YOU LOOK AT YOUR PROGRAMME WHEN YOU GET INSIDE, YOU WILL SEE THAT THE LADIES' DRESSES ARE SUPPLIED BY MADAME POM-POM, THE PARASOL BY PAULINE, THE GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHES BY PHILLIPS AND BAILEY, THE WALKING-STICKS BY TWISTER, AND THE MONOCLE WORN BY SIR CUTHBERT COMES FROM OPPE AND TICK. BUT THEY DO NOT TELL YOU THAT THE COLLAR-STUD, WHICH IS LOST IN THE SECOND ACT, WAS SUPPLIED BY YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT. WHAT ABOUT A COUPLE YOURSELF? I'M SELLING THEM AT TWO A PENNY."

To undertake the study of a middle-aged woman who falls in love with a man considerably younger than herself is an act courageous almost to the point of rashness, but in *Ropes of Sand* (HUTCHINSON) Miss M. P. WILLCOCKS has produced a memorable and, to some extent, an attractive portrait. *Anne Dominick* was self-confident and of an assured position when *Frank Oatway* entered her life and proceeded to upset the orderliness of it. Henceforth she alternated between ecstatic happiness and blank despair. In spite of her kinks and tendency to overmuch introspection, *Anne* is intensely alive and not without charm. On the other hand I can only regard *Frank* as a leaky receptacle for her emotions, a type familiar enough in fiction though happily rare in real life. In the later scenes, laid in the wilds of Exmoor, Miss WILLCOCKS gets a very firm grip upon her story and brings it to a satisfactorily dramatic climax.

Mr. Punch gives his benison to three charming volumes of which the matter, or most of it, is familiar to him. In *Poems of Impudence* (BENN), E. V. KNOX ("EVOE") has brought together his recent verses (chiefly from *Punch*), and ARTHUR WATTS has made sympathetic pictures for them. *Gorgeous Times* (METHUEN) reproduces some of "EVOE'S" prose sketches. *Warriors at Ease* (METHUEN), by "ANTHONY ARMSTRONG" ("A. A."), consists of light articles on military matters as they strike the sapient vision of a sapper.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is anticipated that, in return for the degree of D.C.L. conferred upon MR. J. H. THOMAS, the National Union of Railwaymen will make the CHANCELLOR of Oxford University an honorary engine-driver.

* * *

There is said to be keen jealousy among the hotter night resorts of London as to which shall be known as the Mustard Club.

* * *

A gossip-writer mentions that Mr. A. J. COOK is almost a fruitarian. One of his favourite dishes seems to be sloganberries.

* * *

An evening paper complains that there are fewer poets than ever before. It seems impossible to satisfy the evening Press.

* * *

Writing in a contemporary, Mr. DAVID NEVILLE says that two tons of turtles go to the making of soup for the LORD MAYOR'S banquet. Our information is that they don't go of their own free will, but have to be pushed.

* * *

London is playing a chess match with Chicago by cable. That is just how we have decided to fight GENE TUNNEY.

* * *

A German dancer who danced for nearly three hundred hours had to stop owing to a brain affection. Our suspicion is that it was something of the sort that made him start.

* * *

It is stated that after a long technical debate on the Electricity (Supply) Bill last week one M.P., upon leaving, called to his chauffeur, "Ohm, John."

* * *

Returns just issued of London street accidents show that in three months over three thousand persons were knocked down by pedal cyclists. A little old-fashioned, perhaps. They could have had it done with far greater neatness and despatch by motor-cars.

* * *

"Saxophonist at Liberty," says a contemporary advertisement. We can't imagine why he was let out.

* * *

The Earl of PORTSMOUTH, who has been ranching in America for forty years, has arrived in England in search of peace and quiet. Where he expects to find it is of course being kept a secret.

* * *

The vaults beneath the Houses of Parliament were searched on November 5th and no gunpowder plot was discovered. But then it must be remembered that the House wasn't sitting that night.

* * *

A man has been summoned for loitering in a neighbour's garden. One theory is that he was looking for a piece of coal he threw at a cat away back in the good old days.

* * *

It is rumoured that a daily paper is contemplating bringing off a coup by publishing topical photographs which have not been rushed to London by air in the face of a gale.



Poor Relative (to Cousin who has acquired sudden wealth). "OW D' YOU MANAGE IF YOU ONLY WANT TO FINISH 'ALF A CIGAR? IT'S A BIT OF A JOB TO KEEP THE OTHER 'ALF DE'IND YER EAR, AIN'T IT?"

"An actor is never too old to learn," declares a contemporary. So that's why they keep on putting it off.

* * *

Mr. OWEN NARES relates that he failed to play a golf-ball from one island in the Victoria Falls to another. These set-backs, however, are incidental to the actor's career, and otherwise his African tour seems to have been a success.

* * *

The news that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has won a prize of a camera with a sixpenny ticket should have the effect of reassuring any Liberals who doubted that his star is again in the ascendant.

* * *

We are asked to contradict the rumour that, in consequence of Sir THOMAS BEECHAM'S complaint that wireless broadcasting is driving him to America, never to return, the question of abolishing the B.B.C. is under consideration.

A weather expert predicts severe frosts for December. Now is the time to put your name on the plumber's waiting-list.

* * *

A gossip-writer who entered a Chelsea book-shop found himself in the midst of a high-brow tea-party at which, he says, all the SITWELLS were present. That ought to teach him to be more careful.

* * *

It is hoped that Mr. OSBERT SITWELL'S visit to America will not be marred by a repetition of the scenes of fulsome adulation to which QUEEN MARIE of Roumania has been subjected.

* * *

A mouse caused a short-circuit on a 10,000-volt switchboard at Woking Electricity Works and plunged a village into darkness for twenty minutes. It is thought that the martyred rodent was jealous of the publicity given to Rat Week.

* * *

A poet has lately set up in business in the West End as a sandwich-purveyor. His most popular line is said to be a dactyl between two spondees.

* * *

It is reported that the accounts of the mobbing of their new PRINCESS by the people of Antwerp have been received by MARY PICKFORD in a very generous spirit.

* * *

During the voyage of the White Star liner, *Adriatic*, from New York to Liverpool, women appeared on deck in their summer frocks. Sailors, who are a superstitious race, regard this as a sign of fine weather.

* * *

The filming of a murder trial in America is regarded over there as the next best thing to the filming of the murder itself.

* * *

The hatchet is now being used as a musical instrument. GEORGE WASHINGTON'S father seems to have got off very lightly.

Commercial Candour.

From a Philippine handbill:—

"VISIT OUR BIG CHALLENGE SALE.
This sell will be well-known throughout the Philippines."

"The accused men were remanded on bail until next Tuesday."—*Daily Paper.*

"Something lingering with boiling oil in it."—*The Mikado.*

ON THE BLACK LIST OF THE BLACK SHIRTS.

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here."—*L'Inferno.*

[According to the new Italian law, it appears that anybody, native or alien, who utters, or has ever uttered, inside Italy or outside it, any uncomplimentary remarks about the Government or its Head, is liable to be arrested and summarily tried in the Fascist courts.]

ABOVE Grimaldi's gorge by Pont St. Louis
A man of blood, too large to be defied,
Calls for the traveller's passport showing who he
May be and what he wants the other side,
His birth, his bulk, his facial composition;
And I, ere now, with innocent feet and fain,
Have entered Italy by his permission;
But I shall never pass that way again.

A lower ingress leads you to the "Ruddy
Rocks" and a restaurant beside the shore,
Also a cave where earnest people study
Local remains of prehistoric yore;
And here from Menton I have made my entry
Into that sea-bound *cul-de-sac* to drain
A pot of tea by favour of the sentry;
But I shall never pass that way again.

For I have done derogatory verses
About the DUX; and, since upon my head
The Law has plastered retrospective curses,
I should be jailed at sight and come out dead;
For me 'tis writ, "*Lasciate ogni speranza*"
(DANTE) upon the frontier, black and plain;
A bullet in my chest for every stanza!
No, I shall never pass that way again. O. S.

THE HUM OF THE HIVE.

AMONG THE SAURIANS.

OF the various supper-clubs *de luxe* that have lately been opened, or shortly will be, none is likely to strike a more distinctive note than the Saurian, at whose inaugural night recently I had the good fortune to assist. As Lord Charleston, one of the prime movers in its establishment, pointed out in a witty speech, the name of the club marks the apotheosis of the reptilian cult and signifies formal recognition of those firmly attached appendages of Society, the lounge-lizards, to a fossil species of whom—the plesiosaurs, in fact—he claimed to belong. The interior, which made such an admirable environment for the "slinky" figures of both sexes that thronged it, impressed me by its resemblance to the Reptile House at the Zoo.

Among the many notabilities to be seen, Lord and Lady Dalliance, who were at separate tables, were receiving congratulations on their impending divorce; Sir Lazarus Schnorrer—who, I noticed, was affectionately addressed as "Lazzy" by his companion—was animatedly discussing the working of the Betting Tax with "Tom" James, the fashionable Labour leader; and Lady Drumblare, whose terpsichorean researches have done so much for modern dancing, was discoursing to "Mike" Donnybrook, the eminent jockey, on the eurhythmic possibilities of unexplored Iguanaland.

A special "Saurian" cocktail had been composed for the occasion by the incomparable Guglielmo, and I heard the sensation of swallowing it aptly likened to a lizard slipping over a sun-baked wall.

DOGS OF THE DAY.

So far from being discouraged by the controversy that has lately raged round the Alsatian, the craze for dogs of exotic breeds seems likely to be further stimulated by the enterprise of certain influential fanciers. The Duchess of Marylebone, I am told, is confident of popularising the Ruritanian Gurrh, an animal of enormous size and ferocious appearance, though she has had the misfortune at the outset of having three of her kennel-men rather severely mangled by a particularly fine specimen, just released from quarantine, which was upset by being spoken to in what was to it a foreign language.

I hear that Lady Barking has already quite a large kennel of the quaint Illyrian Kweeris, whose tails, carried in the form of a perfect note of interrogation—an essential point, by the way—give them such an appealing look. Lady Atalanta Tykes is, of course, never seen in the Park without her famous pair of *chiens d'aveugle*, typical members of the intelligent breed that guides blind men about Continental cities; and the Hon. Mrs. Smee-Starkey's Andorran smugglers' dogs are privileged inmates of her house in Berkeley Square.

On the other hand the less-known British breeds are not being utterly neglected. To give one instance, Sir Kenelm Currie is sanguine of obtaining Kennel Club recognition of the Manx cat-hound, which has been trained for generations to content itself with biting off its quarry's tail.

FLIERS IN THE SHIRES.

Whatever may be said elsewhere in favour of the vogue of the light aeroplane it is by no means appreciated in the hunting-field, where, I am assured, it has become a common occurrence for the sky to be darkened by swarms of these aerial runabouts whose occupants make a practice of hopping off from one of the London aerodromes in the morning, swooping round the Shires and buzzing back to Town in time for tea, if not for lunch, without having paid the "cap" to a single pack, much less the subscription.

If this flying in the face of hunting convention, this outrage to the feelings of orthodox sportsmen, were all, it would be serious enough; but I hear grievous tales of horses scared and foxes headed by low-flying invaders; of more than one forced landing in the middle of hounds, and of several M.F.H.'s appreciably nearer apoplexy.

So grave a view is taken in some countries of this latest menace to foxhunting that the question of appointing an Air Master to exercise control up aloft, as a Field Master does over mounted followers, is under serious consideration. What measures this functionary, who no doubt would fly in a conspicuous scarlet plane, would adopt to enforce his authority I cannot conjecture; but I know of M.F.H.'s who would not shrink from the use of a machine-gun.

Anyhow it seems imperative for prompt and drastic steps to be taken to rectify this tendency to interpret too literally the designation of "the flying countries."

THE SWING GATE.

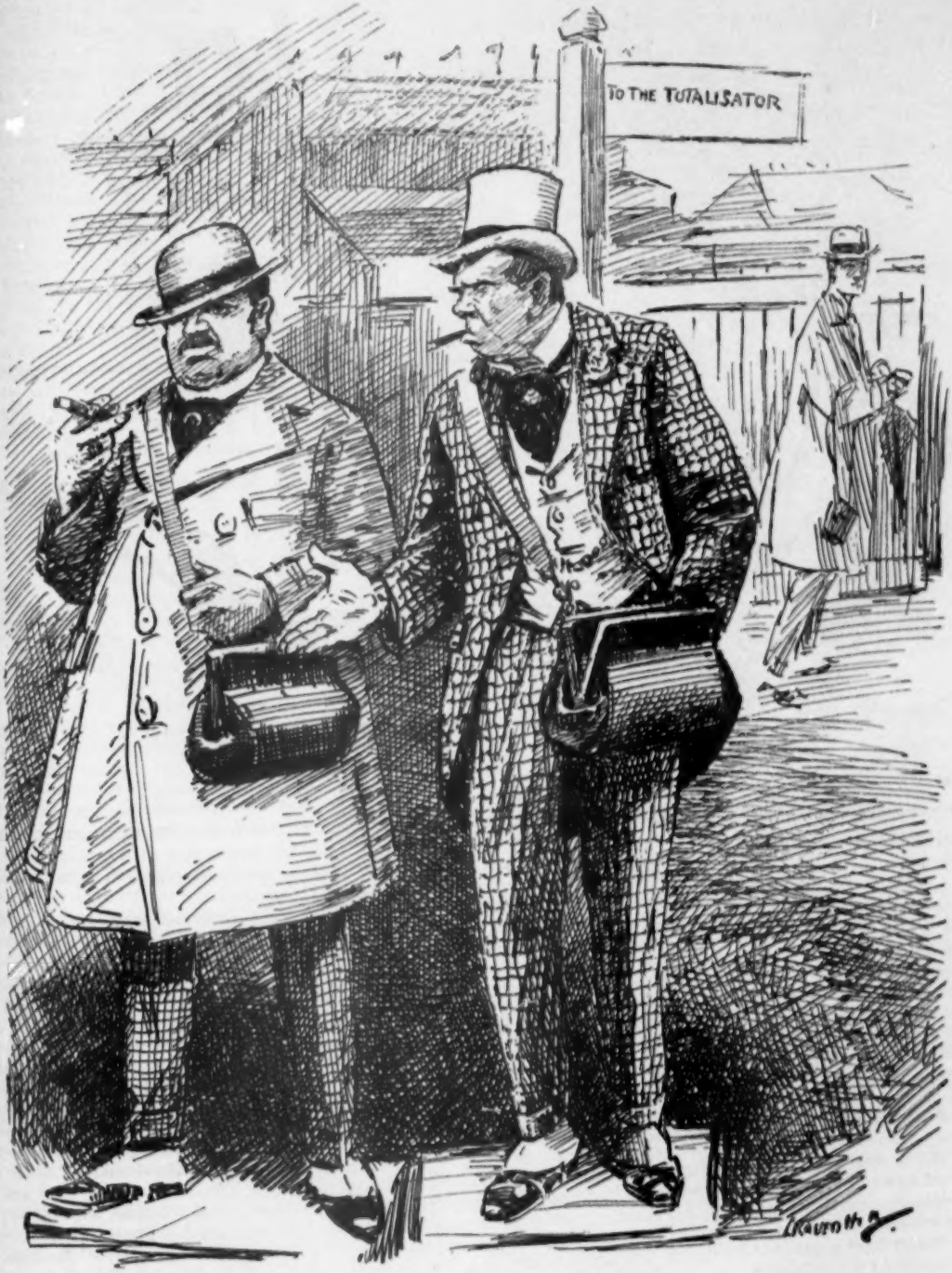
DOWN the daisy meadow there's a big swing gate,
And I swing on it whenever I go past;
It creaks and groans like anything with all my weight,
And I laugh at it and swing it very fast.

But who is it, and who is it, who rides the gate at night,
And swings it to and fro beneath the stars?
It may be Robin Goodfellow, the cheeky little sprite,
With crowds of tiny folk along the bars.

For all night long I hear the gate go swing-swing-swong,
And, though I peep, I never see who's there;
But one night I'll be very brave and *creep right along*
And give the elfin riders *such* a scare!

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"A Roman farthing (Carolus II.) was recently unearthed at Canterbury."—*West Indian Paper.*



THE ALTRUISTS.

FIRST BOOKIE. "I 'VE NO USE FOR THIS HERE TOTE. DESTROYS THE YUMAN ELEMENT."

SECOND BOOKIE. "YES, IT AIN'T RIGHT. THE PUBLIC WANTS TO DEAL WITH A GENTLEMAN, NOT WITH A CASH-REGISTER."

FIRST BOOKIE. "AND MIND YOU, WORST OF ALL, IT 'LL MEAN A LOT MORE BETTING."



Hostess (to Anglo-Indian Colonel). "AND I SUPPOSE YOU GO UP TO THE HILLS WHEN CALCUTTA BECOMES TOO HOT FOR YOU?"

INSULARS ABROAD AGAIN.

V.—A HANDY GUIDE TO VENICE.

THE following few notes were collected by Percival and myself during our recent trip to Venice, and contain, we hope, information that is not in the guide-books:—

GONDOLA-HOOKER.—When, having emerged from the station and settled yourself comfortably in a gondola, you begin to wonder why on earth the fellow doesn't start, you will look round and find at your elbow a large and extremely dirty straw-hat. This belongs to the man who has been hooking the gondola to the steps, and it means you have to get up and unbuckle once more. The gondola-hooker is not allowed inside the station, otherwise he would soon be demanding a lira for holding your train still to the platform.

GONDOLIER.—A gondolier is not a lovable person. His conversation is confined to "Gondola, Gondola?" as you arrive, and something which obviously means "Not enough," as you leave. Percival's method of paying by driblets is perhaps the best to adopt in order to avoid argument. Thus: "Well, Mario, old man, we've had a nice ride; here's ten lire for your boat; and here's three lire for a tip; and here's one-fifty for yourself; and here's this, because you've got a nice kind face. Well, bung-oh, Mario, old man!"

"This" consists of about half-a-hundredweight of small copper coin (English value, one penny three farthings). By the time Mario has finished counting it and is ready to say it is not as much as he expected, Percival is lost in the crowd.

BEGGARS.—No self-respecting Venetian hag can let any foreigner pass without begging from him on the score of abject poverty, even if her hands are so full of market purchases that she has to hire a small boy to beg for her.

PIGEONS.—Many a young wife in Tooting Bec solely remembers Venice as the place "where they keep those darling tame pigeons." Personally, we found the pigeons an extraordinarily wild and rough set of birds. They fly in your face, sit on your hat and tread on your feet, all without a word of apology; and, if you happen to be carrying any maize with you, you are liable to get badly pigeon-handled before help can arrive.

SPAGHETTI-DRILL FOR EATING.—On the command "Eat spaghetti by numbers!" on the word "One!" grasp the plate firmly with the left hand, at the same time plunging the fork with the right hand into the middle of the spaghetti. On the word "Two!" rotate the fork rapidly between the thumb and fore-finger of the right hand. On the word "Three!" insert the spaghetti so secured (if any) in the mouth, at the same time bending the head slightly forward from the shoulders till the point of the chin is in a line with and two inches above the inner edge of the plate. On the word "Four!" withdraw the fork to the "On guard" position, and bite off, suck in or otherwise eliminate all loose ends. As the last end disappears, make a short point at the plate once more.

NOTE.—Should the plate be sufficiently adhesive on the under side to render the use of the left hand unnecessary, this hand may be employed, in conjunction with a crust, to collect

stragglers by an encircling motion. Rifle regiments use spoons.

MISTO DI MARE.—This is a dish made of everything the fishermen dredge up from the bottom of the lagoon. Well, perhaps not quite everything, but I certainly found a cuttle-fish in mine, and Percival swears he broke a tooth on one of the Doge's wedding-rings.

VEAL.—The staple industry of Venice is the cooking of veal to look like something else. Veal is to the Venetian menu what coney is to the world of furs. Percival and I have quite a lot more to say on the subject of veal in Venice, but we daren't say it here because of this new Fascist law by which any foreigner may be arrested and put to death for having said anything unfavourable about Italy, whether inside it or outside. A. A.

THE STATE OF BRITISH MUSIC.

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—I am entirely at one with your "DUM-DUM" when he deplores the preference shown in this country for the works of foreign composers. At the same time we have to remember that music has not only to be written; it has also to be produced and listened to. Sterling work is already being done by many unobtrusive patriots who, not having been born with the gift of composition, are endeavouring to make our concerts and recitals as thoroughly British in character as possible.

For instance, I notice that at the charity matinée organised by the Grand Duchess Aspidistra of Novi-Bazar in aid of the Erzerum refugees, at least two of the programme-sellers are *bonâ-fide* members of our old aristocracy. It may be of interest to know that the Erzerum male-voice refugee choir intend to give some examples of the fascinating old Russian plain-song. Unfortunately the music became very much decomposed during the tiresome sea-voyage from Vladivostock, and a great deal of it has had to be entirely re-written by a prominent Llandrindod copyist. I feel that a little national self-congratulation on this matter is justified.

Then again I hear that several of our distinguished visitors, among them Signor Garrotti Stiletto, Cav. Gastro Bombarino and Grigorenko Profunditch, positively refuse to sing unless they are paid in English money, while Mesdames Mezzina la Mobile and Soprana Flattini are ordering all their own presentation bouquets from London florists, and are not bringing a single bloom with them from abroad. Antonin van Hoekhoek, the Haarlem bulb-fancier, with an upper register like a peewit's, has engaged an inexpensive English accompanist for his whole tour, while Giuoco Pianissimo, the sibillating bourdon, who, of course, accompanies himself, is to use only an English pianoforte, by special permission of the makers.

This may be an unfounded rumour, but I have heard that every single "property" for next season's German opera is to be a home product. *Siegfried's* dragon is to be on loan from the curators of the British Museum, and the cobbler's hammer for use in *Die Meistersinger* will be bought at trade rates in Birmingham.

In view of this gratifying mass of evidence you will not be surprised, Sir, that I sign myself

ONE WHO IS SERENELY CONFIDENT IN THE RENASCENCE OF BRITISH MUSIC.



The Wife. "YES, I ADMIT IT ISN'T VERY JOLLY SITTING WITHOUT A FIRE, BUT DON'T YOU THINK THE COAL-SCUTTLE LOOKS CHARMING WITH ALL THOSE CHRYSANTHEMUMS?"

A Sporting Chance.

"DO YOU WANT A GOOSE FOR XMAS? If so, join the —— Rifle Club."—*Local Paper.*

"TUBE CLOSED.
PASSENGERS ALIGHT IN TUNNEL."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

We trust they were successfully put out.

SIMPLE STORIES.

XIV.—THE DETECTIVE.

ONCE there was a detective who was good at finding out crimes, and one day a gentleman came to him and said somebody has just tried to murder my rich aunt, do you think you could find out for me who it was?

And the detective said well I might, but why not let sleeping dogs lie?

And he said well when she comes to she may think that it was me who did it because of her money, and it will be rather awkward for me.

So the detective said yes I can quite see that, and I will find out for you who it was and you can go back to your wife and your three little girls and tell them not to worry, and you needn't be late for breakfast any more.

And he said how do you know that I have a wife and three little girls and that I was late for breakfast?

And the detective said oh that is quite easy, you have three spots of marmalade on your face where they kissed you good morning, and if your wife had been dead you would be wearing a black tie instead of a blue one with red and yellow anchors on it, and you must have been very late for breakfast because your little girls had finished theirs or they would have left porridge or egg or bacon on your face but not marmalade.

So he said it is very wonderful, and the detective said oh that is nothing to what I can find out if I like, did the man who tried to murder your rich aunt leave any finger-prints or things like that behind him?

And he said well he did leave a photograph of himself with his name and address upon it, I suppose it fell out of his pocket.

The detective said well that might be of some help if everything else fails, now I had better see your rich aunt and then I shall have something more to go upon.

And he said oh you can't do that, she hasn't come to yet.

But the detective said oh that doesn't matter, and he took him to see her, and she was lying in a nice bed with a pink eiderdown on it, and she hadn't come to yet, so the detective was able to have a good look at everything without offending her.

And when he had finished he said I am glad I came here, it is quite easy now and by the time your rich aunt comes to I shall be able to tell you who tried to murder her.

So the next morning the gentleman went to him again, and he said my rich aunt has come to now, and she is rather offended with me because she thinks it is me who tried to murder her because of her money, so if you have found out who it really was it will make it less awkward.

And the detective said oh yes I have found out who it was, I told you it would be quite easy, you know that shop Bigg and Bolt in the High Street?

And he said he did.



"'I AM GLAD I CAME HERE, IT IS QUITE EASY NOW.'"

And the detective said well if you go there you will find a man serving in the shop with black hair rather rough, and if a policeman goes with you he can take him to prison because he is the one.

And he said it is very wonderful, how did you find out?

And the detective said oh it was quite easy, that pink eiderdown was a new one and it had the name of that shop on it, and I knew the man who had sold it to your rich aunt would want to see what it looked like on her bed, and his hair was rough because he brushed it with her hairbrush before he went away, I found a black hair on it and hers is more ginger.

Well the gentleman asked a policeman to go with him, but they were all ladies serving in that shop and none of them had black hair, it was more golden. And they said they hadn't stocked pink eiderdowns for a long time and if that eiderdown looked new it must have been laid by. And Mr. Bigg who was quite bald said he was sorry somebody had tried to murder the gentleman's rich aunt, she had always been a good customer, and if it had been anybody in his shop he would have spoken about it but it must have been somebody else. And Mr. Bolt said so too, and his hair was red so it couldn't have been him either.

So the policeman didn't take up anybody there, and the gentleman went back to the detective and he said look here you must have made a mistake about this.

And the detective said well I did, I have been looking at that hair through a microscope and it belongs to a blackspaniel, and if your rich aunt keeps one I expect she brushes it with her own hairbrush sometimes.

And he said well she does keep a black spaniel called Fido, and perhaps she does brush it sometimes with her own hairbrush, she was always rather dirty in her habits.

And the detective said why didn't you tell me that? it would have made all the difference, if you keep things back I 'm afraid I can't go on any more for you.

So the gentleman said don't you think it would be worth while to try that man who left the photograph of himself behind with his name and address on it?

And the detective said well you can do that if you like, it isn't the sort of clue I care about myself, it is too easy, but if anybody ever tries to murder your rich aunt again you can come to me and perhaps I shall have better luck next time.

So the gentleman gave the photograph to the police and they had the man sent to prison. And the gentleman's rich aunt was pleased with him for finding out who had tried to murder her, and she said she would leave him all her money because he hadn't tried to do it himself.

A. M.

"Carting sand from a pit on the golf links at Knott End, Fleetwood, an English farm-labourer found 400 Roman coins in a good state of preservation. The find is of historic importance as . . . in A.D. 207 Severus visited the district on a primitive expedition from New York."—*South African Paper.*

It must have been a very primitive New York that sent money to England.



Opponent (having torn a piece of jersey off famous International). "I SAY, YOU MIGHT AUTOGRAPH THIS FOR ME AFTER THE GAME."

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

LATER POEMS.

(After Dr. ROBERT BRIDGES, Poet Laureate.)

I.—IN THE GOLDEN WAYS.

In the golden ways
Summer in silence wanders;
The wasps utter her praise,
A full cow ponders.

An ass munches a flower,
A white cloud hovers;
Behold your perfect hour,
Ye happy lovers!

II.—SNOW BLOSSOM.

If it was not Thomas it was Bertram said to me
"Awake, Cuthbert, awake, the blossom is on the tree;
It is white as Mary's teeth, it is red as her eyes;
Awake, Cuthbert, awake, from your slumbers arise!"

I could have lain longer, but his clarion cries
Roused my limbs from sloth in a glad surprise;
In the cold water I plunged, and sang "I shall be
As fresh now and fair as the bloom on the tree."

But when I had sung and towelled and dried with glee
I looked, and behold! no blossom upon the tree,
But a white snow fallen at midnight spread flowerwise,
Flushed red with the angry dawn of November skies.

Therefore I took from the lowest boughs with sighs
Handfuls of snow the fitlier to chastise
Thomas, or haply Bertram, who said to me
"Awake, Cuthbert, awake, the blossom is on the tree!"

III.—OFFICIAL ODE ON CONCLUSION OF THE COAL WAR.*

Now warmth to our toes in kindly snuggeries,
And glow in our cheeks, for coal at last cometh,
Ending the long famine that shut out
Comfort and peace from patient England!

Full seven long moons since miners and mine-owners
With all the Briton's incurable folly,
Our scuttles and workshops ignoring,
Opened their lips in mutual defiance.

Now ends the mad strife, now grates and furnaces
Receive once more their necessary fuel,
And, oilstoves and blankets rejecting,
England resumes her ancient coal fires. W. K. S.

* The Nation's thanks are due to Mr. COOK and Mr. EVAN WILLIAMS for inspiring the LAUREATE to one of his all too few official odes.

"RAT EXTERMINATION AT THE ZOO.
DEPARTURE OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT."
Daily Paper.

The fact that he was not asked to take part in the orgies of Rat Week seems to have preyed on his mind.

"RAILWAY CARRIAGE SCENE.

Evidence was given by a guard that when the train stopped at Surbiton he asked —— to remove his boots from the seat."
Evening Paper.

An obvious misprint for "boats."

"CARLESS MOTORISTS.

Attention was drawn yesterday to the stated practice of motorists of leaving stones, which had been used as wheel 'chocks,' lying on the road. There are a great many things in which some motorists could show more consideration for the safety or comfort of others."
Tasmanian Paper.

The best thing some of them could do would be to live up to the headline and be really "carless."

MRS. HASH.

(A Serial Drama of the utmost importance. Begin at once.)

III.—THE ASSIGNATION.

"IT strikes cold to-day, Mrs. Hash."

"Cold yesterday too, Mr. Treasure."

"Not so cold as what it was the day before."

"That 's right."

"Quite a frost this morning there was."

"And that 's the truth, Mr. Treasure."

"The band plays nice."

"You can't beat music, not for enjoyment."

"You 're fond of music, Mrs. Hash?"

"It 's a passion with me, Mr. Treasure."

"Yes, I remember you said as much in the ad—in your letter. Stupid of me."

"Well, it 's no good beating about the bush, as the executioner said. Now we 've met we 've met, Mr. Treasure, and there 's no sense in sitting here talking like a couple of bishops. What was it made you answer my advertisement, Mr. Treasure?"

"Mrs. Hash, I have been a subscriber to *The Marriage Mart* now for eighteen months and never made an appointment yet. Not that I 've not seen many attractive propositions in the Female Columns, but I felt they was all, if I may say so, couched in the language of *hyperbowl*."

"You may say that, Mr. Treasure, but what 's it mean?"

"Hyperbowl, Mrs. Hash, is Italian for exaggeration."

"Go on."

"And being one that 's liable to be carried away on the wings of fancy, Mrs. Hash, I thought it best to keep clear of anything that was on the frothy side. But *your* little composition, if I may say so, bore the hall-mark of Truth."

"It was wrote by an enemy of mine, that 's why."

"We are all our own worst enemies, I always say."

"I was speaking of Florence Henn. Well, enemy 's too harsh perhaps. But what I mean, she 's one of these cat-in-the-manger wives that wouldn't shed no tears to see me shake the dust of Fulham off my feet. I 'm a menace-on-the-doorstep, they say, not but what I couldn't be if I chose to use my powers, I daresay; but I don't."

"I 'm confident of that, Mrs. Hash."

"Then you 're the only one that is. Well, it was Florence Henn that wrote that bit in the paper for me. And by the way, Mr. Treasure, we 're getting on swimming up to the time of speaking, but if I *was* to snap out at you you 'll remember what was said about that, I hope—'peppery temper, but soon over and all forgotten; better than long sulks'?"

"That 's what took my fancy particular, Mrs. Hash."

"Much obliged. From what you said just now, Mr. Treasure, you must be a very cautious gentleman."

"I 've reason, Mrs. Hash."

"Been blighted in wedlock before?"

"No, Mrs. Hash; but, to tell you the truth, I 'm liable to be took in. There 's very few can touch me at my own profession, but in matters of the world I don't seem to have much judgment up-to-date."

"Then we 're a pair, Mr. Treasure, because I 've got judgment, only I have no luck."

"I daresay, if the truth were told, you have a confiding nature similar to mine, Mrs. Hash."

"One of the mugs, you mean? Well, speak for yourself, Mr. Treasure. But I can see we 've plenty in common. Do you find, if you put your shirt on a racehorse, that a dog runs through its legs?"

"That 's very often the case, Mrs. Hash. Or else there 's some hanky-panky at the start."

"Or foul play at the corner. *I* know 'em! And do you find, if you go a train-journey, there 's generally a gentleman sitting opposite who knows a trick with a necklace, an' it 's a shilling a time?"

"I 've known it to happen, Mrs. Hash."

"And do you find if you have a day in the country it rains?"

"It does, Mrs. Hash, if it never rained before."

"And do you find that a lot of people you meet are selling things on the instalment system?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Hash. Generally pianos."

"And do you find that a lot of your relations are a lot worse off than you are, if you did but know it, and if you 'll make it a round figure they 'll never trouble you again?"

"How did you know that, Mrs. Hash?"

"And do you find, if you recommend a person to another person, they generally take his watch?"

"I 've had my disappointments."

"Well, there—didn't I say we 'd plenty in common? That 's me to the life!"

"The fact of the matter is, Mrs. Hash, you and me, we 're not children of this world at all."

"More like fairies. Well, you 're right, Mr. Treasure. And what was the profession you were speaking of, Mr. Treasure, if you 'll pardon the curiosity?"

"Well, you might say that I 'm right-handman to a Chelsea family."

"Right-hand man, eh?"

"Well, you 've heard of a major-domo?"

"Never met the officer."

"Well, some might call me a major-domo, and some might call me a sort of butler."

"Butler, eh? I might have guessed it from your name. I was in service myself once."

"Lady's-maid?"

"Not exactly, Mr. Treasure. Some might say that I was a sort of cook."

"A sort of cook?"

"Well, quite a cook. Good, plain and fancy, with three sauces."

"Not doing anything now?"

"No, Mr. Treasure, just living on my means. And I oblige a few ladies alternate mornings."

"Ever wish you was back in harness—what I mean, you 've nothing against cooking?"

"I 've nothing against cooking—if it 's cooking for the loved one."

"Well, it 's a coincidence, Mrs. Hash.



Betty (to Fiancé). "THERE NOW, GEORGE! NOBODY CAN SAY WE 'VE ONLY SEEN EACH OTHER AT OUR BEST."

There's a place vacant at our place at the end of the month."

"Place? What sort of a place, Mr. Treasure?"

"Well, cook, Mrs. Hash."

"Oh!"

"And I was wondering, Mrs. Hash, if it isn't a liberty, if you'd care to consider same. Because, if you did so, with my influence you'd be pretty sure to be engaged."

"What I had in mind, Mr. Treasure, was a different kind of engagement, if you'll pardon my blushes."

"The same here, Mrs. Hash. But——"

"Well, Mr. Treasure?"

"Well, what I was thinking, if you was to take the place——"

"How many kept, Mr. Treasure?"

"Three, and a young girl under you. And what I thought, if you took it, we'd have a better chance of getting acquainted, perhaps."

"Would that be quite nice, Mr. Treasure?"

"Nice?"

"Well, living under the same roof, and you and me prospective, so to speak."

"As to that, you can trust my judgment, Mrs. Hash."

"I thought you couldn't trust it yourself."

"In a question of morals, Mrs. Hash, my judgment is a flaming torch; it's only where my interest is concerned it's liable to flicker out."

"Oh! I suppose you think I'm not your sort, not reely?"

"I've given you no cause to say that, Mrs. Hash."

"I daresay I'm a bit common for a Major What's-his-name."

"Now, now, Mrs. Hash, don't jump to conclusions."

"I suppose it was silly of me to think we might be suited, perhaps."

"On the contrary, Mrs. Hash, I think you showed good sense."

"You don't think nothing of the sort!"

"You wrong me, Mrs. Hash."

"Then what's all this about cooks?"

"Well, there's that judgment of mine, Mrs. Hash. I should have said, between ourselves, that you're the very person for me. That's my judgment, Mrs. Hash. But then I know by bitter experience that my judgment is nearly always wrong. So, what I thought, the best thing is, do nothing hasty, but put the matter to the test, as I've suggested."

"Well, you seem a very unusual gentleman, I must say. By the way, Mr. Treasure, if I may make so bold, did you ever advertise in *The Marriage Mart* yourself?"

"I did, Mrs. Hash."

"I suppose I couldn't see your little bit, Mr. Treasure?"

"Certainly you could, Mrs. Hash."

"Would you read it out, Mr. Treasure?"

"I'd rather you read it yourself, if it's all the same to you."

"Oh, very well—— '*Broadminded Bachelor in responsible position income £500 per annum and something in the Post Office dark hair and eyes clean-cut features herculean build adaptable reasonable affectionate clean-shaven musical shy considered humorous and witty seeks unsophisticated working-class lady spinster or young widow without encumbrances up to age 35 genuine reticent domesticated view matrimony.*'"

"Of course, Mr. Treasure, if that's the sort of gentleman you are——! Very well, Mr. Treasure, I'll come."

A. P. H.



Miraz. "ADMIRING MY SPATTERS, BISHOP? OR ARE THEY TOO EPISCOPAL?"

A Hasty Inference.

From the report of a jewel-robbery:

"It was thought that a 'cat' thief had been responsible, because there is a mews at the back of the building."—*Daily Paper.*

At a cricket-club dinner:—

"The toast of 'The President' was drunk with musical honours, and Captain ——, in response, thanked the proposer for his all too kind remarks, which he was afraid he did not observe."—*Local Paper.*

The too frequent fate of after-dinner oratory.

TOM AND TIM; OR, TIM AND TOM.

As bards remark, "It is not mine"
To warble in the epic line,
Just now at least; I bring a tale I've heard
About a cat (it may be true;
If I can stand it, so can you)
That had a strong affection for a bird.

The two were pets, a happy pair
Whose mistress gave them every care;
The bird a pure canary known as Tim;
As for the cat, a luscious Tom,
Lord only knows where he came from;
He was, of sorts, a cat; enough of him.

The little bird would hover round
And lightly hop along the ground
Or on the cat's head, debonair and brisk,
Heedless that actions such as that
With any ordinary cat
Might well involve an element of risk.

But Thomas, though a perfect curse
To mice, and not at all averse
From palatable birds when in the mood,
Seemed by the smile upon his face
To treat him as a special case,
Not as a handy article of food.

Time, as it will do, went and came,
And still old Thomas played the game,
And still, though asking for it all the while,
The bird escaped the fate of those
That fiddle round the feline nose
And find no menace in a feline smile.

But things can happen once too oft;
One morning Tom, serene and soft,
And to all seeming settled in a snooze,
With one sharp leap as swift as doom
That took him half across the room
Had the canary in a brace of twos.

The victim squeaked, the lady screamed;
The cat's tail waved, his eyeballs gleamed,
His whiskers stiffened in demoniac glee;
He raised the bird, uninjured yet
(Save for a shock it won't forget)
And laid it gently on his mistress' knee,

And turned, and like a sabre flashed
Out of the room. Red battle clashed;
Wild war-cries rose and fur besmeared with gore,
As Tom, though not in his first youth,
Engaged with claw and gallant tooth
A pirate cat he'd spotted round the door.

How long they fought remains unknown,
But Thomas, battling for his own,
Thomas the chivalrous (though smaller weight)
Gave his marauding foe such beans
That he withdrew to other scenes
In what is known as a precarious state.

But, though he left his foe a wreck,
Poor Tom had got it in the neck;
That strong heroic soul had had its fling:
And, as he passed, and feebly purred
With his last breath, the little bird
Perched on his head and sang like anything.

DUM-DUM.

BRIDGE FOUNDATIONS.

II.—PLAYING THE HAND.

"High is our calling."—*Wordsworth.*

In devoting this chapter to a consideration of the best means of securing the privilege of playing your own and your partner's hand I am dealing with a matter of considerable importance, for, until your partner is put safely out of action as dummy, the true joys of Bridge must remain untasted.

Professor Goblusky has stated (*Precepts and Principles*, Chap. 6, para. 12):—

"The call is one of the most important departments of the game, demanding the exercise of skill and foresight, and, to the beginner, full of difficulties."

The Professor has concisely tabulated these difficulties as follows:—

(1) The Cards.
(2) The Opponents.
(3) The Partner.

Let us take them in order.

(1) *The Cards.*—Every player has his method of arrangement. Some place all the high cards together, well spread out, with the low cards tucked away out of sight. Others, more democratic, arrange their cards in suits, irrespective of pip-value. Whichever method you decide to adopt (and there is much to be said in favour of each) you should always glance at the cards of which your hand is composed before making a call.

If you are the dealer you may at once make what is known as a pre-emptive bid, such as 4 Spades, 3 No Trumps, or 6 Clubs. One purpose of every bid is to give information, and the special purpose of the pre-emptive bid is to inform your partner that you intend to play the hand yourself. Should he know you, the information is probably superfluous; and it must be admitted that, if you scare others from bidding, valuable opportunities of gleaning hints as to the best call to make are sometimes lost. Thus, if Spades, Diamonds and Clubs are called respectively by the other three players, a little concentrated thought should convince you that Hearts will be your best bid, if you want to play the hand.

By considering the bids of the other players and seizing all opportunities as they arise, the earnest player can usually overcome the Professor's initial difficulty.

(2) *The Opponents.*—Opponents have been defined as "the people who invariably hold every card in the pack." To prevent their winning game after game in monotonous sequence it behoves you to curtail their activities.

Try subtlety. Deceive them by calling without reference to the value of your hand; and, should this method result in disaster, remember the play 's the thing.

(3) *The Partner.*—There is little doubt (here the Professor and I are in entire accord) that the partner is by far the most formidable obstacle. It is remarkable to what depths an otherwise worthy and respectable citizen will sink in his selfish desire to play the hand. It is fortunate that even the most obdurate partner *can* be subdued.

The only practicable method to adopt is this: Every time your partner calls, take him out into another suit; every time he increases his bid, increase yours also. Remember: He who bids longest plays the hand.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Herman Melville, the author of 'Moby Dick,' had a considerable reputation as the author of 'Typhoon' and other great sea and travel stories."—*Provincial Paper.*

CONRAD's fame, on the other hand, was entirely unaffected by *Omoo* and *Typee*.



Dentist (to old lady who has had her last few teeth extracted). "NOW, MRS. SMITH, YOU MUST BE CAREFUL HOW YOU CHOOSE YOUR FOOD."

Mrs. Smith. "LOR', SIR, I CAN'T CHEW NO FOOD WITH ALL MY TEETH GONE."

THE SAFETY VALVE.

(Lines written on A Near Retrospect of the Coal Stoppage.)

AT times I gratefully recall
From days of Armageddon,
When we 'd our backs against the wall
And Hope herself looked leaden,
How Atkins (T.) was at his best
While ruin faced the nation—
That 'twas his endless power to jest
Which saved the situation.

So, in her nine days' civil war,
When Labour pressed her hotly,
Old England chose to don once more
Her overall of motley;
Her transport-workers, mid their toil,
Sang slogans crisp and jolly,
And punctured with the jester's foil
The pelt of solemn folly.

Though now we 're in another hole,
And many a home has shivered
Because it can't afford the coal
Or get the stuff delivered,
Our *Tapleys* still, if chastened by
A cheerless *dulce domum*,
Can ask of England (and reply),
"Are we downhearted? No, Mum!"

Thus, whether things are in a blaze
Or relatively frigid,
One blessing still attends our ways
And keeps our balance rigid;
One healing trait will see us through
All times of national tumour
And leave us all the tougher too—
Our "saving grace" of humour.

"Two girls, while teaching their parents to dance the Charleston in a Highbury flat, caused the ceiling of the flat below to collapse."
Evening Paper.

Even the "flat Charleston" has its drawbacks.

FINAL REFLECTIONS OF HENRY GRIZZOLD.

By WILLIAM WELLS.

MORE and more as time goes on I feel that I, Henry Grizzold, have made a mess of my life.

I had arranged a world that was to be a world of homogeneous creative development, in which the co-ordinated accumulations of scientific achievement were to result in an ever-increasing simplification of human affairs. It was, in fact, to be a world of polysyllables. Very few short English words were to sully its purity or interfere with the constituent ganglia of its interrogative growth. I was quite clear on this point. I often used to talk it over with my step-uncle, Tadpole Pent, the schoolmaster, an essential product of the irrelevant and triturated residuum which miseducates the upper-class English youth. He was profoundly evasive and platitudinously vague. Letting my eyes wander round the bookshelves in his study, I often used to ask myself what he was really driving at. There were hardly any real books in it at all. *The History of the Fairchild Family*, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, OMAN'S *Shorter History of Rome*, local guides to the lesser-known English cathedrals, *Bradshaw*, *Who's Who*, the works of HILAIRE BELLOC, *Deeds that Won the Empire*, Bloop's *Illustrated Birds' Eggs*, the poems of TENNYSON, *Gat's Gossip*, and an odd volume or two of CHARLOTTE YONGE. Oh, yes, and *Vanity Fair*.

When I questioned him about modern literature, especially modern English and American literature, when for instance I asked him what opinion he had of the works of ROBERT MCALMON, ERNEST HEMINGWAY WALSH and GERTRUDE STEIN, he answered with a kind of hushed horror, characteristic of the unenterprising priggishness and superformalised ineffectiveness of his subspecies: "Hogwash!" or "Tripe!"

Querulously conservative and at the same time supercussively ultra-montane, he was at all times incapable of understanding the marmoreal diffuseness of my energising verbosity.

"I can't make out," he used to grumble, "why every now and then you find it necessary to speak of atmospheric fœtidity when here at Grigby we only talk about 'fug.'"

Or again, when I alluded to the collateral synthetic process that continually readjusts the rates of remuneration in our basic industries by means of organised collective bargaining, "I suppose you mean," he would say mournfully, "lock-outs and strikes?"

The man had no *flair* for vocabulary. Often, when I think of him sitting in his faded brown study, surrounded by pipe-cleaners and the *débris* of an effete examinational curriculum designed to instil snobbery into the fibre of a fat-headed adolescence, I ask myself how it is that I, Henry Grizzold, who have made arrangements for a world so vastly different, should have come to predecease him.

For predeceased him I have. So too has Evangeline. She was recalcitrant at first, but I overpersuaded her.



THE END OF HENRY GRIZZOLD.

"I don't want to die on page 868, deah," she said with a little wholly characteristic toss of the head, "before the book comes to an end."

"Don't be alarmed," I told her. "It will be absolutely instantaneous and subcutaneous in your case. I shall survive for a few moments in considerable agony. This will give me time to talk to the doctor."

"*Elle est mal blessée?*" I shall ask. And then, referring to money matters, "Hell, what does one do?"

"*Elle est morte*," the doctor will reply. That is the French for "She is dead."

"*Morte!*" I shall answer. "Good!"

Not long after that I shall die too. That wry smile of mine will recede into the fog and be swallowed up altogether into the caliginous obfuscation of the night.

Old BELLOC will probably be pleased. And Tadpole Pent? He will go on misdirecting the minds of potentially pubescent humanity and rendering them unfit for the fuller freer life of the world which I have so carefully created, the world which is to come. An ironical situation and one that I ought to have foreseen. It will distress my second-cousin and biographer, William Wells.

For there can be very little doubt that the world which I have fashioned will be one particularly suitable for me, Henry Grizzold, to reside in. Whether I look at the removal and supersession of that etiolated institutionalism which addles our larger public schools and our two older academies, or of the more freely developed personalities which will emerge from the meretricious welter of our present ideas about matrimony, I can see that were it not for one of those wild but not uncommon freaks in the evolutional process it is I rather than Tadpole Pent who ought to have survived. I wonder now that Sir ERNEST BENN, my publisher, did not notice it.

As it was, my brother Toby had to finish the book, and he has made a mistake in the proofs. "Butter" on p. 1007 should have been "Putter," and the word "archbishop" ten pages further on ought to have been printed "oviparous." Mistakes of this kind are certain to occur in a world still tousled and tangled by the inhibitions of a semiromantic mediævalism, and even my brother Toby, with all his large buoyant open-hearted disdain of monastic puerilities, is not totally free from them.

The future is, however, in process of becoming. Making every possible allowance for unforeseen contingencies, it is practically certain to be. The fetters, gags, brakes, cogs, spokes, hand-cuffs, goggles and overalls of classicalism, of conventionalism, of quasi-romanticised formalism, will be removed. Education will be reorganised. Marriage as we know it will cease to exist. An intelligently industrialised and scientifically correlated race-consciousness will be born out of the chaotic limbo of reticent gropings and muddled improvisations which have done duty for politics and religion in the past. The gas-balloon of blatant irresponsibility will go suddenly pop. The atmosphere will be clearer. Free-mating and consciously aspirational beings of both sexes will biff about in it, emancipated from the maudlin hysteria



M.F.H. "HULLO, IS THAT THE HORSE YOU BOUGHT IN TOWN IN MOTOR-SHOW WEEK? YOU OUGHT TO HAVE GIVEN ANOTHER TENNER AND HAD FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES."

of chivalry, chastity and chance. It will be a chummy kind of affair.

Only I, Henry Grizzold, will not be there to take part in the pleasurably purposive existence which I have foreseen. And it does not appear to me now, in reflecting on my life, that this abstinence of mine from the new and better world will be a pity. For I am the only person verbiferous enough to enjoy it.

EVOE.

GOING WEST.

(*With acknowledgments to Sir* THOMAS BEECHAM.)

I MUST join in this stampede to America next year. No self-respecting sportsman could remain in a country like this.

It is bad enough that in lawn-tennis, boxing, golf and athletics we have had to yield the palm to other countries, but what I find infinitely more revolting is the introduction of mechanical appliances into our sport.

I say nothing about electric hares. If these had been all, I might perhaps have consented to remain on this side of the Atlantic. But when it comes to supplanting the bookmaker with a sort of cash-register and automatic calculator combined, known as a totalisator, I cannot close my ears to the call of the West.

Eliminate the bookmaker from our race-courses, and not only is sport done for, but the country is in jeopardy. The bookmaker is necessary to the maintenance of the British breed of men. This England of ours—or rather yours, for after next year you can have it all to yourselves—has owed more to the bookmaker than is vulgarly understood. For it is by standing up to bookmakers, challenging their estimate of the chances, demanding the right amount of winnings from them and not leaving until it has been received, that man acquires that stamina, that toughness of fibre, that quality of dogged perseverance in the face of fearful odds, that hitherto have been the characteristic of the Englishman.

With the coming of the totalisator, therefore, the race (British) is doomed. One needs only a backbone of putty in order to be able to approach a machine, press a button or two and take out a slip. The race-course will be a suitable resort only for nurserymaids and men-milliners. And another thing that simply disgusts me is that people can choose a noisy machine—the discordant whirr of wheels, the unmelodious click with which a ticket is extruded—rather than the tones of a living human voice, the music of a bookmaker blithely singing the odds. To prefer a cast-iron body full of wheels and levers and cogs, all securely bolted to one spot so that you may be sure to find it there on returning, rather than the agile form of an animate bookmaker, picturesquely tailored, with fresh nosegay in buttonhole, is to my mind a treachery to art as well as an abandonment of a source of England's greatness.

I have lived in your miserable country all my life. With the coming of the totalisator I go.

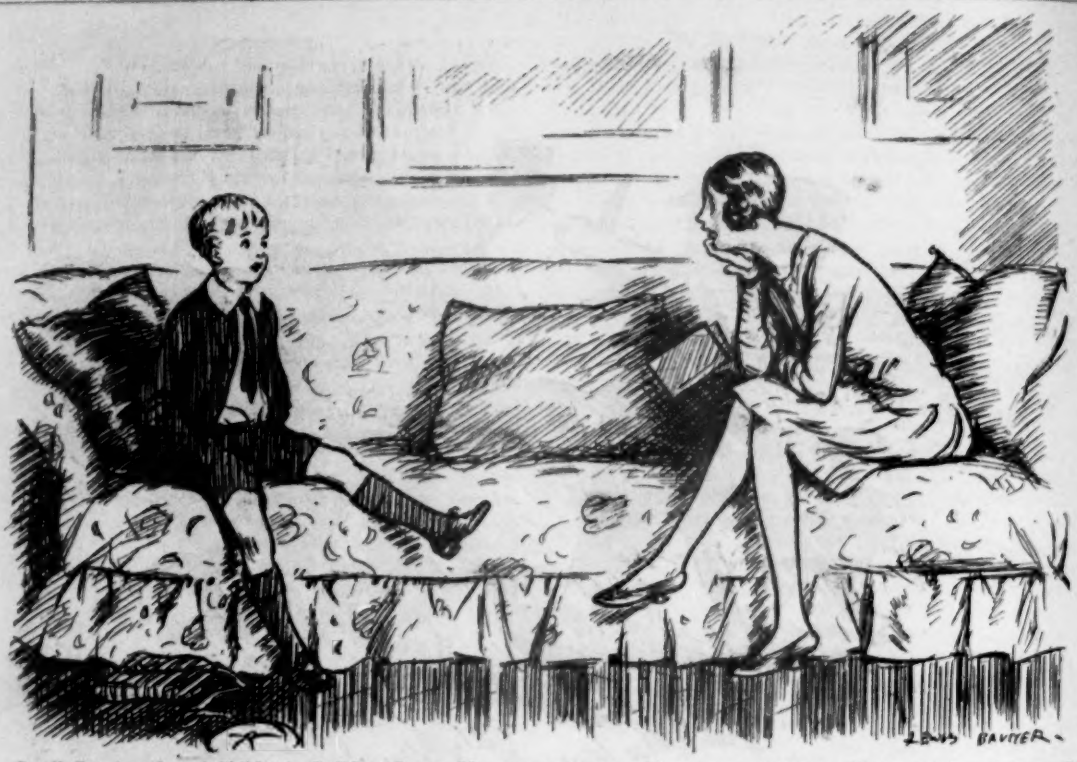
Commercial Candour.

"Special Christmas Offer.—Photographs coloured; send your own photograph and 2*s.* 6*d.*, and you will be astonished at what you receive in return."—*Local Paper.*

"PHILADELPHIA, PA., October 21.—Prince Nicholas of Rumania was half-an-hour late to the civic dinner given in honour of his mother to-night. The train with his baggage aboard was late getting to Philadelphia, so the Prince had to borrow some 'tails' from Col. Vincent Carroll. Col. Carroll has two suits."

Canadian Paper.

We had guessed as much. Still, we like to know these details about America's aristocracy.



Small Boy (member of Children's Guild). "I SAY, MOTHER, YOU KNOW I'M TEN TO-MORROW. WELL, DON'T YOU THINK I'M OLD ENOUGH TO LEAVE OFF DOING ONE GOOD DEED A DAY?"

SECRET FAME.

["Who knows whether the best of men be known?"—*Sir* THOMAS BROWNE.]

SOME twenty years ago, do you remember,
About the time the leaves had ceased to fall,
Towards the sad end of a sad November,
That most despairing month among them all
Appeared in print a mirth-provoking story
That set you tittering from the very start
And ended in a burst of "sudden glory"
That nearly broke your heart.

You read it thrice; you told your friends about it,
The liquid laughter trickling down your chaps,
And in the merry end, I do not doubt, it
Was pasted in your favourite book of scraps;
But did you give a thought to that poor writer
Who made you chortle, suffocate and choke?
I ask because I was the very blighter
Or, if you like, the bloke.

A few years later came another shaker,
Another tale of button-bursting force,
You know, the one about the undertaker
Who—oh! you must remember it, of course;
It turned you into one gigantic gloat, it
Engulfed your system in a spate of glee,
Although you never knew the man who wrote it.
That man was Little Me.

And then that funny thing about the golfer,
That tale that knocked you absolutely flat,
In which the caddie made a solemn offer
To—ha! I thought you would remember that!
You read it and for many minutes after
You rocked with pleasure that was almost pain.
Now can you guess who wrote that screed of laughter?
Well, that was—right again!

Doubtless in anthological collections
Posterity will estimate my grade,
Appreciating all my rare perfections
When I am but a dim unheeding shade;
But while my spirit haunts the blue pavilions,
All earthly traces dissipate and gone,
Though I be read with zest by countless millions
I shall be still ANON.

"Knowing Spansihman desired conversation with English person same condition."—*Spanish Paper.*

But knowing Englishman he lay low and said nuffin'.

"Domestic strife is said to have split the members of the Tooley Street branch of the Transport and General Workers' Union into two camps."—*Evening Paper.*

Shades of the historic tailors!

"In the Manx Legis'ature, yesterday, the Governor's proposal to vote a sum of £760,000 to the British Government in final settlement of all responsibility in respect of the cost of the late war was discussed. One Labour member said he would agree to the contribution if England would agree never to go to war without the consent of the Isle of Man."—*Provincial Paper.*

TENNYSON, no doubt, foresaw this momentous declaration when he wrote in *Locksley Hall*:—

"Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of Man."

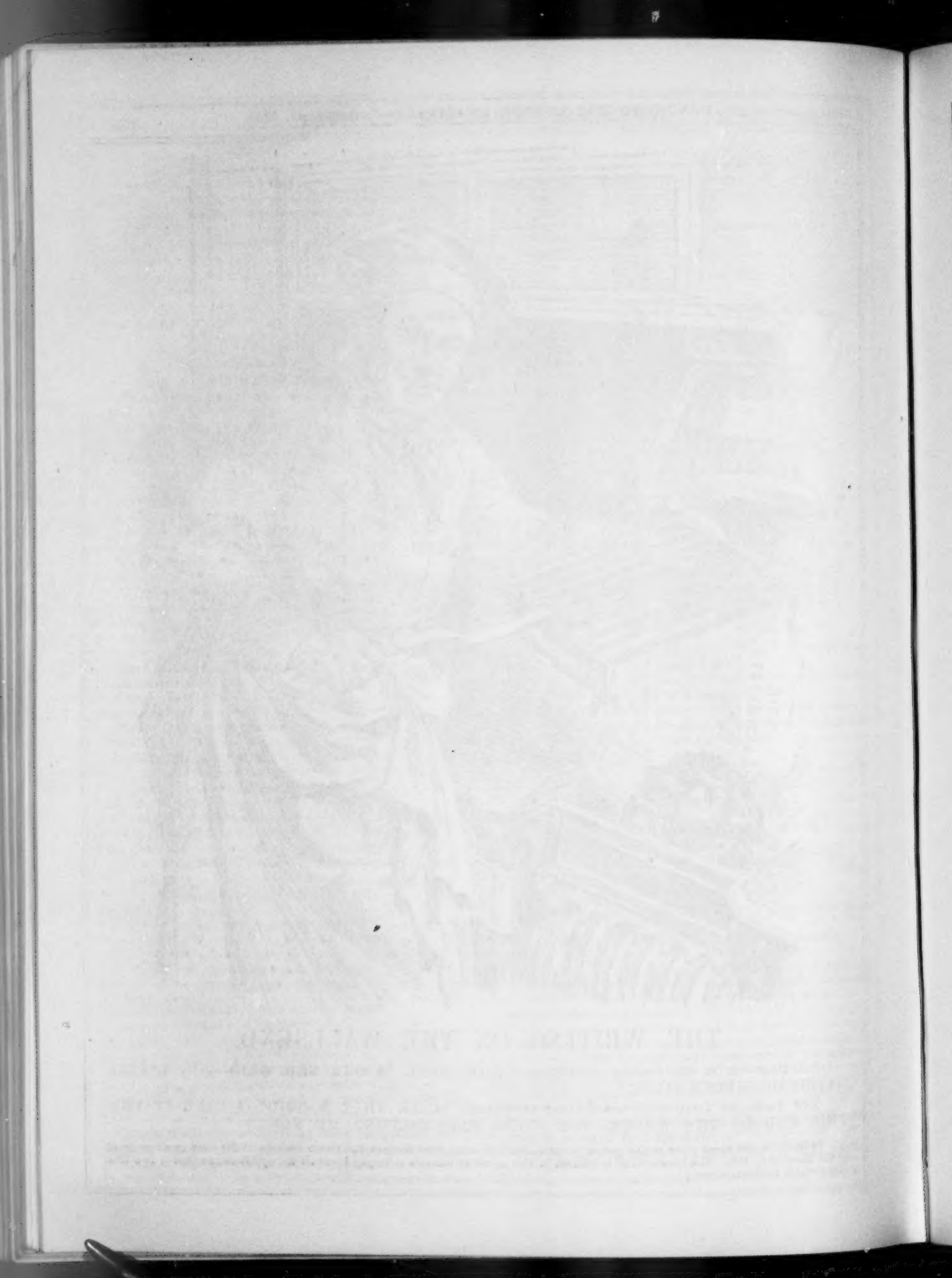


THE WRITING ON THE WALLSEND.

MR. BALDWIN (*at the Cookery Exhibition*). "NOW HERE IS OUR NEW GRID—THE LATEST NATIONAL LABOUR-SAVER."

THE LUMP OF COAL (*with smouldering resentment*). "CALL THAT A GRID? I CALL IT THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE. YOU 'LL BE NATIONALISING *ME* NEXT."

["Grid" is the name given to the system of inter-communicating lines between the Power Stations of the country as proposed by the Electricity Bill. The Conservative opposition to this excellent measure is largely based on the apprehension that it is a first step towards Nationalisation.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, November 9th.—Listening to Mr. BALDWIN sonorously reciting the list of some twenty-five Bills which he hopes either to pass into law or substantially advance in that direction before it becomes time to go home and dress up as Santa Claus, one was reminded of the manager who took pains to collect an excellent cast for *Hamlet*, but omitted the *Ghost*. The measures deal with dentists and blasphemy (not in the same Bill), with wild birds and betting and horticultural produce and fertilisers, with shops and forestry and merchandise marks and vinegar. There is no Bill, however, nor any talk of one, to deal with Cookism, and if things go on as at present—the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE told Mr. HANNON that the *direct* cost of the coal strike alone was already between two and three hundred million pounds—there will be no birds to fly, no merchandise to mark, no crops to fertilise, no shops to close, and no possibility of damming the flow of blasphemy from chilly householders.

The House of Commons usually commences its labours with at least a show of *élan*, but to-day was probably one of the dullest in its history. The Liberal benches were as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard, and when Sir ROBERT HUTCHISON arrived, joyously cracking the Whip of unity, there was no team to crack it over. Sir ROBERT, as unconcerned as Little Bo-Peep over the absence of his flock, received the applause of the parties present with a brave smile and sat down in Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S seat. Mr. CLYNES was present, but left early, and Mr. J. H. THOMAS, D.C.L., popped in for a moment, but, mindful perhaps of the Oxford Public Orator's advice—"*qua vigilantia servanda rubra illa quam cocant lux*"—did not come within the Bar.

Question-time produced only one reply of moment, that of the HOME SECRETARY, who said he was glad of the opportunity of stating that while no special invitation to do so had been issued there was no intention of interfering with those who wished to wear the medals of their dead soldier relatives on Armistice Day.

The House quickly settled down to the Report Stage of the Electricity Bill, but the theme is not one upon which any Members but its heroic opponents on the Conservative benches seem inclined to wax eloquent. The Opposition, indeed, enjoyed the unusual privilege of sitting back and uttering derisive cheers when Mr. GEORGE BALFOUR drew a pathetic picture of himself and colleagues as the anxious guardians of the liberties of the people. The only proposed amendment to the Bill on which Major ATTLEE and his followers had come prepared to join oratorical issue—that permitting municipalities to sell electric-light fittings—was astutely left by the Government to a free vote of the House. Sir DOUGLAS HOGG, an AJAX defying the lightning from the Tory benches, presented an indomitable back to the foe, most of his colleagues being engaged elsewhere with the soft



THE MODEST HEN.

Mr. BALDWIN (surveying the list of Bills in the Parliamentary Programme). "I PROPOSE TO CUT THE CACKLE AND GET ON WITH THE HATCHING."

turtle that turneth away broth. No doubt it was his experience of Circuits that enabled him to short-circuit Sir J. NALL and the *Fascio di Combattimento* which had obstructed the Bill for two-and-a-half months in Committee, and to make substantial progress.

Wednesday, November 10th.—In the Lords Lord PARMOOR, who, like *Truthful James*, is free to maintain that the Heathen Chinee is peculiar, but believes that a policy of patience and conciliation is the best way of putting an end to ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, asked the Government for further information on the state of affairs in China.

Lord BALFOUR hoped that the suggestion conveyed in Lord PARMOOR'S speech that this country had been pursuing policies of which an "enlightened Chinaman" would have cause to complain, had no foundation. He himself ascribed part of the trouble to the fact that the Treaty, framed as the result of the Washington Conference in 1923, had not yet been ratified by all parties concerned. But it was chiefly due to the state of China itself, where General was warring on General, with varying fortunes and in directions that nobody could foresee.

Whom, he asked plaintively, were they going to conciliate? Those who knew the Chinese had told him that they had a great deal of common-sense, a great power of seeing things as they are, and great gifts of character and intellect. Conciliation should therefore be quite easy. This genial implication that the great gifts in question were equally shared by the conciliators did not provoke the cynical jeers that would certainly have manifested themselves in another place.

In the Commons Sir R. HUTCHISON moved for a new writ for Central Hull. There seems to have been some idea that the Labour Whip was entitled to move for the writ, apparently on the principle that, as Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY had changed his Party, it must be assumed that his Liberal constituents would naturally change their politics to oblige him.

Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN informed Mr. TREVELYAN that the Canton boycott was called off on October 10th, but was not able to say just how, or with whom, the calling off had been arranged, or whether it looked like being called on again, and if so, why.

Mr. LUNN wanted to know why three-pennorth of tobacco now costs eight-pence-halfpenny and if the Government would deal with the profiteers in this commodity and also in matches. Mr. CHADWICK said the difference represented increased duty, and the prices charged were not unreasonable. Captain HACKING rather naively informed Mr. CAMPBELL, of Camberwell, that a new stone bridge for the St. James's Park lake had been offered as a free gift, but that the proposal was "at present in abeyance." The would-be donor's name was withheld, and the House was left wondering whether Captain HACKING had been called upon to make a perilous choice between the claims of modern sculpture and the personal feelings of the pelicans.

Captain FRASER having received by unanimous consent leave to bring in a Bill to provide blind persons with free broadcasting licences, the House turned again reluctantly to the Electricity

Bill. One division was taken on a Labour amendment, and thereafter the spirit of *Gaston* and *Alphonse* brooded o'er the scene. Mr. HANNON had merely to suggest an amendment and Sir DOUGLAS HOGG metaphorically hugged it to his bosom. Colonel ASHLEY barely outlined some proposal to improve the measure before the House had clamorously voiced its approval. Only when Sir J. NALL moved an amendment that all tariffs should be district tariffs, did Sir DOUGLAS HOGG, sensing the cloven hoof in the velvet glove, grow suddenly stand-offish. Colonel ASHLEY, not to be outdone, spurned an amendment of Mr. T. WILLIAMS. What orgies of slaughter would have supervened if eleven o'clock had not struck, one can only imagine.

Thursday, November 11th.—Responsibilty for the House of Commons cannot at present be laid at the door of any woman under thirty. Miss WILKINSON is anxious that all women should take their share of the blame and asked when the Government, which, like the Lenten lily in the poem, has, in her opinion, "not long to stay," is going to do something about it. Commander EYRES MONSELL regretted that he was in no position to make a statement on the subject.

A brief but lively bout of questions and answers revealed the fact that just over a million pounds of Red gold has been sent from Russia for the relief of the miners, and that as far as the Government is concerned all contributions have been permitted to be thankfully received.

The Bethnal Green Board of Guardians have decided that no boy under their charge shall adopt a military career if they can help it. The PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY for the Ministry of Health told Captain MACDONALD that he had not heard of this decision, "the gravity of which the Minister fully appreciates."

Colonel DAY asked the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY if he was aware that between three and four hundred pounds a week was going out of this country to America in the form of royalties on plays without the Income Tax authorities getting a cut at it. Mr. RONALD MCNEILL said he was sorry to hear it. The Government, it seems, does not contemplate legislative action, presumably on the principle that, as Uncle Sam is already in the act of removing John Bull's shirt, an effort by the latter to retain his collar-stud would be a mere waste of time.

The House, having got on with the Electricity Bill, which Major KINDERSLEY brightly described as "nationalization without the courage of its convictions," adjourned, but not until Mr. KIRKWOOD had complained that he had been summoned for making a speech



THE LIBERAL BO-PEEP.
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ROBERT HUTCHISON.

at Renishaw, in Derbyshire. Captain HACKING wished the best of luck to the hon. Member, for whom, he said, the HOME SECRETARY entertained a great



MORE ELECTRIC POWER TO HIS ELBOW!
SIR DOUGLAS HOGG DEFIES A BACK-BENCH ATTACK.

affection. JICKS, then, is "cruel only to be kind," if at the moment he seems to be contemplating the possibility of giving Mr. KIRKWOOD "several smacks behind."

RE-BESTIFYING ENGLAND.

A VAST latent heat of controversy, ready to be kindled at any moment and burst into flame, exists in this country with regard to the wild cat, the badger, the red and the roe deer. Especially with regard to the wild cat. The man who writes to say that a wild cat measuring seven inches across the whiskers was killed in Caithness by a crofter in the year of the Diamond Jubilee is assailed with poisonous and vindictive hatred in the Press by the man who insists that a wild cat measuring eight inches across the whiskers was killed in Strathbane by a grafter during the first year of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN'S premiership. The bitterness aroused passes all the bounds of decent controversy, and the Editor is finally forced to declare the correspondence closed. Not, however, before the whole question of wild cats in Wales has been ventilated, and a still further and more violent *émeute* has been provoked with regard to the last appearance of the wild cat in the Derbyshire dales.

A most admirable archæological sentiment is cherished about the survival of the last English wild cat. It is like St. Paul's Cathedral or one of the City churches.

Badgers and roe deer arouse a similar fury, though perhaps a little less terrible. There are some parts of England where the existence of the badger is debatable. It is not, for instance, quite certain whether they still exist in Ken Wood since it was munificently presented to the public and united to Hampstead Heath. But some persons maintain that they do still exist there and root about amongst the underwoods. I remember a venerable white-haired old gentleman, a member of nearly all the international peace federations (and there are a great many of them) in the Northern suburbs striking a friend smartly over the head with a heavy walking-stick because the fellow asserted that there were no badgers still rooting about in Ken Wood.

Not long ago a wild white roe deer was reported on Exmoor, and the nation was plunged into the bitter throes of controversy once again. Men had seen this roe deer nibbling a turnip as the shades of evening fell, or leaping over a low stone wall. Finally it was discovered to be a goat, and the country settled down again to its normal recreations and pursuits.

I leave out, let it be noticed, the business of birds. The bird-fighters, the men, I mean, who debate on whether a cole pipit could possibly have been heard singing in Lancashire on the 14th November, 1896, are in a different



Maiden (who has turned on the wireless). "GOSH! IT ISN'T DANCE-MUSIC AFTER ALL; IT'S JUST SOME MOTH-EATEN OLD WASHOUT SPOUTING ABOUT SOMETHING SCIENTIFIC."

Youth. "WELL, HE'S TALKING WITH QUITE A BIT OF RHYTHM; LET'S ONE-STEP TO IT."

category. Equally acrimonious, they are specialists as well as sentimentalists. Their taunts are reinforced by more data, their ribaldry expresses itself in a more scientific strain.

Personally I like a good fight about a wild cat or a badger or some species of deer. But a thought has struck me lately about the ethics of these feuds. Is it a point of honour that nature should not be encouraged by human aid?

Supposing that a man were to buy two badgers (I do not suggest that badgers in the live state are easy to come by, or that even in the greatest of our London general stores to ask for them over the counter would be met by a "Certainly, Sir; pay at the cash-desk, please," but still there must be places in which they can be procured) and put them down, like port, in Ken Wood or in any other place where badgers are not so frequent as they ought to be, in the hope that they might thrive and prosper there, would that be cheating or would it not? Might a man freshen up the Yorkshire or Derbyshire hills with a few surreptitious wild cats, on the import of which I do not know that there is any duty, and then confound the bigots and pessimists by discovering them there? Is there any code amongst natural historians? Is there furthermore any Act of Parliament to prohibit this?

I do not recommend proceeding further than the wild cat, so far as the small carnivora are concerned. I do not propose laying down the lynx or the ounce in selected parts of England and Wales, for this might provoke disturbances amongst the people of which the echoes would last for generations to come.

But let us take a more harmless rehabilitation. Supposing that I were to take two elks, a lady and gentleman elk, in a plain van, of course, down to Exmoor, and turn them loose there secretly by night, afterwards sitting back to watch the effect of my manœuvre in the daily Press—should I be transgressing the etiquette of zoological debate? Or, supposing that my plan were successful and a race of elks began to arrive on Exmoor, and even to infest the surrounding districts of Somerset and Devon, should I not rather be looked upon by posterity, if they discovered my ruse, as a benefactor to the wild life of my native land?

It does seem to me that, short of a settlement of the coal dispute, nothing could cause such fiery exultation in the hearts of Englishmen as the discovery of a wild elk nourishing itself on pine-cones and booming every now and then melodramatically to itself near Exmoor to-day. Charabanc parties would visit it by the score.

It would be rather fun also to lay down a few good bears at Haslemere.

EVOE.

"The outstanding characteristic quality of the dog is honesty. It is incapable of deceit; in love or hate, joy or sorrow, a dog is sincere. It will not bite your hand or wag its tail unless it likes you."—*Sporting Weekly.*

We must try to remember this next time we are bitten.

From the report of the cricket-match against All Karachi:—

"HURRICANE HITTING BY M.C.C.

Earle at once entered into the spirit of the game. Using his height to the best advantage he stepped out and drove the bowling all over the ground, sending the crowd into ecstasies. Twice he lifted it all out of the enclosure."

Sunday Paper.

This summary removal of the crowd seems to justify the headline.



Gardener (who disapproves of his mistress's methods with the rabbits). "WELL, I DON'T HOLD WITH IT, M'M. 'TAIN'T NATURE. THEY 'RE USED TO HUTCHES."

THE NEW HEADWAY.

(By our Craniological Expert.)

THE recent revival of interest in phrenology naturally appeals to *Punch* in view of the remarkable conformation of his own headpiece. No excuse therefore is needed for an article in support of a science which has suffered unduly from the irregularities of its terminology and the gibes of profane jesters.

I cannot, however, endorse the view of the "Septuagenarian Minister" who protests against the use of the word "bumps" in this connection by *The Westminster Gazette*, "because that word is a caricature of a very important art, the art of discovering the innate possibilities of the individual." On the contrary, I am inclined to regard "phrenology" as a most unfortunate misnomer. "Bump," as applied to protuberances on the cranium associated with special mental faculties and propensities, is at once the shortest, most expressive and picturesque word in the English language. It is run very close by "bulge"; but when it comes to compounds there can be no comparison between "bulgology" and "bumpology" on the score of euphony. All the associations of the word, again, are calculated to endear it to the populace. It recalls the name of one of the most romantic heroes in the novels of FENIMORE COOPER, *Natty Bumppo*. It is linked, in the form Bumpus, with one of the most respected representatives of the book trade. And it is enshrined in the *argot* of the music-halls with one of the most popular catch-words of the Victorian age, "What ho! She bumps."

Pedants and purists, who cavil at hybrid formatives, may object to "bumpology," as they do to "picture-drome," but their protests are negligible and even futile. Words destined for constant popular use, though incorrectly formed, will, if handy and expressive, always triumph over the cumbrous coinages of the precisian. With all the force at my command therefore I plead for the retention of "bumps," "bumpology" and "bumposopher" in this context.

At the same time I confess to regretting that the word "bump" should in certain circles be appropriated to scenes and surroundings wholly removed from science and scientific research. Why, for example, should "bump-suppers" be monopolised by undergraduates and devoted to gatherings leading, I regret to say, to exhibitions of pyromania, to the destruction of furniture, to collisions and contusions, which do not conduce to equanimity or academic calm? It would be far better if they were replaced by bump-dinners or conversaziones, at which the votaries of a great science might meet in the peaceful furtherance of its philanthropic aims. I regret also to observe that in the *New Oxford Dictionary* room is found for such words as "bumpkin" and "bumptious," which by a false analogy may be unfairly applied to the kindly and industrious followers of GALL and SPURZHEIM. For example, BUCKLE'S *History of Civilisation* was described by a hostile critic as "a bumptious book," although, so far as I am aware, that eminent writer pays no attention to the subject of cranioscopy.

The path of progress is always beset by snags, and in no other department of psycho-physiological research has such persistent prejudice been encountered.

Many years ago it was wisely suggested that phrenology should be applied to the discrimination or selection of

servants, officials and parliamentary representatives; but the forces of obscurantism prevailed and nothing was done. The appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the possibilities of the artificial cultivation of benevolent protuberances is long overdue, and some of us may yet live to see the realisation of CHRISTOPHER NORTH's suggestion that children's heads should be moulded so as to suppress the evil and foster the good. It is alleged that he made it in jest; but the sarcasm of one generation has often proved the illumination of the next or next but one.

ODE TO THE H. B.

(Suggested by a recent correspondence.)

NOBLE indeed was the nameless man
Whose brain was first inspired to plan
The blissful boon of the warming-pan.

But nobler than he or than ARISTOTLE
Or ALEXANDER or AMOS COTTLE
Was the man who gave us the good Hot Bottle.

"Water is best," but PINDAR forgot
To add—and the lapse is a serious blot
On his verse—that it ought to be bottled and hot.

Wondrous, I ween, is the axolotl,
Wondrous the scenery of Bohotl,
But I prefer the good Hot Bottle.

Lyrical grounds—though I disagree—
Rule it out of the *N. E. D.*,
So I welcome it here with three times three.

Dear to Dumfries is the Fell of Swattle;
Dear to Derby 's the parish of Shottle;
Dearer to me is the good Hot Bottle.

When winds blow chill and skies are black,
With one at my feet and one at my back
I laugh at the threats of the Zodiac.

Great was NEZAHUALCOYOTL;*
Great was the late Herr FELIX MOTTL;
Greater by far is the good Hot Bottle.

Some praise the flexible rubber kind;
Some to the rigid type are inclined;
I welcome both with an open mind.

Dear to some smokers is the dottle;
Dear to Australians is the wattle;
Dearer to me is the good Hot Bottle.

Spartans and Stoics may spurn and flout it;
Cranks may make sad songs about it;
Wise men (like me) can't do without it.

Welcome to some is the question "What 'll
You have?" but to me no "spot" or "tot" 'll
Compare with the gift of a good Hot Bottle.

For it adds to the blessedness of bed,
Removes to the feet the heat of the head
And saves you from seeing or dreaming red.

Strawberries are sweet in the pottle;
Wine appeals to the thirsty throttle;
But this is the only blameless bottle.

* The Post-King of the Mexicans in the fifteenth century.



Salesman (showing customer golf stockings). "SURPRISING VALUE, SIR, WORTH DOUBLE THE MONEY—LATEST PATTERN, FAST COLOURS, HOLE-PROOF, WON'T SHRINK, AND IT 'S A GOOD YARN——"

Customer. "YES—AND VERY WELL TOLD."

The Strenuous Life of the East.

"Two Houses For Sale. In Coonoor, both central to golf links, clubs, gardens, church and other places of business."—*Burma Paper.*

"The struggle bece meali ttie ding-dong, with the Maoris attacking."—*Evening Paper.*

An easy language, Maori.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"'Friends, Brightonians, countrymen!' began Mr. ——, opening like a municipal Brutus."
Local Paper.

Et tu, Brighton?

"Lieut.-comdr. C. Kerr, D.S.O., will be adopted as Liberal candidate for Central Hull to-night in opposition to Lieut.-comdr. L. E. Gaunt (Conservative) and Lieut.-comdr. Kenworthy (Socialist)."—*Evening Paper.*

When that favourite writer of our youthful days, the late W. H. G. KINGSTON, wrote his famous boys' classic, *The Three Commanders*, it never occurred to him to make all his three heroes Parliamentary candidates; and still less to put them all into one Hull.

AT THE PLAY.

"HALF A LOAF" (COMEDY).

I AM not sure that Mr. GEORGE STREET, Reader of Plays, has not been caught napping if, as I suspect, it is part of his business to prevent serious danger to the morals of the younger of HIS MAJESTY'S lieges. The device employed by twenty-year-old *Ann McGovern*, who had set her heart on marrying the obscure, handsome, witty and entirely reluctant painter, *Michael Challenor*, is so devastatingly simple and so completely effective that it may "put ideas" into the heads of the too precocious young women of our day, with disastrous results to the duller and more helpless sex.

"I love you and I am going to marry you," says *Ann* to *Michael*.

"You 'll do nothing of the sort. I am old enough to be your father. I don't like you. I don't like your taste or your money or your guests, who bore me stiff. And your father would as soon let you marry a bootblack. Your mother obviously aims you at a duke."

"Nevertheless you 'll see! I 'm not a millionaire's spoilt daughter for nothing," is *Ann's* riposte. And sure enough next day *Ann* bursts into the Chelsea studio to announce her parents' enthusiastic approval of, nay insistence on, their immediate marriage.

"Don't understand," says *Michael*. "This letter from your father is obscure certainly, but it is definitely the reverse of friendly."

"Oh, well, you know, I just told him you were my lover." (!!!*****†!)

Of what avail *Michael's* word of honour to the infuriated bawling American magnate, who, if the scoundrel does not forthwith rush to the registrar, will smash him financially and hound him out of all the clubs of London.

"But," says *Michael*, edgeways as it were, "I don't belong to all the clubs of London."

"Then I 'll put you up for them and get you blackballed," which certainly shows resource.

"Oh, very well," shrugs *Michael*, mentally noting that divorce is, after all, a simple matter, and six months of the poverty of a more than ordinarily ill-equipped studio, plus the presence of soulful penniless *Margot*, who drifts about his studio in the most expensive silk pyjamas, and has been more than friendly, will see the matter through.

Of course we all know what will happen after six months. *Ann* will sorrowfully declare herself beaten just at the moment when *Michael* has decided that she is necessary to his existence, and *Margot* has decided to marry somebody else and go to Canada, in the wild open spaces of which her pyjamas will be enormously apropos. Moreover it is *Margot*, at first so bitterly resenting the coming of *Ann*, whose letter ("to be read by you and your wife") tells them not to be asses, as it has long been clear to her that each loves and is made for the other, and so forth.



THE REFUSAL.

The Man. "MY DEAR GIRL, I KNOW YOUR INTENTIONS ARE HONOURABLE, BUT I CAN'T MARRY YOU."

Michael Challenor . MR. DENNIS EADIE.
Ann McGovern . . . MISS PHYLLIS TITMUSS.

From which it is clear that an entertaining and plausible little comedy, which begins in a charmingly whimsical mood, laced with *Michael's* sprightly nonsense and *Ann's* pert shamelessnesses, declines, perhaps inevitably, to the strictly sentimental. Any suffering caused by the *andante amoroso* is however more than compensated by the preceding *allegro vivace* and *scherzo*.

Mr. DENNIS EADIE, we were all delighted to see, has played himself back into the best of his old light form. EADIE parts have their dangers for him—the fatal danger that they may bore him. But surely nobody can give such an air of inevitability to a part of this kind or walk the stage, laugh, jest and utter bland insults with such unstudied ease when it pleases him to do so.

Miss PHYLLIS TITMUSS, a deservedly popular figure in the Revue world, seemed to me an entirely adequate *Ann*, a character so ingeniously unlikely that hardly any interpretation would be open to reasoned criticism. Miss HILDA MOORE has the difficult task of playing for two Acts against the mood of the piece, and is further handicapped by the fact that her character changes completely in the Third. This actress, besides delighting the eye of the connoisseur, always brings her parts to life if given anything like a chance. Mr. ATHOLE STEWART was excellent as the friendly dull-witted *Bill Page*, *Michael's* foil and unsuccessful rival; and Mr. JAMES LINDSAY showed us to what lengths American millionaires will go when crossed. Miss ANNIE ESMOND tactfully made his wife into the kind of wife he would have had, and Miss PHYLLIS BLACK played with credit the small part of a Cockney maid.

Mr. NOEL SCOTT, in translating this extravaganza of Mr. CLAUDE ROGER MARX, has done his work exceedingly well. He has conveyed it into English mood, not merely into English words,



THE 2.30 P.M. BREAKFAST-SUIT.

Margot . . . . . MISS HILDA MOORE.

and has no doubt imported many beguiling little jests of his own. T.

PRINCE HENRY is unavoidably prevented from attending the Royal Northern Hospital's Festival Dinner, over which he was to have presided on the 18th instant, at the Savoy Hotel, as announced in these pages. Field-Marshal Viscount ALLENBY will take the Chair. Particulars of the Dinner can be obtained from the Secretary, Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, N.7, to whom subscriptions to be placed on the Chairman's List should be addressed.

At the Gallery of Art of the Imperial Institute there will be held from to-day till December 5th an exhibition of the works of students, many of them from the Dominions, who have gained scholarships at the British School of Rome; also drawings by English artists which have lately been purchased for the South African Art Gallery at Cape Town.

I WILL BE BOHEMIAN, I WILL . . .

I LIKE this party,
I do,
I feel so Arty;
Don't you?
My, it 's a wonderful sight,
So many people who write,
So many actors
And concert attractors—
I do feel Bohemian to-night!
And I will be Bohemian, I will!
I'll talk about Art till I'm ill;
On my stomach I'll lie
And discuss ROGER FRY—
I will be Bohemian, I will!

So this is Bohemia,
Old boy?
Is it nervous anæmia,
Or joy?
Who are the ladies who cook
Haddock and eggs in a nook?
What are they called,
And why are they bald,
And are they as odd as they look?
Make me Bohemian, I beg!
Give me a haddock and egg!
And who is the man
Who is using a fan,
And why does he stand on one leg?

Ain't the discussion
Bizarre?
Golly! How Russian
We are!
And Olga Popolga 's divine,
And if she decline to be mine
I 'll try to look TCHEHOV
And shatter the neck of
A bottle of strawberry wine.
For I will be Bohemian, I will!
I'll gobble up Life till I'm ill;



Aunt Ethel (to young genius). "AND HOW ARE YOU OFF FOR COAL?"

I'll double my ration
Of gaspers and Passion—
I will be Bohemian, I will!

No more Convention
For me!
I 'll fearlessly mention
The flea;
And we 'll have a studio too,
I 'll whitewash the wallpaper blue,
And make no more strictures
On Futurist pictures,
Whatever the horrors you do;
And if you paint eyelashes green
I'll murmur, "I see what you mean,"
And express no surprise
At triangular thighs—
I will be Bohemian, old bean!

Life is so jolly,
I think;
Let 's plunge into Folly
And sink!
Turn on the gramophone, boys!
I 'm rapidly losing my poise;
Try to avoid
The subject of FREUD,
And let 's make a horrible noise!

I will be Bohemian, I swear!
I don't care a hang what I wear;
I'll take off my shoes
And dance in the mews
Till I meet a policeman—so there!

I do like this party,
I do!
But I don't feel so hearty—
Do you?
I think I am going to yawn;
I 've eaten too much of that brawn;
I should have said
We were better in bed,
And I strongly object to the dawn.
I will be Bohemian, I swear!
But I should like a little fresh air;
I would not presume
To suggest there 's a gloom,
But are we as gay as we were?

A. P. H.

"GUNMEN IN NIGHT CLUB.
PROPRIETOR AND ENTERTAINER CLUBBED."
Scottish Evening Paper.

The gunmen, it would seem, were good Johnsonions and liked "clubable" people."

HETTY, THE HEN.

THE recent recurrence of "Rat Week" brings back to my mind an episode in the brief life of Hetty, the hen, from which the beginning of her great career may be said to date. For, long before the newspapers had made rat-hunting a national sport and a civic duty for seven days and seven nights, the necessity of exterminating these disgusting rodents was fully realised by this remarkable fowl.

Hetty was that rare bird, a hen with brains. Even as a chicken she was peculiar. Indeed she was hardly out of the shell before it was obvious that she was an exceptional fledgling. She had none of the yellow downiness of her brothers and sisters. Hetty in fact was bald, and her own mother regarded her with such marked disfavour that she had to be withdrawn from the family circle and brought up by a step-mother.

It was all one to Hetty. Naked but unashamed, she stalked about like an ungainly mechanical toy, a leggy, ugly, angular caricature of a fowl. Yet she did not seem at all conscious of the fact that she was not as other hens. Indeed the only time that she showed any sense of inferiority was when her young brother began to crow. Hetty evinced the most flattering interest in his efforts, followed him about for hours, and at length by her embarrassing attentions reduced his noisy pride to bashful dumbness.

This was far from her intention, but, like many brainy females, Hetty had no tact. Disappointed, she withdrew to a corner, where she practised crowing under her breath. Half-an-hour's assiduous effort resulted in a recognisable "cock-a-doodle-doo," but she was evidently dissatisfied with her performance and never repeated it.

But if she could not crow she would not cackle, and as she grew to henhood she seemed to despise all female graces. In course of time she acquired a modicum of feathers, but she always had a ragged unkempt appearance and a half-starved look, despite the fact that her long legs and quick brain enabled her to fare better than the rest. She was a feminist among hens and as such unpopular with the less advanced fowls. One could almost hear their sneers.

But Hetty ignored them, unless, perhaps, the laying of an extra fine egg was a reply to their taunts. For she could lay. None better. She always chose a conspicuous place on these occasions. With perfect nonchalance she would scrape a hole in the middle of the hen-run, subside into it with her long legs tucked away as well as possible under her meagre plumage, and from this position survey her detractors with that air of complete detachment which they found so maddening. Even when her egg was an accomplished fact she did not cackle about it like an ordinary hen, but stood over it with silent satisfaction until not even the stupidest fowl could remain unaware of her achievement.

It was on one such occasion that Hetty first showed her fighting strength. Hard as nails and with a reach which gave her an immense advantage over the other fowls, she had of late lacked sparring partners. But she could fight. And, as she stood on one leg thoughtfully contemplating her latest production, her meditative eye was caught by two bright beady orbs. Instantly her storklike pose was abandoned. A rat in the hen-run! With one bound she was upon him.

The fight was over in one round lasting two minutes, and, beyond losing a few feathers which she could ill spare, Hetty emerged unscathed from the encounter and sat down by the corpse with an air of morose triumph.

She had found her *métier*. Thereafter she was the fowls' champion and defence—death to rats, a curse to cats and a terror to dogs. Life for Hetty was one long happy Rat Week while there remained a rat to be killed. And, although she never actually killed a cat, it is safe to say that no cat approached her and escaped with all his lives. As for dogs, they never dared to approach, and if by chance one came within Hetty's range of vision she immediately gave chase. Many a dog that was a very Cerberus at the gate of his own domain was seen to lower his crest, tuck in his tail and "beat it" with shameful haste when he crossed the path of this Amazon.

But one day two dogs, newcomers to the neighbourhood, were having a rough-and-tumble outside our gate. It was a private fight, though in the public road, and Hetty had absolutely no cause to interfere. But, alas! unbroken victory had bred a spirit of aggression which prompted her to take the offensive on all occasions, so, legging it down the drive like a miniature ostrich, she hurtled between the combatants. They broke in confusion and fled yelping to right and left. Surveying the rout with truculent pride, Hetty prepared to return to her own place. But at that moment a car, hooting like a yapping cur, rounded the corner at full speed. . . .

Death must have been instantaneous. The chauffeur declared that the hen met it in a posture of fight, not flight. Even without this clue a pathetic paucity of feathers made identification of the corpse an easy task.

THE CONDUCTOR.

BEFORE you set out
  On the labour and strife,
Disappointment and doubt
  Of a musical life,
Attend to this rhyme:
  Nearly everyone fails
By devoting his time
  To the practice of scales.
The flute, violin,
  The piano or horn,
One must really begin
  On the day one is born;
When the drudgery 's done
  Small advantage is sucked;
Far better, my son,
  To set up to conduct.

You have only to wait
  Till the orchestra 's seated,
Coming in very late,
  To be frenziedly greeted,
Acknowledge with bows
  Of appropriate grace
The applause you arouse
  By just showing your face;
Then pick up a stick
  Which you'll find on your stand,
And give it a flick
  With a turn of your hand,
Whereupon in a flash
  Every instrument there
Will bellow and crash,
  Bray, bubble and blare.
The fiddle and flute
  And the oboe will squeak,
The cornet will hoot
  And the 'cello will creak,
The organ will thunder,
  The trombone will boom,
The drum tear asunder
  All ears in the room.
While you brandish and poise
  The stick in your hand
That uproarious noise
  Will exude from the band;
And when you see fit
  To direct them to pause,
The audience will split
  All their gloves with applause.

Then turn *comme il faut*
  In superior style,
And bow very low
  With a satisfied smile,
To assure them that you,
  You alone, are the one
To whom honour is due
  For the whole of the fun.

And if people suppose
  That the show does not need
Your contortions and throes
  To make it proceed,
And would not be wrecked
  If you vanished from sight,
You need not object—
  They are probably right. G. B.



COUNTY SONGS.

XX.—LEICESTERSHIRE.

In Leicestershire they hunt the fox
As other folk hunt gold.
A man without a hunting-box,
Or dressed in anything but pink,
Is not a man whom one would think
Of knowing; and I 'm told
The merest babies' google-goos
Approximate to view-halloos.

In Leicestershire they dread the frost
As other folk dread pain;
In fact they 're absolutely lost
When Jack congeals their darling earth;
The fox alone shows signs of mirth,
And, till it thaws again,
The huntsmen sit and smoke and sigh
Or eat another Melton pie.

E. V. L.







Wife of itinerant Musician. "YOU'D BETTER CHUCK IT, THOMAS. ONLY TUPPENCE IN THE LAST TWO HOURS. THIS 'ERE WIRELESS IS GOIN' TO BE THE RUIN OF US."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WITH the same scholarly thoroughness that characterised his treatment of the Spanish dramatist, BENAVENTE, Professor STARKIE has now come to grips with *Luigi Pirandello* (DENT). PIRANDELLO'S theatre he sees as "a pulpit whence the dramatist preaches over the dead body of old literature." Yet the preacher has no message, only doubts acquired by his study of the philosophers, from KANT to EINSTEIN. "He does not dictate, he only discusses and suffers." In the end he is the least philosophical of dramatists, "sending out (as a Neapolitan critic puts it) false syllogisms dressed up as men." And, although the public likes to think it is assisting at the birth of a new dialectic, it is held in reality by PIRANDELLO'S fantasy, his lyricism, his ingenious piquing of curiosity, qualities he shares with such old-fashioned idealists as CALDERON and CERVANTES. This reading of the playwright may seem strange to those who only know his dramatic work, and that chiefly in such extreme examples as "Six Characters in Search of an Author." But PIRANDELLO was fifty-three before he turned to the stage at all. His earlier output consists of highly "regional" short stories, and these Sicilian matins are described in commendable detail. Even the bare bones of such *novelle* as the ludicrous olive-crock story, "La Giara," and the pathetic "Alla Zappa" show how strengthened was PIRANDELLO'S hand by traditional sentiment and how much he has forgone in search of "the European mind." Professor STARKIE'S analysis of this phenomenon and its stage embodiments is every whit as discerning as his dissertation on VERGA, CAPUANA and other Pirandellian origins. But he is up against a more nebulous cloud of witnesses, and, if his last chapters have not the precise value of his early ones, the fault lies in their material.

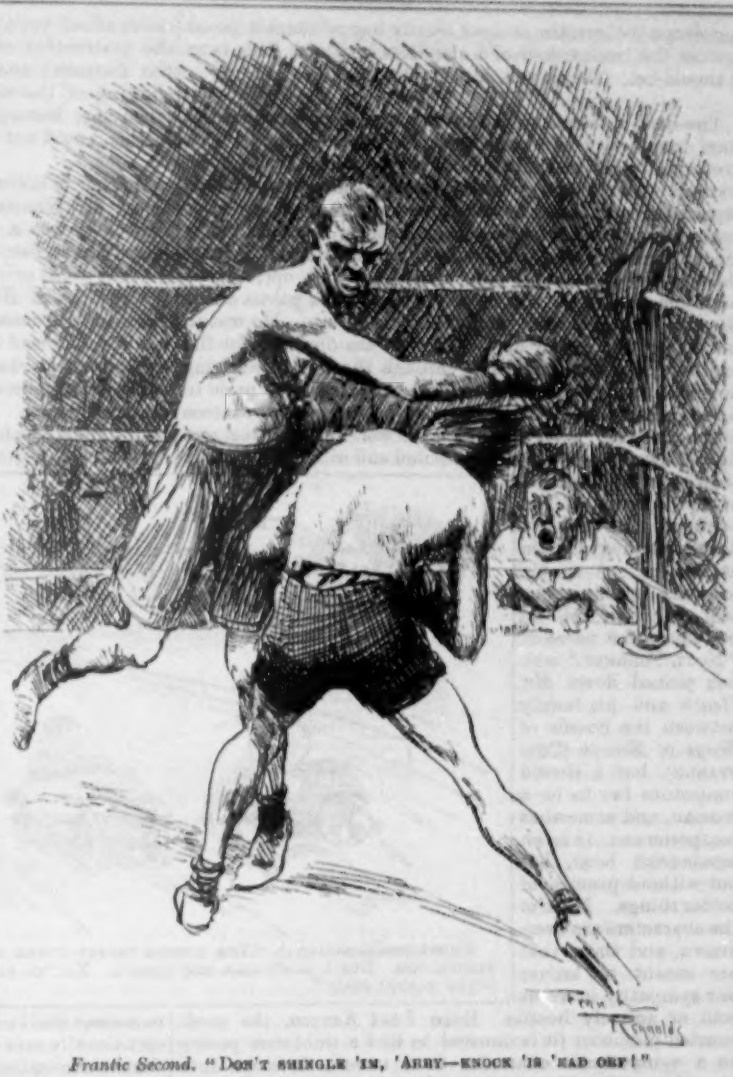
Jenny Brookfield, Mr. JOHN CARRUTHERS' very attractive heroine, is *Adam's Daughter* (CAPE) in a general as well as a particular sense. At any rate, with her daring curiosities, her eagerness to eat of the fruit of the tree, she is a true daughter of EVE, which, I take it, comes to much the same thing. Her actual father, *Adam Brookfield*, the embittered headmaster of an undistinguished school, is almost as much in the centre of the picture as his wayward child. Indeed, if there is a fault to be found with an extremely lively and interesting tale, it is that we are kept so long with *Adam*, his early mistake and their unfortunate results, that we begin to think that we are never coming to the theme announced by the title. Not, let me hasten to add, that they do not make a very good and rather a poignant story in themselves, or that they are irrelevant to the main issue. It was largely because *Adam* was what he was that *Jenny* was what she was, a desperately pugnacious little rebel, with most subversive views on matrimony, family ties and all such crusted conventions. Rebellion at home did not matter very much, but when she entered the university of Durceston her words and ways got her into serious trouble; authority rose in its wrath, and it was intimated to her that a second term's residence was not considered desirable for her. This and the sentimental complications which were its partial cause and the domestic tragedy which coincided with her academic downfall were rather too much even for the gallant *Jenny*, and we leave her in an odour, if not exactly of sanctity, at any rate of austere philanthropy. But it is hard to believe that she will stay there. She has the sort of vitality which spells inevitable mischief, and Mr. CARRUTHERS is to be congratulated on his skill in convincing us of it without undue insistence; just as, with even lighter strokes of the pen, he gives life and likelihood to the little group of men and women who surround and are distracted by her.

Forty Good-Morning Tales—here is a book,
Here is a bouquet, which METHUEN's send,
Flowers out of Fairyland—please you to look—
Found by ROSE FYLEMAN, so found by a friend;
Blossoms of Elfland all bound in a bunch;
Few people find them like "R. F." of *Punch*.

Slight are her pickings, mayhappen, and small,
Yet gay, like the little gay speedwells, they are;
But how did she enter the garden at all?
Sure she was born 'neath a fortunate star,
And Mab of the Fairies has never been deaf
When asked for the *entrée* by *Punch's* "R. F."

In his latest addition to the chronicles of Polchester I rather feel that Mr. HUGH WALPOLE is "saying his piece"—an interesting piece, but perhaps in some ways a perfunctory one. Or so I explain the constantly frustrated sympathy with which I followed the fortunes of his hero. *Hjalmar Johanson*, whom Polchester called *Harmer John* (MACMILLAN), had a Globeshire mother and a Swedish father, so, having made a modest pile as artist's model and teacher of gymnastics in Scandinavia, he came over to England and put up at *Mrs. Penethen's*, in The Precincts. The artist in him yearned to preserve the beauty of Polchester, the hygienic enthusiast to enlarge the chests of her tradesmen and reduce the waists of her canons. Polchester expressed herself benevolently towards both intentions—as long as *Harmer* showed himself pliant and appealing. He roused the motherly tenderness of his austere landlady (a very competent portrait), won the hearts of both her children—plain *Judy* and dazzling *Maude*—and was "taken up" by the Cathedral. Only his friendship for *Tom Longstaffe*, a parson whose daughter had fallen from Polcastrian grace, argued badly for his success. His betrothal to *Maude* and his engagement to reduce (by massage) the flesh of *Canon Bonder* show this success at its zenith. In its tragic declension Mr. WALPOLE's grip tightens on the town and slackens on its victim. The Swede's spiritual allegiances are not only made inadequate to the reader—this is understood; they seem inadequate to inspire the massive resistance *Harmer John* puts up to Polchester's use and wont. The chapter in which they are canvassed by the mystical *Wistons* is, as perhaps it is meant to be, an ironical embarrassment. But the novel boasts a very pretty proportion of more commanding incidents and less ambiguous characters.

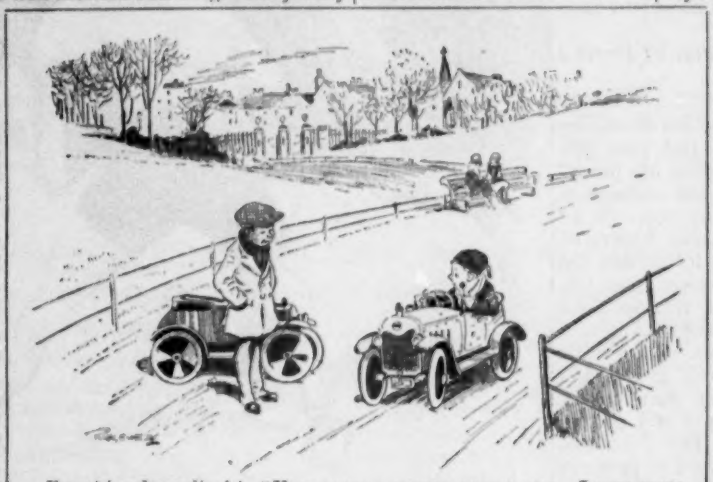
The spectacle of the new rich turning the new poor out of their nice old country-houses is a sad one. How Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL must hate it; and yet how sensibly he comports himself! He just shuts his eyes tight and pretends it hasn't happened. *The Allbright Family* (COLLINS) is a pleasant book, with no villains in it. The family itself is pure MARSHALL, from the head of it down to the two inevitable youngsters (but not twins this time), who are always quarrelling and never happy when separated. Into this family of well-bred, rich, humorous but rather self-satisfied people the author introduces two terrible "outsiders," one a chorus-girl and the other a bumptious little clerk who through a chapter of accidents has incredibly succeeded to a peerage. He also introduces an interfering old aunt, whose attempts to marry the son and daughter of the house to the right partners lead to nothing but exasperation and bitterness. Here, you would think, are three "villains" who must be discomfited if the book is to have a happy ending. But Mr. MARSHALL knows a better way than that. By skilful touches he brings out the hearts of gold beneath their unpromising exteriors and makes you feel quite ashamed of yourself for your first instinctive dislike of them. And after that he finds the right husband or wife for everybody (*Aunt Abigail* included)



Frantic Second. "DON'T SHINGLE 'IM, 'ARRY—KNOCK 'IS 'EAD OFF!"

and drops the curtain on four ideally happy couples posed against the background of a cloudless horizon. This is as it should be. Thank you, Mr. MARSHALL.

The luck of *Stephen Heath*, architect, town-planner and chief member of the municipal council of Stangate, was proverbial. He had always hitherto got exactly what he wanted. Clever and good-looking, he earned a brilliant reputation as a scholar at Westminster, scored success after success in open competitions for designs of public buildings, married that beautiful and sufficiently aristocratic lady, *Adeline Cardonnel*, and had, when the story opens, four handsome children. Nevertheless there were points about *Stephen* that made me tremble for his future. He was in fact one of those cold hard men who are designed for the express purpose of being put through the mill by aspiring novelists until they are reduced from overweening pride to a due appreciation of their own unimportance in the scheme of the universe. They start with the world at their feet and finish bowed down with well-merited suffering. They bully their wives and children at the opening of the book only to be left desolate and apologetic at the end. A simple formula, perhaps, but still effective. I do not know the name of "NOEL FORREST," who has pinned down *Mr. Heath* and his family between the boards of *Ways of Escape* (CONSTABLE), but I should conjecture her to be a woman, and somewhat inexperienced. It is an amateurish book, but not without promise of better things. Most of the characters are overdrawn, and those that are meant to arouse our sympathy leave us cold or actively hostile. Even *Paul Kenyon*, the good-hearted publisher (it is unusual to find a publisher posing as a sympathetic character in a novel), develops into something of a bore, and the beautiful *Mrs. Heath*, who learns to love him in secret, almost provides an excuse for *Stephen's* behaviour. But there is a note of sincerity about the novel that makes it worth reading—once.



Expert (condescendingly). "YES, QUITE A USEFUL LITTLE BUS. LOOKS WELL-SPRUNG TOO. BUT I DON'T LIKE THE COLOUR. YOU 'LL FIND IT 'LL SHOW UP EVERY TOFFEE-STAIN."

It would be difficult to imagine any contrast more striking than that between the sailing ships of the Glasgow Shire Line, in which Mr. CHARLES SPEDDING first served before he "left the sea and went into steamboats," and the sumptuous vessels in which he has since gained so long and so comprehensive an experience of *Transatlantic Travellers* (FISHER UNWIN). There is admittedly not much of the sea atmosphere about a forty-thousand-ton Atlantic liner; but what you lose on the nautical swings, so to speak, you make up on the human roundabouts, and Mr. SPEDDING has not neglected the unrivalled opportunities afforded to a purser, in his capacity of *liaison* officer, for studying the passenger in his habit as he lives. The result is an entertaining medley of anecdotes of the great and the near-great, of prima donnas, newspaper magnates, prize-fighters, card-sharpers and all the rest of the varied types that jostle one another in the gilded saloons of the latest leviathans. The author's war experiences afford yet another study in contrasts. They include the destruction of the *Königsberg* and the torpedoing of the *Laconia*; and he has an interesting account of the sighting of the elusive *Möwe* by the last-named vessel when she, having a convoy of troopships under her protection, could not risk an action.

Neither *William Trehorne Padley* nor the author of his being, Mr. NORMAN VENNER, cares to hide his conviction that *Billy* was a silly ass; and indeed his behaviour was incredibly foolish. His friends condoned his foolishness on account of his pristine innocence and invincible gaiety, and the readers of *Billy Padley's Wife* (HEINEMANN) will do likewise. Like many another impulsive youth, *Billy*, having become affianced to one charming lady, became entangled by force of circumstances with a second damsel, who was what philosophers in their euphemistic way describe as an a-moral person. But *Billy* in addition allowed himself to be intimidated and driven to regrettable subterfuge by one of the flimsiest threats ever employed by a professor of blackmail. Five minutes' conversation with the Home Secretary, whom *Billy* was strangely serving as private secretary, would have delivered him from his terrors. It is true that the Home Secretary, according to the singular modern fashion of delineating a politician, is depicted as an amiable imbecile; but even so *Billy* might surely have consulted a permanent official of that powerful department. But no, not he. It was a young American who, familiar with the blackmailing industry, came to *Billy's* rescue; and when I add that the American's name was *Bud* I need not describe his methods. If Mr. VENNER occasionally errs on this side of probability, he has nevertheless succeeded in making a sufficiently diverting farce.

The Pigeon House (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), by Mr. VALENTINE WILLIAMS, is not, I fear, built of the right material for giving full scope to his acknowledged skill. In the past his contributions to the general fund of sensational fiction have been so lavish that perhaps I was unreasonable in expecting his generosity to be maintained. Anyhow, in this story, full though it is of incident and intrigue, I found his spell a little less binding than usual. My main trouble was that in the first chapter, called "The Wedding Night," the hero is summoned to leave his bride, and whatever perils might beset him I knew too well that in the last chapter there would be a rapturous reunion. But I hasten to add that Mr. WILLIAMS, in the interval between the hero's sudden departure and his return to domestic bliss, gets him into and out of situations which I can only describe, and that inadequately, as tight.

Matrimoney.

"A large number of valuable presents, among which were several cheques, were received by the bride and bridegroom from the relatives and friends. The day's proceeds amounted to £25 odd."—*Provincial Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

COLONEL LANE-FOX, Secretary for Mines, states that any consumer is quite free to change his coal merchant. Then we should like to change ours for two tons of Derby Brights.

* * *

According to a morning paper women are now buying their dresses on the instalment system. We seem to have seen some of them wearing the first instalment.

* * *

Nine cassowaries have just been sent to the Zoo by Lord ROTHSCHILD. Publishers of hymn-books are looking forward to an increase of business.

* * *

The trustees of Battle Abbey are reported to be attempting to stop the right-of-way across the green. They should remember what happened here once to HAROLD.

* * *

It seems that Dean INGE thinks that those who speak and write about St. Paul's Cathedral being in danger ought to have their own domes examined.

* * *

In his opinion the whole thing is a newspaper stunt. Well, if the DEAN doesn't take a gloomy view of it, who should?

* * *

A weekly paper has published an article entitled "Who are the Sitwells?" They might have let us find out for ourselves.

* * *

The Government is giving up the lease of a farm at Patringham because it does not pay. That seems a funny reason for a Government Department to give.

* * *

If he had not fought GENE TUNNEY it is thought that DEMPSEY might have been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

* * *

The new escalator at Charing Cross Underground station travels at the rate of one hundred feet a minute, instead of the usual ninety, thus enabling passengers to step off with the wrong foot much quicker.

* * *

A correspondent writes to a contemporary asking which is the better, the gramophone or the wireless. The answer is in the negative.

District Judge WALSH of Milford (Ireland), in letting off a poet, said that to be able to write poetry was a good defence. In English law of course it is regarded as tantamount to a previous conviction.

* * *

This new Charleston seems to have been invented by a Scotsman who was trying to keep his foot on a sixpence in a crowded ball-room.

* * *

Lord PORTSMOUTH says scientists are needed on modern ranches, not cowboys. But we shall never take kindly to a film chase of absent-minded professors armed with test-tubes.

* * *

According to Admiralty Fleet Orders instruction is to be given to sailors in motoring. In future the man at the wheel will hold out his right hand when he ports the helm.

* * *

MUSSOLINI has sent a signed message to *The Daily Mail*. He must be careful or he'll lose his amateur status.

* * *

A lady M.P. is demanding equal rights for men and women. All men will support her in her gallant fight for their interests.

* * *

According to Professor BRAMER the human ears are self-contained wireless receivers. We should particularly like to know the wave-length of those belonging to the telephone-operator at the other end of our line.

* * *

The action of a club in imposing an age limit of forty-five has caused discussion. It will be remembered that the experiment of admitting members under that age was largely responsible for the rowdiness of the Athenæum.

* * *

There are now so many medical students in this country that a glut of doctors is predicted. We must eat more apples.

* * *

The Spanish Government's reported intention to admit women delegates to the proposed National Assembly is of course due to the feeling that their presence would have the effect of encouraging the oratoreadors.

* * *

Bone chessmen have been found in Dorsetshire which are said to prove that the game was played in the tenth century. It is definitely known, however, that none of the original matches is still in progress.

* * *

Our theory about the Red Admiral butterfly that an *Evening News* reader found in his coal-cellar is that it chose a place where it was likely to be able to hibernate undisturbed.

* * *

Attention is drawn to the number of prominent high-brows who go about bareheaded. A possible explanation is that they have sent their hats to be stretched.

* * *

An artist's idea of what a Martian looks like has been published in a daily paper. In our opinion these offensive caricatures are calculated to militate against cordial inter-planetary relations.

* * *

Lord RIDDELL has described Great Britain as the only instance in history of a huge population living on its wits. Well, we can't all be newspaper proprietors.

* * *

A cat at Brail, Indiana, and four of her five kittens have each two extra paws. In the opinion of local Anti-Prohibitionists these "Pussyfoot" stunts are overdone.

Headlines to a telegram regarding the infraction by the Soviet agents in England of the Anglo-Russian Trade Agreement:—

"BRITISH RELATIONS WITH RUSSIA.
'FLAGRANT BREECHES.'"
Malayan Paper.

To match those flagrant Russian boots.



Man of Letters (to applicant for post of Lady Secretary). "I SEE YOU HAVE HAD EXPERIENCE IN THE SERVICE OF TWO WRITERS OF ROMANTIC NOVELS. I—ER——"

Applicant. "IF YOU PREFER REALISTS OR PAULO-POST-GEORGIANS, I CAN GIVE YOU ALTERNATIVE REFERENCES."

"THIS QUARTER" AGAIN.

I FIND that I have not paid enough attention to any very modern poetry of late. I am pleased to see that the very modern poets still harp on the old, old things. They write, for instance, of girls. In fact, that is understating it.

There is EMMANUEL CARNIVALI, of whom the editor of *This Quarter* says, "He is a major poet now . . . I would say that Carnivali is the Keats of to-day, but that is not quite true. He has more to say than Keats. He is more important than Keats. He has lived in a more important age and known a larger world."

In this larger world EMMANUEL CARNIVALI has come across many girls. Of one (whom he seems to love) he sings—

"It has taken centuries of gigantic sorrow—
sorrow of an old world-weary race—
to build the sorrow that is in your eyes,
you, magnificent girl.

You said, Love is a swallow.
Why would you capture a swallow?
Love is not servile like
a canary."

And of one to whom he seems to be less attracted:—

"Bats, toads and salamanders;
mandrake, foxglove and stinkwort
a-boiling in a cauldron:
from which,
In the darkness of Time,
popped your eyes,
your evil-beast eyes,
your poisonous eyes."

And yet again of one whom he pities:

Her name was Kasha, Katinka.

She was good and faithful,
Somewhat like a doggie.

She had a pimpled face,
the poor thing!

She loved me well
by way of OOOOOOHHHH! and
AAAAAHHHHH!
looking into my eyes:
for she spoke no English
as I spoke no Polish."

He has not forgotten Kasha:—

"Ah! Doggie, doggie!
you are still wagging your tail
fanning the dust
in the junk shop of my memory."

There are times indeed when the old tender passion revives:—

"Ah! Doggie, doggie!
I tear a piece of the live flesh of my
heart
and throw it at you for you
to eat."

I salute EMMANUEL CARNIVALI.

Of wine also the very modern poets sing.

"The drunken antennæ of my thoughts are
haunting
the rumbling boulevards of the universe."

writes EUGÈNE JOLAS, whilst Mr. ERNEST WALSH, the editor of the periodical, who puts twenty-six of his own poems into the issue—rather a large number even for the editor—says:—

"I know
I am a poet
And I know what the waiters are saying
As they clear away the corks and empty
bottles."

Natural scenery, the riddle of the universe, the weather, provide ever-recurrent themes.

"It is cold.
The bitter of the winter
whines a story.
It is the colder weather when the truck
drivers sing it would freeze the whiskers
off a brass monkey."

That is the threnody of CARL SANDBURG.

ROBERT ROE, apostrophising a clump of hollyhocks, observes:—

"The sky is white-eyed with clouds like an
idiot woman who listens
with leers and squeaks and knowing nods
to the idly pessimistic
gossip of monotonous pines
When I pass the eventless road to look at
you, Dark Flowers."

And from LEON HERALD SABIANI we have

"THE COW.

The thoughtful cow
Looks at the lifted bird
Like a philosopher gazing at a star.
Finally the cow tells her calf
What a bird is."

But of all the lyrics and idylls in this number I think that the most arresting is one by Mr. KENNETH FEARING, who adopts the unusual procedure of introducing newspaper headlines from America into the flow of his melody:—

"On Sunday, when they trolley to the meadows
they read the Sunday paper
GIRL SLAYS BANKER BETRAYER
they spread it out on the grass
BATHTUB STIRS JERSEY ROW
and then they sit down on it nice.
Harry doesn't even read
ZIGGINS OINTMENT—*Restores*
WITHERED FLESH
Has cured thousands of men and women of
moles, warts, red veins, pimples, flabby neck,
scalp and hair diseases.
NOT EXPENSIVE and FULLY
GUARANTEED.
No. Harry says nothing at all, he smiles
and they kiss in the emerald meadows
on the Sunday paper."

I am the more glad to have printed these quotations here, because these very modern poets complain, as very modern poets have done before them, of lack of recognition from the critics of the age. Mr. WALSH, in the editorial of *This Quarter*, gives no quarter at all to Sir EDMUND GOSSE and Mr. J. C. SQUIRE, who never, so he tells us, "get past Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton and the like." But his final fling is directed against Mr. W. B. YEATS.

"Here is a sonnet," he cries, "having in it all that William Butler Yeats has tried to capture or failed to capture since 1886."

It is by WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS:—

"MAN IN A ROOM

"Here, no woman, nor man besides,
Nor child, nor dog, nor bird, nor wasp,
Nor ditch pool, nor green thing. Color of
flower,
Blood-bright berry none, nor flame-rust
On leaf, nor pink gall-sting on stem, nor
Staring stone. Ay de mi!
No hawthorn's white thorn-tree here, nor
lawn
Of buttercups, nor any counterpart;
Bed, book-backs, walls, floor,
Flat pictures, desk, clothes-box, litter
Of paper scrawls. So sit I here,
So stand, so walk about. Beside
The flower-white tree not so lonely I;
Torn petals, dew-wet, blotched yellow my
bare instep."

It seems to me only right that Mr. YEATS should hear about this "sonnet," which certainly has fourteen lines, for I have counted them. EVOE.

BABY BANTING.

["Even the nursery has been invaded by the 'Banting' fashion . . . lest baby should get the fat-forming habit."—*Daily Press.*]

EVEN at an early age
Slenderness is all the rage;
Chubby babes have been replaced
By a type that shows distaste
If a tactless uncle brings
Harmful sugar offerings.
Mother's latest fads decree
Breakfast kippers, fruit for tea
(Jam and porridge had their day,
She has learned a better way).
Banting babies always eat
Dinners of "extracted" meat,
Or remove their hunger's edge
With a careful choice of veg.
Nannies who are up-to-date
Do not boast of added weight.
Baby Banting must be slim,
Supple, too, in every limb;
So the well-trained infant knows
How to bend and touch her toes.
Daddy never goes a-hunting,
Like the sire of *Baby Bunting*,
To secure a rabbit-skin
To wrap the Baby Banting in.
Furry frocks are quite amiss
For an active child like this;
Hygiene and the *modes* allow
Only airy clothing now.

Æolus, R.A.F.

From the evidence in a recent case:—

"The Wind-Commander said that he accepted the explanation given."
Evening Paper.

B.B.

IF one was bound to have a voice
Broadcast from Parliament, the choice
Was thoroughly judicious when
Strictly confined to that of Ben.
G. B.



SAFETY FIRST.

The Postmaster-General (*to Big Ben*). "ON AND AFTER NEW YEAR'S DAY YOUR WIRELESS CONTRIBUTION WILL HAVE TO BE SUBMITTED TO GOVERNMENT CENSORSHIP, AND, IF APPROVED, WILL BE OFFICIALLY TYPED FOR DELIVERY."



Producer (at Amateur Theatrical rehearsal). "GOOD HEAVENS! THAT WON'T DO AT ALL. YOU 'RE IN A TEARING RAGE, PULLING YOUR HAIR OUT BY THE HANDFUL."

INSULARS ABROAD AGAIN.

VI.—PERCIVAL HELPS.

IT took place in a railway-carriage between Venice and Milan. In our compartment were two Italians, a French lady, a Spaniard, Percival and myself, and, by way of contrast, two Chinese gentlemen in horn-rimmed spectacles. Into our pleasant chatter, just before we reached Verona, an Italian ticket-collector with a very unpleasing façade introduced a jarring note by discovering that the two Chinese, who had come from Buda-Pest and were bound for Paris, had not got tickets for the section between Venice and Milan. The usual row began, complicated by the fact that (*a*) the Chinese could not speak Italian, and (*b*) by a bit of bad luck the ill-educated fool of a ticket-collector could not speak Chinese. Into this row the man Percival saw fit for some obscure reason to intrude.

He started badly. He turned to the Chinese and was beginning: "You savvy no have got one-piecey ticket Milan . . ." when the elder Chinaman replied in perfect English with a strong American accent:—

"Thank you. I'm afraid I don't know Italian, but I was educated at Harvard and speak English fairly well. This muddle is the fault of the people at the Buda-Pest Travel Bureau, who have apparently missed out of our book the Venice-Milan ticket. Perhaps you could explain to the man?"

Percival, who loves to help, said confidently, "You leave this to me, John," and instantly joined battle. Through the medium of one of the Italians who seemed to understand his French, he began by telling Luigi, the ticket-collector, that the two Chinese had no tickets. This, being about the only thing that Luigi had grasped so far, did not seem to calm him. He replied angrily that they must pay. Percival, assuming in his large-hearted way that the Travel Bureau in question was Messrs. THOMAS COOK AND SON'S, when as a matter of fact it was not, said it was THOMAS COOK'S fault. Luigi, even more angry, was understood to say, then THOMAS COOK must pay. Percival started on another tack by stating that the Chinese had not the money. Luigi retorted that they must immediately get out at Verona. Percival said that they had already paid THOMAS COOK, and repeated that it was THOMAS COOK'S fault. Luigi, barely intelligible with fury, was understood to say, then THOMAS COOK must immediately get out at Verona. Percival said the Chinese had paid once and wouldn't pay again, and wouldn't get off either, so there. Luigi, muttering, "Aha! Time will show," or words to that effect, withdrew ominously.

A storm broke out when he left. I told Percival he was a fool, and Percival said he wasn't going to stand by and see innocent foreigners stranded in Italy, penniless. The two Italians talked reverently about "Il Duce," and the French lady talked to herself, while the Spaniard made several very cogent remarks which, had anybody been able to understand them, might have proved of the utmost value. A stray Swiss peeped in from the next carriage to see what it all was about and, having ascertained, came right in and prepared to take part. The Chinese alone remained unaffected and settled down to read magazines.

At Verona Luigi reappeared. "Now," he said, "here 's Verona. Either pay or get out and stay behind!"

"Not a cent will they pay, not a second will they stay," declaimed Percival automatically, and added that it was A. J. COOK'S fault.

The multi-lingual argument, now further complicated by a Russian and two Austrians from further down the train, raged round the compartment till the

windows rattled and suit-cases fell off the rack. Luigi threatened and pleaded and shrugged his shoulders and got sulky and finally wept, and the Chinamen read magazines. The only person who appeared to enjoy it all was the Russian, who was speaking fluent Czecho-Slovakian.

At last the train moved on, and Percival turned to his *protégés*: "Brescia is the only other stop before Milan, and at Milan your tickets become valid," he said. "You must sit tight past Brescia and you'll be all right."

Between Verona and Brescia we discussed the matter afresh. The time seemed to pass quickly. The Russian gentleman spoke a good deal of German and Swedish. The Spaniard made more subtle remarks which I was convinced had a bearing on the matter.

Meanwhile the Chinese started another magazine each.

At Brescia Luigi returned. He was fearfully excited as, apparently, he had to get off at Brescia. He had with him two very young Civil Guards in uniform.

"Will you pay?" he shouted.

"They are penniless!" shrieked Percival.

"Then throw them off!" he yelled to the Civil Guards.

The very young Civil Guards giggled and looked at each other. Luigi felt he was being let down.

"Do your duty!" he roared; and one of them at last shyly asked the Chinese to get off.

The Chinese, apparently aware for the first time that there was some sort of a disturbance in the carriage, asked what it was about. Five people explained in six languages, the Russian using two. Percival told the Civil Guards something about THOMAS COOK, and Luigi told his patron-saint something about Percival. In the middle of it the train moved off.

There was a rush. Luigi, breathing vengeance, fled to the station telegraph office and the Chinese remained triumphantly in the train. One of the Civil Guards also remained, having got trodden on in the crowd. He was carried on to Milan, protesting bitterly.

Between Brescia and Milan our carriage devoted itself to recapitulation, while the Russian talked Yiddish to someone in the corridor. The Spaniard made more remarks, and later the Russian interpreted them to us. The Spaniard, it turned out, had all the time merely been asking what the row was about. This discovery gave quite a fillip to the conversation.

As we drew into Milan we saw lined up on the platform the station-master, two officers, and a platoon of Italian Colonial Infantry with fixed bayonets.



Sportsman. "WANT A GOOD TIP FOR TO-DAY, ANTONIO?"
Antonio. "TANKS! I 'AVE 'AD SOME. ANTONIO NO LONGER BACK-A DE GEE—JUST BACK-A DE NUT."

The station-master was holding a telegram about the size of the front page of *The Times*, Luigi's swan-song from Brescia.

The Chinese and Percival were made to descend at the point of the bayonet. It appeared that we had lost the battle. But after a scene like a prize-fight on the platform Percival and the Chinese climbed in again. I asked Percival how on earth he managed it.

"I didn't," he replied in a bitter undertone. "They paid up. They had money all the time. They told me they hadn't realised they were being asked to *pay*."

As we moved off I saw the Russian on the platform. He was explaining the affair in Arabic to an Italian Colonial soldier.

A. A.

A Glimpse of the Obvious.

"It is hoped that this Patronal Festival will be a real parochial celebration, for centenaries only occur once every hundred years."
Provincial Paper.

"The office girl who reads a penny love story in the Tube may be gathering from it a knowledge of the construction of society which she would not acquire in any other way."
Evening Paper.

We think it quite likely.

À propos of the conferment of the Nobel prize on Mr. BERNARD SHAW:—

"Behind his flaming whiskers there beats a human heart, and even Nero was susceptible to the laudations of the people on his artistic prowess."—*Scots Paper.*

NERO had no heart. Mr. SHAW's flaming whiskers would have set him fiddling.

SIMPLE STORIES.

XV.—THE HIGHWAYMAN.

ONCE there was a highwayman, and he had a lovely horse called Black Prince, which could gallop faster than any other horse. And one day he was on Hounslow Heath and he saw a coach coming. So he thought he would stop it and see if the people inside had any money or gold watches or things like that.

So he stopped the coach, and the people were very frightened because of his black mask and his pistol, and they gave him all their money and their gold watches, and he galloped away with them on Black Prince.

Well directly he had done that some men on horses met the coach and they said oh here you are, we have been sent by the Lord Mayor of London to protect you from highwaymen, because Hounslow Heath is rather a favourite place with them.

And the coachman said well I wish you had come a little earlier because a highwayman has just been here and robbed us, I don't mind for myself, because I left all my money at home, but the passengers don't like it and if you can catch him and get their money and watches back they will be obliged to you.

So the men galloped after the highwayman and the coach went on to London.

Well the highwayman didn't think anybody would come after him so soon, so when he had galloped about a mile he let Black Prince walk, and he had taken off his black mask so he didn't look like a highwayman now, he looked more like a gentleman going out for a ride.

So presently the men caught him up, and they said have you seen a highwayman here lately?

And he didn't like telling stories, but he had to sometimes, so he said no.

And they said well that's funny because one has just robbed a coach on Hounslow Heath and he came this way so he ought to have passed you.

And he said well I can't help that, perhaps he has gone down a side road, and they said perhaps he has.

So they didn't quite know what to do, and suddenly the highwayman thought to himself well I don't think it was quite nice of me to tell them a story and they do look so silly, so he said well if you want to know I am the highwayman myself, and then he galloped away as hard as he could.

Well at first the men were so surprised that they didn't do anything, and then they said oh we must catch him or the Lord Mayor of London will be angry with us, and they all galloped after him, but of course they couldn't catch him because Black Prince could gallop much faster than their horses could, and so he got away.

Well the highwayman went on robbing coaches and he always got away because Black Prince galloped so fast that nobody could catch him. And that went on for some time and he got quite rich, and presently he said well I am rather tired of being a highwayman and Black Prince is getting old and has done a lot of galloping, so I think I will retire and live in a nice house with roses on it, and Black Prince can have a nice field to graze in and sometimes I can go for a ride on him, he is not too old for that.

So he did that, and he was quite happy except that he was rather lonely, so presently he said I think I had better get married, then I shan't be so lonely, and I should like to have some children, there was a dear little girl in that coach I robbed on Hounslow Heath and I should like to have one like her.

So he got married, and his wife was very nice, but one day she said to him where did you get that watch from? it is just like one my father used to have but a highwayman robbed him of it on Hounslow Heath.

And he said were you with him? and she said yes I was, I was only a little girl but I remember it quite well.

And he said well that's a funny thing because I didn't think I knew you when you were a little girl, but of course I remember you quite well because I was the highwayman myself and I thought how pretty you were.

Well she was rather shocked to hear he had been a highwayman, but she was pleased because he had thought she was pretty when she was a little girl, and she said well I'm glad you are not one now, but I do think you ought to give father back his watch.



"SHE WAS PLEASED BECAUSE HE HAD THOUGHT SHE WAS PRETTY WHEN SHE WAS A LITTLE GIRL."

And he said well I don't mind doing that, it is only fair and I have plenty more, but I would rather you didn't tell anybody I was a highwayman once if you don't mind.

And she said oh very well, if you promise not to do it any more.

So he promised, and after that they were very happy and had several children.

Well that went on for some time and then one day the Lord Mayor of London asked the highwayman to go to one of his banquets, but of course he didn't know that he had been a highwayman or he wouldn't have asked him.

So he dressed himself in his best clothes and got on to Black Prince and rode off to London.

Well as he was crossing Hounslow Heath he saw a highwayman galloping towards him, and he had just robbed a coach, and there were some men galloping after him, and they were the very same men who had tried to catch him when he was a highwayman himself.

And they recognised him at once and they stopped and said now we have got you.

So he said well you have, but what about the other highwayman? I will catch him for you if you like.

So he did that, because Black Prince could still gallop faster than any other horse if he didn't have to do it too often.

So then he said to the men well I have caught this highwayman for you, so now I suppose you won't tell the



Householder (to Burglar). "N-NOW I 'M GOING TO RING UP THE POLICE, AND IF YOU DROP YOUR HANDS I F-FIRE."

Lord Mayor of London that I was a highwayman myself once.

And they said they were very sorry but they must.

And he said well I do call that unfair, because I could have got away quite easily if I had wanted to.

And they said well yes you could, but we shall have to tell him all the same, but perhaps he will forgive you when he knows that you caught the other highwayman.

Well the Lord Mayor of London did forgive him, because he said it is a long time since you were a highwayman yourself and I don't believe in being hard on people.

And what was nice about him was that he let him come to his banquet all the same and didn't tell anybody that he had once been a highwayman, and he enjoyed himself very much.

And after that he was very happy and fond of his children, and when they grew up one of them became a clergyman.

A. M.

"'In 1066,' proceeded the preacher, 'William th Conqueror burned Southwark in the reign of King John. It was again burned in 1676.'"
Daily Paper.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR however had nothing to do with this second case of arson. He was dead by then.

THE UPHOLDERS.

BEST pair of friends, tested and tried,
In war and peace, mid joys and fears,
On whom I daily have relied
For ten long rolling years;

The day has come when we must part,
And, as for me, I understate
The truth in saying that my heart
Bleeds at this stroke of Fate.

In times of utmost strain and stress
You always bore the heaviest brunt,
You stood behind me and no less
You guarded me in front.

You braced me in my hours of need,
Helped me to laugh at Fortune's frown;
Your friendship was no broken reed—
You never let me down.

When glacial rigours chilled my blood
And both my hands grew stiff and numb,
When every finger was a dud
Or turned into a thumb,

Alas! repeatedly I gave
Vent to a temper vile and black,
But you, forgiving, patient, brave—
You never answered back.

Sheet-anchors, pillars, props and stays—
The lexicon I search in vain
For fitting terms to sing your praise,
O admirable twain!

Worn out with work, ye crave the rest
Your loyal life so richly wins,
But ere we part I hail ye, best
Of all the Textile Twins.

Before the close peculiar bond
That linked you with my life is snapped,
And Time, with his resistless wand,
Condemns you to be scrapped,

Companions and supporters true,
In strenuous as in peaceful times,
Blest pair of braces, unto you
I consecrate these rhymes.

A Burnt-offering.

From a clergyman's permit:—

"Two tons of coke for devotional purposes."

"Evidence for the plaintiff was to the effect that defendant's car ran into the bullock while going at a fast speed on the wrong side of the road; but defendant contended that the car was almost stationary when the animal ran into it."—*Irish Paper.*

And to make the animal's conduct worse it does not appear to have sounded its horn.

MRS. HASH.

(*A Serial Drama of the utmost importance. Begin at once, and buy the back-numbers.*)

IV.—MRS. HENN LOOKS IN AGAIN.

"WELL, Mrs. Hash, and how 's the 'Refined Bachelor'?"

"It 's friendly of you to look in, Mrs. Henn, but reely I don't know that I can tell you much, I 'm that breathless with emotion."

"Well, sit down and take it easy, dear. I 've all the day before me."

"Some people would say that these matters was too sacred for casual gossip, Mrs. Henn."

"Other people might say it was a misjudged individual called Florence Henn that wrote out a certain advertisement for *The Marriage Mart* and sent it to the paper and paid for it with her own money, and if she 's not to hear what happened after that then there 's no more gratitude in Fulham!"

"Lower the voice if you can, dear. There 's no knowing I mayn't swoon when I think of what 's took place."

"Well, have you hooked him or have you not?"

"Hooked him? It 's as much as I could do to tear myself out of his arms."

"Don't begin at the end, dear. Or was that the way he began?"

"No, dear. Well, we had dinner at Frascatti's, you see——"

"Frascatti's? I thought you was to meet by the band-stand in the Park."

"Well, so we did. It was after that we went to Frascatti's."

"Where 's that?"

"Where 's Frascatti's? Well, it 's difficult to say where a place is when you 're driving in a motor."

"A motor, eh?"

"A lounge-car, dear. But it 's in the Strand or somewhere, as you know very well."

"I don't know any such thing, Mrs. Hash; neither do you."

"Well, am I telling this story, or are you, Mrs. Henn?"

"You are, dear. Now, no offence. I 'm a bit queer to-day. You tell it how you like, dear. Is he handsome?"

"Handsome! Well, if you was to roll DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and the PRINCE OF WALES and poor old RUDOLPH into one they 'd look like chimney-sweeps beside him. You never saw such a man!"

"No, I dessay not. What 's he do?"

"Do? Well, you might say that he was a—a kind of Major Domo, like."

"What 's that?"

"Well, it 's difficult to say exactly, dear."

"I see. Go on, dear."

"Well, it was love at first sight, of *course*—on both sides. The moment I saw him I said, 'There 's my soul-mate,' I said."

"Your what?"

"Soul-mate, Mrs. Henn. And he said the same, because he told me so."

"Was this at the band-stand?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, when you both said, 'There 's my what-is-it' at the band-stand, did nobody send for the police?"



Landlady. "WHAT 'S THE MATTER, MR. SIKES? I ONLY SAID THERE WAS SOMETHING FOR YOU C.O.D."
Sykes. "BLIMEY! I THOUGHT YOU SAID C.I.D."

"We didn't say it in words, dear. It was in our eyes, like—under the surface—see?"

"I see. Well, what happened then?"

"Well, we talked for a bit. But all the time I could see he was only yearning for the moment when he could get me by himself. So presently we took the bus——"

"The bus, dear?"

"The motor, I should say. He called it his bus, you see. And the door hadn't hardly slammed before his arms was round me. And before I could say Jack Robinson our lips had met."

"Go on!"

"It 's the truth. Passionate? I never see such a man. A regular whirlwind, with his breath coming and going like that poor woman with asthma I told you about, and his eyes blazing like an underdone chop. After a bit he took to kissing my hair, just like the books. And once, Mrs. Henn, he pressed his burning lips to my ear."

"Which ear, dear?"

"What does it matter which ear?"

"Nothing, dear. Only didn't you have on that big hat with the feather?"

"No, dear, I had the toque."

"Well, that was a slice of luck, wasn't it? And what happened next?"

"Well, then, of course we just emptied out our souls. And he looked more like RUDOLPH every minute; and after a bit I had a fit of weeping. Tears of joy, dear. And then we got to Frascatti's and had *tarble doot*."

"What 's that, Mrs. Hash?"

"It 's a kind of fish, dear. Done up with trimmings and a yellow sauce."

"Well, I never heard of it. What did you have after that?"

"We had —— Well, you 'll understand, dear, I wasn't in much of a state to notice food, it isn't likely. I just sat back and sipped my wine."

"Oh, did you? Did Mr. Whirlwind make a good dinner?"

"His name 's not Whirlwind, it 's Treasure. Yes, he ate pretty hearty. Well, I mean, he toyed with a partridge. And then he had some caviare, and then he had a plate of olives and some port-wine. I took a caramel."

"What 's that?"

"It 's a liquoor, dear. Don't show your ignorance."

"Insults don't affect me, Harriet Hash, no more than a javelin in the martyr's breast, and you know it. What happened next?"

"Well, then he gave a shilling to the band and we had some dancing."

"The Charleston, I dessay?"

"Well, that among others, of course; but I don't care so much for it myself. The Albert is my favourite and always has been. Mr. Treasure 's a rare hand at the Albert."

"Do they dance the polka at Frascatti's, Mrs. Hash?"

"Not so much. Well, not like the Albert. But you 've only got to ask the band. There 's nothing they won't do for a gentleman like Treasure, and him coming from Chelsea, you see."

"And after that, I suppose, you named the happy day? When 's it to be, Mrs. Hash?"

"When 's what to be?"

"The wedding, Mrs. Hash."

"Nothing 's fixed, dear. We 're in no hurry, you see."

"Not after that scene in the motor,



First Old Lady (as hotel bus drives away). "WHAT A NICE STAFF, MY DEAR—SO ATTENTIVE!"
Second Old Lady. "YES, WASN'T IT SWEET OF THEM ALL TO BE AT THE DOOR TO SEE US OFF?"

dear? Not after his kissing the toque, and that? I thought he was a regular whirlwind, Mrs. Hash?"

"Well, there's reason in everything; there's no sense in galloping to the altar, not at my time of life. A person doesn't always know their own minds, not all at once."

"What about 'soul mates,' dear? And what about 'love at first sight'?"

"It seems to me, Mrs. Henn, there's *nothing* you hold sacred. And, if you want to know, I'm taking up a first-class situation in Chelsea from next Friday as ever is, so as to be near the loved one."

"A *situation!* You going to work again? Then you must be in a state."

"Cook, Mrs. Henn. Or *chef* rather. One of the first families in Chelsea. Three kept, Mrs. Henn, and a young girl."

"Well, I never! Chelsea, eh? Didn't you say Mr. Whirlwind lived in Chelsea?"

"Same house."

"*Same house!* *His* house, Mrs. Hash?"

"No, Mrs. Henn. Didn't I tell you he was a Major Domo?"

"You did, Mrs. Hash, and I'm no wiser than I was before. And as far as I can see this is just a common kidnapping case, and nothing else, and, before you know where you are, Harriet Hash, you'll find yourself being exported to South America. So there!"

"Don't excite yourself, dear."

"Well, I must speak as I find. What is a Major Domo, I'd like to know? Sounds fishy to me, I must say. How do you know it isn't only another name for an artist? You wouldn't like to wake up and find yourself an artist's model, I suppose, Mrs. Hash?"

"I wouldn't wish anyone to have a fit in my house, Mrs. Henn, so I may as well tell you that some might say that a Major Domo was a kind of butler."

"Butler, eh? And keeps his own motor, does he? Well, I don't like the sound of him. And, what's more, you can call me early-Victorian if you like, but if you think it's right to work in the same kitchen with a gentleman who's pressed his burning lips to your toque in a motor, then I don't, that's all."

"Perhaps that was only a manner of speaking, Mrs. Henn."

"You know best what lies you've been telling me, dear, but lies or no lies it was Florence Henn that wrote the fatal advertisement, and I'm responsible for you, and, if you're going to a rich house in Chelsea, my conscience tells me my place is at your side. And, trouble or no trouble, my dear, if it's only looking in for a cup of tea, no day shall dawn but what I satisfy myself that you've not been done to death by your Mr. Whirlwind, with his curious habits and his eyes like blazing chops!"

"Perhaps I was exaggerating, Mrs. Henn."

"Perhaps you was, Mrs. Hash, and perhaps you wasn't. But, if you was, you've overdone it—see? *Good* afternoon."

A. P. H.

"The newest style of toaster burns both sides of the bread at the same time."
Women's Paper.

Wasteful, we call it.

A WORD TO FEMALE PUNTERS.

How to Set a Good Example.

"I want you," said Patricia, "to put half-a-crown on Penny Bun for me."

"Sorry," I replied, "but a person who receives bets, even as an intermediary, is a bookmaker within the meaning of the Act. I cannot break the law."

"But surely so many persons are breaking the law just now that one more won't make any difference."

"Quite. But I think you ought to back up Mr. Churchill. You voted—I mean, had you reached years of discretion you would have voted—for his party."

"But that was before he taxed silk stockings and betting," she objected.

"Still, we must set a good example."

"Of course," she agreed, being always willing to set an example, especially when it has only just come from Paris.

"I suppose," she continued, "you yourself are giving up betting?"

"Business with my bookmaker," I said, "as usual."

"Then you can take him my half-crown."

"I don't take him any money. It 's not legal. He 's a credit bookmaker."

"I didn't actually offer you the half-crown," she said.

"I must admit," I replied, "that in all your betting transactions you have never insulted me with money. Cash has never passed between us except on the rare occasions when you have spotted a winner."

"Then that 's all right," she said breezily.

"But it isn't," I objected. "I should then be a credit bookmaker and I should be bound to take out a Bookmaker's Certificate, with my photograph in the top left-hand corner."

"How jolly!" she exclaimed. "You might be able to turn an honest penny. Bookmakers do awfully well."

"The certificate costs ten pounds," I explained, "and, if my only customer bets in half-crowns——"

"That 's just a beginning. I 'm sure I could get you heaps of clients."

"You don't propose to stand at the street corner and collect shillings and betting slips?"

"I hadn't thought of that. All I want at the moment is half-a-crown on Penny Bun. Apparently that will cost you ten pounds."

"At the very least. It is not clear whether I should have to register this room as an office at an additional charge of ten pounds. Even then it would not be legal to receive your bet over the breakfast-table. The proper procedure would be for you to go to the nearest telephone kiosk, ring me up and whisper the name of your fancy into the receiver. At the end of the week I should send you by post a cheque for your winnings or a bill for your losses. Probably the latter."

"There seems a lot of red-tape about it," she said.

"Still, we must set a good example."

"Quite," agreed Patricia. "I 'd better make other arrangements."

"Opening a credit with my bookmaker for yourself?"

"No, I hate to pay when the race is over. It 's just paying for nothing."

"I 've noticed your reluctance. But what else can you do, consistent with setting a good example?"

"I shall just give half-a-crown to cook," she explained. "She will give it to the milkman who knows a man who stands in front of the "Green Dragon——"

FICTION AND FACT.

We have received a spirited manifesto from the President of the Normal Novelists Association protesting against the charges brought against contemporary writers of fiction in a recent issue of *The Times*.

The right of this body to a hearing is sufficiently established, as the President observes in his opening remarks, by the facts that the membership already runs into five figures and that the annual circulation of copies of their works is to be reckoned at not less than ten millions. We cannot reproduce the manifesto in its entirety, owing to its length, but must be satisfied with a summary of its contents.

The attack in *The Times* grew out of some criticisms of official English, on the score of its ineptitude, and Mr. Ellis, the writer of the letter, declared that our novelists were even greater offenders, and gave a number of examples to substantiate his charge. These the President of the N.N.A. proceeds to examine.

Novelists are assailed for representing girls as habitually "tripping." It is pointed out that no better phrase could be found for the characteristic gait of the vigorous and athletic damsels of to-day. If you watch them as in their thousands they flock to and from their work, it is impossible to deny the appropriateness of the word to the lightness and agility of their movements. Moreover, what better phrase can be devised to express their movements in holiday times? It is the essence of trippers to trip, as it is of flappers to flap and bounders to bound. The practice of "leaping in and out of taxis," which Mr. Ellis declares to have no correspondence with fact, is, on the contrary, common form amongst the younger generation and is traceable to the nimbleness acquired in dancing and athletic sports.

Still more unfortunate is the laboured and unconvincing objection of Mr. Ellis to the expression, "selecting a cigarette." What else can a smoker do? He does not put two into his mouth at once. He must and invariably does select or, if you prefer it, pick or choose one, and the need of this selection is all the more imperative when it is remembered that the cigarette case often contains examples of different brands. Finally, Mr. Ellis scornfully derides the practice of writers of sensational fiction who speak of people who "double-lock" doors, on the ground that it can't be done. Yet within three days of the publication of his letter another correspondent of *The Times* writes from a house in which there are sixteen locks, all of which can be double-locked.

But the sting of the N.N.A.'s manifesto lies in the last paragraph. "Why," asks the President, "seek to convict sane and benevolent novelists of solecisms and ineptitudes on the strength of phrases which are simple, legitimate and correct, and leave untouched and unrebuked the hideous jargon affected by the abnormal school who discard action for introspection, and substitute for healthy excitement and happy endings a perpetual wallowing in the drains and dustbins of humanity?"

A special *Matinée* will be given at the New Scala Theatre on December 8, at 2.30, in aid of the National Adoption Society, whose work is to find homes for homeless children. A new play, *Forfeits*, being a light comedy in Three Acts, by Maxwell Anderson and Ethel Dane, will be produced by Henry Oscar. Tickets may be obtained from the President of the Society, the Marchioness of Titchfield, 16, Portman Square, W.1, and inquiries for information should be addressed to the Secretary, National Adoption Society, 4, Baker Street, W.1.

* * *

A Ball will be held at the New Chenil Galleries, Chelsea, on December 3, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. Among the stewards are several of Mr. Punch's artists. Tickets (£1 1s., including supper) may be obtained from the Honble. Mrs. Brooke, 21D, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.3. (Telephone: Kensington 4688.)

From a description of Prince Carol of Roumania:—

"The Prince is 5 feet 11 inches tall and well-built."—*American Paper.*

They ought to call him Prince Carillon.



Mother (to Peggy who has become bored with the story and has stealthily removed her head-phones). "WHAT'S THE MATTER, DEAR? HAS THE TALE FINISHED?"

Peggy. "HUSH, MUMMY—SHE THINKS I'M STILL LISTENING."

THE SNAP-SHOT TERROR.

(A householder recently captured a burglar by presenting a camera at him.)

THOUGH some may reckon it a foolish blunder
Occasioned by your highly nervous state
That made you lose at once all lust for plunder
When fronted with a photographic plate,
I am not one of those who would deride you,
I hold, nor do I doubt that I am right,
Even a villain of a deeper-dyed hue
Might well have paled in fright.

I too find cameras destroy my vigour;
The merest glimpse of one my manhood saps
By bringing back to mind again the figure
I cut in my Elaine's vacation snaps,
Who, now the chemist's toil has crowned her labour,
Brings out the finished prints for all to see
And proudly shows to every friend and neighbour
The libels that are me.

I realise the fears that set you quaking;
I know exactly why it was that you
Preferred that the police should do the "taking,"
And I endorse the wisdom of your view;
You 've chosen well, although a convict's crust is
Like in the future to become your lot;
The judge, at any rate, will do you justice;
The camera would not.

LOOKING AHEAD:

OR, LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A SUPER-DICTATOR.

THINGS very quiet here lately since the Tutti Frutti Trial. Must try to make them hum . . .

* * *

Following on arrest of General Risotto at Ventimiglia by my men on charge of demanding an *omelette aux fines herbes*, have made myself Minister of European Interior. This my eighteenth portfolio. Issued edict that all cooking by Italian *chefs* throughout the Riviera to be done with oil. Delight in Lucca.

* * *

Discontent in France. Bread bâton fighting along the Côte d'Azur. Fear in England that the trouble may spread to Soho. A *bombe* has been thrown at Geneva. Have rescinded edict and substituted order that no stakes in casinos are to be laid on *rouge*, but only upon *noir*. Croupiers with me to a man.

* * *

Put forward my idea for redecorating the Sistine Chapel, bringing the *motifs* more into a line with *fascismo*. His HOLINESS annoyed. Have compromised by proposing to rebuild Roman Forum, now greatly in need of repair.

* * *

American citizen arrested in Florence yesterday for speaking of me as a wop. Find it difficult to understand intricacies of the American tongue. Pardoned A. C. on condition that he rode through Florence seated on a white bullock, facing tail and reciting passages from DANTE'S *Inferno*. Foolish protest from American Consulate.

* * *

Shown copy of *The Baltimore Sun*, containing headlines—

ITALIAN FLAGWAGGER GETS FRESH.
WOP UNDIGNIFIED NAME FOR FELLOW-COUNTRYMAN OF DANTE, HE SAYS.

Have declared war on U.S.A.

* * *

War with United States averted on receipt of apology from President COOLIDGE, containing recognition of fact that COLUMBUS was native of Genoa, and America only really self-governing colony of Italy. Relief in Washington.

* * *

Financial crisis in Athens. Offer to stabilise the lepta.

* * *

Have decided to rename all public streets and squares in Italy now called after GARIBALDI, VITTORIO EMANUELE, or CAVOUR. Competition started in national newspapers to hit upon good substitute for original names. All suggestions sent in to bear full signature and address of competitor. Greatest excitement prevails.

* * *

Everybody wins competition. Had never expected this.

* * *

Interviewed BENEDETTO CROCE and PIRANDELLO to explain my theory of æsthetic criticism and dramatic construction on national lines. Both tremendously interested. Decided to burn all copies of SHAKESPEARE found on Italian soil, owing to line, "This was the noblest Roman of them all," applied to *Brutus* and put into the mouth of *Mark Antony*. Think of extending the same ban to GOETHE, not liking his *Faust*.



Husband (pulling up). "SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE CAR. DO YOU HEAR THAT INTERMITTENT TICKING?"
Wife. "OH, THAT'S BABY, DEAR. SHE'S GOT HICCUPS."

* * *

BRIAND in financial difficulties again. Offer to stabilise the sou.

* * *

Under great pressure from heads of Fascist organisations, was three times offered laurel crown in now reconstructed Forum. Rejected offer each time with suitable speech.

* * *

Proposed to annex Dalmatia. Dissuaded by League of Nations.

* * *

Proposed to divide all Gaul into three parts. Dissuaded by M. POINCARÉ.

* * *

Issue command to all Italian hot-chestnut vendors in London to greet each other with the Roman salute and cry of "*Ave, Imperator!*" Unfavourable comment in England owing to congestion in the Strand.

* * *

Command withdrawn on condition that hot chestnuts are served with every meal at National Liberal and Reform Clubs. Reported indigestion of Mr. RUNCIMAN.

* * *

Intention to reinaugurate the Holy Roman Empire strongly discouraged by Mr. Hilaire Wells of England, who has villa in Provence. Supported, however, by another Englishman, Mr. H. G. Belloc, who seems to have vendetta with Mr. Hilaire Wells. Persuade Mr. H. G. Belloc to waylay Mr. Hilaire Wells at Bordighera with jawbone of paleolithic man. Favourable comments by English Press.

* * *

Annex Spain. Annoyance of Spaniards who have not been informed. Relent and return it.

* * *

Divert attention momentarily to West Africa, and offer to stabilise the cowrie. Chorus of approval by Ashantis, signalised by beating of elephant drums.

* * *

Offer to arrange B.B.C. programmes in England. Still awaiting reply from Downing Street.

* * *

Propose to subjugate Russia. General relief in European embassies. Encouragement from M. BALDWIN. Consternation in Moscow. M. BRIAND offers me a Balaclava helmet. Lira stabilised at par.

EVOE.

"Lady, who dropped rum through pocket, asks for personal appointment, final explanation."—*Advt. in Birmingham Paper.*

This sort of accident obviously needs a good deal of explaining.

"This is the age of the spurious. More than ever is the Wordsworthian warning needed—things certainly are not what they seem."
Morning Paper.

Very like the Longfellovian admonition.

"New York's newest night club has a mirrored dance floor and the tables are covered with glass, under which golf fish swim."
Scots Paper.

Lifted (without penalty) from the Golf Stream.

"Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bartlett, of California, have done 275,000 miles of their walk round the world. They arrived this week at Southampton on board the *Aquitania*, to begin another stage of their walk."—*Scots Paper.*

We look forward eagerly to the completion of the twelfth lap.



YES—



THERE 'S



NO—



DOUBT—



ABOUT—



IT—



AT—



ALL.



TRAVEL—



DOES—



BROADEN—



ONE.



Distressed Shopper. "OH—EXCUSE ME—BUT *HAVE* YOU GOT MY HUSBAND HIDDEN THERE?"

ABOUT SPOT.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S SONG.

I 've got, I 've got a little dog, Spot,
A little dog, Spot, have I;
His eyes are bright like the candle-light
And he 's just a candle high;
And, ones and twos, he eats your shoes
When he can't have pudding or pie.

His coat 's all rough like wriggly stuff,
He 's white like a white snowball,
And his tuppeny tag of a tail can wag
Till it can't be seen at all;
And, twos and threes, he 's very few fleas,
And he 'll *often* come when you call.

And, beautiful sight, where his back 's all white—
Oh, beautiful sight to view!—
There 's a beautiful splotch like a round gold watch
Of a beautiful golden hue;
And, threes and fours, when he scratches doors
They 'll open and he 'll trot through.

Whenever he 's glad he runs like mad,
But when he is sad he 'll sit,
But I ought to add that he never is sad,
He never is sad a bit;
And, fours and fives, when dinner arrives
He 's just as ready as it.

When shadows of rooks wheel round he looks,
Then chases them all like sheep;
In the red, red, red geranium-bed
He 'll bury a bone most deep;
And, fives and sixes, he licks and licks his
Wet paws while he goes to sleep.

They tell me, "Jane, just take the train
When next the weather is fine,
For there 's lots and lots of beautiful Spots
A little way down the line;"
But, sixes and sevens, I don't believe *heaven* 's
A beautiful Spot like mine—
Snips and snails
And puppy-dogs' tails,
As pretty a Spot as mine.

P. R. C.

The New Shakespeare.

"Leontes, raving over the grave of Ophelia, is left far behind by this 500-mile motorist to Tintern Abbey and back."—*Literary Journal.*

Poor *Laertes* doesn't seem even to have started.

"An anonymous gift of £18,000 was received yesterday by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool towards the fund for the preservation of the famous Liverpool Blue Coast School."—*Morning Paper.*

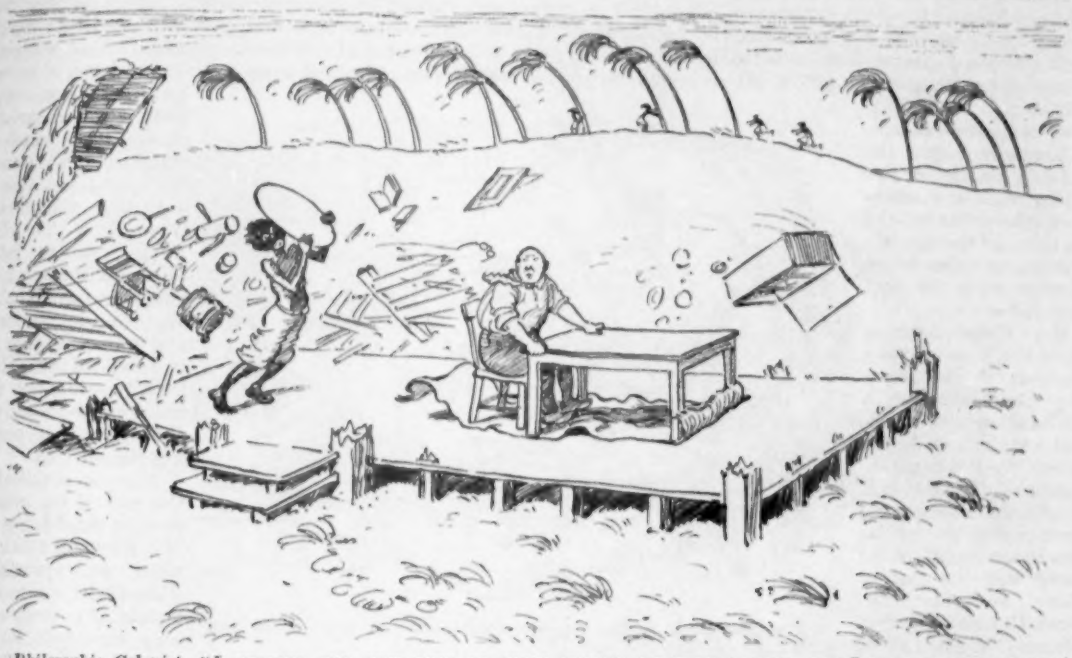
We never knew that Liverpool boasted a *Côte d'azur.*

"His Highness the Maharajah of —— gave birth to a daughter; the event was announced by the usual salute of guns from the Royal Artillery."—*Indian Paper.*

Surely this unique event deserved an extra salvo.



BACK TO THE FORGE.



Philosophic Colonist. "I SUPPOSE ONE GETS USED TO THESE HURRICANES AFTER A WHILE, BUT I *do* WISH THEY WOULDN'T COME AT MEAL-TIMES."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 15th.—Possibly Dr. LEONARD HILL'S description (not new, of course) of the House as a place of hot heads and cold feet (*he* charitably blames it on the ventilating system) had reached the ears of certain Members when they assembled this afternoon. At any rate the POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S speech on the new Broadcasting Corporation made no heads hot and no feet cold, except perhaps those of Mr. HARNEY and Mr. HORE-BELISHA, who declared that broadcasting should be left, like the Press, to competitive private enterprise. Beyond this formal warming of the Free Trade fetish's clammy feet of clay, there was no real opposition to the Corporation or its proposed activities. Mr. GRAHAM doubted the advisability of maintaining the existing ban on controversial subjects and declared that in the absence of controversy the public would get inanity and platitude, which would frighten off listeners-in who wanted stronger meat "even under a system of broadcasting."

He thought the newspapers had driven a hard bargain and were in error in so doing since the broadcasting of news had everywhere been found to stimulate the demand for the printed word. On the whole he acclaimed the proposals as a fine piece of "business-like Socialism." Sir F. SYKES regretted that it had not been found possible to arrange that the Corporation should "act as a channel for communications for all Government departments who wished to issue broadcasting notices." It *would* be jolly if the Announcer could suddenly break off from the football results to tell William Brown of Surbiton to look in the letter-box for a present from Uncle Income-Tax Collector.

Mr. DAVIES favoured the broadcasting of political speeches. It would enable politicians who could not induce people to come to their meetings to get at them willy nilly. Captain FRASER thought there must be a golden mean between complete prohibition and the inclusion of a speech by Mr. SAKLATVALA. Mr. HORE-BELISHA suggested that broadcasting ought to be "given the dignity of a profession." At present apparently it is simply a London calling.

All this occupied a very short time, and the House, having given Second Readings to the Horticultural and Fertilizers and Feeding Stuffs Bills, proceeded to "seek its straw in some sequestered grange" at the early hour of 8.40.

At Question-time Captain HACKING was questioned by Sir WILLIAM DAVISON about a hundred-and-seventy Russian aliens who had been granted permission to reside in England. He explained that they had arrived at Southampton *en route* for the United States in 1923, but would not be allowed to land in their spiritual home for another three years. Instead of these people—of whom a hundred-and-thirty were women and children—being kept in the Eastleigh Transmigrants' Hostel any longer they were to be turned over to a committee which guaranteed that they should not displace British workers. Mr. MACQUISTEN asked if it would not be possible to employ them while they were here in teaching the Russian language to the members of the Labour Party.

Tuesday, November 16th.—Sir FRANK MEYER suggested that in one-way streets the cab-ranks should be put against the kerb "so that pedestrians could have an uninterrupted view of the traffic." The present system, by which the pedestrian merely gets a glimpse of the traffic from underneath, has the Minister's attention, but the proposed arrangement, Colonel ASHLEY explained, would "interfere with the shop frontages." Pedestrians who don't want *their* frontages interfered with can go round another way.

We have long suspected that Publicity, instead of being the handmaiden of Knowledge, has become its mistress. The fear was confirmed when the POSTMASTER-GENERAL informed Mr. WALTER BAKER that sales of the *Post Office Historical Summary* had been insufficient to warrant the expense of bringing it up to date. We shall never learn what they paid the humourist who invented the new telephone-booth with knobs.

Viscount SANDON asked the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY if he was aware that the Government spent eighteen hundred pounds on *Bradshaws* and *A.B.C.'s*. Mr. RONALD MCNEILL thought the sum modest. It had been larger. It will be a sad day for the nation when a Government official has to take his mind off the nation's business in order to remember when the next train home starts.

Mr. HORE-BELISHA asked the POSTMASTER-GENERAL if Parliamentary Candidates might not be allowed to broadcast a statement of their policy. The POSTMASTER-GENERAL thought not. Would the POSTMASTER then extend the inhibition to the leaders of his party and the Labour Party and his (Mr. HORE-BELISHA'S) party? "Name?" shouted Members invitingly; but Mr. HORE-BELISHA was not giving any secrets away.

The debate in Committee on the Relief of Unemployment vote found the ladies mustered in strength. All were present except the Duchess of ATHOLL, and all spoke; but the unanimity of opinion that usually manifests itself on such occasions was painfully absent. Only the presence of the softer sex in large numbers prevented the debate from becoming red in tooth and claw.

In the beginning Sir KINGSLEY WOOD and Mr. LANSBURY raged together in the pernickety way men have, arguing for the most part, with some aid from the CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES, as to what they were or should be talking about. Lady ASTOR exhibited an irregular but not unnatural desire to make Mr. LANSBURY'S speech for him, and the Member for Bow and Bromley made the tactical error of telling the lady to hold her tongue. The lady held it, but when later it came into legitimate play a number of things had occurred to it that Mr. LANSBURY'S party particularly dislike to hear.

First, however, Miss SUSAN LAWRENCE spoke. It was a sound and impressive appeal for a more equitable distribution of the burden of rates, which at present fall hardest on the districts hardest hit by industrial depression and therefore least able to bear it. Miss LAWRENCE is one of the few Labour Members who do not suffer from the inferiority complex and can at all times forget her Party and stick to her subject. She was complimented and supported by Mr. DIXEY and Mr. HARNEY. Then came Miss WILKINSON, Labour's incomparable sob-sister. Her picture of the hapless condition of the unemployed working-people owing money for rates, owing money for relief, with distress-warrant tickets on their furniture and commitment orders hanging over the breadwinner's head, was poignant enough, and only failed to be more so because it was somewhat over-coloured by passages in which the whole hideous blame was laid upon the callous and incapable Conservative Government. Then Lady ASTOR rose to inform Miss WILKINSON in no uncertain terms that the blame must rest upon her and her colleagues who had shouted in the House that they did not want industrial peace and went about the country preaching class hatred.



The Chief Cook. "COME ON; WE CAN'T HAVE TOO MANY COOKS FOR THIS JOB."

LORD CECIL, LORD OXFORD AND LORD PARMOOR.

Mere men talked for the rest of the evening, the last word being with Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, who proclaimed himself the stoutest advocate of a more equitable substitute for the present rating system, if the "insuperable difficulties" could be overcome. The Vote was agreed to.

Wednesday, November 17th.—In the old nigger-minstrel troupes there used to function a gentleman, usually addressed as "Mass' Johnsun," whose business it was to pave the way for the witticisms of Mr. Bones the corner-man and other members of the troupe. Lord PARMOOR fulfils a like function for such of the Government troupe as perform in the House of Lords. Lord PARMOOR "calls the attention of the House" to this and that, offers a few provocative criticisms and then makes courteous way for the Ministerial statement that follows.

To-day he elicited a statement from Lord CECIL OF CHELWOOD on the subject of disarmament, but not until Lord OXFORD had added the weight of Liberal comment to the provocative remarks. Stripped of a good deal of pompous verbiage the gist of both critics' remarks was that it was high time the British Government made concrete proposals for disarmament. Lord OXFORD suggested that, if the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would come to Parliament next Session with a proposal to meet the nation's financial difficulties



Mr. WHEATLEY (Architect). "DON'T ALLOW THAT FELLER TO TINKER WITH IT. LET IT TUMBLE DOWN, AND I'LL BUILD YOU A BRAND-NEW ONE—SOME DAY."



Husband. "I 'VE MORE BILLS TO MEET THAN I CAN SETTLE, AND YOU 'VE JUST BOUGHT TWO MORE FROCKS AND ANOTHER HAT! AT THIS RATE I SHALL SOON BE IN THE WORKHOUSE."

Wife. "I DO THINK YOU 'RE SELFISH TO TALK LIKE THAT. DON'T YOU SEE HOW MISERABLE YOU MAKE ME?"

by cutting down unproductive expenditure on the Services, he would be conferring a benefit on the civilized world.

In the House of Commons the SPEAKER had occasion to warn Members to mind their adjectives. The offender in this case was Sir F. HALL, who left the adjective "widespread" lying about in a question on the abuse of the dole, to the annoyance of Mr. BATEY and others. The SPEAKER said he spent a lot of time striking out Members' adjectives, but this one had eluded him. Sir FREDERICK promised to keep it on the chain in future.

The House debated the Housing (Rural Workers) Bill in Committee. It enables money to be spent on repairs to agricultural dwellings, one-third each being paid by the owner, the local authority and the State. Labour criticism, led by Mr. WHEATLEY, was chiefly directed to the fact that the money can be used to turn stables and other buildings into dwellings. This Mr. WHEATLEY construed into an attempt to house agricultural labourers in buildings in which the bloated plutocrat was unwilling to house his handsome limousine. The House, which knows how sought-after are hundreds of London residences that were formerly stables, merely laughed.

Thursday, November 18th.—The House of Lords gave a Second Reading to a Bill prohibiting the employment without permission of the Law Society, of a solicitor who has been struck off the rolls. Lord BANBURY made a characteristic but unsuccessful speech in support of Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH'S proposed amendment to the Lead Paint (Protection against Poisoning) Bill, Clause 2, which prohibits the employment of women to paint buildings with lead paint. Lord BANBURY thought that if women were fit to vote they were fit to decide whether they would poison themselves or not.

Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, questioned about the stag-hunt in which the stag, having been rescued from the sea by motor-boats, had its throat cut on the pier, said that, short of making stag-hunting illegal, he did not see what could be done. It would seem that cutting the animal's throat, instead of sending it to the Zoo or phoning up the local abattoir, is one of the stag-hunter's most cherished privileges.

The second reading of the Consolidated Fund Appropriation Bill (No. 2) provoked another debate on the question of relief by Boards of Guardians in necessitous areas. Mr. GREENWOOD accused the MINISTER OF HEALTH of "administering the Poor Law of 1834 in the spirit of 1834." Lieut-Colonel HEADLAM likened the attitude of the workman of to-day to that of the Romans who clamoured for "bread and circuses."

On the motion to adjourn, Mr. CLYNES raised the question of banned meetings, and Labour Members had a good go at the HOME SECRETARY, who, however, is well able to hold his own on such occasions. He maintained that in banning the meetings of Communists who were determined to continue the stoppage, when the Labour leaders were in London trying their best to effect a settlement, he had done the Labour Party a signal service.



New member of syndicate shoot. "WHAT ABOUT SHOOTING FOXES?"
Managing member. "WE LIMITS THEM TO TWO-AND-A-'ALF BRACE. MUST BE SPORTS."

NAMES, NAMES.

A PAMPHLET which has reached me advertising a certain new and ingenious device for registering your personality contains some astonishing facts concerning British surnames, and as I perused it there came back to my memory one of the most perturbed and peevish men that I ever met.

"I have had," he said, "an amazing experience and I still tingle from it. Listen. I was sitting in the waiting-room of a small station when a fellow came up to me with a bright smile and his hand outstretched. His face was totally unfamiliar to me, but evidently mine was one that he thought he recognised. Feebly I took his hand and shook it—by the way, what a stupid convention this is; can't it be stopped? So often they're limp too, even damp—perhaps I even forced a smile. But still I had no notion who he was.

"He was what is called affable. Effusive even. He said how pleasant it was to meet me again, and really seemed to think so; to such an extent indeed that I hadn't the heart to discourage so much good feeling, and so, like a coward, I capitulated. For fear of dashing the spirits of this misguided stranger and turning his cordial expression into mortification or shame, I affected to know him as well as he knew me, and by way of keeping up the illusion I asked him, 'How's Smith?' This I thought would be so safe. The world is full of Smiths."

He paused.

"Yes?" I said.

"Well, what do you think happened? He told me about Smith. So far as I can reconstruct his words, he said, 'Smith. Ah, yes, it's very sad. You haven't heard, then? Smith's had a stroke. He was as right as rain in the morning. Went off to the City just as usual, his wife assures me. I'll tell her you asked after him; she'll be grateful. Went off to the City just as usual, and the next thing she heard he was in a hospital. What it all means no one knows, for there's no sign of private worry. His head clerk says that everything is straight and prosperous. He doesn't seem to have had any private complications. It's true that he was a big shareholder in a rubber thing that's gone wrong, but everyone expects that to get all right again. No, it's a mystery. Let's see—how old would you say he was?'

"Here again I ought to have replied that I had no idea. But instead I hazarded sixty-three.

"'No,' said this bore. 'Fifty-nine. Not a day more. You know how some men look younger than they are, and some older. Well, Smith looked older. I know I'm right; his wife told me. I'll tell her you asked after him. Poor woman, it will comfort her.'

"And so," said my friend, "it went on until our trains came in and we parted. To this hour I don't know who he was.

"Well," he resumed quickly, "that was yesterday. Will you believe that the same thing happened to me to-day? I had exactly the same experience, and again I hadn't the pluck to destroy the fellow's complacency by saying that I didn't know him from Adam. There's a saying that we live and learn, but it's a lie. We don't learn; at least I don't. But I didn't resort to the Smiths again. I asked him how Brown was.

"'Brown,' he said, 'Brown's fine. He's like a dog with two tails. His second girl's just become engaged to an American millionaire and he sees before him a life of luxury and ease. Yachting and all the rest of it. You remember the girl, the fair one with the thin legs. What the Yankee can see in her!—but that's a foolish remark, anyway. The other girl's much more in my line, and, if I remember rightly, much more in yours too, considering the way you carried on with her on the river last summer.'

"Here I invented a telephone call that I had to make, and escaped. But what an extraordinary chance! Who on earth can he think I was? On the river! I loathe the river. It's a very dangerous world, and never again will I pretend to know anyone—never."

You will agree that it is no wonder that this conversation came back to me when I tell you that, according to this pamphlet, there are 530,000 SMITHS in this country, of whom 204,000 are J. SMITHS. There are 320,000 BROWNS, and 425,000 JONESES. There are 120,000 MORRISES (I mean the name, not the car), and of these how many do you think might be confused with WILLIAM, the author of *The Earthly Paradise?* Five thousand four hundred. There are 135,000 LEWISES, but to what extent these are (like some of the MORRISES) Anglicised names for Hebrews is not stated. DAVIES again is a name to which the Jew is partial, and there are 180,000 of them.

These figures are odd; but at the other extreme there are some that are even odder. We expect multiplication from the ordinary names; but the extraordinary should be rare indeed. Yet they are not. How many people, do you think, are named BEETLE? One hundred-and-fifty. And COFFEE? Fifty-four. And TEA? Twelve. There are as many as 435 persons named FIDO, which seems a little unjust to the kennel, and only nine fewer named GOTOBED (not SOTOBED, as admirers of Mr. EDMUND GWENN might think).

We always knew that America was so tactless as to have a WINSTON CHURCHILL, but England, it seems, has eight; and how amusing it would be to stand them in a row and compare their hats! The multiplication of WINSTON CHURCHILLS is a great blow; but almost worse is the information that there are thirty BERNARD SHAWS. Have any or all of the other twenty-nine, I wonder, put in a claim for the NOBEL Prize for Literature, which the great GEORGE has surrendered? According to my arithmetic £6,500 divided by 30 is £216 13*s.* 4*d.* each—well worth having. E. V. L.



Wife. "LOOK RATHER SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS, DON'T THEY, ARTHUR?"
Husband. "OH, NO, DEAR—*THEY HAVEN'T A CAR.*"

THE ORNITHOLOGIST.

I KNEW a man of manners mild,
As sane and simple as a child,
Who roamed the Outer Hebrides
And lived for weeks on nuts and cheese
(His only other food was hope),
Seeking the red-necked phalarope.
He had the pluck of twenty men;
Twice he was savaged by a wren,
And once, when searching for a twite,
He spent a really horrid night
Hanging suspended by his bags
From one of Scotland's highest crags.
He walked from Sunderland to Hull
To see a greater black-backed gull,
And rode two hundred miles by bike
To find a butcher-bird or shrike.
He hid himself in hollow logs
And crouched for hours in dismal bogs
Regardless of the fiercest gales
To watch for *Rallidæ* (or rails).
In course of time the man went daft;
He rowed to Iceland on a raft,
To hunt for auks that no one 's seen
Since, roughly, 1817.
And when they said, "The bird 's extinct,"
He chuckled to himself and winked.
In spite of what was prophesied,
When last I heard he hadn't died;
A schooner saw him drifting west,
And heard him shout, "I sail in quest
Of dodos—spelt D-O-D-O,
Didus ineptus! Cheerio!"

A Real Traffic Reform.

"The one great advantage of turning Lower Regent-street into a one-way street lies in the relieving of congestion of Piccadilly-bound traffic."—*Evening Paper.*

"Those . . . who will neither work themselves nor let others do so place themselves out of court. It is noticeable, too, that these methods of the hotheads . . . are directly contrary to the law."—*Provincial Paper.*

So they may find themselves in court after all.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE WOULD-BE GENTLEMAN" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

WHATEVER the purists may say it is better, I submit, to have MOLIÈRE'S vital evergreen comedy Ansteyed and Playfaired into a new shape and mood than not to have it at all. "F. ANSTEY," creator of *Mr. Bultitude* and (in Mr. Punch's pages) *Baboo Jabberjee*, has performed an exceedingly neat feat of compression, with some additions and glosses of his own. The essence of the action remains, if the subtler wit and comment of the great comic genius have been cut away and the comedy has become a farce-burlesque. Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR has played variations upon the theme in the Hammersmith mode, and it is pleasant to see how ingenious he can be without too obviously repeating himself, and with what naïve enjoyment he fills out the part of *M. Jourdain*, an enjoyment which puts his loyal audience in good humour from the first and keeps them amused till the extravagant end. There is more to this snobbish cit than Mr. PLAYFAIR puts into the part, but he is doubtless right in making him a mere figure of fun in the mood which Mr. ANSTEY'S free adaptation has imposed.

Mr. NORMAN WILKINSON'S designs for the decorations and the dresses are as good as anything he has given us. Some inconsistency, I think, there may be in putting the would-be gentleman, whose taste in clothes is so fantastically execrable, in a room of such tactful delicate colouring. It is not likely that he inherited it from his predecessor, as *Madame Jourdain* expressly tells us that the decorators and upholsterers have only just been got out of the house. Perhaps however the *Comte de Château-Gaillard* took the business off his hands, pocketing doubtless a liberal commission from the contracting firm. The incidental "decoration"—the dancing of Miss PENELOPE SPENCER, which is always lively and varied, and the songs of Mr. ALFRED REYNOLDS—were delightfully in place. Mr. MILES MALLESON, who generally has some new trick up his sleeve, offered us a most diverting grotesque, an elderly dancing faun instructing his bashful son (Miss PENELOPE SPENCER) how to conduct the business of making love to the musical comedy nymph (Miss FRANCES JAMES), effectively burlesquing the dramatic resourcefulness and the lithe antics of another memorable faun, that of the incomparable NIJINSKY.

A further interesting surprise was the appearance of Mr. EDMOND X. KAPP, one of the small band of our authentic caricaturists, not only actually playing the recorder as to the manner born, but acting with an excellent discretion and in no way betraying his presumed lack of technical experience. Miss SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER'S good-humouredly shrewish *Madame Jourdain* was a delightful



THE WOULDN'T-BE GENTLEWOMAN.
Mme Jourdain . MISS SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER.

piece of broad comedy, as you would expect. Mr. WILLIAM STACK'S *Dorante* let too little of this callous unabashed cadger peep through the gallant, though one supposes that MOLIÈRE meant you



THE MAKING OF A MAMAMOUCHI.
M. Jourdain . . . . . MR. NIGEL PLAYFAIR.
The Mufti . . . . . MR. MILES MALLESON.

to assume that there was nothing against the aristocratic code of the day in plucking the city gent and exploiting his pretentious snobbery for your own amorous ends. Miss VIOLET GRAHAM made a most charming *Dorimène*; Mr. CARLETON HOBBS an attractive *Cléonte*, the only decent gentleman in the piece, and not technically a gentleman at all. Miss FLORENCE MCHUGH gave us a very pretty pert maid in her *Nicole*, and Miss FAY YEATMAN a charming doll in her *Lucille*. Mr. JAMES WHALE as the sardonic lackey, Mr. GEORGE BISHOP as the resourceful valet of *Cléonte*, Mr. MILES MALLESON as the *Dancing Master*, and again as *The Mufti*, and Mr. RICHARD GOOLDEN as the *Professor of Philosophy*, kept the merry mixture well stirred.

The audience never missed a point, from the lesson on the correct pronunciation of the vowels to the belabouring of the hindquarters of *Mamamouchi Jourdain* by the four wild dervishes.

Mr. PLAYFAIR has once more contrived a rich entertainment in the mannered tradition of his theatre. He certainly never lets archæological or historical considerations cramp his style. One might theoretically object to this persistent distortion, but I find it in fact extremely diverting and devised with skill and imagination. A very delightful show. T.

"VAUDEVILLE VANITIES" (VAUDEVILLE).

If most of the turns allotted to various soloists "and Chorus" could be dispensed with, or if, instead of punctuating the entertainment, they could be massed at the beginning, so that by arriving sufficiently late you could miss them, it would add much to the gaiety of the evening. And along with them I would park most of the duets.

Through these Vanities of Vanities there seemed to run a consensus of opinion that the artistes were prepared to find a cure for boredom. Thus, if you were feeling "blue," with "nothing to do" (a rhyme that occurred more than once), you might meet someone of the opposite sex in the same condition, or alternatively (but less hopefully) you might travel on "The Sunshine Line." For myself, I was feeling very blue in the head with cold—a cruel air being directed on its sensitive apex—and could derive no solace from either of these anodynes.

Before I close my brief offensive I should like to say that the usual futility of the stock chorus was peculiarly well illustrated by the support which it gave to Mr. A. P. HERBERT'S lyric, "I Like 'Em Fluffy." Never have I seen a more unfluffy collection of bobbed and shingled heads.

The most ambitious item was Mr. LOUIS PARKER'S romantic pantomime —"A Venetian Wedding." The symbolism of the dumb-show was pleasantly

intelligible; Mr. FRASER-SIMSON had made some very fresh and felicitous music for it, and Mr. LAURENCE IRVING'S costumes and setting (not only here but in the delightful episode of Mr. A. A. MILNE'S "The King's Breakfast") were so charming that I see no prospect of his getting a commission from M. DIAGHILIEFF to dress and decorate the latest form of Russian ballet. A small vein of quiet humour, ever so slightly infused with burlesque, ran through the piece; but it attempted little of the subtlety of *The Punch-Bowl* (Mr. ARCHIBALD DE BEAR'S best production so far), being content to achieve a pure beauty of colour and movement.

The rest of the programme consisted largely of short sketches, of which the humour, being untrammelled by allusiveness or any other feature proper to revue, was easily assimilated. They all made their points, but not all of them were very effective in their curtains. Thus the sketch called "Disgrace," in which a mother and father sit up at night for the return of their cherished burglar-boy, went admirably till the youth, after handing his mother an expensive necklace, deplores the bitter disgrace which he has suffered in the eyes of less experienced members of his profession by missing with his revolver a policeman who had intervened while he was in the act of demonstrating how a safe should be opened. It seemed to me that his success in eluding a copper thus exacerbated by an attempt on his life should have more than compensated for any taint incurred by failure to lay the fellow out.

And in what was perhaps the gayest sketch of all, "After the Ball," the effect of some very happy dialogue was tempered by a rather tame and puerile finish. Here, as an aunt who is being initiated into the mysteries of chess, Mr. J. H. ROBERTS, now thoroughly acclimatised to the atmosphere of the music-hall stage, repeated his recent triumph as a clerical amateur of bridge. Within the limits of a closely-defined personality and a manner sensitively restrained, he showed himself astonishingly adaptable in a great variety of parts.

In "The Quality of Mercy," Mr. BOBBY HOWES, as a Sergeant-Major who has to correct an Acting C.O.'s ignorance of the tariff setting out the relation of punishment to crime, was an irresistible figure of fun to those of us, a dwindling company, who still remember the humours of the War. Here he had good stuff to play with; but where his material was rather anæmic, as in the solo, "Is it British?" he gave life to it from his own incorrigible vitality. His namesake, Mr. BASIL HOWES, was equally attractive in quite another style as the *Apprentice* in "A Venetian Wedding"—a very graceful performance.



A HEART ATTACK.

Colombina . . . . . MISS MIMI CRAWFORD.
Arlecchino . . . . . MR. BASIL HOWES.

To turn to the ladies, the fascinating quality of Miss MIMI CRAWFORD'S miming and dancing is too familiar to call for any new word of praise. But a new word must be said, and said loudly, of the acting of Miss FRANCES DOBLE. In each of the three very different sketches in which she took a leading part she brought the nicest intelligence to supplement the piquancy of her personal charm. She showed a very pretty sense of humour as the mother of the burglar-boy, and in Mr. A. P. HERBERT'S admirable She-Shanty, "I get so Girlish when I see the Moon"; and was just as good in "The Turn of the Tide," where everything was absolutely serious except for the last grim sentence. Here she played a Scots girl, whose cares are divided between her dying father and the claims of domestic economy. The ruling passion for thrift, strong in death (in this case somebody else's death) prevails at the end, and she adjures the dying man, in case he should feel that his time has come while she is away making purchases in the village, to use his last breath in blowing out the candle.

On the whole an entertainment of at least average excellence; more free than usual from the banalities of its kind, but never quite touching the level of Mr. DE BEAR'S best. I should like to see it again if I might keep my head covered; it would still get enough ventilation, for I should have to take off my hat now and then to the leading performers, and to Miss FRANCES DOBLE every time. O. S.



Mr. BOBBY HOWES. "IS IT BRITISH?"
Mr. J. H. ROBERTS (Leandro). "NO, IT 'S ITALIAN."

The Housing Shortage Again.

"Small Furnished Bedroom, bath (sleeping accommodation only)."
Provincial Paper.

"NEW ZEALAND'S NAVY.

AUCKLAND.—The Dunedin and Diomede return to port after gunnery practice on Friday next. Run By a Woman."
Local Paper.

Probably Britannia.

"Some countenance is given on the wrapper to the idea that on its author have fallen the mantels of Dickens and William de Morgan."—*Morning Paper.*

From this reference to "mantels" one conjectures the particular influence of *The Cricket on the Hearth.*

BRIDGE FOUNDATIONS.

III.—PLACING THE CARDS.

"Do not saw the air too much with your hand."—SHAKESPEARE.

EVERY sound player should be able to deduce more or less accurately the contents of his opponents' and partner's hands.

There are two methods by which this information may be acquired. One is by laboured deduction from the bidding and the play of the cards; the other is by looking. Looking is the simpler and surer method. The man who can say (to himself) boldly, "I know!" must always have an advantage over the man who mutters weakly, "I think."

It is perhaps difficult to achieve success and at the same time to escape detection, but Bridge has always demanded perseverance, endurance and adaptability.

The following hints may prove helpful to the young player who, wishing to look, is not familiar with the conventional methods of doing so.

(At the successful conclusion of manœuvres 2 and 3 described below, the player should at once create an impression of unimpeachable honesty by warning his opponents that they are revealing their cards.)

(1) *The Reclining Posture.*—Sit low in the chair, leaning well back. It should then be possible to see the faces of the cards as they are dealt. The objection to this course is that it demands keen sight, considerable powers of memory and rapid thought, and is only practicable when your partner is dealing.

(2) *The Dropped Handkerchief.*—The cards having been dealt and arranged, drop your handkerchief and, in stooping to pick it up, glance rapidly at the hand above you. Resuming the upright position, carelessly let fall on the other side one or more of your unimportant cards, stooping and glancing as before.

Five minutes' steady practice each morning on rising will be found most beneficial, and the following exercise should be repeated ten times:—

Sit on a high chair facing the open window, hands on hips. Without rising from the chair, bend slowly first to the right and then to the left. A deep breath should be inhaled while bending and exhaled while rising. By thus keeping in good training, rush of blood to the head and shortness of breath at the Bridge-table may be avoided.

(3) *The Thirst.*—This is a very popular method, and rightly so, for he who obtains information and refreshment at one and the same time is indeed fortunate.

Rise casually, saunter to the sideboard and mix the appropriate peg. As you return, the desired information will be easily acquired.

Alternatives suitable to the fair sex and to those who find that repeated visits to the decanter have an undue influence on the mental equipment are the matches, the handbag and the favourite pipe.

Complications sometimes occur. All four players may rise together and wander round the room in search of various articles. Decline to play in future with people so wanting in the finer social instincts.

Hockey News.

"It was found necessary to cancel both the Oxford University v. Bromley fixtures, although the Bromley team travelled to Cambridge in preparation for the game."—*Sunday Paper.*

A crushing reply to BAEDEKER'S advice: "If pressed for time, omit Cambridge."

"During digging operations on Farley Heath, Surrey, 51 coins have been found, ranging from two British, dated 100 B.C., to a Roman coin of the time of Honorius."—*Daily Paper.*

There were prophets at the British Mint in those days.

SHE-SHANTIES.

THE THIRD FROM THE RIGHT.

Mr. Mumjumbo 's been telling my bumps,
And it seems I'm a wonderful girl,
I 'm lovable, kind, ambitious, refined,
And likely to marry an earl;
I 've Culture well-marked in my forehead, I hear,
And Talent for Business just over the ear,
I 'm sure to succeed in some brainy career—
Well, but why am I still in the Chorus?
They all like the third from the right,
My eyes are so brown and so bright;
Lord Lollipop thinks I'm a darling,
I sing like a bird—say, a starling,
My smile is just magic,
But my line is tragic,
And I want to play Cleopatra.

Little Lord Lollipop night after night
Sits at the end of Row B,
He don't care a clout what the play is about,
But he gapes and he gazes at me.
My hair is like night, my complexion 's a dream—
If he says it again I am sure I shall scream,
For I don't want to look like a chocolate cream,
Or I'll never get out of the Chorus!
They all like the third from the right,
I'm filling the house every night;
I could act if I once got a chance—
Well, I've made people think I can dance;
The public may wish us
Just merely delicious,
But we want to play Desdemona.

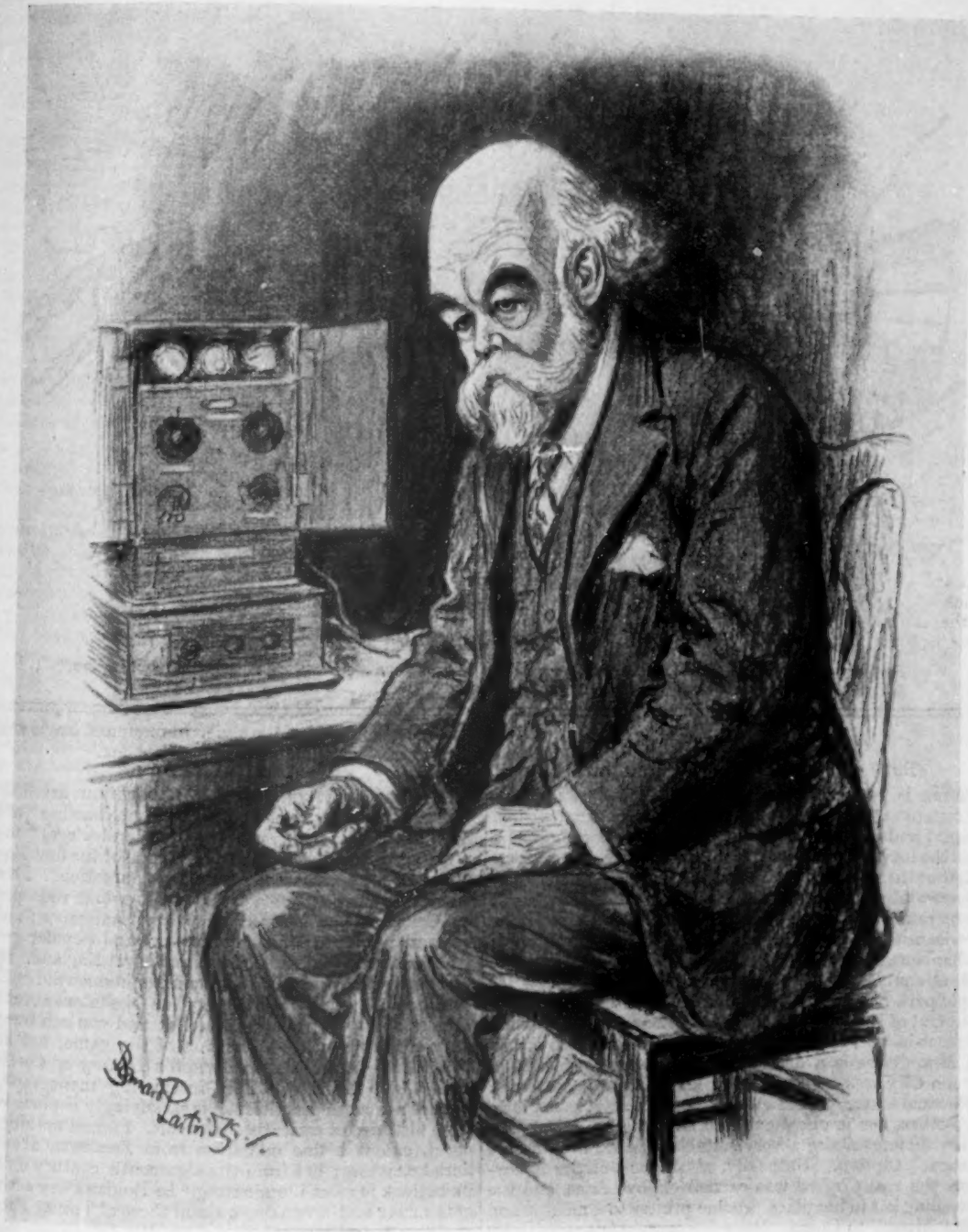
Little Lord Lavender loves me as well,
But it isn't so much my physique,
It isn't the size or the shape of my eyes,
It 's my *genius* that makes the man weak.
Take SARAH BERNHARDT, take TERRY, says he,
Take GLADYS COOPER, TALLULAH and "SPI,"
Roll them in one and they 've nothing on me—
Well, then, why am I still in the Chorus?
They all like the third from the right,
The Boxes adore me at sight;
I 'd rather they threw rotten eggs,
For I'm sick of waving my legs;
No wonder it rankles,
They flatter my ankles,
When what I'm cut out for is IBSEN.

I could be tragic and husky and hoarse—
Ophelia, perhaps, is my part—
If the manager thinks I 'm a butterfly minx,
I can tell him I live for my Art!
Sometimes I dream that I 'm taking a call,
Catching the showers of flowers that fall,
Or acting as Judge at a fancy-dress ball—
But I wake and I 'm still in the Chorus.
They all like the third from the right,
It's a pity my eyes are so bright,
For nobody sees that I'm deep,
A kind of volcano asleep.
Don't praise my figure,
I wish it was bigger,
For I want to play in Grand Opera.

A. P. H.

"Wanted.—A strong man to work on a farm and milk a cow that speaks German."—*Provincial Paper.*

Only a strong man could stand that.



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

XXX.—SIR OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.

AS ALEXANDER found erstwhile
One world too cramping for his style,
Our OLIVER still asks for more
Than can be gleaned from mundane lore;
Until the wireless pioneer,
Straying into the psychic sphere,
Seems to the average F.R.S.
"A LODGE in some vast wilderness."



Farmer (to Town lady, newly arrived to learn farming). "HERE'S YOUR HOE AN' YOUR RAKE AN' YOUR SPADE."
Lady. "OH, HOW NICE! AND WHERE DO I GET A CADDY?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is an autumnal feeling about *Good-bye, Stranger* (MACMILLAN) which reminds me of the unusual vistas, pleasant and unpleasant, you get from a familiar landscape when the leaves are falling. I'm afraid Miss STELLA BENSON feels that there is more ugliness than beauty revealed by the present winter of our discontent; and I'm afraid she is right. At any rate I appreciate her book's penetrating sense of the Americanisation of life, a process that includes too much mechanism and apparatus in material things, along with the synthetic production of bogus culture and spirituality. "If people park Fords on holy ground and prattle about God's Great Out of Doors," says old *Mrs. Cotton* to her Californian daughter-in-law, "naturally God leaves the place at once." Old *Mrs. Cotton* is a disagreeable Englishwoman; *Daley*, her son *Clifford's* wife, is a charming American. *Daley's* intellectual bankruptcy is as much a social asset as her face, her clothes, her gramophone and her dogs. Cynical *Mrs. Cotton* thought *Daley* a very suitable wife for her "manly practical" *Clifford*. Unluckily, at the end of the honeymoon, the real *Clifford* was carried off by fairies, and the changeling left in his place became printer to a mission and betook himself to China. Here the story opens with *Daley* the life and soul of a little coterie of (mostly male) expatriated, *Mrs. Cotton* as cynical chorus, and an unforgettable background of Chinks. Into this demi-paradise penetrates a travelling concert-party, whose accompanist, *Lena*—who oddly resembles the *incomprise*, bony and disruptive *Lucia* of MATILDE SERAO'S *Fantasia*—seduces the affections of the changeling. *Clifford*, I feel, lives chiefly, like HELEN OF TROY, in the pother his infidelity causes. But this is responsible for most of the elvish humour and tragic wisdom of a unique and righteously alarming book.

When SARAH DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH asked BUBB DODDINGTON to procure her "a caricatura drawing" of Mrs. MASHAM "covered with running sores and ulcers" to give to QUEEN ANNE, she showed herself one of the first English patrons of the great art of linear defamation. This art appears to have taken a lively if somewhat rude part in the Continental controversies of the Renaissance; and its elementary foundations, ecclesiastical and popular grotesques, were well and truly laid in mediæval England. It was a primitive society whose satiric draughtsmen did not omit to bring out (usually by exaggeration) the latent absurdities of individuals, parties and fashions; and you can trace the story of their efforts—the rigour of the game, not kindly Comic Art—in Mr. BOHUN LYNCH'S *History of Caricature* (FABER AND GWYER). This interesting monograph, the work of a modern practitioner, is satisfyingly copious where most histories of caricature leave off. I found nothing very novel, except a fine quotation from BERGSON, about its initial chapters; but from the eighteenth century onwards its outlook is most illuminating. In England the activities of GILLRAY and ROWLANDSON, and those of *Vanity Fair*, are particularly well handled; as, on the Continent, are the fortunes of PHILIPON'S *Charivari*. OSPOVAT, DERWENT WOOD, PHIL MAY and FURNISS figure in "The Recent Past," though it is significant of Mr. LYNCH'S legitimist principles that the last two are regarded as hardly in the true succession. "MAX" has a chapter to himself, and "England and America To-day"—rather subjective in its stresses—closes the chronicle. A score of illustrations, excellently reproduced, are corralled, in the modern manner, at the end of

the letterpress. The last example, drawn especially for the book by Mr. RALPH BARTON, is a most amusing and masterly confirmation of its doctrine.

In Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK'S book
(From COLLINS), *Sack and Sugar*, enter
A pleasant group of folk who look
For guidance to one brilliant mentor;
And she, who keeps in tactful view
And leads their every undertaking,
Proves, what we all already knew,
That no raw hand was at her making.

This dame 's the sort of person you 'd
Most gladly take a load of care to,
Knowing she 'd help you to elude
The minor shocks that flesh is heir to,
From solving *Bradshaw's* twisted maze
Or tackling bores in conversation
To finding sane and human ways
To ease the servant situation.

She 'd choose your Christmas gifts to meet
Your touchiest friend's most ardent wishes;
For unexpected guests repeat
The miracle of loaves and fishes;
Cremate your family skeletons,
And make your home a blissful haven
By proving that your geese are swans
And that your swans were bred on Avon.

A connoisseuse in *savoir faire*,
A specialist in silver lining,
Which she discloses with an air
That I am hopeless of defining,
I lay my homage at her feet
And state it as my firm conviction
That you 've your work cut out to meet
A nicer thing in recent fiction.



Sassenach. "WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR OLD SAFETY BLADES?"
Scot. "USE 'EM FOR SHAVIN'."

There is an old Arab proverb which says, according to Major ROGER EVANS in his admirable little volume entitled *A Brief Outline of the Campaign in Mesopotamia, 1914-1918* (SIFTON PRAED), "When Allah made hell he found it was not bad enough, so he made Iraq and added flies." And he seems to have added much else—a featureless desert, impassable morasses, quagmires of greasy glutinous mud for troops to wade through, and discomforts innumerable, one of the greatest being the impossibility of short leave because there is nowhere to go. To condense the official history of the campaign and produce a volume which is readable and full of interest to both soldiers and civilians could have been no easy matter, and Major EVANS has carried out his task with considerable skill. His graphic story, written with clearness of outline and lucidity of expression, tells of the stirring events and deeds of heroism leading up from the capture of Basra in 1914 (undertaken for the purpose of the protection of the Anglo-Persian oilfields) to the tragedy of Kut, and the final entry into Bagbdad in March, 1917. He shows much discernment and critical faculty in his appreciation of the leading figures in the campaign and does not hesitate to point out the mistakes made by both the politicians and the Generals who were responsible for designing and carrying out, at enormous expense in life and money, a side show, whose cost was not much greater than its futility. A book to be heartily recommended.

One out of quite a number of things which I like about Mr. STACY AUMONIER is his kind heart. A ruthless realist would certainly have brought the angel-child, whom you will meet first on the dust-jacket playing *The Baby Grand* (HEINEMANN), to a bad end, or at the best to a dreary frustration of musical ambitions; but Mr. AUMONIER cannot do that. Though he sets her in the dingiest surroundings and even contrives the theft of the baby grand itself, the last glimpse he gives us of *Lena Gabril* (whom her *impresario* prefers to bill as "Gabrielski") is of her

wearing "the clothes, the manner and faint perfume of the well-bred," sailing out of the Queen's Hall and into a taxi, homeward bound for Hampstead, husband and babies, and, what is more, taking with her, no doubt to the best lunch which she has had in her life, the stepsister who helped to steal the piano. So with *Mr. Paul Journée*, whose son, despising the paternal workshop, took to paint, Paris and Chelsea, had a flash of success, went very completely off the rails and ran into a tragic and sordid fate. Here again it is the last glimpse which determines the tone of the tale, and we leave *Father Paul* (well called "The Happy Man") uproariously enjoying himself at his grandson's birthday party. Not all of Mr. AUMONIER'S stories, it must be admitted, are so deliberately optimistic, but in all there is a quite deliberate avoidance of calamity. Sometimes our author indulges in sheer fantasy. The day in the life of *Frederick James Smith*, upholsterer's salesman, described under the title of "Business and Desires," is an authentic new Arabian Night; while I intend no gibe at Mr. AUMONIER when I say that Mr. MICHAEL ARLEN at his most wilful might have imagined "Juxtapositions." Mr. AUMONIER combines inventiveness with a cheerful spirit in a way which makes for the best of light reading.

MRS. SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN, the author of several South African novels of exceptional distinction, has forsaken fiction for the time being and, under the title of *The South Africans* (CONSTABLE), reviews in the light of past history the problems, particularly those of race and colour, confronting the Union at the present time. I am not sure on the whole that her new departure is a success. The touch of morbid emotionalism which nearly all South African novelists owe to the influence of the late OLIVE SCHREINER'S melancholy genius, and from which Mrs. MILLIN'S previous work was not entirely free, is even more marked in the present volume. It is a tendency not wholly desirable in fiction, and in a work which is mainly historical it is a positive defect, manifesting itself in that peculiar form of sentimental wrongheadedness which, in order to do justice to the losing side, does a good deal less than justice to the victors. Thus Mr. GANDHI becomes a "saint," and LOBENGULA—in sober fact one of the most brutal tyrants even Africa has known, whose thirst for liquor was only surpassed by his thirst for blood—an inoffensive potentate with a harmless partiality for champagne, robbed of his inheritance by the avaricious white man. The book displays high literary ability; but its qualities are those which better become the novelist than the historian.

There is no man better qualified than Sir FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND to write *The Epic of Mount Everest* (ARNOLD). This volume contains a condensed description of the three expeditions and gives us one of the most inspiring tales of courage and endurance to be found in the English language. "This determination to climb Mount Everest," Sir FRANCIS writes, "has grown out of the ordinary impulse men have to climb the hill in their neighbourhood . . . Man, the spiritual, means to make himself supreme over even the mightiest of what is material." He pays a glowing tribute to the bravery and devotion of the men who refused to be discouraged by the difficulties and dangers that beset them. At the National Service in St. Paul's Cathedral, held in memory of GEORGE MALLORY and ANDREW IRVINE, who had lost their lives in the third expedition, the Bishop of CHESTER spoke of "the indomitable cheerfulness" of those who took part in this great adventure, their "amazing courage," their "passion for work," their "refusal of praise." It is impossible to read this epic without recognising the force of those words.



Fond old Soul (to young man who has brought back lost pet dog). "THANK YOU SO MUCH—SO KIND OF YOU. WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KISS THE DARLING GOOD-BYE?"

Sir PHILIP GIBBS has told *Young Anarchy* (HUTCHINSON) through the mouth of a middle-aged bachelor, a type familiar enough to readers of fiction. It is a story of the conflict between youth and age, and is sufficiently modern to include the General Strike. Many of the characters, especially those of the younger generation, are drawn with insight and sympathy, but the portrait of the *Bishop of Burpham* is to my mind absurd and not a little disturbing. Indeed the scene in which the good bishop commands his men-servants forcibly to remove his son from the dinner-table leaves me wondering whether Sir PHILIP'S sense of the ridiculous does not at times entirely forsake him. While his book contains most of the elements which make for popular success, those of us who are jealous for his reputation as a novelist will find in it reason for anxiety.

If *The Knot of Reluctance* (PHILIP ALLAN) is Miss BARBARA GOOLDEN'S first novel I may congratulate her on a very bright book, and yet ask her not to be quite so bright next time. Brightness within limits is delightful, but it needs contrast, and she gives us none until the last few pages. Her story is of *Ann Moxon*, parlourmaid, living apart from her husband, and *Belinda Ambrose*, her employer's daughter, and how *Belinda* met and fell in love with one *Russell Myers*, whom certain amateur detectives among her friends soon identified as the parlourmaid's grass-widower. *Belinda's* father and mother, who seem, if one may judge by their behaviour, to have mistaken the comedy of the situation for farce, find themselves in all sorts of embarrassing positions, the former speaking, and the latter both speaking and acting, in the most improbable fashion. *Mr. Ambrose* remarks to his wife, after seeing off a visitor at the taxi rank, "I walked back. She went by cab. The woman pays." And the whole book is just like that. The effect is rather tiresome, yet one feels that a little more—or less—would have made it most amusing.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is rumoured that there is great dissatisfaction because Hampstead isn't specifically mentioned in the KING'S new title.

* * *

"Christmas is Coming," says a headline. We are not so sure until we have confirmation from Dean INGE.

* * *

During the strike many miners turned their attention to back-yard poultry. They have realised that the hen is more profitable than the parrot.

* * *

Mr. SIDNEY WEBB'S first speech of the Session is reported to have been audible to nobody but himself. It is believed, however, to have impressed him favourably.

* * *

A baby otter found wandering in the village of Fochabers, Scotland, was taken to the police-station, where it refused to eat a smoked yellow haddock. One theory is that it had promised its mother never to eat smoked yellow haddocks at police-stations.

* * *

A writer remarks that in some ways the modern man is very similar to the primitive man. If his womenfolk talk too much he goes to his club, while his ancestor just reached for it.

* * *

The cross-word puzzle came to us from America, but the Merchandise Marks Bill was the Government's own idea.

* * *

Dr. PETROFF, of Bukharest, has succeeded in isolating the typhus germ. It is said to be so lonely now that it would like to correspond with a few measles microbes.

* * *

The Home Office has decided that films cannot be taken in Hyde Park. We think occasional close-ups of Hyde Park orators might be allowed for zoological purposes.

* * *

A new buried city has been discovered in the Valley of Trebba, in Italy. It is understood that Signor MUSSOLINI has decided that any person found burying Italian cities in future will be severely dealt with.

* * *

According to the Rev. ARTHUR GOLDRING more than twenty-four thousand sermons are delivered from pulpits in England every Sunday. All the same we shall continue to look on the bright side of things.

* * *

When a bull broke loose in Sheffield the other day it ran two miles and then entered a private house. The explanation is that there was no china shop in the vicinity.

* * *

An essayist estimates that a Thames bargee has a vocabulary of three hundred words, only a few of which he uses. Of course, if you drop an iron bar on the foot of one of these men, you can get the whole issue at once.

* * *

While acting as a deputy county-court judge at Trowbridge Mr. F. E. WEATHERLEY, K.C., the famous song-writer, cracked two jokes. Judges of the High Court never do that. If they have two jokes they take them on circuit with them.

* * *

We read of a waiter who has become a bank manager in Munich. It must be a great treat to hear him ask a client if he would like a second helping of overdraft.

* * *

A human tooth of fabulous age has been found embedded in a lump of coal in Montana, U.S.A. It is a relic of the good old days when coal wasn't so expensive to eat.

* * *

Twenty chickens hatched from eggs which had been preserved for fourteen weeks are said to be now healthy and thriving. But then of course they haven't been told about it yet.

* * *

At a Cambridge theatre, programmes are provided which are readable in the dark. If they 'll only include a serial in them there is yet hope for the drama in England.

* * *

Mr. KIRKWOOD says that what he said in the House he will say in heaven. Mr. KIRKWOOD is an optimist.

* * *

Pekin anthropologists assert that man is a million years old. The result seems disappointing, but it must be remembered that we haven't had Mr. WELLS all that time.

* * *

So many claims are being put forward as to the authenticity of other copies of the "Monna Lisa" that the famous smile is said to be developing into a broad grin.

* * *

It is reported from Paris that a locksmith and a joiner have fought a duel about a flower-seller. The locksmith is believed to have been laughed at.

* * *

It is feared that, in addition to the French Riviera, the Italian Irredentists have their eyes on Soho.

* * *

Many people have been killed in Bulgarian County Council election fights. These Balkan voters have none of our municipal apathy.

* * *

An American author has made a list of the world's ten worst writers. But surely there must be more than ten of them?

* * *

The report that ABD-EL-KRIM is writing his memoirs lends colour to the suspicion that even at the time of his surrender he was contemplating a *revanche*.

* * *

A writer says that the modern woman doesn't want a man who can satisfy her smallest wish. No, what she wants is one who can attend to the larger ones.



Young Man. "HAVE YOU TWO STALLS, SECOND ROW IN THE CENTRE, FOR TO-NIGHT?"

Booking-Clerk. "CERTAINLY, SIR."

Young Man. "OH, WELL, IN THAT CASE I DON'T WANT THEM. YOUR SHOW CAN'T BE ANY GOOD."

OFFICERS *v.* SERGEANTS.

I.—PRELIMINARIES.

SHORT of a Pay Parade there is no event that causes so much enthusiasm in our barracks as a football match between the officers and the sergeants. A very strong rivalry exists between the two Messes, which finds expression in contests in every branch of sport—to the great delight of the troops. Indeed we at the Officers' Mess hardly feel that football has begun till we have played the first of our series of three—Officers *v.* Sergeants.

All our matches against the sergeants have two distinct parts: first the preliminary attack on our opponents' *moral*, and second the actual match.

We begin the first about ten days ahead by remarking casually that our last-joined officer is a wonderful performer and once played for the Army. This statement is of course absolutely untrue; he probably has never played soccer before. It is purely a try-on—something to frighten the sergeants; and it does. We regularly work it off on them every time a new officer joins us. All we have to do is to mention *en passant* to any sergeant that we hope to beat them this time because Mr. Swordfrog has once played forward for the Army team. The sergeant to whom you are talking believes it instantly—"What, that noo gentleman, Sir? Go on! Did he really?"—and in a day the news has spread all over the barracks. Anxious sergeants tackle officers about it everywhere; stray corporals sound you delicately, and even Private O'Jector, "A" Company office clerk, in the course of handing Captain Bayonet papers to sign seizes an opportunity to ask whether "it 's correct, Sorr, what the bhoys are saying about the new gentleman?"

Captain Bayonet, who, with the other officers, has agreed beforehand on all details of the innocent Swordfrog's athletic career, says it is, and a moment later hears O'Jector's stentorian voice, through very thin panelling—"It 's quite true, Mick; that there young Swordfrog played for the Army; old Bayonet says so."

The betting, as overheard in barrack-rooms by passers-by, then slowly goes to odds on the officers, and the sergeants confer heatedly in corners. It is always a wonder to me how they manage to swallow the tale each time, but they do. To my certain knowledge we have had at least three officers all straight from either the Army or the England team, and they have believed it every time.

As the day approaches rumours fly about everywhere. One hears that Second-Lieutenant Swordfrog is ill, or will have to sit on a court-martial on the day of the match, or is resigning his commission. Then it is said hopefully that he is going on leave; but we counter by saying that of course he would give up a day of his leave to play in so important a match. Another rumour states that there is yet some chance for the sergeants, as the officers are having a lot of discussion because they can only put nine men in the field. We tell the sergeants in answer to this that we can easily find eleven men, and that the discussion merely arose over the question, not of how many we could find, but of how many we considered necessary. This rattles them badly.

Time goes on and the rather scared Second-Lieutenant Swordfrog acquires a popularity that years of good soldiering has denied to other officers; and the whole battalion leaps to obey his slightest wish. His batman meanwhile talks darkly about attempts being made to nobble him, and sits up all night watching his master's room.

The Sergeants' Mess is in a ferment of excitement, and they expend a lot of subtlety in trying to find out in what position Swordfrog plays. Their scouts dog his footsteps everywhere, in case he may kick a football about and thus give away his form. We, however, knowing that he has never played soccer before and is not particularly good at rugger, take pretty good care that he doesn't.

On the morning of the great day the sergeants can hardly speak for nerves; they arrive on the field to practise directly after their dinner, and take it all frightfully seriously. The men have been given a half-day off and the ground is surrounded by a wall of khaki.

The process of lowering our opponents' *moral* continues up to the last minute. Though most of us have hardly ever played soccer, we model our style ostentatiously on League footballers. We gather together in the pavilion and slap each other's calves, and then amid deafening cheers run out in a bunch, Captain Bayonet carrying the ball and bouncing it on the ground in the approved method. He misses it almost at once, and Lieutenant Holster first treads on it and then falls heavily over it, which rather mars the effect of our good reception. The only things lacking in us are long curly wisps of hair to hang over the eyes; but that is difficult to achieve in the Army.

A murmur of "That 's 'im!" goes round the field as Second-Lieutenant Swordfrog is pointed out. He looks nervous and is wearing a weirdly-coloured jersey. The troops debate hotly among themselves whether it is a special Army jersey or conceivably the All-England one. Actually it is an old one from "Highfield," Swordfrog's house at school.

Last of all comes out our goalkeeper, Lieutenant James, clad in enormous "shorts," a startling Fair-Isle jumper, woollen gloves and a large and loud check cap. At this a sensation quivers along the audience, culminating in a shout—voice unknown, but suspiciously like Private Sling's—of "Good ole goalie!" followed by "Coo! Look at his pants!"

And thus at last we are ready for the actual match.

A. A.

TWOS AND THREES.

(*See* "*County Songs*," "*Punch*," *Nov.* 3.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH, I 'm Braithwaite's
"Bob,"
And, though your artist clearly
Knows how we sheepdogs do our job,
Those *two* sheep touch us nearly.
Our pride takes rank, in Westmorland,
With that of statesmen, poets,
"wrustlers"—
We pen by *threes* at trials, and
We are the hustlers.

No dog, however young and bad,
From Dunmail Top to Wrynose,
But has heard tell (and if he 's had
A chance himself to try, knows
First-hand) that working sheep by two-
And-two is merely puppy's play, Sir,
For it 's the third that tries to do
The getaway, Sir.

We would not, even if allowed,
Pass any kind of stricture
Upon your artist; we 're too proud
Of being in such a picture—
All in a green field close about,
With rocks and rainbows neatly
peppered—
But thought he 'd like this pointed out,
Being a SHEPHERD.

And, in this matter of the sheep,
Some day, when dark fells soften
To sunny gold and skies don't weep
(They really don't quite often),
Will you and he, Sir, soon or late,
With "E. V. L." come and pursue it
To Rydal or to Applethwaite,
And watch us do it?

"CRICKET.

THE USE OF A SMALLER BOY—CRICKETER'S VIEWS."—*Irish Paper.*

Our view is that you can't start 'em too young.

At a special church service:—

"The musical programme, which precluded the usual address, was greatly appreciated."
Local Paper.

Possibly true, but a little tactless, don't you think?



THE PATIENT'S DILEMMA.

THE FRANC (*to Dr. POINCARÉ*). "THERE'S NO SATISFYING YOU. FIRST YOU SAY I'M SINKING TOO FAST, AND THEN YOU SAY I'M GETTING WELL TOO FAST!"



PREPARATIONS FOR CHRISTMAS AT THE GREAT STORES. TRYING OUT A POSSIBLE BEST-SELLER.

WILD CATS ON DARTMOOR.

THERE! I thought as much. No sooner do I write about the extinction of the wild cat in Great Britain than a British wild cat appears. And in Devonshire too.

I quote the letter verbatim and in full from *The Western Morning News and Mercury* of November 23rd:—

"SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers can throw any light upon what appeared to me a most unusual appearance at the opening meet of the Dartmoor Foxhounds early this month.

"Being well ahead of the field, I was the first rider to enter Tristis Copse, hard upon the hounds. On emerging from the woods, with the hounds in full cry, down towards the stream on the right, I caught sight of an animal hurriedly taking to the open moor. From its size, from its apparent ferocity, and from the bushy prehensility of its tail I exclaimed (aloud), 'Felix naturabilis!'

"Can this be possible? I believe the last authenticated appearance of the wild cat so far south as Devonshire was in 1861 (the year of the death of Albert the Good), and, although it has recently been reported to have crossed south of the Grampians, such an extensive 'trek' as this is hardly credible.

"The theory of 'dropped from an aeroplane' will not do, and one is forced to the conclusion that we are face to face with a survival of the aboriginal species. That is, of course, unless I am very much mistaken. Could any of your readers corroborate? NATURALIST."

I bid you note this letter. For all the studied moderation of its opening it bears every token of the latent savagery which fills every wild cat lover's heart. Mark well how the writer was the first to enter Tristis Copse, ahead of the field and hard on hounds. Observe the swiftness of his eye. Despite the speed with which the animal was taking to the open moor, he had time to notice its apparent ferocity and, more than that, to detect the bushy prehensility of its tail, that point which above all others distinguishes the wild cat from its domesticated cousin of the fireside.

Mark too how he soliloquised. "*Felix naturabilis!*" says he out loud. There is the true stamp of your bigoted natural historian who will go to the stake a martyr to the truth of the survival of the wild cat. All the odds are against him. There is no authenticated appearance of the wild cat, he confesses, in Devonshire, since the year of the death of ALBERT THE GOOD. I take issue with him even in this. I do not believe in the authenticity of the wild cat which is said to have made an appearance on Dartmoor that year, any more than that of a later specimen reported whilst our minds were still in a fever of excitement owing to the great Baskerville sensation. It is my belief that the last specimen vouched for with any accuracy was observed in the spring months of 1849, when the Society of Arts sketched the outline of the great Exhibition of Industries subsequently opened in Hyde Park on May 1st, 1851.

We may discount equally, I think, the Crimean War wild cat, seen at Chagford by the Rev. P. GURNEY, and the 1859 specimen mentioned in *Fauna of the Furze*, Mr. COBLEY'S otherwise admirable work.

But what are we to say of the present apparition? Have the eyes of "NATURALIST" deceived him? Was the bushiness of the tail a mere chance growth? the apparent ferocity nothing else than a sense of guilt or sudden alarm? Or is it possible that someone, taking my hint, has been reviving the indigenous wild cat by importing specimens from elsewhere?

I look forward earnestly to a long and bitter controversy in *The Western Morning News and Mercury* on this point.

For possibly, if the creature was dumped or imported, it may not even have been a wild cat at all. It may have been an ounce from the Troad or the *lynx execrabilis* of the Southern Tyrol. At any rate visitors to the wilder parts of Dartmoor will do well to carry a stout cudgel in their hands. EVOE.

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

INANIMATES.

(After Mr. HUMBERT WOLFE.)

I.—OLD MAHOGANY.

"TENDERLY on my face," said the table,
"she laid her hands, and waited;
Fatty spread *his* as much as he was able,
and her mother, though distinctly agitated,

"laid her hands like two withered chestnut leaves
on my warm old visage. These
are the hands round which my spirit weaves
curious fancies as I stand at ease.

"The other hands, of host and hostess, they
supplied magnetic current, one must think,
finished the circle; but one cannot say
anything more. The fat man thought of drink

"and of *her* face palely gleaming opposite.
Her mother thought it time her daughter wed.
She wandered somewhere in the Infinite.
The host and hostess wished they were in bed."

"And then what happened?" chorused the five chairs.
"For suddenly *she* said 'Ah!' and then you stirred."
"I went so giddy with their touch, their stares,
I fluttered like a silly fledgling bird."

"But, table dear, what made you flutter? Tell us."
"There was a dead thing hovering in the room;
it was the fat man's youth, and it was jealous.
Only *she* heard its protest and her doom."

II.—CANDLESTICK.

"CANDLESTICK,
tall and thin,
what do you say
when lights begin?"

"Curse it!" I say
behind the backs
of maid and footman,
"Here 's more wax,

"wax for my head,
wax for my throat,
wax for my nice clean
golden coat,

"wax for my hips
and slender flanks,
wax on my knees
and down my shanks,

"wax on my ankles
(how fierce it feels!)
hot wax dribbling
on toes and heels."

"Candlestick!
Surely not,
surely they keep you clean?"
"They do not;

"they always forget,
the lazy hacks!
That 's why I say,
'Curse the wax!'" W. K. S.



Harold (to his Mother, who has asked him to be kind to a friend's boy in his first term). "YOU KNOW, MOTHER, I CAN'T POSSIBLY DO ANYTHING FOR JOHN, EXCEPT NOT BE ACTUALLY BEASTLY TO HIM."

Journalistic Candour.

"WHAT IS AN OPTIMIST?—Find the man who advertises in the 'Courier' and you have a living definition of the term."—*Local Paper.*

"TO-DAY'S GOLF HINT.

So if the driving is not so good as usual try to get the left hip and club-head to strike the ball at the same instant."—*Daily Paper.*

With a resilient hip, we understand, some astounding results may be achieved.

"—— was four up at the twelfth . . . but the holer began to lay very poor fogl."
Evening Paper.

We have always held that the greatest difficulty about golf is the language.

"The famous Sistine Chapel in the Vatican is in danger of subsistence. Fissures have appeared in the outer walls."—*Evening Paper.*

But so long as they retain their subsistence they cannot be said to be without visible means of support.

SIMPLE STORIES.

XVI.—BINKIE.

Binkie was a dog that belonged to Roddy Warner. He was about the size of a large fox terrier and a sort of red colour with some black in it, his coat was short, so was his tail, and he was something like a lot of different dogs but not quite like any of them and he had a very nice character.

Well one morning Roddy said to Binkie it is a holiday to-day so I think we might go out and look for rabbits.

And Binkie jumped up on him and licked his face and wagged his tail hard and said yes that will suit me better than anything, what fun! Because he could say whatever he liked, but it only sounded like barking.

So they went out to look for rabbits and they went into a wood where it said trespassers would be prosecuted, but Binkie couldn't read and Roddy didn't take any notice.

Well they met a keeper, with a large dog bigger than Binkie, and while the keeper was asking Roddy what he was doing there Binkie walked up to the keeper's dog wagging his tail, and he said how are you? You are such a handsome dog that it is a pleasure to meet you.

And the keeper's dog was rather pleased at being called handsome so he didn't growl as he would have done if Binkie hadn't said that, but he said yes that's all very well but what are you doing here where you ought not to be?

And Binkie said oh well I don't bother about that, I just go where master takes me, I suppose you do too. I like the look of your master and I'll just go up and say how do you do to him.

So he went up to the keeper wagging his tail, and the keeper was just saying to Roddy that if he went straight out of the wood he wouldn't say any more about it. And he said hullo that's a rum-looking tyke of yours but he seems friendly, and he patted Binkie's head and said good dog Towser.

And Roddy said yes he is very friendly with everybody, but he likes me best and if anybody went for me he would go for them.

So the keeper said well let's try him, I will pretend to hit you with my stick and we will see what he will do.

So the keeper pretended to hit Roddy with his stick and directly he did that Binkie said oh this won't do and he flew at him and bit him on the leg.

Well that didn't matter because he had thick gaiters on and didn't feel it, but directly the keeper's dog saw Binkie bite his master he said oh this won't do, and he flew at Binkie and then they both began fighting and growling, but the keeper hit his dog with his stick and made him let go of Binkie, and Roddy snatched Binkie up and held him though he wriggled and tried to get away.

And the keeper laughed and was quite pleased at Binkie doing that, and what



"AND THE KEEPER'S DOG SAID WELL I DIDN'T EXACTLY WIN."

was nice about him was that he said Roddy might come with him to feed his young pheasants if he liked, and he told him to put Binkie down and he said to his dog now you leave him alone and keep to heel.

So they went off through the wood, and the keeper's dog was still angry and did some little growls at Binkie, but he dared not do anything else because his master had told him not to.

But Binkie had quite forgiven everybody by that time and he wanted to make friends with the keeper's dog, so he said to him that was rather fun, I do like having a nice fight sometimes don't you?

And the keeper's dog said you wouldn't have liked that fight much longer. I'd have taught you something if master hadn't stopped us.

And Binkie said oh of course you would have won, I could see in a minute you were a much better fighter than me, but somehow you don't think of that when you start. I suppose you have had lots of good fights and won most of them haven't you?

So then the keeper's dog began to think Binkie wasn't so bad, and he left off growling and said I once fought a mastiff who was much bigger than me.

And Binkie said oh I don't suppose you would mind that, did you win?

And the keeper's dog said well I didn't exactly win because they wouldn't let us go on, but I should be quite ready to do it again.

And Binkie said well I wish I had known you before, I'm sure you could give me lots of tips about fighting, what do you think of my master, he's nice isn't he?

And the keeper's dog said my master could easily beat him in a fight.

Well Binkie didn't quite like that and he said well of course he is much bigger, but if they had a fight I should help him and then we should win.

And the keeper's dog said no you wouldn't because I should help my master and we should win.

And Binkie said oh well perhaps you would because he didn't want to quarrel with him, and he said I like your master and I can see my master likes him too. I think all four of us ought to have a lot of fun together. And he had forgotten about the keeper hitting Roddy with his stick and his trying to bite him on the leg, and he had almost forgotten fighting the keeper's dog because his memory wasn't very good for that sort of thing.

But the keeper's dog hadn't forgotten anything, and suddenly he found he didn't like Binkie at all, and he said what breed are you? I don't remember ever seeing a dog quite like you before.

Well this was one of the things that Binkie didn't like talking about, and other dogs had been rude to him about it before, but he didn't want to quarrel so he said oh haven't you?

And the keeper's dog said no I haven't and I hope I never shall again, I think your father must have been a stoat or something like that.

Well that made Binkie so angry that



Scrubby Genius. "RATHER QUAINT HOW I GOT THE IDEA FOR THIS ONE—CAME TO ME IN MY BATH."
Acquaintance. "AH, IT CERTAINLY *IS* UNUSUAL."

before the keeper's dog had finished speaking he flew at him, and there they were fighting and growling just as they had done before.

Well the keeper parted them again, and Roddy took Binkie up, but they both went on growling and growling and it was no use letting them walk together again, they would only have gone on fighting.

So the keeper said well that little tyke of yours is a terror, it is his fault because old Cæsar would never have taken any notice of him if he had kept quiet, you had better take him away now, I can show you the young birds another day but don't bring him with you.

So Roddy had to take Binkie away, and he was angry with him and thrashed him.

And Binkie pretended to be very much hurt so as to please him, but he wasn't much because Roddy wasn't strong enough.

And when it was all over Binkie wagged his tail and licked Roddy's hand, and he said we do love each other don't we?

A. M.

THE PASSING OF "PINKIE."

AFTER struggling for nearly thirteen years
To make both extremities meet,
And seeing no end to the lean years
That all my endeavours defeat,
It fills me with awe and with wonder
To read of the MICHELHAM sale
And the dealers who bore off their plunder,
Triumphant yet pale.*

Where they come from, these thousands of guineas,
Shrewd readers can easily guess,
For the tribe of the MORGANS and STINNES
In England grows steadily less;
And the flight of our national heir-looms,
That saddens the patriot soul,
Is linked with cold furnaces, bare looms,
And shortage of coal.

Though highbrows regard with abhorrence,
Though Bloomsbury's critics can't stick
The flattering portraits of LAWRENCE,
So "mannered" and "shiny" and "slick,"
While painters like LELY and KNELLER
From earlier eminence drop,
He has come as a very best seller
Right up to the top.

And I, though for reasons romantic
To REYNOLDS and RAEBURN I cling,
Ere over the stormy Atlantic
Your way to Chicago you wing,
O dainty, delectable, dinky
And exquisite Regency belle,
I bid you, most picturesque "Pinkie,"
Regretful farewell.

* It was stated in an evening paper that the purchaser of Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE'S "Pinkie" (Miss MOULTON-BARRETT) was "white with emotion" when it was knocked down to him at 74,000 guineas.

"Ah Kong was fined Rs. 200 by the Fourth Additional Magistrate on Monday, having, it is said, been found carrying 8 tolas of opinion."
Burma Paper.

We are rather sorry for AH KONG. He had probably forgotten that, as eighty tolas make a seer, they might make a Fourth Additional Magistrate into a SOLOMON.

MRS. HASH.

(A Serial Drama of the utmost importance. Begin at once and buy the back-numbers.)

V.—COTTON-WOOL.

"WELL, Mrs. Hash, and here you are in your own kitchen, monarch of all you survey."

"Thank you, Mr. Treasure, but 'survey' is no word to express my feelings when I look at you after all your kindness."

"Putting in a word for you wasn't kindness at all, Mrs. Hash, but selfishness, if the truth were told. And how d' you like your new quarters?"

"I don't complain, Mr. Treasure, not yet, though I don't know that I hold with all this electricity. When I was in service last, Mr. Treasure, we used to boil an egg without any assistance from Mr. MARCONI, thank you."

"We must move with the times, Mrs. Hash. But it don't affect the pantry like it does the kitchen, I 'll grant you. They can't blow on a glass by electricity, not yet, Mrs. Hash, not effective. And I don't know that anyone has invented a machine that can go to the front-door and tell the difference between a commercial traveller and a literary gentleman and use the right language accordingly."

"There 's a good deal in that, Mr. Treasure. The day will come, I always say, when the domestic classes will be worth their weight in gold, even if they 're my size. Well, what becomes of all this electricity if you have a revolution and one of these Moscow gentlemen goes and turns off the current? A fat lot of use all these switches will be *then*, Mr. Treasure. But you and me goes on for ever, in a manner of speaking. Well, if ever the day comes when Harriet Hash can't give you a cup of tea at seven minutes' notice or a nice plate of sausage-and-mash at fifteen, then Mr. BALDWIN can put the shutters up, for that 'll be the end of *this* country. But as for this electricity I wouldn't trust it round the corner."

"I don't know that I 'd go as far as that, Mrs. Hash; it 's very handy, some of it, say what you like."

"Like one of these aeroplanes, Mr. Treasure—very handy one minute and the next minute you 're in flames. No, Mr. Treasure, give me my spirit-lamp and you can keep your science."

"You might say that spirit-lamps was science, in a way."

"I mightn't say anything of the sort, Mr. Treasure, not being a born idiot. And, talking of tea, I 'll put the kettle on now."

"Do, Mrs. Hash. And I 'm sure I 'm sorry if I 've said anything unpleasant. I was reading the Report of one of those Committees not long ago, and it said much the same as you."

"Well, that 's the first time I ever heard of a Committee talking sense. What did the Committee say, Mr. Treasure?"

"Well, they said very much what you said, Mrs. Hash. They said there was too many jokes made about domestic servants on the stage and that, and they said all this was discouraging recruiting for an honourable profession, and, if it was all the same to the gentlemen as made the jokes, the Committee would be just as glad if they brought their proceedings to a close."

"Oh, did they? Well, I never said any such thing, Mr. Treasure, and I never heard of such a thing, and, what 's more, if this Committee of yours said a thing like that it 's time they gave up committeeing and minded their own business—see?"

"Don't take it to heart, Mrs. Hash. It 's a point of view, I suppose."

"It isn't anything of the sort. Did this Committee say anything about policemen?"

"Not that I know of."

"And did you ever see any comic bits about policemen?"

"One or two, I suppose."

"And did you ever see a policeman waning away because somebody said he had big feet?"

"Not to my recollection, Mrs. Hash."

"No. Well, what about mother-in laws? I 've heard one or two smart things about mother-in-laws in my time—I don't know what 's your experience—and there 's no shortage of mother-in-laws that I know of."

"That 's quite right, Mrs. Hash."

"Then there 's love."

"Love, Mrs. Hash?"

"Love, Mr. Treasure. If there 's one pore devil that gets into the papers more than another, you 'd think it 's the pore devil in love, male and female, as the case may be. And if there 's anything in what your Committee says there wouldn't be a single couple in Virginia Passage from one evening to another. But, if you was to go along there now, I wouldn't mind betting you wouldn't walk ten yards without bumping into a joke of that kind, Mr. Treasure."

"Is that a fact?"

"Show you myself one of these days, Mr. Treasure, Committee or no Committee."

"Much obliged, Mrs. Hash."

"You 're very welcome. Well, it 's my experience that one laughs most at them we love best, and, what 's more, Mr. Treasure, you can take it from me it don't matter what they say about a person in the papers as long as they say something. I never saw Ned Negus so cheerful as the day they had his picture in *The Mirror* for overloading a donkey."

"Well, I wouldn't wish to contradict you, Mrs. Hash. But you ask Mabel what 's *her* opinion."

"Mabel! That 's the *la-di-da* young person?"

"One of them. I 'll call her in. Mabel!"

"Yes, Mr. Treasure."

"Mrs. Hash and me was having a bit of an argument and we thought you might help us maybe."

"Do you lose your appetite, Mabel, if you see a funny bit about a parlour-maid at the Chelsea Palace?"

"My appetite 's all right, thank you, Mrs. Hash, but I don't know what



"OH, GEORGE, I ASKED YOU TO GET SOMETHING TO GO WITH MY SHEPHERDESS COSTUME."

"SO I HAVE, DEAR—I 'M THE CROOK."

right anybody has to make game of us. We 're as good as they are, I suppose."

"Oh, no, you 're not, Mabel, not if your head 's the wrong size for your hat, Mabel; not if you 're touchy, Mabel, because that 's a drawback to anyone. Ever go to the pictures, Mabel?"

"Often, Mrs. Hash."

"Ever see a wicked solicitor on the pictures, Mabel?"

"Often, Mrs. Hash. I never saw a good one that I can remember. They 're all alike."

"All alike, are they? And did you ever see a funny policeman?"

"Policemen *are* funny, specially the Americans."

"You 've been to America, I dare say, Mabel?"

"No, Mrs. Hash."

"Know any American policeman to speak to?"

"No."

"Well, you 're an authority, I can see that. And did you ever see a City gentleman that acted wrong to the young women in his office—on the pictures, I mean?"

"They all do that, Mrs. Hash."

"And did you ever see an actress on the pictures that went from bad to worse and had a season-ticket for the haunts of pleasure?"

"They 're a bad lot, Mrs. Hash."

"You know them better than me, I daresay. Well, Mabel, you don't mind pointing the finger of scorn at other people's professions, do you? But when it comes to a flippant word about a parlour-maid it 's 'Hoity-toity,' and what right has anyone to pass remarks about *me*? What right have you to split your sides over a policeman that puts his foot on a banana-skin, Mabel?"

"They can look after themselves, I suppose, Mrs. Hash."

"And so can we, I suppose, if we 're not too busy riding the high-horse. I don't know whether it 's this electricity or what, but some people are that touchy to-day you can't speak out loud to them. People that wraps themselves up in cotton-wool gets prickly shins in the end, Mabel."

"Do they, Cook? Well, if it 's all the same to you, I think I 'll get on with my reading."

"Do, my dear. And don't trouble to wash up the supper-things; Mr. Treasure 'll do that. And I 'll bring you your tea in the morning. Good night, Mabel. I 'll come and tuck you up."

"Aren't you a little harsh with the girl, Mrs. Hash?"

"*That*, Mr. Treasure, is what I call the New Young Woman. And now, if you 'll bring your Committee along I 'd like to have two words with them while the kettle 's boiling." A. P. H.



Operatic Celebrity. "I TELL YOUR FOOL REPORTER I HAF BEEN STARRING FOR SIX MONTS IN NOOYORK."

Sub-Editor. "QUITE SO."

Operatic Celebrity. "WELL, THE IDIOT HE SAY 'STARVING.'"

RHYMES OF MY GARDEN.

THE EARTHWORM.

THE earthworm, judged by outward features,
Is not the handsomest of creatures;
One might be tempted to disparage
His somewhat undistinguished carriage,
And nobody I 've heard of yet
Has kept an earthworm as a pet;
In short, we find that in the main
Men view the worm with cold disdain,
Slighting—and this I cannot pardon—
His yeoman service in the garden.

We well may pause before we jibe
At members of this humble tribe;
For, though he bags no prize for beauty,
Your earthworm has discharged his duty
Most faithfully throughout the ages,
Without a thought for hours or wages.
Compare the prehistoric worm
With, let us say, the pachyderm,
The mammoth and the woolly rhino
Were useless beasts, so far as I know,
Who filled the air with raucous hoots
And heaved up forests by the roots,
Or wallowed in the mud and blinked
And happily became extinct.
Meanwhile the worm, with sturdy toil,
Was getting busy with the soil
And piling up that rich brown loam
In which my tulips find a home.

So I will speak the praise of worms
In bold enthusiastic terms;
Derided, scorned, misunderstood,
They still persist in doing good;
And it would be a gracious act,
Inspired by gratitude and tact,
If garden-lovers all concurred
In censuring the early bird.

THE CAMEO-SELLER.

On the Capitoline Hill, behind the Palazzo Senatorio, is a little terrace from which one gets a very good view of the Forum. The guide-books recommend tourists to go there, and consequently it is a strategic point for the cameo-sellers, by whom it is always strongly occupied. The moment Rosalie and I arrived on this little terrace we saw one of these creatures shambling towards us, his box under his arm, and on his bristly oily face the expression of a beast of prey anticipating a fat and easy kill.

He put down his box confidently on the low wall near to us, released on us a gas-attack whose ingredients were Toscana cigar, red wine and garlic, leered fatly and pointed to the Forum.

But at that moment I pointed to the Forum too, and just as he opened his mouth I began to speak, looking him well in the eyes with a compelling stare. "Zat," I said loudly and rapidly, "is ze arch of Tito—Taitoos. Zose are ze tree columns of temple of Castor and Pollux. Zere is ze Basilica Giulia, ze temple of Vesta and ze 'ouse of ze Vestal Virgins."

He seemed put off somehow; he stood goggling at me with his mouth open, his arm still feebly pointing. I gripped him firmly by the shoulders and changed his direction a little. "You see," I said in a low tense voice, swivelling his petrified arm in the right direction—"you see, bo'ind zere? Zere is ze Colosseo—gladiators, Christians;" and I champed my jaws fiercely in a realistic imitation of a lion chewing a cameo-seller.

The man breathed heavily, pulled himself together and fumbled with the bottom drawer of his box. Again I anticipated him. Diving quickly into my pockets I whipped out a ghastly mosaic bracelet and an unspeakable cameo brooch. "You like buy nice bracelet?" I said coaxingly, holding it up to his perspiring face, "made in ze Pope's school; only tirty lire—you pay sixty for 'im in ze shops." And I made to clasp it on his wrist, just as one of his loathsome kind had clasped it on Rosalie's wrist a few days before.

He drew back, and a look of fear came over his face. I followed him up, talking loudly, and held the brooch under his nose. "Lovely brooch!" I shouted. "Look 'ere—I give you ze two for fifty lire, good business, made in ze Pope's school; zey cost you two hundred in ze shops."

He closed his box and walked rapidly away. I hurried after him, making play with my wares. "Lovely presents," I bawled at the top of my voice; "I give you ze two for tirty lire; made in ze——"

He broke into a trot and disappeared round the corner.

When I returned to Rosalie and the peaceful contemplation of the Forum I realised my incredible triumph. *The man had not uttered a single word.* I think I must be the only man on earth who has prevented a cameo-seller from talking.



"I HAVE CALLED, SIR, TO SEE IF YOU WILL AGAIN GIVE SOMETHING TO THE FIREMEN'S DINNER. A YEAR AGO YOU GAVE HALF-A-CROWN."

"A YEAR AGO! HEAVENS! HOW MANY COURSES IS THIS DINNER?"

THE ANIMAL MENACE.

What Is Behind It?

To my mind, activities in the animal world give ground for grave alarm.

A short time ago a large snake nearly ran amok on the platform of a London terminus. The other day an elephant was washed up on our shores; and, while it is true the poor creature was dead, that elephant, depend upon it, was meant to land alive. Last week thirteen monkeys were let loose in London, a large dog of strange breed was found prowling about Regent's Park, and a leopard sprang from the stage of a provincial music-hall into the auditorium, afterwards taking refuge, uninvited, among the orchestra. A few days ago it was stated in a court of law that a mosquito had bitten an admiral. Moreover there is this Alsatian hound problem.

I suspect that at the back of all this is Red Gold.

We must not view the monkey incident with indifference because the animals were small and only thirteen in number. There is such a thing, let us remember, as the thin end of the wedge. With the encouragement of this successful experiment, is it beyond the powers of the Soviet Government, with millions at their disposal, to induce some miscreant to let loose a much larger number of orang-utans? And that elephant—what more simple than to jettison elephants here and there round the coast so that they land in our country, creating panic in our seaport towns and trumpeting their destructive way through our golf-links and game preserves?

What sinister member of that music-hall audience waved a piece of steak at an opportune moment to lure that lethal beast beyond the limits of the stage? What kind of an individual, do you suppose, set that mosquito on that admiral? Who tampered with the screws of the snake-box? Who are at the back of this movement to introduce the wolf-strain into our Alsatians?

What is the Home Secretary doing? About this dastardly scheme for disorganising the *moral* of the country he has said nothing, except that those who turn our Alsatians into wolves must be held responsible for the consequences—a courageous threat to lock the stable-door after the horse has been devoured.

Meanwhile the police patrol our streets unarmed. And I doubt whether among the whole *personnel* of Scotland Yard they can boast of a single snake-charmer, and whether there is in the whole of its equipment a single elephant-rifle, a single mosquito-swatter, a single monkey-wrench.

Let us hope this warning is given in time, or here, in our island home, we may soon have snakes at the door of every luncheon-car, elephants climbing up our piers and smashing a way through our bathing-vans, leopards and wolf-like hounds ready to pounce at every turn, mosquitoes biting high officers of all Services indiscriminately.

"Lost, working man, Friday, grey raincoat."—*Provincial Paper.*

This can't be *Crusoe's* friend; he had no raincoat.

THE ACID TEST.



LITTLE BINKS, AFTER SEEING A THRILLING FILM OF ADVENTURE, WHERE HE FELT HIMSELF TO BE THE HERO—



CAME OUT INTO HUMDRUM LONDON—



FEELING STRONGER—



MORE HANDSOME—



AND LONGING TO HAVE HIS COURAGE TESTED.



HE WAS IN LUCK THAT EVENING. TURNING A CORNER HE HAD THE CHANCE OF HIS LIFE.

EVE IN THE GARDEN.

It was Adam, one fancied, who shouldered the toil
Of subduing the earth and of tilling the soil;
Well, if he once lived by the sweat of his brow
In the Garden, I don't see him doing it now.

For to Eve is the Garden, the love and the care
Of the first-fruits of Paradise blossoming there;
She plants and she labels, she prunes and she wires,
While Adam sits by with a pipe and admires.

You must not suppose him deficient in will;
It is rather a question of technical skill;
For he is—or believes himself—passably good
At a labourer's task, like the sawing of wood.

On occasion a special indulgence concedes
The responsible office of clearing the weeds,
Dandelion and buttercup, pests to be scotched,
Though even at this he requires to be watched,

Lest his fragments of lore be untimely forgot,
To leave him in doubt which are weeds and which not,
Lest he root up as groundsel what proves to his shame
To be something possessing a long Latin name.

Still he knows the proud moment can not be delayed
When an urgent appeal for his presence is made,
As the Lord of Creation, to deal with strange bugs,
To destroy leather-jackets or trample on slugs.

Adam delved, as I hinted before, and Eve span,
But Time would appear to have altered that plan,
For the ancient traditions of Eden are gone,
And Eve does the garden while Adam looks on. A. C.

BRIDGE FOUNDATIONS.

IV.—THE UNCONVENTIONAL DOUBLE.

"Double, double, toil and trouble."—*SHAKESPEARE.*

EXAMPLE is better than precept. Here is an example:—

A.
♠ A., K.
♡ A., K., Q., J., 10, 9, 8, 7, 6.
◇ None.
♣ A., K.

Y.
♠ Q., 9, 6, 5.
♡ 4, 2.
◇ Q., 6, 5.
♣ 8, 7, 6, 5.

X.
♠ 10, 8, 7, 2.
♡ None.
◇ A., K., J., 9, 4, 3.
♣ Q., 9, 4.

B.
♠ J., 4, 3.
♡ 3, 5.
◇ 10, 8, 7, 2.
♣ J., 10, 3, 2.

A dealt, and called four Hearts.
X doubled.
The call was left in, and A made grand slam in Hearts.
X said he was extremely sorry, but he mistook his Diamonds for Hearts.

ERNEST SHEPARD, whose drawings in *Punch* for A. A. MILNE'S *When We Were Very Young* have not been forgotten, is now holding an Exhibition, at the Sporting Gallery, 32, King Street, Covent Garden, of his illustrations to Mr. MILNE'S *Winnie-the-Pooh*.

WASTE SOUNDS.

(By a Student of Sonorities.)

MUCH has been said and written, mostly in terms of disparagement or even abuse, of the "dominion of din," the tyranny of unnecessary noise, which, in the view of those who protest against this feature of modern life, is a curse and a calamity.

That there is some ground for these complaints is not to be denied. Unfortunately the majority of these critics are uncompromising adherents of the old order, querulous reactionaries, and wholly unable to rise from a negative or destructive-attitude to the formulation of a constructive or remedial policy. They seem incapable of realising that an immense and fruitful field of artistic effort, hitherto neglected, lies open in the intelligent utilization of waste noises.

Economics are at the root of nearly all our troubles and difficulties, and nowhere more conspicuously than in the world of music. The cost of production and performance is paralysing opera and symphonic concerts and driving our best musicians into the wilderness. The heightened standard of living and the expenditure on peremptory needs—such, for example, as motor-cars—reduce the funds available for other purposes. The price of normal instruments is prohibitive. You can purchase a new four-seater for far less than a first-rate fiddle, and a secondhand side-car costs little more than a tuba.

And yet we are confronted with the strange anomaly that, while the main current of the evolution of music points to the gradual elimination of the sounds produced by instruments which satisfied the needs of eighteenth-century audiences, there is no organised attempt to substitute for them a new apparatus at once more in keeping with the new spirit of the art and at the same time infinitely cheaper. Instrument-manufacturers go on making the old models—in strings, wood, brass and percussion—with the melancholy result that the most enlightened composers are denied the means of testing their sumptuous and sonorous experiments.

Another anomaly that suggests itself in this context is the abandonment of old instruments which lend themselves to modern exigencies. Take, for example, the comb. Who plays the comb nowadays? And yet, when covered with thin tissue-paper, this humble but universal implement is capable of producing sounds of peculiar sweetness. The *timbre* of the comb is unique, delicate and penetrating, yet veiled by a gentle bombination or buzzing. Combs of different sizes can be used in concerted music with a most pleasing result.

Another lost instrument is the coffee-pot. Many years ago there was a man who performed on it in public, and in his hands, or lips, the thing became a trumpet. But to-day his very name is forgotten. Again, blades of grass, when blown upon edgewise, will produce notes of a piercing shrillness equal to those of the highest register of the piccolo. Yet this inexpensive and vegetarian instrument has fallen completely out of fashion amongst the ingenuous youth of this age.

You, Mr. Punch, have recently sung the praises of the hot-water bottle, but it has been reserved for a writer in *The Times* to supplement your catalogue of its virtues in a most interesting way. Hot-water bottles, he tells us, can sing or at least wail. "The gift seems confined to stone or metal bottles; an aluminium one provided the strangest instance of the kind. In this case the wails and whistles, as of a cat and an engine, were not to be tolerated in the bed or even silenced in the room." What better example could be forthcoming of the waste of sounds which would not only be tolerated but welcomed with enthusiasm in a concert- or ball-room?



Enterprising Stowaway (discovered just after leaving Southampton, to Captain of thirty-thousand-ton liner). "SORRY, SIR, BUT I THOUGHT THIS WAS THE ISLE OF WIGHT BOAT."

I may note in conclusion that the B.B.C., though unjustly accused of being the enemy of good music, is at least open to the charge of failing to utilize the valuable raw material of sound provided by the phenomena of atmospherics and oscillation. If these were placed at the disposal of modern composers for concert use, "imagination's widest stretch in wonder dies away" before the impending enlargement of our aural horizon.

Relativity in the Antipodes.

"Mrs. J. D. —— has left for Auckland to-morrow."
New Zealand Paper.

"Caused by the heavy rain over the week end several slips came down in the Manawatu Gorge, completely blocking the road. It is not expected that the road will be cleared for traffic yesterday."
New Zealand Paper.

PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW.

["Mr. Cook is leaving for Russia shortly."—*Daily Paper.*]

UNLIKE the housewife who, aghast, surveys
The broken tenor of domestic days,
Britannia hears with joy far more than grieving
The words, for once so welcome, "COOK is leaving."

C. F. S.

From an article on trade-journalism:

"For some time it was confined to the Drapers, who inserted articles on any topical subject, but always introducing the firm's name, a very clever, indirect, specious way of advertising, if you could only get the public to read through the lubrications of some engaged scribe."—*Commercial Circular.*

And always provided, of course, that the engaged scribe was not over-lubricated.



Elderly Lady (being initiated into night-club life). "NOW I SUPPOSE THIS COUPLE IS DOING THE 'FLAT-FOOTED CHARLESTON' I'VE READ SO MUCH ABOUT?"

THE BALLAD OF JOHN WELLMAN.

[Sir WILLIAM ARBUTHNOT LANE, voicing the views of the New Health Society, has recently pointed out that an efficient substitute for exercise may be found in "rolling the abdominal wall."]

I HA' lived the life of a hermit,
I ha' worn hygienic boots;
I ha' dined, with a doctor's permit,
On apples and nuts and roots;
I ha' taken pills, I ha' toiled up hills,
But this is the last of all—
The deed by stealth that I do for my health
When I roll the abdominal wall!

Or ever the winter woollies
Fit tight to the tub-like form,
Ye may work with a pair of pulleys,
Ye may punch till the pelt grows warm;
Ye may squat on the hams till the knee-joint jams,
With the song of the lark ye may rise,
But unless ye ha' ta'en ARBUTHNOT LANE
Ye know not the way of the wise.

Who has called for the unfired fodder
That NEBUCHADNEZZAR had?
Who has danced, a weary plodder,
All day for a health-fiend's fad?
He hath found small joy for his soul's annoy,
And little reward have they
Who blush like a rose beneath their clo'es
From the ultra-violet ray.

To the lean lone man his tropics,
To the wasp the wall-hung peach,
The Press-men chivvy their topics,
The club-men follow their leech;
They have learnt this thing as the club-doors swing,
And this thing over all,
To wriggle their thews as they read and muse,
And to roll the abdominal wall!

By the cream o' the milk we curdle,
By the yam and the yourt and the yeast,
By the half of the globe we girdle
As the flag flies west and east;
Where sounds the moo of the distant gnu
And the bison pops from the mud
We have foughten the fight of our appetite,
But the end thereof is a dud.

The men of the race of Ammon
Have welted the squash-ball round,
And a wondrous god is Mammon,
The god of the horse and hound;
But never the path to the Turkish bath
Nor the lifted tan of the Row
Shall make you well as the way I tell,
The way that the wise ones know.

For the salt tides swing to ocean
And the great whales gambol west,
But no man has seen the motion
That moveth my undervest;
I sit in my chair and I speak you fair,
But the muscles arise and fall,
And the good that I win goes on within
As I roll the abdominal wall!

EVOE.

A Mixed Bag.

From a broadcasting programme:—

"The Bishump, the Lion and the Robert Blatchford."—*Evening Paper.*

"The author of 'A House of Cards' obviously knows his—or should it be hers?—world."
Sunday Paper.

We can set the critic's mind at rest. It should *not* be "hers."

"Letters written by Sir Isaac Watts indicate that it required much research before he invented his steam engine."—*Canadian Paper.*

And we have always understood that the Rev. JAMES WATT, D.D., improved a lot of shining hours before he composed "How doth the little busy bee?"



CARRIERS OF EMPIRE.

THE RESIDENT PIGEON. "GOOD HOMING!" (*Aside*) "AS NICE A LOT OF BIRDS AS EVER I MET."





Lady (at the Café de Bohème). "I THINK HE REALLY MUST BE A GENIUS—HE'S GOT SUCH ORIGINAL LEGS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 22nd.—Captain HACKING intends to go down to posterity as the Plain Man's Friend. Facilities for cinematographing in the Royal Parks, he explained to the House, are granted on application, but there must be no "posing of artists or filming of stage scenes." The camera-man, it seems, may invite the ducks to clinch for a fadeaway or tell *Rima* to work a brighter line of eye-stuff, but the lords and ladies of creation must positively keep out.

Captain EVANS recalled the PRIME MINISTER'S promise that British film-producers should not want for an authentic British atmosphere and background. This did not move the steely UNDER-SECRETARY. The parks, he declared, were for people who wanted fresh air, not film atmosphere.

It seems that the Unionist Party, for all its apparent meekness, has its aggressive side. Lady ASTOR told the HOME SECRETARY that that side would not tolerate the provisions of the new Factory Bill which made it possible for young persons under eighteen to be employed for twelve hours a day. The HOME SECRETARY pointed out that other clauses of the Bill were also objected to, and that Lady ASTOR was not the only aggressive member of the Unionist Party. "We are the ones that count," she retorted, and the HOME SECRETARY said no more.

The noble lady next complained to Sir KINGSLEY WOOD that the labels on the tins of imported skim-milk were not nearly prominent enough. As Sir KINGSLEY promised to go into the question, we shall in due course no doubt have "NOT FIT FOR INFANT CONSUMPTION" replaced by "NOT FOR SUCKERS. THIS MEANS YOU!" or something with an American punch to it.

The House early set about the Report stage of the Merchandise Marks Bill. The measure outrages Liberalism in every fibre of its stringy being, and to the Liberals fell the task of trying to temper it to the shorn foreign importer. Obviously Captain WEDGWOOD BENN should on this occasion have been the captain of Liberalism's soul, but he, at other times the most graceful of combatants, sees red when the Sacred Principles are assailed. It was therefore left to the tactful Mr. HARRIS of Bethnal Green to "suave" the situation.

Mr. HARRIS is a subtle antagonist. On a clause requiring that imported goods bearing the name or trade-mark of a British manufacturer or trader should bear the name of their place of origin, he asked the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE if he had by chance heard of the "Mustard Club," and pathetically pictured the existence of a public mustard pot with "British Mustard" on the outside, and "Made in Germany" on the bottom. Sir BURTON CHADWICK countered by saying that he was also aware of the Ancient Order of Froth Blowers which advertises its philanthropic efforts by presenting the charitable with free cuff-links. Was there any reason why these should not bear the name of the country of origin?

Mr. HARNEY wanted to know what would happen if he "colloped his beer with zest" (as the Froth Blowers' ritual runs) from a foreign-made bottle. The PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY OF THE BOARD OF TRADE said there would be nothing to prevent him, but did not explain why.

Another Amendment proposed by the Government makes it unlawful to sell in the United Kingdom any imported goods having for their name or trade-mark the name of any place or district in the United Kingdom. The object is apparently to enable any British manufacturer to keep his foreign trade rival's goods out of the country by building a factory with a model village round it

and calling it "Remington" or "Gillette" or "Quaker."

Mr. MORRISON produced a House of Commons toothpick with "Paris and London" on it. What would happen, he asked, if the toothpick were made in Paris and the wrapper in London or *vice v.?* Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER found this too much of a problem and



LORD HALDANE LENDS HIS WEIGHT IN SUPPORT OF THE GOVERNMENT SCHEME AS ADVOCATED BY LORD PEEL.

replied that there was a special power to grant exemption in special cases.

The next Amendment, providing that the section should not have effect in respect of the application of a name or trade-mark to articles used as coverings, reels, labels or otherwise, was so complicated as to deserve Miss LAWRENCE's description of it as all topsy-turvy like something out of *Alice in Wonderland.* The House evidently thought so too, for it pretty soon reeled off to bed, having first demonstrated that no amount of divisions can shake the manifest superiority of British boot-leather.

Tuesday, November 23rd.—Sir FRANK MEYER has discovered that steam lorries issue clouds of steam and showers of sparks. Would the Ministry of Transport deal with the nuisance? The MINISTER made it clear that in his opinion the lorries in question had not intended any disrespect to the hon. Member.

The Emergency Regulations were laid on the table, the HOME SECRETARY saying that by Friday he hoped some of the Regulations might prove to be no longer necessary.

Colonel DAY asked the POSTMASTER-GENERAL if he would not issue a thumb-slotted *Telephone Directory.* The POSTMASTER said it would take a hundred men seven weeks to do the thumb-slotting, and would cost twenty thousand pounds.

The House quickly got back to the business of thumb-slotting amendments to the Merchandise Marks Bill. Most of the debate turned on the question of fruit and vegetables and other perishable commodities. Miss LAWRENCE was distressed to learn that in aggravated cases unmarked or improperly marked consignments of food would, if it was not practicable to return them, be dumped into the sea. She thought it would be better for the Customs officials to take a pot of paint and write on the crate, "Produce of Czecho-Slovakia," or whatever it might be, and send a bill to the importer. At the worst the food might be confiscated and made use of. Mr. HARRIS pictured the plight of Bethnal Green which already found fruit almost beyond its means. Put further restrictions on the foreign importer and he would cease to import. Bethnal Green would have no bananas. His, he declared, was the Party of plenty.

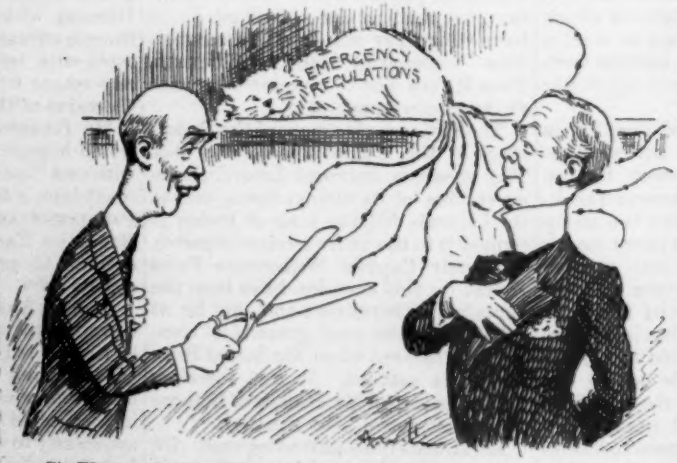
By way of confirming this he made it the Party of plenty of amendments. Mr. WEBB also propounded a few, but the Labour Party's chief effort was that of Mr. BARNES, who saw no good in having foreign steel marked as such when any expert safe-blower could erase the mark. Mr. WEBB also dealt with bananas. "Why mark them," he asked, "when there were no British bananas?" To this Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER replied that there were British Empire bananas, for which many Britons would have a preference. Just how the man who merely buys a banana here and a banana there is going to be sure of securing the British article was not explained.



THE CHIEF OF THE VANDALS.
LORD HUGH CECIL AS SEEN BY HIS ADVERSARIES
(After an ivory diptych of the fifth century).

The House poured through the Division lobbies with dogged fidelity, and the Report stage of the Bill was completed before midnight. Mr. HARRIS failed to plaster the thing with amendments, but he covered himself with a blaze of dialectic glory in a last heroic effort to persuade the House that the League of Nations would be outraged, the Treaty of Versailles ruthlessly violated and the Locarno Spirit hopelessly endangered by the clause of the Bill which described the exports of the mandated territories as "Empire produce."

Wednesday, November 24th.—The House of Lords resisted Lord CARSON's plea that the Electricity Bill should go to a Select Committee. Lord BIRKENHEAD cited in support of the measure the low cost of "juice" in America, and added as a millennial circumstance that in America they had electric ovens in which the amount of current used declined automatically as the joint became



Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS *(to Colonel* LANE-FOX*).* "I 'VE HAD THAT CAT SO LONG I CAN'T BEAR TO PART WITH IT ALTOGETHER; BUT IF YOU WANT TO LOP OFF A TAIL OR TWO I RAISE NO OBJECTION."



Little Girl (to Father who is consulting telephone-directory). "CHEER UP, DADDY. P'RAPS IT 'LL END HAPPILY."

done. He said that all proposed Amendments to the Bill would be considered by the Government, which, however, would profoundly regret the delay that would result from sending the Bill to a Select Committee, where (their Lordships were allowed to infer) the pressure would automatically decrease as the Bill's goose became cooked.

The PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY informed Mr. DAY that "incidents in the ordinary course of naval routine" could be cinematographed on H.M. ships, the Admiralty participating to an unspecified extent in the proceeds of the film. We may assume that under these advantageous conditions the "posing of artists" so abhorrent to Captain HACKING will be easily absorbed into their daily routine by the Navy's handymen.

The HOME SECRETARY had a little Dog Day all to himself. Captain EVANS seemed to think that the eminent scientist of the London University who buys the dogs for purposes of research ought to know a valuable dog from a no-account mongrel, and that proceedings should be commenced against the University for paying cur prices for Crystal Palace canines. The HOME SECRETARY said that the Professor was not perhaps so great an expert as the hon. Member. He told another Member that there were difficulties in the way of letting the police sell some of the fifty thousand unwanted Towsers that they annually chloroform. Answering another question, Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS explained that his recent letter about dogs with a wolf strain had no application to the breed of Alsatian dogs.

Colonel LANE-FOX told the House that Saturday would see the last of the coal restrictions removed (except possibly the prohibitive price), and the PRIME MINISTER stated that there was no intention now to set up an arbitration tribunal for the coal-mining industry.

The House took the Third Reading of the Merchandise Marks Bill, the attack on this occasion being led by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who described the measure as a means of advertising foreign goods at the expense of the British ratepayers. What we needed to do, he said, was not to mark foreign goods but to market our own.

Thursday, November 25th. — The House saved the City churches and by so handsome a majority that even Lord HUGH CECIL, who pleaded with it to countersign the issue of the execution warrant, must now be convinced that in England a sermon in stone is still regarded as worth two in the pulpit. He had the support of Sir HENRY SLESSER, who commiserated with his momentary colleague. Lord HUGH complained that *The Times* had vilely misrepresented the Church Assembly's Bill as a plot to destroy the City churches. Sir HENRY reminded him that the newspapers still more vilely misrepresented the Socialist Party, in season and out of season, as burning to destroy the Constitution.

Sir V. BOWATER led the defence on behalf of the City of London, and Sir MARTIN CONWAY laid about him in the name of the learned, historical and artistic societies. Let the City churches stand, he pleaded, in the streets of the money-changers as silent witnesses that there is in the world something finer and greater than mere commerce and industry. Mr. AMMON and Mr. RONALD MCNEILL also "bore them right doughtily," and the division found a paltry twenty-seven stalwarts rallied round the iconoclastic banner.

"Wanted, Black Fluffy Kitchen, male."
Provincial Paper.

No woman would allow her kitchen to get into such a state.



MANNERS AND MODES.

AFTER THE "VAGABOND HAT" WILL LEADERS OF FEMININE FASHION ADOPT AN ENSEMBLE THAT IS IN KEEPING?

SHE-SHANTIES.

THE FIVE-O'CLOCK FAIRIES.

At five o'clock and after
Down every City street
You 'll hear their elfin laughter,
You 'll hear the fairy feet;
Cheapside seems full of roses,
The pavement rocks with fun
As, powdering their noses,
From bank and shop they run—

Homeward, hurrah!
Go the Five-o'clock Fairies,
Hurrying, scurrying,
Home to Mamma,
With fairy red hats
And fairy pale faces,
What stockings and spats
And vanity cases!
London 's in flower,
The Bank is a bower,
And constables bud to the best of their power.
While, since it 's our duty
To venerate Beauty,
I take off my hat to the Five-o'clock Fairies.

Why are these dull photographers
In Lady Dash engrossed
When I know ten stenographers
Would leave her at the post?

A fig for your New Yorkers!
Your midinettes—pooh, pooh!
Madrid may hold some corkers—
Well, we have one or two.

Homeward, hooray!
Go the Five-o'clock Fairies,
Cantering, bantering,
Into the fray!
Fighting for trams
And battling for buses—
What jostles and jambs,
What fairy-like cusses!
Caught in the rain,
Crushed in the train,
Up at six-thirty to do it again,
Tough as they 're tender,
They never surrender—
I take off my hat to the Five-o'clock Fairies.

You ladies rich and splendid,
If you have ever been
Locked in some place intended
For one not large sardine,
Give thanks you travel gaily,
Not as the fairies do,
Who fight their passage daily
From Cannon Street to Kew.

Homeward again
Go the Five-o'clock Fairies,
Wearily, drearily
Into the train.
Jolly stockbrokers
Have got the last places,
And prosperous smokers
Blow smoke in their faces.
Rolling and reeling,
So faint they are feeling,
But stockbrokers never get out before Ealing.
The same thing to-morrow—
To-morrow—to-morrow!
I take off my hat to the Five-o'clock Fairies.

A. P. H.

"We have buried our hatred of Germany, and we should advise the minority to do the same with Mr. Lloyd George."—*Liberal Paper.*

We can't help thinking that this would be going too far.

"Large selection of Bedroom, Dining Room, Hall and Kitchen Furniture. We can furnish a house with all that is necessary, a best value obtainable. Liberal discount for cash or deferred payments."—*Local Paper.*

There must be a catch somewhere.

From a review:—

"Take this pocket-size book, full of excellent illustrations, a scientific book most entertainingly written, take it into the field and enjoy spiders as you have never enjoyed them before."

We must recommend this work to Little Miss Muffet.

NEW WORDS FOR OLD.

THE taximan seemed to be singularly obtuse. "Surely you understand," I said, "I want you to drive me"—and I spelt the name for him—"to B-D-W-Y."

"Come again," he replied, with a certain brightness.

"B-D-W-Y."

"Is that Welsh, guv'nor?"

"No."

"And it 's not what you might call vulgar abuse?"

"No."

"Then I 've never 'eard of it." He was quite definite.

"Come, come," I remonstrated; "you go along past those mews on the left and keep on until you are near Up Thms st. Leave that on your right and make for Chrtrho st."

He looked at me as if he had difficulty in getting his mental apparatus to work.

"Animal, mineral or vegetable?" he asked weakly.

I was annoyed at his flippancy.

"Don't you know the London area?" I cried. "I suppose you have some hazy idea of driving me to Crshlton or even Srbtn. You are just the sort of fellow who would land me at Gt Tchfld st or Brkng rd or Hg Bnt, and then calmly stop to ask me the number I first thought of."

The taximan, I regret to say, tapped his forehead with his finger and, with the cryptic remark to his vehicle, "Gee up, Joe," drove away.

When I complained of his conduct to a policeman who was standing near he listened sympathetically. I pointed out that I was merely trying to get to a road given in the new *Telephone Directory* as the address of a man who had been a chrbne agt, but had given that occupation up in order to be a phrmctcl chmst, optcn and mdcl agt, in business premises formerly used as a pcking wrhse by a whlsl mfg frm.

"I know the place is in Pntvl rd," I said, "for *The Telephone Directory* says so. But it seems to me that trying to get there is as difficult as trying to sell grmphns in a vgtbl mkt."

The policeman at this stage looked at me rather curiously, and mentioned that he would be back that way at 3 A.M. precisely, and if I hadn't gone by then he would most certainly see me.

As he turned away I remarked sadly that I would not bother, but would return to my home at Hrw-o-t-hl.

He must have heard only the last part of the remark and misinterpreted it, for he said very abruptly, "None of that language, now; move on."

So I went home to complete the draft of my new Bill to Prevent the Painful Clipping in Telephone Directories of Words that Previously Have not Done us any Harm.

It is obvious that this measure must be introduced and made law at the earliest moment, before any more dreadful things happen. Nothing seems to be safe. If addresses can be maltreated as they have been without the slightest warning, we may find in the next Directory that personal names have been dealt with in the same way.

To-night, therefore, I propose to write, asking for their support, to various members of the Government, including MR STNLY BLDWN, MR WN CHL, SR WM JYN HKR (the Hm Scy), SR WTN-EVNS, SR SML HR (Air Mnstr), MR CHMBLN and SR WM MTCHL TMSN (Pmr-Gnl). If they will not help there is always MR CK. Words are his strong point.



She (after the quarrel). "I WISH I WAS DEAD."
He. "I WISH I WAS TOO."
She. "THEN I DON'T WISH I WAS!"

From a publicity agent:—

"In the Shakespeare class the students will be examined in 'The Waiter's Tale.'"

Can this be about the "poor cat i' the adage," who let "'I dare not' wait upon 'I would'"?

"Next Monday polling will take p'ace for the election of a County Councillor to represent the North Ward in the —— County Council in place of Ald. ——, who has resigned."—*Provincial Paper.*

The suggestion that a whole alderman could be replaced by a mere fraction of a county councillor seems to demand an apology.

AT THE PLAY.

"TRELAWNY OF THE 'WELLS'" (GLOBE).

As there is nothing new to be said of the play itself, it may be permissible to indulge one's curiosity as to the Management's motives for giving us this revival of a revival. Was it their idea to provide an example of the sound workmanship of a past master for the benefit of some of the slipshod dramatists of to-day? Or to escape from the drawing-room (or bedroom) drama of contemporary manners (if any) and dress (if any), and, by offering character-parts that demand a little imagination, to give our actors for once a chance of acting? Or, with a benevolence extended to the public, to present a period play for the better education of our very young Georgians who have not seen—or read—anything pre-War? Or, finally, was it just to afford Miss MARGARET BANNERMAN the opportunity of looking sweet in the costumes of the 'sixties?



A DISCONTENTED "DEMON OF DISCONTENT."
Avonia Bunn . . . . . MISS FORDRED.
Ferdinand Gadd . . . . . MR. HARVEY.

All excellent motives, except the last, which I suspect to have been the real one. If so, it justified itself up to a point, for Miss BANNERMAN, who must always look sweet in any costume, was particularly sweet as a Victorian. But her performance, for all its charm, was not a very true interpretation of the character of *Rose Trelawny*. It was easy enough to understand the attraction that she had for young *Gower*, but one never quite understood her success as an actress at the "Wells."

Of course the author had given *Trelawny* a refinement which set her apart from her fellow-mummers—this, indeed was one of the qualities that drew her lover to her—but he had never meant her to be a mere lady amateur. In her moments of joyous expansion, when surrounded by her friends of the stage, Miss BANNERMAN could not very well fail to be a different creature from the caged bird of Cavendish Square; and from time to time she showed a professional gift when imitating old *Sir William's* manner ("Have we no cheers?"); but she never really persuaded us that she bore the stamp of her craft.

Of the other "theatrical folk" Mr. QUARTERMAINE as *Tom Wrench* (just for an instant at the first I wished he had been Mr. HENRY AINLEY) played the devout and sacrificial lover with a very nice and untheatrical sincerity. I should have liked him better without those hanging strands of hair that we found so worrying. They may have been period, but they made him look like one of our young effeminates of to-day emerging from the sea.



A KEAN BLADE.
Sir William Gower, K.T. . . MR. SEBASTIAN SMITH.
Rose Trelawny . . . . . MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN.

As *James Telfer*, venerable exponent of the legitimate drama, Mr. ATKINS played with commendable reserve in a part that might easily have been over-mouthed; and when Miss SCUDAMORE, in the part of *Violet Sylvester*, lapsed from the seat of majesty she never lapsed into farce. Miss FORDRED's *Avonia Bunn* encouraged the hopes of those who have seen her intelligent acting in revue. Mr. HARVEY, as *Ferdinand Gadd*, whom "the public wanted"; Miss DANE as the flashy but good-hearted *Imogen Parrott*, and Mr. COOKE as *Augustus Colpoys*, the buffoon of the company, were all excellent.

Of the "non-theatrical folk," Mr. SEBASTIAN SMITH (plain "Mr. Smith" of the topical playbill, which allowed no Christian names) did a really great character-sketch of *Sir William Gower*. Though it was his business to provide most of the fun, he played with due restraint, notably at the moment (perhaps the best, and the most unlikely, in the play) when he commands everybody to sit down with him to hear *Tom Wrench* read his comedy. I wish we could have seen him after an hour of it, but the curtain wisely fell with the announcement of the title.

As *Trafalgar Gower* Miss FERRAR—rather tall for a mere shadow of her diminutive brother—gave a pretty touch to her prejudices. Mr. UPTON'S *Arthur Gower* was a properly modest and inarticulate *fiancé*. Indeed these qualities were so marked that I trembled for his performance as *jeune premier* in *Tom Wrench's* comedy. But here again the curtain made a well-timed intervention.

Miss GOTT, as *Mrs. Mossop*, friend and factotum of the company of the "Wells," gave a very good performance, and the rest of the cast could hardly have been bettered. They were never, as *Trafalgar Gower* might have said of Miss BANNERMAN, "out of place."

As for Sir ARTHUR PINERO'S share in our entertainment, I doubt if a happier choice could have been made from his vast repertoire. His technique and attention to detail are here seen at their best. The period is too remote to appear out-of-date, a fault that has been found—at any rate with his young people's dialogue—in some of his more recent work. If a certain strain of melodrama is evident in the latter part of the plot, this is a permissible infection caught from a foot-lights' atmosphere. And if at times he is apt to insist upon the idiosyncrasies of his types, as in the case of the Irish stage-manager, that is all in the DICKENS tradition. And it is something that the characters (even old *Gower*, with his narrow intolerance) are all lovable, and that there is no episode or sentiment here that leaves (as has happened in some of Sir ARTHUR'S plays) an unpleasant taste in the mouth.

The play had a great reception from a first-night audience, which must have included many intelligent people, though the free list was said to be suspended for all but the critics. And yet I am not very sanguine of its success. Miss BANNERMAN'S personal charm will not alone ensure it. And the play's very virtues—its humanity and cleanness—may condemn it in the eyes of that new public in whom sophistication and stupidity are found together in a most unholy wedlock. O. S.

"A HOUSE OF CARDS" (LITTLE).

A House of Cards certainly tells a story—not quite a new story, but then what story is really quite new? And our author, Mr. LAURENCE EUSTON, has a distinct gift for characterisation within rather conventional bounds. Also there is occasionally a certain liveliness to relieve the rather too long stretches of a dialogue which is sufficiently aerated to be appreciated in small draughts, but not, I think, wisely served out by him in such over-generous measure. It takes a WILDE or a SHAW to ignore without penalty the axiom that it is just as well to get on with the story if it's chiefly a story that you have to tell.

Sir Hugh Tremayne is, largely it seems through the instrumentality of his exceedingly well-dressed, much-entertaining and attractive wife, rapidly becoming the Most-Important-Person-in-the-Foreign-Office. He has just landed a League appointment. He has been too busy being important to realise that the dresses, interesting lunches and dinners, butler and general trimmings cannot possibly be provided out of his official salary, which anyone can find out from the invaluable if slightly embarrassing *Whitaker*. *Lady Tremayne's* intimate friends happen also to know what he does not, such is the confidence of this really devoted couple, that she has no longer any private means. Where then does the money come from?



THE "REAL PEOPLE" OF CAVENDISH SQUARE.

Captain de Fœnix . . . . MR. WEST.
Arthur Gower . . . . MR. UPTON.

We see, and her friends see, our pretty *Lady Tremayne* in the first Act evidently haunted by the thought of some imminent danger. Has she a lover and fears discovery? But that's absurd. That good-looking rich youth who brings her roses and begs her to take the money he knows she desperately needs is obviously a chivalrous sportsman, not a bargain-hunter. And incidentally he knows something. Evidently too the epigrammatic *Mrs. Blood*, assiduous but unmalicious gossip, suspects.

And when we get to the Milton Club we also know. *Lady Tremayne* has been cheating at poker for some time. She is about to be trapped and unmasked by a bitter lady who thinks she has stolen her cavalier. The Milton Club did not strike us as a place in which by merely giving yourself six cards when it was your deal you could make a sufficient living to cut a dash in these expensive days. And it seemed to us a little optimistic in *Lady Tremayne* to suppose that she could go on doing her six-card trick without detection. But then she was a Pole by birth, and you know what foreigners are. It also seemed to us of the falsely-called sterner sex that nothing like so much fuss would have been made about the lady's transgression. I know the complete feminist would insist on the right to be fully punished for the unforgivable sin, but I think that quieter ways of dealing with the sad business would have presented themselves. However, as the author might fairly retort, they didn't. And so you have discovery, the imminent ruin of our Important Person, who, we were rather shocked to see, was for all his devotion immeasurably more upset by the reaction of all this upon his own career than by his wife's obvious suffering and despair. As a matter of interest, are the careers of important and valuable persons ruined if their wives deal themselves six cards instead of five? I wonder. Of course



Lady Tremayne (trying to spend a quiet hour in her "boudoir" after being caught cheating at poker at her Club). "A FULL HOUSE AGAIN!"

John Hudson . . . . . MR. TREVEN GRANTHAM.
Mrs. Arkwright . . . . . MISS CECILY BYRNE.
Miss Squire . . . . . MISS MARTITA HUNT.
Sir Hugh Tremayne . . . . MR. MALCOLM KEEN.
Lady Tremayne . . . . . MISS JEANNE DE CASALIS.

Sir Hugh, noble at heart when he has had time to pull himself together, forgives his darling. They will begin all over again and face life together. But she knows better. She will go back to her own Poland and leave him to his Foreign Office and his League, and perhaps also to the pretty widow for whom he has a tender but entirely proper affection. In actual fact she takes a shorter journey, and that committee meeting at the Milton can be cancelled.

Mr. MALCOLM KEEN as *Sir Hugh* had a difficult and somewhat embarrassing part, and he was duly and skilfully embarrassed. I liked very much Miss MARGARET YARDE'S amusing and technically competent *Mrs. Blood*. A delightfully human sketch of *Lady Tremayne's* faithful old Polish maid was put before us by Miss JOAN PEREIRA. Miss MARTITA HUNT gave life to the character of a mannish gambling spinster of the latest mode—a good performance. Mr. TREVEN GRANTHAM as the devoted young cavalier of *Lady Tremayne* steered through the shoals of his difficult part with considerable skill.

As for Miss JEANNE DE CASALIS she suffered, I think, from a little sense of unreality in her part and in the rather unnecessary tragic complications of a situation for which so much simpler solutions offered themselves. But she was always interesting, and she had her beautiful moments, particularly when, having made her confession and received her forgiveness, she made her husband realise how deep her love really was. This is an attractive play of its type and was rightly enjoyed. T.

THE DIAGHILEFF DIALOGUES.

THERE is no need to describe the speakers in the conversation that follows, after it is stated that it occurred in the stalls at the Lyceum, which, once the decorous temple of the high-priest of the stage, became the vociferous home of melodrama, and is now given to a short season (until the Christmas pantomime is ready) of Russian Ballet. The Russian Ballet has a way of convening similarities: the women in the audience are alike in everything but their ages, and do their best to equalise those; the men are alike in dress and voice; and there is but one adverb. That is, this year. Next year there may be another. If no guide is given to the sex of the speakers it is because that doesn't matter.

* * *

"How does it strike you?"

"Not terribly. All a little bit cheap, isn't it? Not on the old scale, anyway. But I love *Les Biches*."

"Yes, such an enchanting *décor*. What fun if house-parties were really like that! PETROVA is delicious, isn't she? Did you ever see anything sweeter than that little jacket?"

"She's terribly good. And what fun to have servants like that!"

"Yes, wouldn't it be? Always coming towards you with profiles."

"I'd adore a sofa like that."

"So would I. Terribly refreshing when one was tired."

* * *

"I watched you smoking all through the last piece and envied you. I was dying for a cigarette."

"Why didn't you have one?"

"I hadn't the courage. It says, 'Smoking in the intervals only.' I'm such a terrible coward."

"It's silly to take restrictions rigidly. I should be terribly bored at the ballet if I couldn't smoke. In fact I look on the Russian Ballet as one of the props of the cigarette industry."

"Do you like it this time?"

"Not terribly. But DANILOVA'S perfect. I love them thin like that."

"She looks terribly fragile."

"Oh, no; don't you believe it. They're terribly strong, these dancers."

* * *

"Are you keen on these Symphonic Interludes?"

"Not terribly. They seem to choose such dull music. Fancy calling that thing a valse, and it bores me to have the fiddlers all among the stalls. It's terribly confusing."

"IDZIKOVSKY'S as good as ever. Don't you think?"

"Terribly good. He stays up in the air for hours. It's marvellous. Well, good-night. See you here to-morrow, I suppose?"

"No, not to-morrow. I'm not terribly fond of *Les Matelots*. But on Thursday for certain." E. V. L.

THE NEW MONKEY-HOUSE.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—It is now common knowledge that the famous Monkey-house, built in 1864, has been demolished, and the place where it once stood looks like an orange-skin upon the Tuesday following a Bank Holiday. Considerable disappointment has been expressed by visitors who have "missed their old friends"—meaning *us*, curse their impudence! The workmen employed upon the demolition have stated in no uncertain terms their disapproval of the public deportment throughout the operation; of the nuts, apples and facetious comment offered to them through the bars of the partly-dismantled cages. Finally our waiters, stewards, etc.—quaintly known as "keepers"—have complained about the fatigue entailed by answering twenty thousand times daily the question, "Where is the Monkey-House?"

Thus far I have stated the characteristically selfish human attitude towards our change of residence. But there is another side to be considered—*ours*. The new house will, it is threatened, be fitted with fine meshed steel netting and concrete flooring, and flooded, in dull weather, with ultra-violet rays. These alleged "improvements," so far from brightening monkey-life, will, in the writer's estimation, cripple our key industry. The netting must inevitably impede or damage such imports as false teeth, ditto hair, spectacles, season tickets, hats, hat-pins, pipes, cigarette-holders, and all other snatchable property, thus curtailing our chief remuneration, justly due, for the amusement and instruction we provide.

The specially-prepared undiggable floor is a small matter. Any monkey worth his nuts can store what's his in his cheek pouches. I, for one, retained a "Waterbury" watch for two days, the keeper at first attributing its loud ticking to a touch of asthma on my part.

But as regards this lighting. Perpetual illumination is by no means desirable, the smaller and more intellectual monkeys (such as myself) relying largely upon low visibility to get their own back upon the cage bullies, undetected. I submit that it will in future be extremely unsafe to make a rear attack upon James, the big chacma baboon, if one's every movement is to be irradiated by a flood of ultra-violet rays. The quasi-human pastime of "back-biting" will be doomed.

I am informed that "animal lovers" are enthusiastic over the proposed "improvements," claiming that we deserve better accommodation, *since we have so much in common with their own species*. They flatter themselves!

I am, Yours rudely,
MACACUS RHESUS.

"COAL AND COKE MERCHANT
GRAVEL AND SAND SUPPLIED."
Theatre Programme Advt.

We fancy we know that merchant. But couldn't he now throw in a little coal?

"Rev. H. —— asked for some remarks about —— Church Tower, but the lecturer said that he had only studied it for some 20 years, and therefore could say little about it."
Somerset Paper.

If only all lecturers were like that.

"TIN TALKS."
Headline in Financial Paper.

Rather a slangy version of the old saying.









THE BIRD-CAGE.

I LEFT the lavender unpluckt;
I left the bees to drone;
I left the dairy door ajar
And walked the woods alone.

By Cross in Hand I climbed a hill
Where beech and bracken grows,
And there I met three likely lads
All in their Sunday clo'es.

And Jem spoke first from Hazard's Green,
He doffed his cap and said,
"Ye've walked and talked wi' all us three,
But which one will ye wed?"

Now Jem had craft and money too,
And John was brave and gay,
And Tom o' the wood had tender eyes
But no'er a word to say.

The west wind blew the bracken down;
A lark sang overhead;
And in my heart I knew full well
I was not ripe to wed.

And so I bade them go their ways
And search the world to find
Each one a gift to prove his love
And make me know my mind.

So Jem went up to London Town
To ply a cunning trade,
And brought a gown of golden cloth
With guineas he had made.

And John sailed out from Port o' Rye
Aboard a brigantine,
And brought me home a shining sword
Of gold and damascene.

But Tom o' the wood stayed fast at home
And helped us mow the hay;
A penny here, a penny there
Were all he earned for pay.

But all his pence he hoarded up
And bought a bird for me—
A poor caged bird with golden wings,
And bade me set her free.

The golden gown was rich and rare,
Its colour like the sun,
But in its heavy folds I found
I could not leap or run.

The shapely blade gleamed in my hand,
But little need had I
Of gold-wrought steel who wept to see
The thieving thrushes die.

I held the cage and loosed the pin;
The door flew open wide;
The yellow bird, she seemed half-dazed,
Afraid to come outside.

Tom coaxed her down; she beat her wings
And sang so sweet and clear
That glad and gay I smiled on Tom,
And took him for my Dear.













Senior Decorator (at work in Artist's studio). "DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT 'S FOR? YOU 'RE A NICE ONE TO CALL YOURSELF A PAINTER AND DECORATOR! WHY, THAT 'S 'IS TECHNIQUE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

NOT being to any irrational extent a devotee of what Mr. BERNARD SHAW styles his more pretentious work, I enjoyed *Translations and Tomfooleries* (CONSTABLE) without any of the qualms he fears these pieces may excite in more serious partisans. The deviation from the Shavian norm in "Press Cuttings," "The Fascinating Foundling," "The Music-Cure" and "The Glimpse of Reality," does not seem to me worth quarrelling about. Even "Passion, Poison and Petrifaction" is only its *reductio ad absurdum*. But "Jitta's Atonement" and "The Admirable Bashville" are both extremely interesting departures. As its preface explains, "Jitta's Atonement" was translated by way of a gesture of personal and international amity towards Herr TREBITSCH, its author, and Central Europe: Mr. SHAW divining, inferring, guessing and co-inventing the trend of the drama and substituting a serio-comic close for the luxurious woe of the original. His defence of this last audacity, a disquisition, convincing in itself, on the tempers of English and Viennese audiences, is not precisely to the point; and I feel that the jocular *finale* of his last Act sins not only against TREBITSCH'S conception of *Jitta's* husband (which Mr. SHAW admits), but against the same Act's earlier revelations of the character of her lover's wife. Still, it is pleasant to re-greet the experiment, and still more pleasant to renew acquaintance with "The Admirable Bashville." So long as that which is plausible but impossible is to be preferred to that which is possible but unconvincing, the dramatic version of *Cashel Byron's Profession* should, thanks to its excellent blank verse, continue to hold a high place among its author's *opera*. The prefaces of the new volume are becomingly but disappointingly brief, the most characteristic being the two paragraphs on tomfoolery which prelude the examples in that kind.

Here 's (from PUTNAM) a book on a wonderful trip—
The Arcturus Adventure; it owes its creation
(*Arcturus*, I 'd say, is the name of a ship)
To exciting deep-sea exploration;
WILLIAM BEEBE 's our author; he 's made scientific
Research in Sargasso and plumbed the Pacific.

And there 's nothing that 's dry in the draughts that he 's hauled;
Romance comes to hand fresh-and-fresh with the dredges;
Or the effortless albatross holds you enthralled
Till the sea-lions bark on the ledges;
But these last are so sad that you 'll turn to the blazing
Bright butterfly fishes and find them amazing.

And here I would beg your attention; just look
At their portraits on colour-plates—daintiest dishes;
The artists have added a charm to the book—
Saw you ever such dear little fishes?
But this shark that 's been photo'd in fathoms of water
Looks as ugly as sin and as sinful as slaughter.

And, when you 've done diving doff, helmet and hose
And thank those concerned in these pages of pleasure,
And include in your compliments, please, Miss RUTH ROSE,
Who contributes a chapter on Treasure
(The lost Cocos treasure—how pirates allure us!)
And the Zoo of New York that commissioned *Arcturus*.

Mr. CHESTERTON, I believe, has pointed out that in all great popular literature, from the *Odyssey* to *Pickwick*, the moving machinery of episode exists to display entirely static character. *Ulysses* is *Ulysses*, and *Pickwick Pickwick*, from the first page to the last—only things happen to them. The small unpopular literature of our own era—thanks largely to a helpful push from Signor PIRANDELLO—has just arrived at the point where character is in a state of constant fluidity and practically nothing happens at all. Mr. JOHN PALMER'S new novel is built on these lines and dedicated to the arch-exhibitor of "the enigma of personality and the ambiguities of its expression." But even Mr. PALMER knows that you cannot get on if *all* your characters are erupting and eroding into new craters and coast-lines of personality on every page. So he allows only his heroine, *Jennifer* (CHRISTOPHERSONS), to be "in peril of her identity," and surrounds her with more or less normal individuals. *Jennifer* has gone to spend the night (for the first time) in her playwright lover's flat. *Harry*, her husband, has just (2 P.M.) rung them up and found them together. *Harry* will sit down and write a sympathetic book about *Jennifer's* metamorphoses, from childhood up to date; he will then see more clearly how to handle the situation. Probably he is only an illusion, and *Jennifer* is only an illusion, and the reader (whose assistance is involved to discern the real *Jennifer*) is only an illusion—still, he will do his part. Having done mine, I can vouch that the post of illusion to *Jennifer's* husband is no sinecure. In fact, had it not been for the company of *Jennifer's* brother—an oaf, but a solid anti-Pirandellian oaf—I should have vindicated my reality like *Alice* by walking away and leaving *Harry* to his dream.



He (not a good dancer). "I THINK I'M GETTING BETTER—BEGINNING TO FEEL MY FEET A BIT."
She. "HOW DO YOU FIND 'EM? HEAVYISH, AREN'T THEY?"

It is not much more than a year since Sir H. RIDER HAGGARD died, but the two handsome volumes, edited by his friend, Mr. C. J. LONGMAN, and entitled *The Days of My Life* (LONGMANS), seem already to deal with a far-off age. Partly perhaps this is due to the fact that the author began the serious business of life very young; partly also because he sealed up the manuscript of this work as long ago as the beginning of 1913. He was only nineteen when he sailed, in July 1875, for South Africa, on the staff of Sir HENRY BULWER, then just appointed Governor of Natal. Eighteen months later he was with the special mission to the Transvaal which resulted in the annexation of April 12th, 1877; soon after that he was appointed Acting Master and Registrar of the High Court of Pretoria. There followed quickly the Zulu War, Majuba and the retrocession; and in 1881 RIDER HAGGARD returned to England, his promising African career cut short, with a young wife and child and his way still to make in the world. But he had learned to understand something of the native races and of the old Dutch *voortrekker* who hunted them down; he had heard from eye-witnesses tales of the battle prowess of the Zulu. In those days there were still witch-doctors and war-dances and mysteries in the unexplored interior, and RIDER HAGGARD was a man who could deal with such subjects in the good old saga fashion. And with what a gusto he used to describe battles, ancient or modern; at what a pace he wrote those books of his! I note a passage here: "Between January, 1885, and March 18th, 1886, with my own hand and unassisted by any secretary, I wrote *King Solomon's Mines*, *Allan Quatermain*, *Jess* and *She*." And this while he was following his normal profession of a barrister.

It has taken Mr. CROSBIE GARSTIN a third volume to bring the adventures of that spacious scoundrel, *Captain Ortho Penhale*, to a suitably heroic end, but those who have met him in the *The Owls' House* and *High Noon* will swear by Tre, Pol and Pen, if they are good Cornishmen, but roundly whoever they be, that they want more. For surely a more lovable ruffian never walked a quarter-deck or won

frail lady. Far be it from me to recount all his fresh adventures as captain of the unlucky *Ghost*, privateer, as an escaped prisoner in Spain, as the master-brain of the smuggling trade, and the terror of the Revenue officers in the little seafaring world that lies between Falmouth and Penzance. *The West Wind* (HEINEMANN) has more in it than adventures. Mr. GARSTIN knows his Cornwall and has fared (more respectably, no doubt) in all the far seas and foreign places where the swashbuckling *Penhale* finds himself alternately in and out of luck. He knows and loves the sea in all its moods and has more than an insight into the hearts of men and women and the things, little and great, that move them. And he has a pretty hand for turning a verse, and a sense of humour of which *Punch* readers, who knew him as "Patlander," will not need to be reminded. Result: as bright and moving a book of love and adventure, as brave a picture of sturdy folk and stirring times as man or woman, young or old, could wish for.

In *The Old Bridge* (LANE), which is the Ponte Vecchio in Florence and not the Pons Asinorum of EUCLID, Mr. WILLIAM J. LOCKE has added a fourth side to the eternal triangle. *Perella Annaway* and *Anthony Blake*, young and spiritually akin, were obviously meant for one another, but the best they can manage, being artists and poor, is a rather hopeless engagement. Enters the rich and beautiful *Mrs. Ellison*, a middle-aged American widow, who sets *Anthony* on the road to fame and fortune while completely turning his head in the process. But *Silvester Gayton* is at hand for the discarded *Perella*. An elderly professor, he; but a "lamb" of the true Lockean breed. When these two couples meet, the inevitable happens; *Perella* and *Anthony* renew their love, while their elderly consorts wring their hands in tragic helplessness. Miserably they discuss alternatives until at length the solution occurs to them. Heroically, if rather fantastically, they decide to go off together and so provide the "evidence" which will enable the young lovers to marry. This setting to corners should (if one has not read a thousand novels for nothing) result in two happy and completely suitable marriages; but Mr. LOCKE rejects this easy solution of his difficulties and provides an unexpected ending, which the reader will wish to discover for himself. *The Old Bridge* adds little to Mr. LOCKE's reputation as a story-teller; of the four principal characters only the professor lives, and the two young lovers are often actually tiresome. But if you don't like the actors you can always look at the backcloth. Mr. LOCKE has put much of his love of Florence into these pages, and it is worth a good many plots.



First Tramp. "LAY DOWN! LAY DOWN, CARN'T YER!"
Second Tramp. "TRY 'IM WITH 'LIE DOWN,' ALF. P'RAPS 'E 'S WELL BRED."

With the best will in the world I am, I confess, unable to understand exactly what Mrs. R. S. GARNETT wished to prove by writing *Samuel Butler and his Family Relations* (DENT). Mrs. GARNETT herself affirms that her main purpose "is a defence of the family circle held up to ridicule in *The Way of All Flesh*." And then Mrs. GARNETT proceeds to argue (1) that in his great novel BUTLER did not intend to hold up his family circle to ridicule; (2) that for some of the characters in *The Way of All Flesh* BUTLER did use his relatives as models; (3) that the models did not in fact resemble the characters; (4) that they did. The reader is left to make what he can of these propositions. Speaking without prejudice, I should say that BUTLER, like other novelists, took his material where he found it. Nor is there a word in *The Way of All Flesh* to incriminate his family. And because his father, mother and sisters, strange as it may seem to-day, had been implacably offended by BUTLER'S *Erewhon* and *Fairhaven*, BUTLER left directions, in case of his death, that *The Way of All Flesh* was not to be published during the lifetime of his relatives. It was not BUTLER'S fault that his literary executor disregarded that injunction, or that his biographer thought proper to publish indiscreet extracts from BUTLER'S note-books. Mrs. GARNETT herself publishes private diaries and letters in her anxiety to demonstrate how excellent were the ways of the BUTLER family. But who now "deniges of it"?

Whenever I reflect upon the industry of Mr. ROBERT W. CHAMBERS I feel like a drone. Over sixty novels already stand to his credit, and *The Man they Hanged* (APPLETON) runs to a length of four hundred and more pages and is written with such zest and abundance of detail that I am left gasping with amazement and admiration. The scene of his latest story is laid chiefly in as much of New York as existed in the days of WILLIAM and MARY. Though the tale is told by a young and gay filibuster called *Dirck Hazlett*, its real hero is no less a person than Captain WILLIAM KIDD. If you consult that most engaging book, *The Pirates' Who's Who*, you will find that "in the whole history of piracy there is no name that has so taken the world's fancy as has that of William Kidd." But, if you will read further, or take my advice and consult Mr. CHAMBERS, you will find that KIDD, though he was hanged for piracy, was not a pirate at all. In this tale he stands out a fine and tragic figure, and I fancy that boys especially would delight in making a closer acquaintance with his remarkable career.

Nobody could ask for a better Christmas present than *P.T.O.* (METHUEN), a new volume of "FOUGASSE'S" drawings from *Punch*, in colour and black-and-white.

Another delightful gift-book is *Everybody's Pepys* (BELL AND SONS), which gives in one volume the *Diary*, abridged from the complete copyright text and edited by O. F. MORSHEAD, with lavish illustrations by ERNEST SHEPARD, of Mr. Punch's staff.

"FOGHORN WITH A FORTY-MILE RANGE.
ORIGINALLY INVENTED AS A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT."
Provincial Paper.

May it never revert!

CHARIVARIA.

IT is said that dogs are going to be popular as Christmas presents. So be careful how you open your stocking on December 25th in case you find an Alsatian in it.

* * *

In the opinion of a medical authority eighty per cent. of the men of this country are unfit for military service. This estimate falls short of our old sergeant-major's by twenty per cent.

* * *

Mr. LEO MAXSE recently wrote an article asking whether Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has a future. The answer seems to be in the prospective.

* * *

At Toulouse recently a wild boar charged into the middle of a Rugby scrum. It now knows better than to do anything so silly in future.

* * *

Dr. PAUL MARCHAL, of Paris, says that man's supremacy is threatened by insects. Even the bishops have never said anything quite so cruel as this about the modern girl.

* * *

Dentists are said to be ruthless drivers of motor-cars. In changing gear they don't mind how many teeth they extract from the cog-wheel.

* * *

So high are the charges in some West End nursing-homes that they have another home next-door where patients can recover from seeing their bills.

* * *

No doubt the Dominion Premier meant well who said that English cars only need pushing to be a success.

* * *

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR has expressed his belief that it was only out of politeness that the Emir FEISUL pretended to know his (T. P.'s) name. We feel sure, however, that in Arabia Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR's name is a tenthold word.

* * *

In a list of Old Etonians who have distinguished themselves in the Arts a gossip-writer includes Sir GERALD DU MAURIER. He has the additional distinction of being one of the few Old Etonians who have been educated at Harrow instead of Eton.

* * *

Another gossip-writer mentions that Sir JOHN SIMON went to the Bar with all the weight of Balliol behind him. This advantage is seldom enjoyed by a Wadham man.

* * *

Thieves borrowed a Chelsea Council ladder to break into a church, says a news item. We hold the view that it ought not to have been lent to them for that purpose.

* * *

With reference to Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS's view that the prohibition of stag-hunting would logically have to be extended to every other form of lethal sport, including the running-down of pedestrians by motorists, we think it only fair to point out that when a pedestrian takes to the sea his pursuers are usually sporting enough to let him take his chance.

* * *

In view of Lord BIRKENHEAD'S reported decision to give up politics in a year or so we are authorised to state that in that event arrangements would be made for politics to be carried on.

* * *

It is stated that a murder is committed in the Greater London area every night. In our opinion it is too often.

* * *

Among Pimlico residents, who have just been notified that washing must not be displayed in back-yards, there is a strong feeling that restrictions on the washing of dirty linen in public should apply equally to Upper Belgravia.

* * *

A canine journal has published an article on the care of the dog-lover's complexion. The trouble with some dog-lovers, of course, is that their complexions are so liable to be licked off.

* * *

Mr. G. B. SHAW has pointed out to the actor who is to impersonate him on the stage that tugging his beard is not a mannerism of his. Much more characteristic is his curious habit of tugging other people's legs.

* * *

The reported attempt of a Bond Street firm to popularise the kilt is likely to be as unsuccessful as the repeated efforts to domesticate the haggis.

* * *

A contemporary reminds us that Glasgow is further from London than Paris is. This, of course, accounts for the greater popularity of the French capital as a pleasure-resort.

* * *

An American undertaker has written a series of film comedies. Cinema patrons are requested not to read the sub-epitaphs aloud.

* * *

According to statistics spinsters live longer than married women. Apparently while there's hope there's life.

* * *

We hear that things in Chicago have come to such a pass that at smart gunmen's weddings the happy pairs drive off amid a shower of bullets.

* * *

The young City girl seen last Monday in an Underground carriage for non-smokers has now admitted that she wanted to be the object of remark.

* * *

By means of modern methods in the new *Daily Mail* offices, we read, the finger of a child can release the power of giants. This greatly enlarges the already large scope of the office-boy.



Shopman. "THIS IS A SMART TYPE OF COAT, SIR—LOOKS WELL ON—AND, IF I MAY MAKE THE SUGGESTION, WOULD BE EFFECTIVE HUNG OVER THE RADIATOR OF YOUR CAR."

"Notes just exchanged between the United States and Mexico over the question of American vested rights in Mexico will, according to Washington opinion, almost inevitably lead to a withdrawal of recognition of the American Government by America."
Scots Paper.

Mexico is of opinion that Washington has spoken a mouthful.

PLOUGHING THE SAND.

(With condolences to Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, lately home from the Sahara, on having a motion of censure thrust upon him.)

POISED on the humorous hump of a camel,
Leading the simple or vagabond life,
Far from the cares that incessantly trammel
Men of political strife,
Yet have you fashioned in desolate places,
Like to a sailor that longs for the land,
Pictures of Home as a palmy oasis
After an ocean of sand.

How did they welcome you back from Sahara?
Was it with wassail for easing your drouth,
Or with a mug of the waters of Marah,
Bitterly sour in the mouth?
Just when you looked for a succulent drencher
Good for a palate that's parched with the waste,
See, you are served with a potion of censure
Tepid and not to your taste.

Nightly you thought (for you hated to handle
Coal as a theme in the heat of the day)
CLYNES couldn't ask you to rake up a scandal
Scotched while his Chief was away;
Vainly you cherished that comforting notion;
'Twas but a mirage, you now understand,
As you proceed, with a camel-like motion,
Pounding the tedious sand. O. S.

BRIDGE FOUNDATIONS.

V.—PROBLEMS.

"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand
And keep the bridge with thee."—*MACAULAY.*

I AM always pleased to give the benefit of my experience and advice to the young student who, having carefully perused the standard works of the masters, yet finds that situations arise in which all the lore of the text-books avails him not. Where so much depends on individual psychology it is impossible to foresee every eventuality; but, in giving examples of problems which have arisen in actual play, I trust that I may be indicating sound general principles and assisting the earnest player to be armed and ready for the fray.

Problem 1.—This problem was put to me quite recently by a member of my little club. His name is Jones, but, bowing to convention, I will refer to him throughout as A.

The calls were as follow:—

A. One Spade.
X. One No Trumps.
B. Two Hearts.
Y. Two No Trumps.

A. Three Spades.
X. Three No Trumps.
B. Four Hearts.
Y. Four No Trumps.

This closed the bidding—a happy example of unselfish support on the part of Y., who had, as it happened, no guard in Hearts; but, as he truly said, the game was the rubber game. X. therefore played the hand in four No Trumps. B. led his highest Spade, the two, which X. captured with the ace. X. then placed his cards on the table, indicating that he proposed to make nine tricks in Clubs, having a sequence from the ace to the six. B., somewhat thoughtlessly, also exposed his cards, and it was found that he had a sequence of nine *Hearts* from the ace to the six. He could therefore, by playing his Hearts, have put X. six tricks down.

The problem is: What should A., remembering that ladies were present, have said?

Opinions will differ on this point. My own decision was as follows: A. should not have referred to the matter at all. It being the end of the rubber, he should have risen, glanced at the clock, recollected a pressing engagement, and left the room, leaving B. to settle the stakes.

Problem 2.—This problem caused an unprecedented amount of argument in the club. There was no member, honorary, playing or sleeping, who did not hold strong views on the matter and express those views at great length. It was, in fact, owing to this incident that six of our members are no longer on speaking terms.

The players were as follows:—

Major A.
Dr. Y. Mrs. X.
Miss B.

Dr. Y. played the hand in three Hearts. Having obtained the lead, he proceeded to draw the trumps, or, as he jocularly put it, to extract the teeth from his opponents' jaws. In the second and third rounds Major A. discarded small Diamonds. The discard was observed by Miss B. in the third round, when the Major had already revoked.

"Having no Heart, partner?" she cooed.

"Having a heart that beats both strong and true, Miss B.," said Major A.

"Then why don't you play it?" asked Miss B., blushing prettily.

Major A. rose and leaned over the table, nearly, though not quite, exposing his hand. "Dear lady," he said, "do you wish me to play my heart?"

The problem here is of a threefold character:—

(1) What did the Major mean?
(2) What should Miss B. have replied?
(3) Should Dr. Y. have claimed a revoke?

I will take them in order.

(1) *What did the Major mean?*—General opinion held that the Major was being facetious, a habit of which unfortunately he cannot be broken. I think general opinion erred. The Major, realising that he had already revoked, sought to divert attention from his lapse. He hoped that his sudden rising might upset the table (a flimsy affair) and the penalty be averted. Unfortunately for him the Doctor was an old campaigner. The Doctor steadied the table during the Major's upward movement and, quickly rising himself, replaced the Major on his chair.

(2) *What should Miss B. have replied?*—Miss B., being a middle-aged spinster, and the shortage of men being what it is, should not have hesitated to reply, "Oh, Major, this is so sudden!"

(3) *Should Dr. Y. have claimed the revoke?*—Here again opinions differed. Some contended that the hand should have been abandoned and the happy couple congratulated; others said he should have claimed both revokes.

Happily this problem was solved by an urgent telephone call, which summoned the doctor to the service of humanity.

Mr. Punch would like again to call attention to the activities of the Santa Claus Home at Highgate, to which his readers have before been generous. This is one of the smaller beneficial institutions that are in danger of going to the wall through the competition of the more spectacular large charities, but its work for sick and crippled children is admirable. Donations should be sent to Miss CHARLES, at the Home.



FIZZLE-DE-DEE.

MR. MACDONALD. "I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS INFERNAL MACHINE. I WISH I WAS BACK IN THE SAHARA."



Young Man. "WHAT ARE THOSE TWO GASSING ABOUT?"
Young Woman. "THAT WHAT-D'YE-CALL BOOK BY WHAT'S-HIS-NAME."
Young Man. "BLINKIN' HIGHBROWS!"

OFFICERS *v.* SERGEANTS.

II.—THE MATCH.

THE officers' and the sergeants' teams meet in mid-field and the captains consult with the referee. Our captain (*ex officio;* he is the sports officer) is for playing only fifteen minutes each way, with a half-hour rest in between; but the sergeants, whose captain is always, with due regard to discipline, "the senior warrant or non-commissioned officer present on the field of play," are for forty-five each way. We compromise as usual at thirty.

The troops lining the field are having the time of their lives during all this. Their officers are out in front of them helpless, without even the sobering influence of uniform to uphold dignity, and they make the most of it. Within the course of the first five minutes of good-humoured barracking every officer learns by exactly what nickname he is known to the "brutal and licentious soldiery." All, that is, except Second-Lieutenant Swordfrog. Owing to the rumour, carefully circulated by the officers for moral effect that he is an Army player, an aura of respectful silence clings round his movements.

We take up position. Company-Sergeant-major Magazine, our opponents' star player, is, we observe, hurriedly moved across to the right wing, so as to oppose Second-Lieutenant Swordfrog. He rolls up his sleeves and looks very determined. Swordfrog tries to look unconcerned.

The whistle goes and we kick-off. Instead, however, of passing, Captain Bayonet, our centre-forward, extremely unexpectedly kicks the ball very hard and straight ahead. This is never really done in good football. The ball hits Quartermaster-Sergeant Fourbytwo, the opposing centre, rebounds with terrific force, strikes Captain Bayonet on the hand and amidst roars of "Hands!" a free kick is awarded to the sergeants. Quartermaster-Sergeant Fourbytwo takes it, and he is seen to aim vindictively at Captain Bayonet. The right spirit of healthy personal rivalry is already present.

After this sensational start the game proceeds on more or less normal lines and a goal is scored by the sergeants, owing to Lieutenant James' too-large check cap falling over his eyes at the critical moment. The ball goes into the net, while the blinded James barks his knuckles on the goal-post. The sergeants congratulate one another very seriously over this. "We'll win," they say, "if only we can keep it from the left wing where Mr. Swordfrog is." Swordfrog, I need hardly say, is just as anxious about this as they are.

Play was a bit dull for the next quarter of an hour. Our front line initiated two brilliant passing movements, but unfortunately they did not achieve much. The first time they were so intent on getting ahead that they left the ball behind, and on the other occasion they were so busy passing to one another that they omitted to make any ground. Later, however, Captain Bayonet scored a goal. He took the ball down unaided and at first made rather a feeble shot. Their goal-keeper gave the slow-moving ball a terrific kick to clear it, and Captain Bayonet thereupon shot again brilliantly with the left hip. The goal-keeper hadn't a chance to save it; in fact he hardly realised it was in the net. Captain Bayonet, however, was quite modest about it.

At half-time the score was three to two in our favour. No further incident of note had occurred, save that every

time Second-Lieutenant Swordfrog received the ball he was promptly massacred by Company-Sergeant-major Magazine. On each occasion the troops loyally made excuses for him and shouted "Foul!" "Dirty Play!" and "'Ard lines, Sir!"

The first thing that happened in the second half was a fine goal by Quartermaster-Sergeant Fourbytwo, which again completely defeated Lieutenant James. I must say, however, James had been a bit put off, just as he was awaiting the shot, by a voice, once more suspiciously like Private Sling's, telling him his shorts were getting longer. Several score of the troops shouted "Bad luck!" several score more shouted "Offside!" and one called "Give 'im C.B. for that, Sir!" The troops are always overwhelmingly in our favour in any match versus the sergeants. Why, I don't know. It can't be finance, so it must be policy.

With the score at three all, Lieutenant Holster had to be led off, suffering injury. Carried away by a back page illustration of *The Daily Glass*, he had volunteered to head the ball. It had gone miles up in the air, and Lieutenant Holster had sprung forward suddenly, crying, "Right! Mine! *I'll* bounce it on my head—like the pictures!" Everybody, including our opponents, politely drew off, and we watched him breathlessly as, gazing upwards, he judged its flight. We think he must have made an error of calculation, because it simply fell heavily on his upturned face, apparently before he was ready for it. The Medical Officer says his face will look practically the same as before in a week's time.

This shook us all for some while, till we scored once more, this time through Second-Lieutenant Swordfrog. A corner was being kicked for us and the ball struck Swordfrog on the back of the neck while he was looking nervously round to see where Sergeant-major Magazine was, bouncing thence into their goal. This was considered by the audience to be too wizardly for anything, the finest bit of head-work they had ever seen; and just what they would have expected from an Army player. He was held to have vindicated the honour of "big" football. Indeed it would have won us the match but for the fact that the sergeants in the last five minutes twice more "baffled our custodian and netted the leather," thus winning by five goals to four.

However, as we told them afterwards, we expect to beat them next time. We have a new officer joining us shortly who is alleged to have played for England. The sergeants are already very much worried about it. A. A.



Young Customer. "I SAY, HAVE YOU GOT ANY REALLY ROUGH INDOOR GAMES?"

DOGS.

My granny has a pug dog;
She likes him, I suppose;
The only thing he ever does
Is just to lie and doze;
A snoozy, fuggy snug dog,
A lie-upon-the-rug dog,
A black-and-putty pug dog,
With hardly any nose.

My auntie has a Pekinese;
He's very, very wee;
My auntie puts him up her sleeve
And takes him out to tea;
A snappy over-seas dog,
A crabby, cross Chinese dog,
A snorty Pekinese dog,
And not the dog for me.

My uncle has a sheep dog;
His Christian name is Jock;
He goes out with the shepherd
And he comes of Highland stock;
A run-and-jump-and-leap dog,
A guard-you-while-you-sleep dog,
Never was such a sheep dog
For rounding up the flock.

And then there is my own dog;
He's just a terrier size;
It isn't very likely that
He'd ever win a prize;
A humble quite-unknown dog,
He'll never be a "shown" dog,
He's just-my-very-own dog,
With thoughts behind his eyes.

His mother was a mixture;
His father was a tyke;
His uncles on his mother's side
Were "Taffy," "Mac" and "Mike;"
An earthy-nosed bone-burier dog,
A Scotch-Welsh-Irish-terrier dog,
A sort of more-the-merrier dog,
And just the dog I like.

MRS. HASH.

(A Serial Drama of the utmost importance. Begin at once, and buy the back numbers).

VI.—AND MARY JANE.

"WHAT are you crying for, young Mary Jane?"

"It's nothing, Mrs. Hash."

"Well, if it's nothing, don't make that noise. You're spoiling my supper. But if it *is* something then let's hear the worst. That Mabel been unpleasant again?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hash."

"That girl would make MUSSOLINI weep. What's she done now? Come, out with it! And you can't wash greasy pans in cold water, so don't cry into the sink."

"You're very kind, Mrs. Hash. Well, this was my evening out by rights, and I've got an appointment with Arthur."

"Who's Arthur? And what's he do?"

"He's my friend, Mrs. Hash. He's a mute."

"A what?"

"A mute, Mrs. Hash. A mourner, like. He walks behind the body. Firm of Ambrose."

"Well, did you ever! And then you wonder that trouble stalks in your wake! Why couldn't you fall in love with a fishmonger while you was about it?"

"I did, Mrs. Hash, but he threw me over."

"Well, well, get on with it."

"Well, you see, it was my evening out, and Mrs. Duke bought tickets for the Postmen's Concert, and she gives them to Mabel, and she says everyone can go if there was somebody left to answer the door, because she's expecting friends, you see, and Mabel says she wants to go, and Dorothy too, and Mr. Treasure being out, you see, she says we can't expect you to answer the door—that's you, Mrs. Hash—well, that's only natural; and I says, 'Well, it's my evening out by rights,' and then she pinches my arm and she says, 'Don't be impudent,' she says, and off they goes; and here I am with all the washing-up to do, you see."

"Quite the little Cinderella, aren't you? Well, it's a dirty shame, I must say. And where's poor Arthur all this time?"

"He's at the corner of Lovers Alley, Mrs. Hash; and I'll bet he's mad, he's that suspicious if I'm late."

"A man in that profession should be prepared for anything, Mary Jane."

"That's just it, Mrs. Hash. He's always expecting the worst."

"Well, what are we going to do about it?"

"There's nothing to be done, Mrs. Hash, only grin and bear it."

"I haven't seen you doing much grinning yet, Mary Jane; I don't know about bearing it."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Hash; I won't cry any more. But to-night's my birthday, so I thought perhaps he might ask me to marry him. Only I was late last week, and I don't think Arthur 'll have anything more to do with me after this."



Vicar. "I SEE THEY 'RE LAYING THE TELEPHONE WIRES UNDERGROUND ALONG THERE."
Rustic. "AH, MAKE IT A BIT MORE PRIVATE, LIKE."

"Then he's not worth having any more to do with, you can take it from me."

"I don't know about that, Mrs. Hash. The trouble is, you see, I think I like Arthur more than he likes me, you see."

"That's always the way, Mary Jane. What are we women but the playthings of an idle hour? Acid-drops, balloons, *méringues*, Mary Jane."

"Oh, Mrs. Hash, is it as bad as that? I suppose you've been in love often, Mrs. Hash?"

"I have been in love, Mary Jane; but it's so long ago that, if the truth were told, I don't remember much about it."

"Oh, Mrs. Hash, you mustn't say that! That Mabel was saying you was sweet on Mr. Treasure."

"Then that Mabel knows more about it than I do; and so do you, Mary Jane. Have you nearly done washing-up?"

"I've only the butter-dish now, and the drying, Mrs. Hash."

"Well, when you've done, if I were you, I should slip off and chance it."

"Oh, Mrs. Hash, and leave you to answer the door! I wouldn't think of such a thing. Besides, Mrs. Hash, it's against my principles. My mother said to me when I went into service, 'You do your job,' she said, 'whatever others may do,' and that I've stuck to and always will."

"And it does you credit, Mary Jane. Well, if you won't go to Arthur you'd better do the next best thing and tell me about Arthur. And meanwhile I'll give you a hand with the drying."

"Oh, Mrs. *Hash!*"

"Here, give me the wiper. What's this Arthur like?"

"He's very refined, Mrs. Hash. Dark, you know, and fond of reading. You wouldn't believe what he reads."

"Nor wouldn't anyone else, I daresay."

"And he looks that handsome stepping behind a body in his black and all. I go and watch him every Friday, if they have an interment."

"That's no way to spend your afternoon out, my girl. I suppose you're potty about the poor fish?"

"I suppose I am, Mrs. Hash. But he isn't a poor fish. He's very romantic, Mrs. Hash, and he means to go on the films if he gets the chance. He's got quite a talent for comedy, they say. Funny, isn't it, him being employed where he is? So it don't seem as if he was suited, you see. And I think about him all the time, Mrs. Hash. Isn't it awful? Did you ever find that, Mrs. Hash?"

"I seem to remember something of the sort."

"And I can't hardly sit still when the postman knocks."

"I know; *I've* seen you—upsetting the mustard for a young man in the mute trade."

"Oh, I know it's silly of me; and as often as not there's no letter after all."

"The dirty dog!"

"He isn't a dirty dog, Mrs. Hash. Only writing don't come easy to him, I know; and of course he's busy, there's so many deaths, you see. But it does come hard sometimes; I seem to spend all my money on stamps. Is all girls as silly as me, Mrs. Hash?"

"There 's one or two, perhaps. And how does he treat you?"

"He 's very kind, Mrs. Hash. I will say, of course, he 's not what I call the VALENTINO type of man—what I mean, he don't show very much; but there it is, he 's never had anything to do with any other girl—that I do know, because he told me so."

"How it all comes back to me!"

"What 's that, Mrs. Hash?"

"Nothing, Mary Jane."

"So, what I mean, you can't expect him to show as much as you would if he 'd had as much experience as others. Of course I 'm glad he 's not had more experience, that 's only natural, but sometimes I think I wouldn't have minded his having had more experience if it would mean that he 'd be able to show his feelings a bit more, because sometimes, you see, although he 's affectionate, you see——"

"Yes, I see what you mean, my dear. What would you be doing now if you 'd been able to go to Lovers Alley?"

"Just talking, Mrs. Hash. We just stand against the wall and talk, like the others. There 's nothing else to do, you see, only go to the pictures, and that 's not so private, is it? I often think it 's a pity the only way two people can get a little privacy of an evening is to go and stand in a public passage. And it 's funny, I often think, you read in books that love is the greatest thing in life, and then when you 're in love there 's nowhere to go. Did you ever find that, Mrs. Hash?"

"It 's very curious, Mary Jane, but it 's a queer world, as the rhinoceros said."

"But still it 's better than nothing. Of course we don't talk very much; very often we stand there half-an-hour without saying a word, yet the time seems to go like lightning, and before I know where I am I 'm back here again. And here I am drying these things, and there 's poor Arthur waiting for me. I can just see him pacing up and down like a tiger; and I know how wild he 'll be."

"Now don't cry again, my dear. Just you slip off; I 'll finish these things; and, if anyone comes to the door, I suppose I can let 'em in as well as another person. If your Arthur 's any good he 'll be waiting for you still, and if he isn't then it don't matter. Off with you."

"Oh, Mrs. Hash, I couldn't really."

"Don't talk like a lunatic, my girl, but go."

"Well, I 'll never forget it, Mrs. Hash. You 've got a good heart, whatever they say."

"And a poor brain. I 've heard that before. Get along with you. But when you come back you 're to tell me everything that happened, because I want to know, and I have my reasons."



Polite old Gentleman. "PARDON MY GLOVE, BETTY."
Betty. "RIGHT-HO! 'SCUSE MY JAMMY FINGERS."

"You shall, Mrs. Hash. And, if I'm a Cinderella, then you 're the Fairy Godmother, I 'm sure."

"Don't talk sloppy, Cinderella, or I 'll throw this saucepan at you."

A. P. H.

From the report of a recent examination:—

"Some candidates do not seem to have grasped that German is an inflicted language."

Strange, considering what a lot of bother some of us took not long ago to prevent its being even more widely inflicted.

"THE —— MILKMAN
WHO IS UNDER
MEDICAL AND VETERINARY SUPERVISION."
Advt. in Theatre Programme.

You should see this Centaur harnessing himself to his own milk-cart.

From a description of a rummage-sale:—

"I know someone who is wondering yet who in that motley crowd bought Virgil's 'De Bello Gallico' (Book 3) in the Latin, and why?"

This is one of the wonders that will never cease.

MILITARY MACHINATIONS.

THE recent display before the Dominion Premiers has drawn attention to the thoroughness with which the mechanicalisation (*anglicé* mechanisation) of the Army is being effected. As there was no demonstration, however, of one of the latest developments I am glad to be in a position to give some account of it.

To the outside world it may appear that the authorities are experimenting solely with armoured cars, tanks, dragons and the like. Actually, I happen to know that the General Staff anticipate very good results from an invention of an entirely different type. They consider that the individuality of the soldier should be retained at all costs, so, rather than coop him up in a mobile box, they have hit upon the idea of issuing him with mechanical boots. In these boots he will drill, march and fight. Obstacles will have no terrors for him, and his great speed and radius of action will make him more to be feared than many of the purely mechanical devices of the day.

The boots are about the size of snow-shoes, but I cannot of course divulge any of the details of their construction. Each is fitted with a small engine which drives a track similar to that of a tank but only a few inches wide. Broadly speaking, one might liken them to a pair of roller-skates with caterpillar tracks instead of rollers. A clever feature of the design is that a right boot can be used on a left foot if necessary; this is a great convenience as well as a very considerable economy. The petrol tank is situated in what used to be the water-bottle, and the spare parts are carried in the haversack. The gear-change is as simple as could be.

There is some difficulty at first in maintaining a correct balance of the body at high speeds, but recruits are being taught extremely patiently and progressively, and there have been remarkably few accidents as yet. A complete new drill-book has been produced with commendable promptitude and I see no reason why the close-order and ceremonial drill of the crack regiments should not soon reach a very high standard. Some movements are a little intricate, as for instance the "About Turn." The official detail for this is as follows: "On the command 'About Turn,' disengage the right clutch and change smartly into the reverse, taking care to keep the knees together and the heels turned out. When the turn has been completed de-clutch both feet and remain in neutral until the command 'Forward,' when both clutches will be engaged simultaneously. Throughout the movement the head will be kept erect, shoulders square, chin drawn in, carburettor level and the eyes looking their own height and straight to the front. Care will be taken not to alter the setting of the sparks or to restrain the breathing."

I am told that the officers are, generally speaking, quicker to adapt themselves to the new means of locomotion than the men. Possibly their experience of winter sports is of assistance. At any rate there is only one type of boot, whether for officers or men; but the commanding officer and the adjutant, who are still looked upon as being "mounted," are provided with super-chargers.

The boots being bullet-proof a man has only to lie upon his back with his toes turned up to be afforded complete protection from frontal fire, while a small clamp attached to the right boot allows him to use his rifle with comparative comfort and affords a very steady support for it. Further, it only takes a moment to convert a boot into a very passable float, and a speed of ten or twelve miles an hour on smooth water is attainable. The saving in bridging expedients is enormous.

Already there is considerable rivalry between the units that have received their boots, and I know of one in which it is a military offence for a man to allow the engines of his feet to fire out of step. Boot inspection is a very important ceremony, and the diagram of a boot stripped and laid out is extremely complicated. There has been a little trouble in connection with sparking-plugs, as it was found so difficult to keep them in action as well as to have them fit for inspection. However, this has been remedied, and every man has now two sets, one provided by an enterprising British firm and one by the authorities. The latter is kept exclusively for kit-inspection.

THE DRAMA OF STAGE DIRECTIONS.

THE practice of elaborate stage directions is developing rapidly in the published drama; we now know which of the photograph-frames used in Act III. were wedding-presents and which the heroine had picked up at a jumble-sale. But why stop at physical details when the idea might be extended to include retrospection and psycho-analysis, as in the following Tragedy of Modern Life?

The marble table is streaked with a pattern of half-dried coffee-stains that would give a vaguely Persian effect but for the invincible rococo of the iron-work. Through the rain-streaked window-panes the sign of the "Cactus Plant Café" makes a blur of colour against the grey Gehenna that is London. The walls, repapered in 1912 by Albert Halifax, Builder and Decorator (falsely accused, a year later, of anonymous letter-writing in the S.E. postal district), have lost something of their original spontaneity; only a couple of medallions above the cash-desk (concealed until 1925 by an oak-framed advertisement for Twiway's Tea) conserve their pristine *éclat*.

Miss Gertrude Faulkner has just begun her second egg. She eats with a kind of spiritual gourmandise that would be almost *Directoire* but for the precision of her finger-work and the refined simplicity of her ulster, which is faintly suggestive of a Yorkshire vicarage. Her Uncle Henry, indeed, had for some months toyed with the idea of associating himself with a Temperance Society, but finally decided for the Westminster Bank. Despite, however, the perfect poise of the English gentlewoman which has never deserted her since the publication of *The Rosary*, Gertrude is betrayed by the nervous movement of a sensibly-shod heel. For she is agitated—terribly, strangely agitated. . . .

Separated from her by only some eighteen inches of dappled marble, eats Albert Mendelssohn. She has never seen him before, yet his dreamy grey eyes, his small blond moustache, the broken ripple of his thinning hair, the small shirt-darns half-concealed by an artistically-knotted crimson tie, the quick deft turn with which he scoops up (oh, so appealingly!) a tress of spaghetti—all these are familiar to her. And she has never seen him before. Not in this life.

She has stopped eating her egg. The long pale hands are still. Her restless gaze roves over the table as though seeking the answer to the enigma in the Oriental outlines of the coffee-stains, the bold curves of the carafe, the melancholy folds of the menu . . . He is going to speak to her.

Albert. Salt, Miss?

Suddenly, with one of those marvellous flashes of intuition that have something of the X-ray but more of the angelic, Gertrude realises that with the salt-cellar he is offering her his life; in the nervous, almost commonplace gesture she reads the humble desperate avowal of a simple heart. What is she to say to him? What answer shall she make to this appeal for comradeship? For her heart is torn.

On the one side is her loneliness, the loneliness of London; on the other all her past life. Wistfully she lives over again the days of her youth, the long quiet years of Salisbury, before her father took to inventions. The peaches



Friend (to companion who has just ordered two suits at his tailor's). "WHY DID YOU BEAT HIM DOWN? YOU KNOW YOU 'LL NEVER PAY HIM."

Companion. "WELL, I DON'T WANT HIM TO BE TOO MUCH OUT."

on the south wall are reddening, and she hears as in a waking dream the shrill squeaks of her brother Alaric playing by the river that flows along the bottom of the garden. Poor Alaric! But they had always been told that the current was dangerous down by the willows; and he was so daring.

And then that mad reckless week spent in Paris, the Gay City. They had been twenty, the two upper forms of her boarding-school, and once more she sees the bold admiring faces of the taxi-drivers held up to let them cross the Rue de Rivoli. Paris! Montmartre! The Gare St. Lazare! Can she, with such memories as these . . .? But his eyes, the eyes of a faithful spaniel, with something wild and passionate deep in their depths . . .

As in a waking dream she sees their wedding. One bridesmaid, perhaps, in beige, with a basket of chrysanthemums, because a white wedding was so trying in the autumn, but a Russian head-dress was always becoming. She sees their honeymoon — Paris again, the Gare St. Lazare, Montmartre, the Gay City! Paris, with the old memories ever mocking, just round the corner of her happiness! For there are some things one never forgets.

She sees all their future life together, the rates and taxes, the shadow cretonne curtains, "When Did You Last See Your Father" over the mantelpiece . . .

Gertrude. No, thank you.

CURTAIN.

Commercial Candour.

"GET YOUR COAL FROM THE —— SLATE CO."
Notice on Tramcar Ticket.



Son of Advanced Artist. "WILL YOU LEND ME A RULER, DADDY? I WANT TO DRAW A HORSE."

BUCK UP, ENGLAND!

WHEN one has not been to America one depends a good deal for a knowledge of her lively customs and institutions on the English cinema, the English novel and the English stage. But Mr. H. L. MENCKEN, in his compilation called *Americana*, which consists of a great number of cuttings from rather obscure American papers dealing with some of the most important problems in Transatlantic life, does help to give one a wider view.

The paragraphs which I have selected here from *Americana, 1926* (MARTIN HOPKINSON), I have rededicated, without Mr. MENCKEN'S permission, to various authorities and persons on this side of the Atlantic, in the hope that they may profit thereby.

To Officials of the Board of Education, the Ministry of Health and the Ministry of Labour. From a speech by a distinguished State official, from *The Argus Leader* of South Dakota:

"Sociology, the bastard offspring of French atheism and Russian nihilism, is honeycombing the social fabric of America and threatens the foundations. It is the parent of every dangerous doctrine that has disturbed the nation in the last thirty years. It is alike degenerating to teacher and pupil. It is more dangerous to sanity than the loco-weed and more explosive than dynamite . . . It is a drug that destroys the reasoning powers of its addicts. I am wondering how long a loyal and patriotic people will tolerate it."

* * * *

To Lovers of the African races. From *The Charlotte Observer* of North Carolina:—

"The Rev. Mr. Taylor and the Rev. Mr. Dick conducted a public debate at Edenton on the question, 'Will the negro retain his present color in heaven?' Mr. Taylor contended that the negro's color will change."

* * * *

To Holders of Parish Bazaars. From *The Osborne Enterprise* of Missouri:—

"They paid off a church debt down at North Greenfield Church, near Springfield, the other night with a hugging social. Eight hundred people attended and seventy-five dollars was raised. The rates:—

Girls under 15, for a two-minute hug, 15 cents.
Girls 15 to 20, same for 25 cents.
Girls 20 to 25, same for 50 cents.
Other men's wives, same for 75 cents.
Old maids, three cents and no time limit."

* * * *

To the Royal Horticultural Society. An Associated Press despatch from the town of Goschen, Indiana:—

"A. E. Cundred, gladioli grower of Goschen, has been banned from the strict orthodox church he attended. The Church cast out Mr. Cundred because authorities decided that in hybridising his gladioli to produce new varieties he was interfering with the divine scheme of things."

* * * *

To the O.P. Society and Dramatic Critics in general. From *The Eugene Daily Guard* of Oregon:—

"Shakespeare is almost as bad as Ibsen, and it takes a morbid or primitive nature to enjoy a play of that kind."

* * * *

To the Committees of Agricultural Shows. From *The Daily Oklahoman* of Oklahoma City:—

"The State Fair will give a prize of twenty-five dollars to the boy whose

red hair comes nearest to matching the hair of a Duroc-Jersey hog."

* * * *

To Sellers of salvage stock and all Advertisers everywhere. From a fire-sale advertisement in *The Portland Oregonian* of Oregon:—

"IF TEARS FROM THE HEART EVER TOOK A MAN TO HEAVEN THIS MAN WILL SURELY BE THERE WHEN HIS TIME COMES.

An Unbelievable Surprise Awaited Him Wednesday Morning. Oceans of Tears Rolling Down His Cheeks, with a Broken Heart, the Owner of the American Clothiers Company, Watching His Thirty-two Years' Honourable Career in Flames.

'OH, WHAT AN END!! OH, WHAT A FINISH!!' THE OLD MAN CRIED.

Nobody could imagine the internal pain that man suffered, fainting dead away in the meantime, while friends from all over the city rushed to help him and share his sorrow.

But the flame could not be stopped. With tears and sorrow they went their way!

AMERICAN CLOTHIERS CO. STOCK.
215 Morrison Street—North-east Corner First and Morrison Streets."

* * * *

To English Prohibitionists. From a news item of Reno, Nevada:—

"G. Aldayer, a blacksmith, took a drink of ice-water to-day, and for four hours physicians worked on him before they could open his jaws. They said it was a form of lockjaw."

* * * *

To the Senior Common Rooms of Oxford and Cambridge Universities. From *The Dartmouth*, a college paper of New Hampshire:—

"'There is something inspiring,' said Dean Laycock, 'in hearing one's own college yell. But sometimes I think the students have forgotten how to give it. When the Wah—Hoo—Wah is properly given there is something in it which appeals to a man's loyalty and makes him feel a small part of something immensely large. . . .' With Dean Laycock as cheer-leader the students gave the Wah—Hoo—Wah twice as it should be given."

* * * *

To the Same. From *The Student Life* of Washington University, Missouri:—

"Chancellor Herbert S. Hadley will open discussion in an assembly of all students in Graham Memorial Chapel on the question of choosing a mascot for the university. All classes in the university will be dismissed to attend the discussion and the debate, which, as the result of student agitation on the question, will be dealt with as follows: "Chancellor Hadley will first explain the underlying reasons for holding the meeting, and will introduce several prominent alumni, who will discuss possible mascots for the university. Then discussion from the floor will be in order in the form of five-minute discussions with two-minute rebuttals on behalf of the various animals proposed. A vote will then be taken what animal is most desirable as the mascot of Washington University."

* * * *

To President COSGRAVE and the Irish Free State. From *The Banner* of Lebanon, Tennessee:—

"The biographies of all great men show them more sublime in the last scene of the last act of their lives. Socrates took the shamrock rather than submit to the abuse of enraged ignorance."

* * * *

And finally, *To all good Feminists.* From *The Cleveland Press* of Ohio:—

"On September the eighth Mrs. H. J. Kelly, formerly Miss Mary Jane Clark, presented herself with a small son."

Once again thanking Mr. H. L. MENCKEN for his labours. EVOE.



IN SEARCH OF SUNSHINE.

English Tourist at Lugano (having fled the horrors of his own climate). "SALVATORE WOULD BE JUST ABOUT THERE—IF YOU COULD SEE IT, DEAR."

"Men excavating in forecourt of Gravesend Conservative Club discovered human skull and bones at a depth of seven feet."—*Local Paper.*

Excavations are in hand, we are told, at the Liberal clubs in the hope that something resembling a head may be discovered there too.



Owner. "MEAN TO SAY YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT 'S WRONG WITH HER?"
Chauffeur. "I KNOW ALL THE EIGHTEEN THINGS THAT 'S WRONG WITH HER; BUT I DON'T KNOW WHICH OF 'EM IS STOPPIN' 'ER."

AD HIRUNDINEM.

[Many swallows delayed their departure from our shores this year till after the middle of November, or two months later than usual. Anxiety is expressed lest the universally recognised harbinger of Spring in Northern countries should be as late in returning as he has been late in departing.]

O SWALLOW, swallow, flying South
So late that no one can remember
Your change of clime at such a time
As mid or late November!

You are, we know, a "trustful bird,"
And experts truthful and respected
Freely attest your will to nest
In places unexpected.

So, since you often choose to roost
In chimneys, it may be contended
The fireless grate has made you wait
Until the "Stoppage" ended.

And yet the optimists in the Press,
Who strive to comfort, not to grieve us,
Admit with pain they can't explain
Why you are loth to leave us.

Say, can it be that you resolved
To linger in these Boreal regions
Till RAMSAY MAC was safely back
To fire his flagging legions—

That you dislike the Labour sheikh
Who barged into your winter quarters
And scoured the sands of Afric's lands,
Neglecting his supporters?

Earthquakes, perhaps, may yield a clue;
CAILLAUX'S or ABD-EL-KRIM'S dethronement;
Or wireless tricks, or COOK or "JICKS"
Account for the postponement.

But anyhow this strange delay,
Bird-watchers utterly outwitting,
Suggests some cause outside the laws
That rule your annual flitting.

Fly South, kind bird, and, though at last
We now can keep our homes fires burning,
Don't, when you bring the news of Spring,
Be two months late returning.

"Yesterday the Stock Exchange Committee decided to include in the regulations, by an addition to Rule 134, the specific statement that a bearer bond is a negotiable instrument like a bandnote, ownership of which passes by simple delivery."—*Daily Case.*

The leading case in this connection is that of the conductor of a travelling orchestra who pawned the big drum in order to raise the wind.

FILTHY LUCRE.

"MONEY," she said to me with all the contempt and scorn that word alone has power to evoke among those who have but little of it—"money indeed!"

"Call it," I begged her, "'filthy lucre'—I always do, and it always makes me feel better."

"Money's so vulgar," she complained.

"But can anything," I asked, "be really vulgar that is at the same time so strangely rare?"

"Some people have plenty," she pointed out.

"But not," I reminded her, "the people one meets in real life. Though there is one man at the club——"

"Well, you know him, don't you?" she asked.

"I see him often enough," I admitted, "and I have spoken to him, but not often. He does not encourage it."

"A snob," she said contemptuously, "a vulgarian."

"Oh, no," I protested, "not a vulgarian by any means; there is an assured dignity about him that is far indeed from vulgarity. And not a snob either, for he doesn't distinguish between members, and will serve one of the

committee no better than anyone else—or, at least, not much—for we are all equally childish in his eyes and he makes allowance for us all. Indeed I suppose a head-waiter always sees men at their worst."

"But are head-waiters rich?" she asked, apparently surprised.

"It may be only a rumour," I confessed, "for it is wise to call no man rich till you know exactly what he has concealed in his income-tax return, and besides I have met reputed millionaires who always made a point of borrowing their taxi fares. But I do not know whether that was because they were really poor or because they were really millionaires."

"Well, people shouldn't have lent it to them," she declared.

"But," I told her, "if they were really poor, then it was charity, and we are told that charity shall not lose its reward—bread cast upon the waters, you know. And, if they were really millionaires, then too kindness to them might bring its own reward, even if only in the shape of a stray Stock Exchange tip."

"All the same," she insisted, "I think money 's disgusting."

"Yet to have none," I sighed, "is even more disgusting."

"The fact is," she decided, "the whole subject is degrading, and when people happen to get money they become intolerable."

"But tolerated," I said, "distinctly tolerated."

"Oh, one has to make concessions," she admitted. "But, for instance, there are some people we know who 've just bought a Daimroll."

"A bad sign," I told her, shaking my head, "a frequent prelude to bankruptcy."

"Do you think so?" she asked, brightening up a little. "But I don't think it can be with them," she added, depressed again, "considering the prices they charge and the way they always seem to sell their meat out. The trouble is," she decided, "that money never comes to the right person."

"I 've noticed that," I agreed. "And it 's strange when you think how many people there are in the world never tired of writing to ask if they may send you any sum from five pounds to fifty thousand pounds by return of post in plain registered packet. And then there are editors—a careless, generous race, always scattering large sums of money all round. Why, one of them asked me negligently only the other week on a lot of posters whether one thousand five hundred pounds for solving a conundrum would be any good to me."

"But after all," she asked me earnestly, "does money mean happiness, or health, or youth?"

"Oh, that undoubtedly," I cried, "for without money who would dare go near a beauty parlour?"

"Why, even in Society," she assured me, "money counts for little compared with other things."

"That 's good hearing," I said. "I am happy to know that birth, brains, beauty——"

"I wasn't thinking of those so much," she interrupted, "but I was making a call last week, and there were two or three ever such rich people there, women who could afford to wear even the cheapest artificial pearls."

"But could they," I asked, "afford to dine at the Gorgeous and walk out without giving a single tip to anyone?"

"Oh, yes, easily," she assured me; "and yet nobody was taking the very least notice of them, and everybody was simply fighting to get introduced to another woman, one who was ever so poor and nothing behind her but her Divorce Court records."

"The imponderables still count," I said; "there is still hope."

"Only remember," she warned me sternly once again before we parted, "don't think I care anything about money, because I don't. Money is nothing to me; only what it buys."

"That is," I assured her, "the sentiment of all truly elevated minds."

E. R. P.



JILTED.

"The storm has caused more serious damage than was supposed, and the high wind has blown off roofs of horses and uprooted trees."
Daily Paper.

Evidently a misprint for hoofs.



Young Blood (to very slight acquaintance). "'ULLO, MISS JONES, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"
Flapper (with hauteur). "THANK YOU, MR. BROWN, I'VE BEEN WHERE I'M GOING."

BEAUTY AT THE WHEEL.

SHE could not, I know, find her own carburettor,
And plugs and magnetos are Greek unto her,
And yet there is nothing on earth she likes better
Than racing the roads with a whizz and a whirr,
Threading the traffic
Serene and seraphic,
Reclining on cushions and smothered in fur.

She may—I don't doubt it—have heard of a bonnet,
But all that 's beneath it is *terra incog.*,
Though she 's vastly intrigued by the mascot upon it,
Which may be a dancer or may be a dog.
If motors will *travel*
What need to unravel
The mysteries hid in mechanical fog?

Oblivious of danger she chances her corners
And passes on bridges and turns without sign,
And, if she don't fill a few houses with mourners,
It isn't the fault of the fair Caroline;
For oft a slow-footer
Has hopped from her hooter
Just cleared by an inch—which is cutting it fine.

She simply ignores the policeman on duty,
Drives round him or dodges or bumps him behind,
Sublimely unconscious that boldness and beauty
At crossings have no special licence assigned;
If he holds out an arm,
Unimpressed by her charm,
She smiles into distance, conveniently blind.

When stopped—as will happen—by troubles organic
And helpless on highway or stranded in lane,
She holds up some good-looking youth as mechanic
And flirts with him gaily till started again;
While, slave to her smile,
With a spanner or file
He wallows in grease and forgets to complain.

She exceeds the speed limit, and then when they trap her
She gently suggests that their watches are wrong,
And, assuming the *rôle* of the innocent flapper,
Says talking of *forty* is stretching it strong;
For she really was going
At *fifteen*, and slowing—
In fact she was merely *tortoising* along.

Ah, well! Give her room on the roads, for, God bless her!
She brightens our lives with her quaint little ways,
And why, after all, should her conscience distress her,
Since men will assist her whenever she strays?
We owe certain duty
To youth and to beauty,
And if she should smash us, why—*somebody* pays.

W. H. O.

Another Impending Apology.

From a broadcasting programme:—

"7.40—Professor J. —— ——: The Mind of the Lower Animals (from Aberdeen)."—*Evening Paper.*

"When living in Scotland I accompanied a friend on a trip to Galloway, visiting Carlyle's ecclefection and Craigenputtock *en route*."
Ceylon Paper.

The ecclefection is believed to be a local variety of Banbury cake.



A CHANGE OF FRONT.

HIGH SOVIET OFFICIAL. "MR. COOK, FROM ENGLAND?"

MR. A. J. COOK. "YES, A HUMBLE DISCIPLE OF LENIN."

HIGH SOVIET OFFICIAL. "AH, WELL, I'M AFRAID YOU'RE A BIT LATE. THE FOCUS OF OUR ANTI-BRITISH ACTIVITIES HAS SHIFTED TO CHINA."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 29th.—The topless towers of Westminster are crumbling to decay and the Fine Arts Commission is to decide whether repairs can be undertaken on a less ornate scale without detracting from the original design. Mr. HARRIS thought this important decision should be left to a Royal Commission, presumably on the principle that a Royal Commission, if it does anything at all, can do no æsthetic wrong; but Captain HACKING thought not. This accords with the general belief that the calling into being of Royal Commissions comes within the scope not of art but of craft.

Colonel LANE-FOX assured Sir WALTER DE FRECE that the Coal Merchants' Federation had circularised its members to urge on them the importance of giving the small coal-consumer a fair share of the black diamonds. Pressed to admit that £3 18*s.* 6*d.* a ton was not a fair price, the Minister contented himself with the assurance that the price would soon come down.

Mr. THURTLE does not like the Empire, a feeling which the Empire, if it ever became aware of him, would possibly reciprocate. Mr. AMERY had outlined to the House the general achievements of the Imperial Conference, notably the fact that clearer expression had been given to the two cardinal principles of equality of status and unity under the common Crown. "Is it not the best comment on that statement that the British Empire now exists only in name?" asked Mr. THURTLE. "Certainly not," replied Mr. AMERY in a tone of voice which clearly indicated that in his opinion the hon. Member himself had only a nominal existence outside Shoreditch.

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD was greeted with cheers when he rose to ask the FOREIGN MINISTER about the situation at Hankow, and Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN prefaced his reply by saying that he hardly knew whether to congratulate or commiserate with his colleague on his return. Mr. MACDONALD now goes through the Lobby murmuring—

"From the desert I come to thee,
On my Arab shod with fire."

Carrying a prayer-mat and a bunch of spears he looks every inch a sheik, but there is probably no truth in the rumour that he is coaching the Clydesiders to shout "*La ilaha illa-llahu! El* LENIN *rasûl allahi!*" as they rush into the fray against BALDWIN and his new Crusaders.

After Sir AUSTEN had assured Mr. T. JOHNSTON that the Sudan Plantations Syndicate was not "getting a bulge" either on the poor benighted heathen or the scarcely less benighted British taxpayer, the House turned with strange zest to the mouldy remainder-biscuit of the Emergency Regulations and continued to masticate it *con amore*. Its savour lies for the Socialists in the fact that it offers an opportunity for a concerted attack on the HOME SECRETARY, whose efficiency is to be gauged by the vehemence with which he is attacked rather than by the adroitness with which he defends himself. Mr. HUDSON led the assault, and went on to accuse the Tory Party of distributing thirty thousand bogus Communist leaflets in Central Hull, urging people to vote for Commander KENWORTHY. He charged that Party, he said, with every kind of dishonesty. Evidently he suspects it of a kind of political imbecility that the state of Parties does not confirm.

Sir H. SLESSER and Captain W. BENN, both ideal exponents of the theory that the proper way to prevent split skulls in the country is to split hairs in the House of Commons, joined in the attack on the Minister, while Mr. C. EDWARDS made the specific accusation against the police of drunken brutality, but failed to explain why he had not drawn the attention of the HOME SECRETARY to the matter in the usual way.

The House moved on to the Parks Regulation Bill, which (Captain HACKING explained) enabled the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS to prevent sporting tipsters, distributors of propagandorous literature and other nuisances from spoiling the amenities of the Royal parks and otherwise to exercise the same powers as those enjoyed by the L.C.C. over the parks under its control. Mr. AMMON having been assured that the COMMISSIONER'S power to prevent freedom of speech in the parks was not to be enlarged in any way, the Bill was given a Second Reading. The Mental Deficiency Bill was also read a second time and the House adjourned betimes.



The Carmarthen Chameleon. "SO JOSEPH'S COAT HAS CHANGED ITS COLOUR?"

The Hull Chameleon. "YES, BUT NOT WITHOUT THE CONSENT OF HIS BRETHREN."

SIR ALFRED MOND AND LIEUT.-COMMANDER JOSEPH KENWORTHY.

Tuesday, November 30th.—The plashy lightnings that play about the Electricity Bill, a measure primarily intended (according to the critics) to illuminate the Government's political shop-window, were transferred today to the House of Lords. Undoubtedly the most scintillating stroke was that of Lord BANBURY, who urged by way of amendment that selected stations should be allowed to maintain a reserve for their own consumers instead of turning all their power over to the Board. Viscount PEEL rather unkindly retorted that electricity was not something that could be stored away in barrels like beer, a reply that so upset Lord BANBURY that he presently sat down on his hat.

In the House of Commons Sir HARRY BRITTAIN urged the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES to consider the possibilities of introducing the British clam on a commercial basis in view of the large number of American clam-eaters who visit our island every year. The MINISTER said that the clam was already a native of our shores. As for its commercialisation with the view of attracting American visitors he commended Sir HARRY to the advice and good offices of the Department's shellfish expert.

The House is a place where the sway of fashion is largely at a discount, but it was observed that Miss WILKINSON was in her place dressed in white starched collar and cuffs. "Miss Perky" had become Miss Nippy, minus the bandeau!

The assault on the Small Holdings and Allotments Bill, as amended in Standing Committee, was led by Mr. NOEL BUXTON, fresh from the "desert's dusty face," and in consequence a little on the dry side himself; but the real impact was provided by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. He loves the smiling countryside, and, now that the last leaves are reddening on the Liberal tree, would fain expound its possibilities to the poor town-bred industrialist.

He smote the Bill because it extends facilities not hitherto enjoyed to the smallholder who wishes to be a small owner and not a small renter, his argument apparently being based on the belief that in this country, as opposed to Ireland, Denmark and elsewhere, no farmer wants to own his land if he can help it. As the Bill provides equal or greater facilities for the small holder-renter Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's contention did not really assail its usefulness. That was left to Mr. T. WILLIAMS, who complained that every small holder-owner planted on the land would be a small Tory, and to Mr. FENBY, who declared that the County Councils would certainly favour the hire-purchase buyer as against the renter.

Wednesday, December 1st.—The House of Lords, on the initiative of Lord TEMPLEMORE, considered the numerical weakness of the Army, and once more emphasised the importance of popularising the Territorial army. Lord MIDLETON stressed the necessity of cutting down the "enormously superfluous" War Office establishment. Lord HALDANE shrewdly observed that an army's strength was not to be measured by counting noses but by its organisation. He would not criticise the size of the War Office staffs until he knew more about them. The Earl of ONSLOW, for the Government, reassured their Lordships both as to the question of further reductions of army strength and as to the position and prospects of the Territorial army, which, though admittedly somewhat short of officers, was not as badly off as had been represented.

Affairs in China occupied the attention of the Commons. At Question-time Conservative Members cross-examined the FOREIGN MINISTER quite fiercely on his continued tolerance of Soviet anti-British propaganda. Sir AUSTEN admitted that the Government had ample reason to sever trade relations with Russia, but declared that it had not been found expedient to do so. The situation at Hankow, he explained to Mr. MACDONALD, was easier, and British residents will be relieved to learn from Westminster that they are not in any immediate danger.



A TRIAL FLIGHT?
LORD HENRY CAVENDISH-BENTINCK.

Major CARVER, the new Conservative Member for Howdenshire, and Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, Central Hull's comic chameleon, took their seats amid the cheers of their respective parties.



THE WESTMINSTER PIT-HEAD BATH.
At the request of Colonel APPLIN the supply of hot water in the House of Commons has been resumed.

Commander KENWORTHY perhaps established a record when, as his first official act and deed as a Socialist, he later supported a Government measure.

A Bill to add two judges with Indian experience to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, with a salary of two thousand pounds a year, roused the indignation of Mr. KIRKWOOD. "What is it," he demanded, "that these men have that is superior over me?" "Brains," said a voice from the other side of the House, but Mr. KIRKWOOD was thinking of lungs.

Thursday, December 2nd.—The Second Reading of the Merchandise Marks Bill in the Upper House gave Lord INCHCAPE the opportunity of declaring that, though he had crossed the House to bask beneath Conservative skies, he had not changed his Free Trade soul. He denounced the measure, but did not challenge Lieutenant-Commander KENWORTHY's record of the previous day by voting against his new Party.

In the House of Commons the HOME SECRETARY was asked if he would do something about the organised interruption of political meetings. Was it not a fact, another Member asked, that ninety per cent. of these interruptions came from supporters of one political party? Sir WILLIAM non-committally replied that that was certainly the case at *his* political meetings. One cannot, of course, imagine "JICKS" being rudely shouted down by a bevy of raucous Primrose Leaguers.

Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN defended the proposed reduction of the Housing subsidy as being the only means of bringing down the cost of houses. He was attacked from an unexpected quarter by Lord HENRY CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, who, amid Opposition cheers, charged the Government with manufacturing Communists, and said it was high time the Government took away the money of people who wasted it on luxury and devoted it to the purpose of fighting social degradation. It was an Adelphic utterance, and Lord HENRY could not have complained if he had suddenly found himself being clasped to the bosom of Mr. STEPHEN.

Mr. HOPKINSON, on the other hand, said that the MINISTER had done a wise and brave thing. He defended the Government so prettily that one recalls the lines in *The Shropshire Lad*:—

> "O when I was in love with you
> I called you wise and brave,
> And all about the wonder grew
> How well I did behave."

A good many other Unionists either decried or doubted the wisdom of the reduction, but, lulled into acquiescence by Sir KINGSLEY WOOD's high-piping Pehlevisms, voted for the Resolution.



THE FIRST QUEUE.

THE DAWN OF THE HOT-DOG'S DAY.

WHY do we still fail, try as we will, to reach the standard which has been attained by the people of the United States? To a large extent we spring from a common stock, to a large extent we speak the same language, and life is portrayed for us all by the same films. Further, Mr. SELFRIDGE and others have kindly come among us personally to render what assistance they can.

In my opinion it is a question of food. You must admit that since chewing-gum and sundaes and peanuts and grape-fruit became popular foodstuffs among us we have been more amenable to ready-to-wear sports suits and Trans-atlantic styles in dancing. The cocktail too has played its part, no doubt. Whatever the pessimist may think, we may be said to be getting on. Yet we still fall short, and President COOLIDGE himself a little time ago seemed to hint that we were still in the boob class.

I have great hopes of the hot-dog, therefore. I believe the hot-dog is destined to make just the difference we want. Even if at first we can only meet it by attending professional football-matches, it is worth our while to cultivate its affection. And let me say here that to consume a hot-dog is not a really formidable ordeal; face it boldly, remember that its bark is worse than its bite, remove the collar, and the rest is easy.

Soon, we may hope, it will be possible to eat hot-dogs, not only on the football-field, but on the golf-links, at Hurlingham, with the Quorn, and wherever else recreation is sought. More important still is it that there should be hot-dogs at every fireside, for the home is the cradle of the nation's character, and we should do well to guard it with hot-dogs. A couple of hot-dogs in the afternoon would make all the difference to the tired housewife; there should be hot-dogs waiting to give welcome to the weary breadwinner on his return in the evening, and the little ones should have a hot-puppy or two before retiring for the night.

Of equal importance would be the installation of a hot-kennel in the House of Commons. Might we not then look for high-souled legislation such as is found across the Atlantic, and for the submission of men of all nationalities to the melting-pot from which they emerge hundred-per-cent. citizens? Let the Clyde-siders get the hot-dog habit—yes, red-hot-dogs, if they prefer them—and let the Liberal Parties, every one of them, become addicted to the hot-dog, and we may yet see here the state of things prevailing in the States, where something—and I think it may be the food—makes the American people what they are.

Let the whole country, in short, go to the hot dogs.

THE ENTOMOLOGIST.

On days that are sunny, on nights that are starry,
My neighbour sets forth, a determined shikari;
And what if his weapon seems somewhat pacific,
The purpose behind it is simply terrific.
His people declare that, perspiring and hatless,
He 'd follow a Hair Streak all over the Atlas!
By nature a student, non-peripatetic,
It costs him a lot to be so energetic,
And yet he will go for a week without sleeping
To capture a Noctua really worth keeping.
He lurks in my orchard—his only excuse is
To plaster my pippins with saccharine juices,
Whence rare Lepidoptera, fuddled by suction,
Are quickly transferred to their lethal destruction.
How often I 've seen him, far off in the distance,
Attacking a Brimstone with dogged persistence,
And later observed him, intrepid, tenacious,
Securing his prize on my borders (herbaceous).
Whenever I look at my sticky plantations,
My pulverised pinks and my crumpled carnations,
I long for the day when I 'll see him pursuing
A Mazarine Blue to his final undoing.
I hope it will lead him to Cornwall or Dover,
Wherever the mightiest cliffs are—and over!

AN UPLAND EVE.

As a rule downs are, except for dew-ponds, waterless, but I know, and so do you, my dear, a gentle old grey down of the Berkshire country which has a little stream all to himself. She jumps out high on the great pig's side of him and goes hoppity-tumble downhill, just like a Border beck. You could step across three of her anywhere. When she gets to the bottom she spreads out into a round little shallow of shiny sand and gravel and then loses herself in a lush patch of marshy mead, along which the mays of early June are so white and so fresh that we stop to look at them even more than usual, and where the kingcups are like golden saucers and where—well, were I to say just how big and blue the forget-me-nots are, who 'd believe me?

Mr. Culpepper of The George and Dragon says that the little stream, which disappears as suddenly as a water-vole under a lily pad, pops up again a mile or two away as one of the carriers of the famous trout river that glides lazily down the summer days in search of Father Thames and the sea. But there—I don't know; in fact I 've always fancied otherwise about the little Eve, for so I call her, because she 's kind to flowers and has her own little garden; besides I don't think she has a real name, and anyhow Eve is as good a name for a river as Eden—and Edens are of course common as Joneses. I fancy, then, when she has done her waterpot best for her flowers that she is picked up by the sun, an armful of silver vapour, and set once more a-top of the down to do it all over again—that she is concerned, in fact, solely with her garden and not at all with the taking of trout, gentlest of sports though it be.

Have it either way you like, but here 's her story that I learnt all on a fine day while I waited for a feeding fish beside the river. Two miles away the down in the heats of hay-harvest loomed hazily. Upon the placid monster an idle sunbeam lit a sudden dance of distant diamonds, and I remembered the little Eve. At that moment a kingfisher began to talk about her. You say that kingfishers do not talk, but that they squeal shrilly? You are a hateful little prig, my child, but of course correct, and I probably *did* go to sleep and dream the whole thing, and I 've a jolly good mind not to tell you about it.

However, about a million years ago, when the Thames was fordable below Streatley and the gods were not yet all gone, there lived a young lady of seventeen. Her name was Eva. She was an only child, and her father and mother had gone "across the fern" (they were *that* sort) and had never come back. Eva was poor, but she was pretty and kind, and she loved animals and butterflies and flowers, especially flowers, whose talk she understood and who loved her.

When her parents were gone Eva went to live with a cross old aunt at the foot of the down, which in those far-off days was waterless except for the dew-pond.

Now poor Eva's only dress was very old, and her aunt, who was close-fisted and unfashionable, would not give her a new one. So the may-trees gave her a beautiful frock made of their white petals, which, if mixed with moonshine and woven by the Green Men of the Downs, become quite washable. And when she went out the blue down butterflies flew round and round her, like little blue happinesses, to make her a cloak; and a vastly vivacious cloak they made of themselves, you may be sure.

Eva's aunt had a garden, but there were only vegetables in it, so Eva planted wild-flowers in the far corner, and gave them water to drink out of the rainwater-butt, and sang to them till they did famously.

But her aunt said, "Don't you dare use the water for your rubbishy flowers, Miss!" and the old crosspatch pulled them up and threw them over the fence. But Eva replanted them in a corner of the meadow.

'Twas a terrible dry summer, that, but every day Eva took her shiny copper bucket and went up-along to the dew-pond. There she filled up and came back to her thirsty garden.

"Dratted waste of time," said Eva's aunt; but she altered her opinion when Sir Harkaway Wurzel met Eva while so employed and wanted to marry her. Eva had to say "Yes" because her aunt told her to and she was in a dependent position. But she hated the idea, for Sir Harkaway lived entirely to kill things and did not know the difference between kingcups and buttercups; he moreover confused Chalk and Common Blues. He also confounded them when told different. Besides he was fat and fifty.

The wedding-day was a scorcher; Eva's aunt wore bombazine—her bottle-green. Eva, who had watered her garden early, went to say good-bye to it. You will remember that she understood flower-talk. There was a new baby buttercup; it said, "Eva, darling, it 's dreadful hot, and I 'm thirsty all down my sta'k." Eva cried a tear on to it. The baby buttercup said, "Oh, Eva, that 's all salty." "Wait a minute," said Eva. She ran home, took her shiny pail and went up to the dew-pond. She saw Sir Harkaway and his companions coming to fetch her, so she had to hurry. Sir Harkaway looked hot and unpleasant, and Eva hated being married more than ever. Eva filled her bucket, and she said, "Good-bye, dear down; I wish I could stay with you for ever."

And the old god of the downs, whose name is Derry, heard her, and he said, "And so she shall, because she 's a darling."

And he made a medicine of the chalk.

Then Eva had to hasten, but she felt of a sudden that something *nice* was going to happen. Downhill she went, fast at first, then faster and faster. The blue butterflies—her coat of nebuly—couldn't keep up; they streamed out behind her. The may petals and moonshine began to come unstitched and to mingle with the chasing blueness; blue and silver were after her now like the winking of water.

On fled Eva, and her small feet got dancier and dancier and her heart lighter and lighter, till at last her slim little self took the neatest little header



Hotel-keeper. "YOU 'RE A LONG TIME BLACKING THOSE BOOTS."

New Boot-boy. "WELL, SIR, SOME OF 'EM WAS BROWN."



COURTESY ON THE UNDERGROUND.

"PRAY TAKE MY STRAP, MADAM."

imaginable into her own on-flitting shadow and, all a-ripple and a-bubble with laughter, she ran into her garden (you'll have guessed!) as the jolly little blue-and-silver stream that she is to this moment.

Her shiny bucket of course became the pretty gold basin that she still fills to overflow, and the baby buttercup had a most satisfying drink and forgot to say "Thank you."

And what of the astonished Sir Hark-away and his gaping guests? Why, old Derry, while he was about it, changed them in a twinkling to the silly-looking group of gesticulating junipers that you know quite well. They stand at the foot of the down to this day; and Eva's aunt (in her bottle-green) stands bang in the middle of them. P. R. C.

"WHY NOT BUY NOW FOR CHRISTMAS? Turbots—Monthly economy offer price, per lb. 1/."—*Advt. Evening Paper.*

We never start stirring the Christmas turbot till later in December.

"After the wedding a reception was held at the town house of the bride's parents, who are building a little house in Northumberland for the bridle couple."—*North-Country Paper.*

Who will, we trust, go well in double harness.

MODERN ROMANCE.

When Mary married William
She married him for gold;
But what is wealth or splendour
When lovers' hearts are cold?
True love comes down from heaven,
True love may not be forced;
She spent a year with William
And then she got divorced.

When Mary married Arthur
She married him for rank—
Old names are more than rubies
And millions at the bank.
Yet even rank and titles,
Where love is not, are vain;
She stood it several seasons
And got divorced again.

When Mary married Rupert
She married him for Art;
So sweet a tie is culture
To hold a damsel's heart.
Yet even Art makes weary
A soul that pines for love;
She fled from Rupert, just like
The gentlemen above.

When Mary married Bernard
She married him for power;
He stood before his country
The idol of the hour.
Too oft hath high ambition
The trustful heart misled;
She dropped her Bernard simply
Because her love was dead.

When Mary married Ernest
She married him for looks;
Her heart was tired of titles
And wealth and power and books.
Alas, that manly beauty
So false a guide may be!
She got fed up with Ernest;
And gained her fifth *decree*.

When Mary married Lancelot
She weighed eleven stone;
She turned her simple fancy
To love and love alone.
He was not rich nor noble,
He was not great nor good;
She went and married Lancelot
Because she thought she would.

When Mary's friends were angry
Because she left the Town
And asked her why she wasted
Her moments with a clown,
"My looking-glass," said Mary,
"My lessening charm reports;
Old age is for the cottage
And youth is for the Courts."

EVOE.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE FIRST YEAR" (APOLLO).

MR. ERNEST TRUEX need have no fear that the relative failure of *The Fall Guy* was due to any fault of his, or even to London's inability to recognise a comedian paramount. *The Fall Guy* was probably too distinctively and narrowly American to be interesting to a wide circle of playgoers. True, *The First Year*, by FRANK CRAVEN, is also American, but it is a friendly, unpretentious little comedy with a central motive of universal appeal—the triumph of charm and modesty against complacency and bounce. There is also a genuine and decent human feeling behind it all, though I suspect (and I don't suppose the author will seriously doubt) that little *Tommy Tucker* shines through Mr. TRUEX's attractive personality with a light that Mr. CRAVEN never quite succeeded in lighting. The house gave to this comparative stranger the sort of reception that is generally offered to none but long-tried favourites. I hope somebody over here will really explain to him what a fine compliment that is.

Reading (Illinois) is a very small dull town, but it suits admirably our modest little man who is doing quite well in real estate. He could not dream of a better life if only pretty restless *Grace Livingston* would share it. But how on earth is he to summon up enough courage and belief in himself to explain this to her? That tall, handsome, bumptious rolling-stone of an engineer, *Dick Loring*, has no such handicap. He goes to it a little too confidently, however, and *Grace*, a girl of spirit, sends him about his business and contrives promptly to extract a declaration from our *Tommy*. But the conditions are that he shall uproot himself and hie to Joplin (Missouri), which is apparently a little larger and only a little less dull.

He gambles his all on a tract of land through which a projected railway is likely to pass, only to hear from his rival, *Dick*, that the railway is going to take another course. The railway's purchasing agent, who is about to complete the deal which will make *Tommy* a rich man and take *Grace* to New York and Paris and London, stays his hand. *Grace*, little beast essentially—for who should desert our Tommy Tuckers and still win respect?—flies back to Reading and her mother, while *Tommy*, after absorbing in his despair an incredible amount of gin of no very authentic pedigree, finds that the omniscient *Loring* is wrong, raises his price to the railway agent and takes back to his little home town one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, less the price of a mammoth box of chocolates and sundry doctors' fees expended in the business of recovering from his surfeit of "hooch." The difficult "first year" is over; *Grace*, ashamed of her lack of faith, her *Wanderlust* and her dollar complex, announces a forthcoming little *Tucker* and all is exceedingly well.



THE BABES AND THE GOOD UNCLE.

Grace Livingston . . . . MISS PHYLLIS POVAH.
Dr. Myron Anderson . . . MR. BROMLEY DAVENPORT.
Thomas Tucker . . . . . MR. ERNEST TRUEX.

MR. TRUEX could probably have carried this play to success if he had been indifferently supported by a raw cast—what skilful passages from mood to mood, what expressive shrugs, what pleasant exercises in modest swankery, what resourceful and yet reticent variations on the theme of the temperate man overcome by casual intoxication. In fact, however, the standard of all the playing was high. Miss PHYLLIS POVAH's *Grace* was an admirably finished piece of work; and she had the skill to handle that difficult mood—tantrums—with a nice discretion. She smoothed over, too, intrinsic difficulties in the character. Miss LEILA BENNETT's sketch of a half-witted darkie "temporary" was as good as possible. Not one in a score of actresses would have had the wit to refrain from over-broadening it to win the easy laugh. A very well-written part this, also. Miss MARY ROBERT's charmingly dull mother, Mr. O. B. CLARENCE's complete bore of a father, Mr. S. J. WARMINGTON's easy competent Railway Agent, and Mr. BROMLEY DAVENPORT's kindly uncle (Mr. DAVENPORT wisely attempting not at all to mitigate his authentic British air) were all pleasant things to watch because of their skilful technique. In lesser parts Miss NORAH HOWARD and Mr. GEORGE CURZON were more than just adequate.

A quite excellent evening's entertainment. T.

"THE CO-OPTIMISTS" (HIS MAJESTY'S).

The Co-Optimists are hardy enough to label their new programme "13th," instead of "12Ath," as they say for luck, protecting themselves by sedulously heaving salt over their left shoulders. They have a faithful congregation, and there is no reason to suppose that it will refuse to go on sitting under them, especially if they give it no more reason for defection than a captious critic can at present detect. Of course you have to profess rather a blind faith to find everything equally entertaining; but there is plenty of evidence that the team's faculty of invention has not yet deserted it.

Two charming ladies have recently joined the fellowship. Miss MARY LEIGH and Miss SHEILA RAWLE bring beauty, liveliness and dancing-skill, and, with Miss DORIS BENTLEY and Miss MARJORIE SPIERS, gave us one of the most attractive of the new items, an exceedingly tuneful and intriguing admonition addressed to man-editors of women's intimate journals. Miss LEIGH was also very captivating as "The Bandmaster's Daughter," and the entry of four kilted pipers with ingeniously extemporised sporrans and bagpipes made this turn into an authentic "folly." Another divertingly foolish turn in the first programme was a study of Co-Communism among the Red Indians of North America, a burlesque obbligato, by the full company, to one of Mr. MELVILLE GIDEON's intimate sentimentalities, "My Navaho Lady." That ridiculous comedian, Mr. GILBERT CHILDS—may his facial muscles never grow less supple!—



Wife (after short chat with friend). "GEORGE, YOU KNOW MRS. SMYTHE?"
Husband. "MRS. SMYTHE? OF COURSE. I WAS JUST SAYING TO MYSELF, 'I KNOW THAT VOICE!'"

offered us a heavy tragedian's view of "The Underworld of London After Dark," with many dismal and grotesque absurd-



"LIFE IS MOSTLY FROTH AND BUBBLE."
Froth-Blower-in-Chief . MR. DAVY BURNABY.

ities of rhyme and unreason. The semi-finale, "Mary-Rose-Marie," was a good idea, a little halting in execution, but with an admirable portrait of Miss FAY COMPTON'S *Mary-Rose*, by Miss LEIGH, and, for all I know, being one of the few of London's teeming millions who haven't seen Miss EDITH DAY'S *Rose-Marie*, an equally plausible portrait by clever Miss DORIS BENTLEY. Mr. DAVY BURNABY added an over-life-size *Jack Stylton* leading his melodious mites, a diversion which was much appreciated.

Two good new turns in the Second Part were "General Post," an ingenious working out of the theme that, as monotony in work is the great bugbear, it would be well if the Photographer, for instance, put in half-time as a Dentist, the Wireless Expert as a Doctor, the Tailor as a Motor-Salesman, the Auctioneer as a Railway Booking-Office Clerk, with sundry lively innuendoes which you could take or leave as the niceness or grossness of your mind dictated; and "Our Albert," in which Miss DORIS BENTLEY'S *Emma Harris*, sad white-faced spouse of *Jim* (Mr. CHILDS), was a quite admirable piece of work, especially that beguiling burlesque dance which celebrated the peace that succeeded the domestic quarrel over the half-wit *Albert* (Mr. STANLEY HOLLOWAY). There was here also one jest of the first water, which seems too good and too obvious to have been made now for the first time. Says *Emma*, stiff and proper-like, "Women have cleaner minds than men;" to



"BODY OPEN OR CLOSED?"
The Buyer . . MR. WOLSELEY CHARLES.
The Salesman . MR. AUSTIN MELFORD.

which *Jim*: "Well, they ought to have. They change them often enough."

An old turn, "The Ghost Trade,"

with Mr. GILBERT CHILDS as *Sir George of the Haunted Tower*, and Mr. AUSTIN MELFORD as *Lord Herbert, the Murdered Marquis*, is still, I think, the best thing in the show, and extremely diverting at that.

The programme was seasoned throughout by Mr. STANLEY HOLLOWAY's round baritone, Mr. MELVILLE GIDEON's artfully confidential tenor, and the dexterous assaults of this latter artist on a helpless Steinway. T.

A second "Artists' Own Exhibition," organised by the Imperial Three Arts Club, will be held at the Spring Gardens Gallery from December 11th to December 29th. The pictures, as before, will be sold to the highest bidders, the prices offered being written on cards to be placed in a receptacle at any time during the Exhibition. There will be a competition open to visitors, in which the prize will go to whoever comes nearest to the general view of the competitors as to what are the best six pictures on show.

Those who desire information about the many excellent projects of the Imperial Three Arts Club, which include a Competition Concert for the encouragement of composers of songs, should address themselves to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. George Lynch, 248, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2.

The Blighty Industries Association has just opened, at the Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, a sale of Scotch Tweeds, Blankets, Woollens and Real Shetland and Fair Isle Hand-knit goods, produced by disabled Service men and the widows and dependents of mine-sweepers. The sale will continue to December 18th.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Though a Victorian matron I feel bound in honesty to confess my unstinted admiration for the modern woman when confronted by the trials and troubles of domestic life. I am impelled to make this confession by my study of the "Woman's Page" in *The Star* as edited by Miss MARGARET BANNERMAN. As a lesson in fortitude, magnanimity and toleration I know nothing to equal the counsel given in an article in the issue of December 2nd, under the heading "What 'll I do when——?"

Even in the first example the demands made on the equanimity of injured innocence are severe enough in all conscience. "Suppose your maid let fall the hot leg of mutton on the dining-room carpet, what would you do?"

Personally I feel that I should be paralysed by such a calamity. It happened about eighty years ago in my grandfather's house, only it was a butler, not a maid, who was the offender, and matters were complicated by his replying to his master, who indiguantly observed, "Do you see what you've done? You've dropped the mutton on the carpet"—"N-n-no, Sir; it 's on the rug." I really forget what exactly happened to the mutton after that. Perhaps the solution was that recommended by EDWARD LEAR in somewhat similar circumstances, viz., wrapping it up in a clean napkin and throwing it out of the window. But the butler was certainly dismissed. Nowadays we are more humane; the "Woman's Page," as edited by Miss MARGARET BANNERMAN, prescribes no punishment for the maid, only composure and calm for the mistress. "It sounds bad for the carpet, yet actually it would be an easy accident to efface," with the aid of a spoon, blotting-paper and a hot iron. You must not use a knife—even on the maid.

But even greater tragedies can be treated by the modern methods of catharsis without resorting to the devices of CLYTEMNESTRA. A terrible ordeal is described in the following passage:—

"'Himself' is cleaning his pipe, he shakes the stem, full of liquid nicotine, and some spurtles [good word] on to your new putty-coloured gown! What would you do then?"

It is easy to guess how CATHERINE OF RUSSIA or the DOWAGER-EMPRESS OF CHINA would have risen to the occasion. But the modern matron, so unjustly maligned for her alleged vehemence, knows better. She asks a chemist for some pure chloroform and, *instead of applying it to the offender when he is asleep*, tries what this will do to help remove the stain. I can only render justice to such moderation in the words of the late Mr. CHARLES BERTRAM, "Isn't it wonderful?"

Yours faithfully, AMANDA JONES.

"What is lacking is that indescribable 'catchet' which is the prerogative of the wearer of —— Dress Clothes."
Yorkshire Tailor's Advertisement.

"Indescribable" seems right.

"The Alsatian took the Pekinese crosswise with its paws as a pike takes a minnow."
Scots Paper.

The only pike we ever caught didn't use its paws but just took the minnow in its mouth.

"Although crows waited to resume work to-day at Leigh pits, many places were not ready for them, and hundreds will have to wait a considerable time."—*North-Country Paper.*

And then, no doubt, Mr. COOK will denounce these birds as blacklegs.

SHE-SHANTIES.

"SHE LOVES ME—SHE LOVES ME NOT . . ."

HE.

She loves me? She loves me not?
It's very hard to say.
She loves me in her blue dress,
She hates me in the grey,
She loves me not this evening,
She loved me yesterday.
She loves me? She loves me not?
She loves me not . . .

I've been sitting here with Phyllis
Picking petals off the lilies,
Picking petals off the roses
In the good old way;
I've been sitting here since lunch,
Wrecking roses by the bunch,
And I doubt if I proposes,
For they all say "Nay."

She loves me? She loves me not?
There's something in her eye,
Is it welcoming or warning?
Is it cynical or shy?
If I kissed her very gently
Would she cling or would she cry?
She loves me? She loves me not?
She loves me not . . .

SHE.

What 's he thinking of, I wonder?
Have I made some fatal blunder?
Am I very, very boring?
Heaven only knows.
Should I be a little bolder?
Shall I turn the chilly shoulder?
Is he angry or adoring?
I shall ask this rose . . .

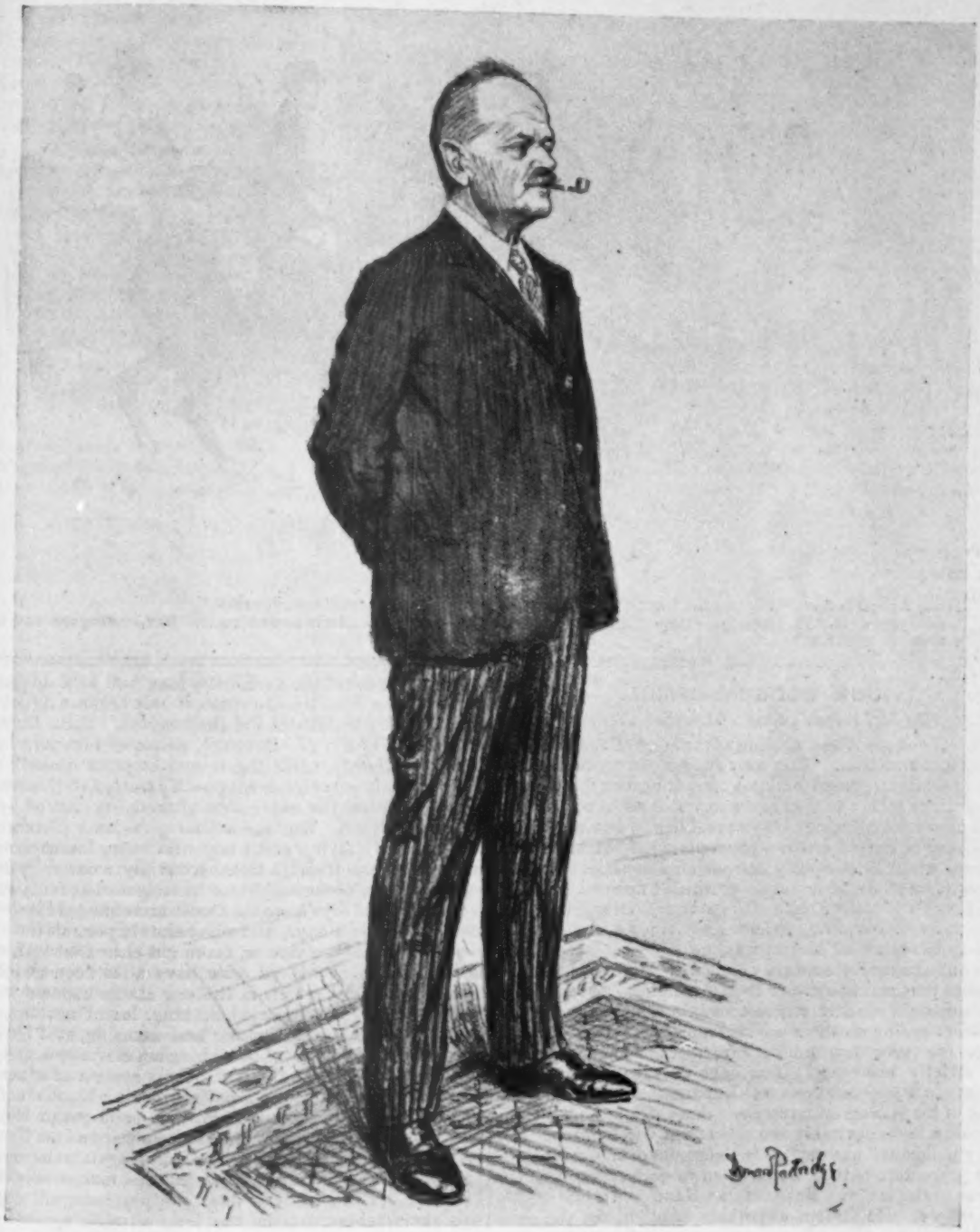
He loves me? He loves me not?
This booby of a man;
He loves me not? He loves me?
Is it me or is it Ann?
He loves me—will he kiss me?
If he wants to, well, he can.
He loves me? He loves me not?
He loves me not? He loves me!

HE.

Not a word. What is she thinking?
Is it sentiment or shrinking?
If a gentleman proposes
Will she faint with fright?
Will she never, never utter?
I 'm about as brave as butter,
But I 'll go on wrecking roses
Till it comes out right. . . .

She loves me? She loves me not?
It 's very hard to tell.
She loves me? If I kissed her
Would she run and ring the bell?
If I kissed her very gently
Would she kiss me very well?
She loves me? She loves me not?
She loves me not? She loves me!

A. P. H.



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

XXXI.—VISCOUNT BYNG OF VIMY.

THE loyal flame that burned for him at Vimy
Ottawa fed and made it still more beamy;
Down on the Empire we shall see the sun go
Ere Canada mislays her love for "BUNGO."



Young Lady Thruster. "I'M AFRAID I HURT ONE OF YOUR HOUNDS A LITTLE JUST NOW, JUMPING."
Much-afflicted M.F.H. (*bitterly*). "OH, NEVER MIND THE HOUNDS—THEY 'RE GETTING USED TO IT. BUT, WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T JUMP ON THE FOX."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

ONE of the great and abiding advantages of Liberalism is its central situation. This may suggest, as in the similar case of Glasgow, grand facilities for getting away; in recent years it has rather tended to do so. But while you remain a Liberal—not a facing-both-ways Liberal, but a genuine cultivator of the old *virtus*—your opinion of an increasingly illiberal world is obviously one worth attention. This, at any rate, was the conviction under which I finished Mr. A. G. GARDINER'S *Certain People of Importance* (CAPE), in which the author of *Prophets, Priests and Kings* and *Pillars of Society* has recorded his impressions of present-day notabilities and the movements they embody. His book naturally stresses personalities rather than principles. Save perhaps in the domain of sport, where convictions and the practised power of acting on them are still more vital than glamour, there are very few public careers in which principles are strictly necessary. You have only to compare Mr. GARDINER'S appreciations of LENGLEN and HOBBS with some of his studies on newspaper magnates and politicians to realise how inevitably the adjectives "well-disciplined" and "judicious" are applied to the games of the former, and how preposterous they would seem in connection with the games of the latter. Not that Mr. GARDINER is out to play the censor. He finds a charitable sidelight for the most unpromising profile. Save in the case of the Press, where personal loyalty sharpens his regret for vulgar transitions, he is all understanding and tolerance. On Mr. AMERY and Mr. WHEATLEY, "JICKS" and MUSSOLINI, CHICHERIN, Dean INGE and thirty-one others, he has many a word that posterity may endorse as the last. To have heard views so moderately and deftly expressed has been a notable pleasure, or, shall I say, a Liberal education.

The character of the EX-KAISER may well be a subject for discussion for some time to come, if only because it took the world so long to fathom his shallowness. EMIL LUDWIG, in *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* (PUTNAM), writes of him with indisputable authority, while the former emperor himself, in a second instalment of his memoirs—*My Early Life* (METHUEN)—has confirmed the impression of triviality created by his previous volume. The one author gives us a picture of a rather nasty bullying small boy who never learnt sense or manners, a false friend, a treacherous ally, a cowardly opponent, one who never could bear to be looked at fairly in the face, who loved toys more than work and changed his clothes twelve times in a day. And this unlovely portrait the other writer unwittingly endorses, making it clear that war, revolution, dethronement and exile have alike been unable to shake that vanity which is the one stable element in his character. He has repented nothing, learnt nothing, and in these pages is still slurring and excusing, still blowing silly little trumpets in praise of his own cleverness, and still entirely satisfied that the melancholy system of education he details was justified in a perfect result. One is inclined to think that two years for him in a good rough English school might have saved the world from war and his German fatherland from catastrophe. His book rings false from cover to cover. It is superficial, theatrical and incidentally not a little dull. EMIL LUDWIG finds the psychological clue to this character-problem in the long struggle against that physical disability which made WILHELM II. unfit for the heroic *rôle* into which he was more or less forced. He considers that he has been all his life "a child screaming to keep up its courage." This writer's brilliant study, which is by no means all unsympathetic to its subject, is one of the most dramatic pieces of writing I have come across for a long time. It gives a curious impression of having been rather improved by translation.

Provost twice over, M. R. JAMES—
  Who heightens his official glories
By his indisputable claims
  To gratitude for his ghostly stories—
In memory of halcyon days
  The double debt of his θρεπτήρια
To school and college here repays,
  Miscens jocosis seria.

His recollections, he admits,
  Are for the most part rather trivial—
Of scenes wherein the clash of wits
  Sprang mainly from a mood convivial;
He owns that "esoteric jokes"
  Have crept too much into his chronicle,
And yet the fun he freely pokes
  Is not the least sardonical.

He tells of boys whose talents shone
  At school in simulating Bedlam;
Of the heroic type of don,
  Like HENRY JACKSON, WALTER HEADLAM;
Scholars beloved, whose fame endures,
  Forgotten freaks, eccentric sages,
Music, Greek Plays, "push-biking" tours—
  All figure in his pages.

Eton and King's sheer joy confers;
  And *Punch*, on rigorously testing it,
Congratulates the publishers,
  WILLIAMS AND NORGATE, for suggesting it;
For no *amari aliquid*
  Surgit de hoc leporum fonte;
No imp of malice lurks amid
  The memories of "Monty."

A problem not peculiar to the Middle West and Boston, but characteristically stated in terms of those two environments, is handled in Miss RUTH SUCKOW's second novel. I have not, by the way, come across her first; but, if *Country People* is anything like as good as the rustic portions of *The Odyssey of a Nice Girl* (CAPE), the acquaintance ought to be worth making. The new book copes with the converse of a problem very popular in the 'nineties, the problem of the suppressed young woman kept at home and given no "opportunities." Here the young woman is given extraneous chances at considerable paternal and maternal cost, finds them largely illusory, and returns home to make, as her native town insists, the marriage she would probably have made in any case. It is no injustice to Miss SUCKOW to put you in possession of these facts. Any plot capable of evolution among the people and scenes she knows so well would, thanks to her atmospheric responsiveness and supple artistry, have been equally attractive in the issue. Moreover, the story of *Marjorie Schoessel* is not really so obvious as Buena Vista pretends. Something more than a child's dissatisfaction with homely things takes her from her father's store to the absurd Academy of Expression in Boston; something beside the knowledge that the world has more gifted young women than it will give "careers" to lures her back to filial pieties; something beyond the mere snatching of a forlorn hope impels her, on the break-up of her home, to throw in her lot with an ex-soldier who must at all costs get back to the land. For this something, gradually revealed as underlying her innocent sophistication, I found Miss SUCKOW's heroine as interesting as her orbit.



Jean (after listening to a long recital of her mother's virtues when a little girl). "WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS YOU CAN'T HAVE KNOWN WHAT TEMPTATION WAS."

Mr. OSBERT SITWELL rates us all soundly. His theme in *Before the Bombardment* (DUCKWORTH) is the life of old and ailing ladies, not in Scarborough, of course, but in Newborough, which is quite like Scarborough, just before the War. He is a skilful but too impatient satirist. Too impatient, because, though his satire is easily discernible in the thread of his narrative and full of pleasant thrills—at any rate to the malicious mind—he must needs break off every now and

then and ruin the whole entertainment by direct and frontal attack. His *Canon Hancock*, "a clergyman who believed in healthy manly sports, holding that they helped true worship, and invented a contrivance made of bamboo and watch-springs—like a mouse-trap at the end of a fishing-rod—for the ferreting-out of ping-pong balls which had fallen under sofas or bounced themselves on to the tops of cupboards," is good, quite good. But when, a few lines later, Mr. SITWELL speaks of those who "sat under" *Canon Hancock*, hearing in his sermons "some echo of the sounds of their favourite and fatuous recreation," the words "and fatuous" are bad, quite bad. It is worse than useless to flog the horse which one has slain. There are hundreds of instances in the book of this habit of hitting unnecessarily hard. This is, of course, a matter of mere technique. Some would say that Mr. SITWELL hits too hard in spirit; that he is unmerciful, not to say unchivalrous. He trounces the public schools, he scarifies cricket, but they can probably stand the strain. His principal animus, however, is directed against the spiteful jealousies and unamiable foibles of elderly ladies who have little else to fill their dreary lives. I counsel mercy to Mr. SITWELL. I feel that, if he had been fonder of cricket, he would not have spent so much time in bowling fast grub-sneaks at the shins of the aged and infirm. But I like his poetical passages. They are grandly Sitwellian, and I find them more effective in prose than in verse.

Her many admirers, among whom I claim to be by no means the least enthusiastic, will feel pleasantly excited to hear of *Joanna Godden Married* (CASSELL). I confidently expect most of them to agree with me that a mere long short-story was not really quite enough for an event of so much importance in the life of an old friend, and to wish that Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH had been good enough not only to tell us that *Joanna*, after all, did marry, but to give us also some idea as to her happiness—or unhappiness—in the married state. The reader who does not know his *Joanna Godden* will not be likely to find this lightly-sketched story very interesting, but will have as compensation an altogether delightful tale in "The Mockbeggar"—the tramps, *Mr.* and *Mrs. Dalrymple*, are among their author's happiest creations; in "Mrs. Adis," a tragedy quite remarkably well told, and four other stories of every-day human life which are really satisfactory work. Then, for good measure, Miss KAYE-SMITH has given us two "Christian Fairy Tales." Both are thoughtful and often beautiful, and with one of them all those right-minded people who attach proper importance to dogs will be very well pleased. But what was she thinking of to let *Saint Olaf* and *Saint Magnus*, speaking of the soul of the spaniel Swaddy, use such language as this: "For a short while it may live on in the ultra-violet rays, but it is bound soon to disintegrate and return to the group soul from which it came"? "Ultra-violet rays" and "group soul." No, no, *Saint Olaf* and *Saint Magnus* and Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. No, no.



Neglected Customer. "I SUPPOSE I CAN SIT HERE UNTIL I STARVE, EH?"
Waitress. "OH, NO. WE CLOSE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK."

"School stories," a well-known critic has decided, "may be roughly classified under three headings: the sentimental, the orthodox and the discontented," and, if *For Sons of Gentlemen* (DENT) were put in one of these classes, I suppose it would have to be the third, though it is not written with any bitterness; but, as it deals entirely with masters, it is not strictly a "school-story" in the accepted sense of that classification. On its jacket I see that it is placed in the same category as *The Shadow of the Chapel*, but this comparison scarcely does justice to its vision and breadth of outlook. "KERR SHAW"—I am still relying on the jacket—is the pseudonym of one of those people who are rather portentously described as "educationists." But, whatever his label, he has, in his history of the decline, fall and recovery of Strayo school, written a book that will provoke argument and discussion. However vigorously you may dissent from his point of view, you will acknowledge that it is expressed with moderation and good-humour.

Sir WILLIAM NOTT-BOWER has had a full and fruitful career, and his book of reminiscences, *Fifty-two Years a Policeman* (ARNOLD), is an entertaining record of work that was always useful and often of supreme importance. Educated at Cheltenham, Sir WILLIAM passed on to Sandhurst, and, after a short time in the Army, joined the Royal Irish Constabulary. In 1878 he was appointed Chief Constable of Leeds, and three years later became Head Constable of Liverpool. In this position he remained until in 1902 he was made Commissioner of Police for the City of London, from which post he retired in 1925. From this bald timetable you will guess that he was often faced with situations that demanded tact and determination. As an organiser of the police force he did most valuable work, and here gives the finishing touch to a career of public service by his modest account of it.

Those who find the airing of private quarrels in published memoirs somewhat disagreeable need have no fears concerning Lieut.-Colonel W. P. DRURY's book of reminiscences, *In Many Parts* (T. FISHER UNWIN), for it is the creator of the genial *Private Pagett* who here speaks, rather than the slightly bitter author of *The Shadow on the Quarter-Deck*. Lieut.-Colonel DRURY tells his life-story straightforwardly and without false modesty, and there is a pleasant vein of humour running through every page. He gives, among other things, an interesting account of the quelling of the Cretan Insurrection of 1898, and also of the well-known disaster to the *Victoria* when she was rammed and sunk by the *Camperdown* as a direct result of Admiral TRYON'S fatal order. In this latter connection I was rather surprised to see that the author made no mention of Admiral TRYON'S Fleet Memorandum of 1st January, 1893, reference to which should not be omitted in any discussion of the responsibility for the tragedy.

CHARIVARIA.

GENE TUNNEY is reported to have said that the chief object of his forthcoming trip to Europe is to meet Mr. G. B. SHAW, whom he regards as the greatest mind in the world. It augurs well for the cordiality of their meeting that upon this controversial point they see eye to eye.

* * *

A lion was recently run into by a motor-car in Central Africa, and it is suggested that it must have been walking on the wrong side of the Equator.

* * *

A wallet of Treasury notes which a dog at Matlock brought to its master was restored to the owner before the police had time to issue notice of the loss. This is the sort of thing that destroys the confidence of our four-footed friends.

* * *

A Clerkenwell man has reported the loss of a cheese from his premises. There is a suspicion that it has been sold to some University for vivisection purposes.

* * *

The news that smart young men in the West End are having their hair permanently waved should dispel the belief that it is impossible to do anything permanent with smart young men in the West End.

* * *

"A good fire in a well-ventilated room will keep colds away," says a lady writer. Coal at its present price would keep anything away.

* * *

Various members of the Labour Party are in favour of birth-control. Their political opponents feel it would be a good idea if in certain cases it could be made retrospective.

* * *

The trouble with the very latest Russian boots is that they are so very, very beautiful that they can only be worn on fine days when there 's no need for them.

* * *

A botanist says the lily belongs to the same family as the onion. This explains why SOLOMON in all his glory was not arrayed as one of them.

* * *

PHINEAS FLETCHER said of *Cynthia*, "Her words were like a strain of honey fleeting." That 's not what the Liberals of Smethwick say of our "Mrs." MOSLEY.

* * *

It is rumoured that the drug stores are falling into line with modern selling schemes. Heaven save us from a parade of mannequins at the Mustard Club showing off the latest plasters.

* * *

In an advertisement of the contents of a weekly paper we noted, "'How should We be Educated?' By Aldous Huxley." How else indeed?

* * *

Attention is drawn to the fact that



Determined Person. "NOW, BEFORE YOU START, I AM AWARE CHRISTMAS IS NEAR, AND THE SAME TO YOU. I CONSIDER THE WEATHER IS SEASONABLE. I DO NOT KNOW WHO WILL WIN THE FOOTBALL CUP, NEITHER DOES RACING INTEREST ME. I DO NOT GO TO THE PICTURES. I AGREE IT 'S A LITTLE THIN ON THE TOP, BUT I INTEND TO DO NOTHING FOR IT, AND I ALWAYS SHAVE MYSELF. NOW GET ON WITH IT."

The law prohibiting detailed reports of divorce cases is expected to be in force next term, but confidence is felt that a section of the Sunday Press will manage to carry on.

* * *

In motoring circles, where the proposal to make walking to the common danger a penal offence, meets with unqualified approval, there is a strong feeling in favour of having it enacted that every pedestrian must be preceded by a man with a red flag.

* * *

According to a daily paper, domestic pets are in great vogue in the Boar's Hill colony. In many of the homes, we understand, the poet is quite like one of the family.

* * *

In view of the pronunciations that are being recommended to the public, philologists fear that eventually the English language will be superseded by B. B. Cese.

* * *

A small antique coal-scuttle is reported to have been sold for two hundred and twenty-five pounds. One theory is that the purchaser thought it contained coal.

* * *

It has been stated that if an egg is taken forty miles in the air the atmosphere will cook it perfectly. We must tell cook about that.

* * *

A North London post-office is to be considerably enlarged. In consequence of this the public will be able to send telegrams of almost any length.

* * *

Southsea is a favourite place for experimental productions of new plays. Southsea residents would seem to have a very real grievance, but, we fear, no legal redress.

* * *

We hear of a clergyman who is said to be an expert conjurer. It is to be hoped that he will never be tempted to palm the baby at a christening and produce it out of his hat.

* * *

In an article on the shifting of continents Professor GEORGE F. SLEGGE states that America is moving westward. There is no immediate necessity, however, for Americans still in Europe to hurry home.

Women of an uncertain age who persist in trying to look younger and younger should be sent to the nursery to play at being mothers.

* * *

"Who but a stupid person would give one large sugary cakes to eat without either plate or afternoon tea serviette to assist one in the task?" asks the writer of an article in a daily paper. Only a person quite ignorant of what is correct in Upper Tooting, we think.

"CHECKING OFF YOUR CHRISTMAS LIST.

For Aunt Clara, something smart in the way of bags."—*Weekly Paper.*

We thought the vogue for masculine modes among women was nearly over.

THIS SHEIK BUSINESS.

IT is, one is given to understand, in a thoroughly bad way. Like *Humpty Dumpty*, it has had a great fall, and all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot push the shattered sheik back to his old place in the eyes of the romantic sex. It is not just that poor VALENTINO himself is dead. It is not that even the stupidest English publisher has come to the conclusion that sheiks have been overdone and cut no more ice with the circulating libraries. It is worse than that—or those. *The sheiks are taking to golf.*

Quite an eminent sheik, one that recently married his son to the daughter of a sultan, has, so my evening paper assures me, just laid out for himself a nine-hole course with rolled-sand greens on the edge of the desert.

Obviously that finishes the whole affair. Quite apart from the difficulty of taking anything like a full swing with a wooden club in a burnoose—so that by this time the misguided sheik is probably just a mere dago in plus-fours—the chieftain who lays down his horse-whip for a driver has clearly forfeited his last claim on female respect. It is one thing to be passionately knocked about by a fierce son of the desert in an ecstasy of uncontrollable affection; it is a very different matter to be badgered by an exasperated long-handicap merchant who comes home in a vile temper because he can't manage a half-iron, let alone a whole harem.

Conceive the hideous doubt of the heroine who has just been well bitten and beaten and then hurled into the corner with a desert oath. If mere soreness is anything she ought to be satisfied. But she isn't—not after this latest horrid doubt has been sown in her mind.

"Tell me, Abdul," she moans anxiously, "is this hundred-per-cent., honest-to-goodness affection? Or are you just off your drive again?"

And with a fearful scowl the shamed sheik creeps out into the desert with his brassie to try once more to keep his right elbow into his side and both wrists stiff at the moment of impact.

Nowadays the picture is one of sheer sadness. It reduces Sahara to the level of mid-Surrey; an oasis is little better than Ealing. But, suppose Scotland's sole gift to civilization had reached the desert in the days of HAROUN AL RASCHID, what a very different *Arabian Nights* might have been written! *Aladdin's* lamp might have made him not plus four but plus forty in the way of handicaps; and, if the fisherman had only known how to handle the contents of his brass bottle with sufficient tact, he might have been the finest artisan player the world has ever seen. "Open Sesame" would have been the password to the Open Championship, and *Ali Baba* would have been the boss of even BOBBY JONES. I expect HAROUN himself, with an obliging afreet for his caddie, would have been able to put it across HAGEN ten up and eight; and obviously *Scheherazade* would have had much less difficulty in keeping her sultan amused, for she could have clearly continued for all eternity the task of telling how the *Third Calender* played the fifth hole in two (and that after he had sliced his drive into the bunker), or how *Sinbad* won his sixth round for the Captain's Prize at the twentieth hole, after his opponent had been dormy five.

These things might have happened with some air of excitement and romance. But the chance was missed a few centuries ago. And all that remains is the shadow of a sheik shivering on the seventeenth green while his caddie hands him his putter for an all-but-impossible half. It is not, all things considered, the picture that one would have wished.

A BREATH OF LOCARNO.

To one of His Majesty's Inspectors of Taxes, being a frank appeal to his better nature.

SIR,—For some time past I have been vaguely aware of a certain lack of cordiality in the terms of your letters to me. Your communication of yesterday's date leaves me no room for doubt on this point; its phraseology is abrupt, its manner almost unfriendly. On the eve, Sir, of the mellowing season of Christmas, against which I feel that even the official austerity of your department cannot wholly prevail, I venture to make this frank appeal: Is it seemly at such a time that we should permit a spirit of acrimonious bickering to mar the perfect suavity that has hitherto characterised our long and delightfully urbane correspondence?

I do not intend now to analyse or discuss those differences that have so unhappily arisen between us. I have never thought to question your arithmetic, Sir, and I beg of you not to cast doubts upon mine; for all the calculations involved have been worked out for me by my eldest daughter, Dorothy, whose last term's school-report indicated that she has made very fair progress in this branch of mathematics. To Dorothy, accustomed as she is to solving abstruse problems relating to the sale and purchase of stocks and shares, complicated by the incidence of brokerage at ¼%, such sums are mere child's-play, and I have complete faith in her accuracy. Thus I cannot see the justification for the degree of scepticism with which you treat my figures. Some people, I am afraid, would not hesitate to describe it as pettifogging.

To be candid, I think that you write to me too often and await my replies with undue impatience. The dictating of those buff-coloured notes is a part of your professional duties, and I am aware that you must fill in the time somehow. Reading them and answering them, however, are not such simple matters, for I am a busy man and my leisure is limited. In effect it means that I am often obliged to keep my friend Birtwhistle waiting for nearly twenty minutes on Saturday afternoons when he calls for me in his two-seater to give me a lift to the links.

What we need is a spirit of compromise. If you will agree not to write to me again for six months, I for my part will undertake not to reply to your three outstanding communications. Could anything be fairer than that? I do feel, Sir, that, if we could come together and discuss the matter amicably over a cup of coffee and a cigarette, our differences would fade into insignificance. We should rapidly pass to more congenial topics, and in all probability find that we share a common enthusiasm for the cultivation of begonias, or are both constant competitors engaged in solving the same cross-word puzzles. Are you, may I ask, at all keen on chess?

Life is short, Sir, and it is very questionable whether we are justified in squandering the fugitive hours in a consideration of such sordid details as arise out of departmental assessments or the fractional abatements allowed in certain circumstances on earned or unearned increments. It is not as though the question of super-tax were involved—in that there is a certain sublime grandeur which makes it a theme not unworthy of contemplation. But for a trivial sum like £11 19*s.* 8*d.*—ought we not to rise above it?

That is all, Sir, for even now I hear Birtwhistle honking impatiently outside my gate. Let us endeavour to preserve our dignities in this matter. Can we not come to a gentleman's agreement to think of it no further—at least until 1927/1928?

The Force of Habit.

"Widow (aged 50), giving up housekeeping, seeks post as housekeeper."—*Provincial Paper.*

"MOTORISTS!!—For anything in the way of vulgarising, H——, Tyre Specialists, alone reign supreme."—*New Zealand Paper.*

Ah, but have they seen our English road-hogs?



THE MAN WHO WAS ONCE PRIME MINISTER.



Customer (doubtful of the guarantee). "BUT WILL YOU REALLY REFUND MY MONEY IF THESE STOCKINGS ARE NOT FOUND HOLE-PROOF?"
Assistant (convincingly). "MADAM, WE ARE REFUNDING MONEY *EVERY* DAY."

OFFICERS *v.* SERGEANTS.

III.—TEA AND GAMES.

THE Officers' football match against the Sergeants is a terrific affair, but it is nothing compared with the sequel. The sequel, cemented in tradition, is the continuance of the rivalry that evening in other and less strenuous spheres of action. These other spheres are billiards, bridge, cribbage, shove-halfpenny, blow-football, singing and beer-drinking; and for the occasion the Officers are the guests of the Sergeants' Mess.

It starts as soon as we have recovered from the football and have all finished talking to each other of the goals we would have shot; all, that is, except the aggrieved Lieutenant James, our goal-keeper, whose conversation consists of nothing but "My dear man, I couldn't even *reach* that one, let alone stop it. What you fellows seem to expect in goal is a blooming octopus."

When we arrive at the Mess we are at once greeted by our late opponents with every appearance of hospitality. To see Captain Bayonet and Sergeant Grenade smiling at one another you would never think that a bare hour ago Grenade had been thirsting, in a strictly respectful manner, of course, for his superior officer's blood, while Captain Bayonet had four times been heard to say that it was really a bit "off," that fellow Grenade shoving about like that.

We then have tea. Tea with the sergeants is a light affair of cold ham, cold beef, salmon mayonnaise, eggs, salad, beer and pickled onions, with a cup of tea or so to give an air of verisimilitude. Next we are divided up into teams for bridge, cribbage and so on, and the rivalry recommences. The Regimental Sergeant-Major flits about among the groups, like a burly and well-built fairy, with an enormous sheet of paper, on which he is keeping scores in every theatre of operations. This, we all know, is only for form's sake. It is a long-standing tradition that the scores always work out exactly equal.

Bridge as played in the Sergeants' Mess is different from bridge played anywhere else. It is more direct. It has none of those subtle conventions by which, if you go two Hearts and scratch your nose, your partner at once knows that you have at least four Diamonds, or, if you go five No Trumps and fall out of your chair, he at once realises you have had at least eight whiskies. In the Sergeants' Mess they don't really bother about calling at all. They lick their fingers and lead out all the aces, the other cards following in strict order of seniority. Revoking is merely looked on as a little human weakness, to be forgotten in a good laugh, instead of a crime only to be expiated with blood.

Bridge in the Sergeants' Mess is further complicated by the fact that the officers more usually play poker, in which game a certain amount of badinage and scarcely-veiled innuendo on the subject of your own and your opponents' honesty is not unknown. The sergeants, on the other hand, take things seriously. When Captain Bayonet remarked in his affable poker fashion that we should win this hand, as it was his deal, and he had palmed three aces, there was quite a sensation. He tried to explain for several minutes, and only pacified Sergeant Haversack by dealing with his sleeves rolled up and two sergeants standing behind him.

The officers' teams nearly always win at bridge, but the sergeants win at cribbage. Few of the officers play cribbage; in fact the only game we got was won by the Senior Major. And that, since the scoring is done with two matches stuck in holes along the board, was due not so much to his skill as to his being absent-minded and a heavy smoker.

In the shove-halfpenny the Regimental Sergeant-Major badly defeated Lieutenant Holster; but then of course he was playing on his own ground. It was a good "shover's" wicket, owing to Sergeant-Major Magazine having accidentally spilt some beer on it just before the game started. Lieutenant Holster found difficulty in keeping on the board, and was left behind right from the start. He played some fine forcing drives, one of which broke a tumbler on a neighbouring table, but never seemed properly at home. His excuse that he was only used to playing with half-crowns was not well received, and, amid much barracking, the Regimental Sergeant-Major beat him by fivepence-halfpenny.

Billiards goes on through all this and generally has the largest audience of any of the competitions. They are a magnanimous audience too, and are prepared to make any excuse for bad play by the officers. Each time our representative fails to score, one can hear above the clicking of balls and the clinking of glasses Quartermaster-Sergeant Fourbytwo exclaiming generously, "Bad luck, Sir; rolled off, kissed, no legs, no chalk, hard lines!"

But the *pièce de résistance* of the evening is the blow-football. When the billiard games are over, two little goals made of match-boxes are set up on the billiard-table, and an egg with its inside blown out is placed on the centre-spot; we crowd round eight a side, and on the whistle we all blow together and try to score goals. Age cannot wither Quartermaster-Sergeant Fourbytwo's traditional joke—that of first surreptitiously placing a full egg on the table instead of the empty one. It is more than a joke now: it is a regimental custom, like wearing Minden roses.

Blow-football in full blast is an awesome game. To be, at a range of two feet, up against Sergeant-Major Magazine, who has had nineteen years' experience of shouting commands across stormy parade-grounds, is a thing to be remembered. It is like standing just behind an aeroplane propeller. Lieutenant James, facing him, was unprepared, and only saved himself by hanging on to the table edge. The sergeants scored two goals in rapid succession, and then we managed to score one, because Lieutenant Swordfrog by some remark made all our opponents laugh at once. At half-time the score was still two to one, and then our East Wind "punged" a fine shot and equalised.

The second half was more strenuous. Our opponents took to blowing in unison, and windows and doors were flying open all down the Mess, while the billiard cloth was billowing up and down. At last, on the stroke of time, Sergeant-Major Magazine gathered himself together and with a tremendous shot scored a deciding goal. The goal-posts were blown into the fire-place; the egg-shell was smashed under the force of the blast like a sampan in a typhoon; the pictures stood out at right angles from the walls, and Lieutenant James's collar went up the chimney.

Later, when we had recovered breath, we settled down to a few songs. At the end of the evening the Regimental Sergeant-Major added the score up. It came to: Officers, thirty-five points; Sergeants, thirty-five points. Strangely enough, a draw.

A. A.



HAPPY THOUGHT!

MRS. HASH.

(A Serial Drama of the utmost importance. Begin at once, and buy the back numbers.)

VII.—THE PROPOSAL.

"WELL, Mary Jane, you're back early."

"Yes, Mrs. Hash."

"Wasn't the young fellow there?"

"Yes, Arthur was there, Mrs. Hash."

"Well, did you have a nice time?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hash."

"Were you late?"

"Twenty minutes, Mrs. Hash."

"What did he say?"

"He didn't say much, Mrs. Hash."

"Well, you can't expect a man that's been an undertaker's mute all day to burst into poitry because his young woman's twenty minutes late for an appointment. But was he cross with you?"

"No, Mrs. Hash; he didn't seem to mind."

"Oh, didn't he? Well, did he ask you to marry him?"

"I think so, Mrs. Hash."

"You *think* so? And is that why you're looking like a funeral?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Hash."

"Well, Christmas roses, girl! what's the matter with you? Here, take off your things and tell me everything that happened. And I want to hear every word he said."

"That wouldn't be difficult, Mrs. Hash. Well, he was waiting at the end of Lovers' Alley, not wild, like I expected, but resigned like, leaning against a lamp-post. So I said, 'Evenin', Arthur; I'm late.' And he said, 'Evenin', Mary'; and I give him my face, and he kissed me, and then we walked up Lovers' Alley, you see; and after a bit I said I hoped he wasn't cross because I was late, and he said, 'No.' So then we stood under a tree, only it dripped, you see, and then he put his arm round me, but not ardent, you see—not what I call ardent, and then I said, 'Do you love me, Arthur?' and he said, 'Yes,' and I said, 'Do you love me as much as ever, Arthur?' because he seemed so resigned, you see, and he said, 'Yes.'

"So I said, 'Will you hold me tighter then, Arthur? because it's my birthday, you see, and I've been upset this evening—that Mabel's been unkind again;' and he said, 'Yes,' and he did, but not much. So I said wouldn't he wish me many happy returns of the day, and he said, 'Yes,' and he did. And then he didn't say anything, you see, so I said wasn't it cold, and he said, 'Yes,' and I said was it too cold for him, and he said, 'No.' Then I said did he mind the drips, and he said, 'No.' And then two ladies went by with a gentleman, and I heard one of them say it was disgusting all these couples in the passage, and the other said, Yes, wasn't it abandoned or something; but if they'd been talking to Arthur they wouldn't have said that.

"So then I said, 'Well, if we're disgusting we'd better go to the pictures, perhaps,' and Arthur said, 'Yes,' and so we did. Well, when we got to the pictures it was a comic, and everybody was laughing, and the fat man sat down on a block of ice, and I said wasn't it a scream, and Arthur said, 'Yes,' but he didn't laugh much. And then the fat man fell into a flour-tub, and then he fell into a coal-cellar, you see, but I didn't laugh so much. Then when that was over I said to Arthur did he think it funny, and he said, 'Yes.'

"And the next thing was a dramma, and it was called *The Voice of Love*. And I thought, 'Well, this is more like it, perhaps,' and it was about whales mostly—well, the young woman's father caught whales, and she was playing with her dolls, you see—well, not playing so much, but they reminded her of her young man—her young man that was, that is, because they were both kids then, you see, and they played with the same dolls, only now he was in England and she was at this whale-place, you see. And one of the dolls was dressed like a sailor, and she liked this doll best because it was like the young man, you see, and this doll seemed to speak to her, and it said, 'Nancy, ahoy! I'm coming,' and that was the Voice of Love coming over the water, you see; so she said she wouldn't marry the dark gentleman after all, like her father wanted, and then you saw this doll life-size, and really you'd have sworn it was speaking. So I said to Arthur wasn't it wonderful how they think of these things, and he said, 'Yes.'

"Then I sat a bit closer to Arthur, because I wasn't so warm, you see, and our knees met, like they do, you know; and he kept his knee against mine, so I felt better then, and I said, 'The Voice of Love, it's a beautiful name for a picture, isn't it?' and he said, 'Yes.' Then I read out the writing bits between the pictures. And there was a woman behind as had seen this picture before, you see, so she told her friend what was going to happen before it did, so we got the hang of it quite well, and the young man came over like the doll said he would, and she said she'd marry him, but her father said he couldn't marry her till he'd caught a whale; that was to show he was a man, you see. So he said he'd catch a whale. But he didn't know the dark gentleman had designs on her honour; and then I found I'd dropped my purse, and when Arthur picked it up our hands seemed to get mixed-up, like they do—you know what I mean, a little finger or something; but that seemed awkward, so I changed the position, and then he held my hand proper, and I said, 'Arthur, do you really love me?' and he said, 'Yes.' And then the dark gentleman hit the young man on back of the head, and he was put in the hold, you see, with chains on his ankles, and the dark gentleman said, 'Now your young man is dead you'd better be mine while you're about it, see? and meanwhile you come into the wood;' so he dragged her into the wood. But as it happened an old servant heard what he said, and he followed them, you see.

"Well, by that time Arthur's hand was pretty hot and mine was a bit clammy, if the truth was told, but I was that happy I didn't care if it melted.



Spectator. "THAT REFEREE LOOKS AS IF HE'LL GET INTO HOT WATER WHEN THE MATCH IS OVER."

Local Supporter. "'E WON'T; IT'S ALL ARRANGED. 'E'S GOIN' IN THE 'ORSE-TROUGH."



AT A THÉ DANSANT.

(Three elderly dames have been quarrelling as to who should have the first dance with the lounge-lizard, and have appealed to him.)

Lounge-Lizard. "AH, WHAT AM I TO SAY? IT IS THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS AGAIN."

So this girl said she wasn't going to lose her honour, not for anyone, she said; and the dark gentleman said 'Curse you, if you don't marry me I'll foreclose on the farm, and that'll upset your father,' so she was in two minds, you see. But of course they didn't know the old servant was creeping up from tree to tree with a gun.

"Well, all this time Arthur's hand got hotter and hotter, and I had pins and needles in the arm, but I wasn't going to move, I was that happy, so I said, 'What's the matter, Arthur? You don't seem yourself,' and he said, 'No,' and then I said, 'Have you lost your job, or what?' but only in joke, you see, and then he said, 'Yes,' and that took my breath away, and I said, 'Did you laugh at a funeral, or what?' because he's often said he wanted to laugh in the middle of a funeral, you see; and that's funny, when you come to think of it, because he isn't much of a one for laughing. Well, he said, 'Yes,' and I said 'Christmas!' struck all of a heap I was, and I said, 'Well, never mind, Arthur, you've got me, anyway,' and he said, 'Yes,' and I said, 'And we're going to get married, aren't we, Arthur, when you're a big man on the pictures?' because he means to go in for the pictures, as I told you, and his father says he's quite a talent for comedy, and I thought it would please him if I said what I did. So he said, 'Yes,' but not ardent, not what I call ardent.

"So there you are, you see; but that might have been because he'd lost his job, or it might not, you see; so then we came home. And now I can't tell you what happened to the young woman in the wood, and, what's more, I don't rightly know if I'm engaged to be married or not, Mrs. Hash."

"The world is very harsh, Mary Jane, for us girls."

"I daresay you're right, Mrs. Hash, and I'm sure it's very kind of you to take so much interest in a girl."

"It isn't kind at all, Mary Jane, but selfish. It's a long time since I was in love, as I told you, and I wanted to hear how a gentleman made an offer of marriage in these days. It don't seem to have altered much." A. P. H.

ALADDIN'S GAMP.

[A French abbé is reported to be able to divine the presence of gold and other precious metals by means of a rod composed of the ribs of an umbrella.]

WHENE'ER my lady rain
Trips boldly down the street,
I flaunt my gamp again
And plod on skidding feet
To plan how I may dodge the Fates
And win my daily bread and cates.

Had I the abbé's power.
How deft would be my way
To cull in one sweet hour
Sufficient for the day,
To conjure up long-hidden dibs
By waving my umbrella ribs!

"Waterloo Bridge is one of the most beautiful bridges in the world. It is natural that England should want to destroy it. Why not destroy St. Paul's Cathedral as well? It has got the same complaint as Waterlool Bridge and is very much in the way. England and beauty do not go together. You cannot mix oil and water."—*Letter in Evening Paper.*

But "Waterlool" is a pretty good attempt.

ON A PRIVATE AFFAIR.

I RISE to make a personal explanation, Sirs (and Mesdames).

When I was christened I had three initials. E for Edward, G for George, and V for Victor—that is to say, if you use the form recommended for telephoning telegrams by the London Telephone Directory of 1926. Whatever may be the truth about Edward and Victor, George at any rate is correct. I *am* George. Or rather I was.

It is a good name. Too good, in fact, I very often felt, for me. As a child I used to be George in my own mind most frequently on Wednesdays and Fridays. Those were the days on which I saw myself as George, full of strength, honesty and good intentions, which in my case, alas! were much too seldom realised. Other people, in fact, found a difficulty from my very earliest infancy in regarding me as George. He became a shadowy figure. His visits, like those of the angels, were rare. Yet not for worlds would I have disowned him if it had not been for the Great War.

In order to defeat the Germans it became necessary for me upon certain occasions, and particularly during the later stages of the Great War, to sign my name as many as six hundred times in the course of a morning in a company orderly-room, and, though ink was not one of the items on which expenditure had to be cut down, I felt that time was. It will soon be discovered by any practised penman who cares to make the experiment that it takes very much more time to write three letters six hundred times over than to write two, and that of the three letters E, G and V, G is one which involves the largest amount of tactical operative skill. Reluctantly I let George, already little more than a phantom, go.

It was hard to bring him to life again. Under D.O.R.A. the restrictions on my initials remained, and even after D.O.R.A. they lingered on. Yet George is not wholly dead. He visits me, for instance, in my tailor's bill and on my income-tax forms. I find him a severe and not wholly lovable companion. And in my signature he has not forced his way in between Edward and Victor again. Yet for all that, if I am to go about under the cloak of initials merely, with my surname concealed, I am in very truth E G V, and not E V. E V is somebody else. He has a pre-empted and a world-wide claim to those two letters of the alphabet, standing by themselves. And I, from whom George has departed, am E for Edward, V for Victor, S for Surname, or, if you like it better, EVOE.

On thinking it over, I am inclined to say that the O in EVOE has given me more trouble, if it be possible, than the spectre of George. And yet in origin EVOE was a simple thing.

When I was at school, every term before we broke up we sang a song, and the song started—for I am ashamed to say it was a Latin song—

> "*Evoe! læta requies*
> *Advenit laborum,*"

which being translated roughly means:

> "Hurrah! a joyful end of our labours is at hand."

And if there is any more suitable word to write at the end of an article, when now the toil has been accomplished and all one has to do is to sit back and wait for the day when payment will arrive, I should like to know what that word may be.

I do not think the O in EVOE is sounded. I think that (like the Z in geography) it is mute. I think that EVOE is pronounced to rhyme with DV. At any rate that is the way we used to sing it. But those who have newer and nobler ways of pronouncing Latin diphthongs have possibly other views. A brother of mine, speaking with the authority of the Church of Rome, informs me in *The Isis* that the word in these days is pronounced You-hoi. On the other hand a gentleman, writing in verse in *The Granta* and perhaps writing with the authority of the Anglican Church, rhymes with Chloe. I do not care. Let them have it their own way.

All I know is that the word was commonly known in Greek and Latin as an invocation to Dionysus, the god of light verse makers and drinkers of still lemonade. For these reasons I found an additional propriety in the pseudonym.

But I couldn't bring the G (for George) into EVOE any more than I could cut out the O (for Orange). Nor can I easily change, to avoid confusion and mispronunciation, either my name or my pseudonym. There is the irrecoverable George, who disappeared under an avalanche of army-forms. And there is the O, which has become a nightmare to me owing to the modern mispronunciation of the Latin tongue.

EVOG might do it. But it sounds too like a furniture-cream. And EGVOE is equally cumbrous, besides missing, in my opinion, the Dionysiac fervour of the cry for ginger-ale. I am forced to remain, not E.V. but EVOE.

"Believed to be post-Roman, a human skull was found during digging operations at a great depth in Winchester Broadway."
Local Paper.

It is reported that quite a number of post-Roman skulls may be found in Winchester without digging.

"DAN RUSSELL THE FOX."

(After CHAUCER and Miss SOMERVILLE.)

BY moonlight in Maytime
Where Philomel sings
The cubs skip at playtime
Like sprites upon springs;
They romp and they tumble,
They bind in a blur,
The jolliest jumble
Of fun and of fur.
Then, imp from the May ground
And Jack-in-the-Box
And Puck in a playground
Is little Dan Fox,
Dan Russell, Dan Russell,
Dan Russell the Fox.

But now that he 's big and
Bewhiskered and bold
And shiny and brigand,
Farm, warren and fold,
Cock-pheasant or "cheeper,"
He sorts them no end,
And *that* for Tom Keeper,
Since Squire is his friend.
Then, while the folk frown so
Whose ducklings he docks,
He 's "off to the Downs O,"
Dan Russell the Fox,
Dan Russell, Dan Russell,
Dan Russell the Fox.

But saints, now, and sinners,
When all 's said and done,
We dance for our dinners,
We pay for our fun;
And he 's no exception,
This playboy of mine,
Who 'll ne'er the quick-step shun,
The music decline.
To hound-song unsparing
The hazel-roof rocks,
But litt'e he 's caring,
Dan Russell the Fox,
Dan Russell, Dan Russell,
Dan Russell the Fox.

For Dan, deuce a doubt of
Dan, five times in six
Can dance himself out of
The awkwardest fix;
And sixth time? (precisely—
We 've seen, you and I)
Dan Russell knows nicely
How *varmints* should die.
And, as the luck fails him,
He grins and he locks
To the nose that first nails him,
Dan Russell the Fox,
Dan Russell, Dan Russell,
Dan Russell the Fox.

P. R. C.

"The Bishop of —— says that although he has vestments and candles he attaches no more importance to them than he does to his trouser buttons."—*Sunday Paper.*

At the worst, of course, there is always his apron.



Needlewoman (whose services have been requisitioned for a small party). "WILL YOU TAKE A LITTLE CRÊPE DE MENTHE, MISS?"

SOUND ECONOMICS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Your Student of Sonorities has rightly drawn attention to the vast volume of useful sound which, under the present economic system, is allowed to go to waste, with little or no effort to harness it to the needs of modern music. He quotes, as instances of simple instruments whose potential output is at present most regrettably neglected, the comb, the coffee-pot and the hot-water bottle. But he fails to allude to an apparatus which far exceeds any of these in power, flexibility and simplicity of manipulation. I refer, of course, to the baby. Sounds from this mechanism can be produced in almost any desired volume by a mere pressure of the finger and thumb, and are moreover richest in tone at night, just when their services could most usefully be employed in connection with concerts, dances and night-clubs.

During the present period of economic upheaval it is incumbent on us all to use our best endeavours, even to the extent of personal sacrifice, to check wastage; and with this in view I would urge music-lovers, wherever the production of modern music is found to be too severe a drain on the national resources, to form "pools" for the effective distribution of the valuable commodity to which I have drawn attention. These pools could be organised on the lines of the "lending libraries" which already exist here and there for the circulation of pianola and gramophone records. A large selection of instruments would then be available, and the varying needs of concerts, orchestras and dance bands adequately met.

Much as I value music in the home, I personally would be prepared to lend support, in kind, to such an organisation. I would prefer for the present, however, to retain my comb, my coffee-pot and my hot-water bottle.

Yours public-spiritedly, AN OWNER.

WINTER SPORTS.

I.—BRINGING HOME THE YULE LOG.

"Angela," I said one bright frosty morning, "I've got an idea."

"Another?" said Angela. "You had one only last Thursday."

"I am going to bring home the Yule log," I said.

Angela seemed to lose interest.

"Yes, dear," she said; "that *will* be nice, won't it? The wheelbarrow is in the garage."

"But you don't understand. This is not a mere matter of trundling a wheelbarrow. Especially at this festive season of the year there are a number of old-time ceremonies and observances which no well-regulated household can afford to disregard."

"Hear, hear!" said Angela.

I pulled up. It was a pity; I was just getting into my stride.

"Why did you say 'Hear, hear'?"

"Well, it didn't seem the right place for 'Loud and prolonged laughter' or 'Ironical cheers!' It *was* a speech, wasn't it?"

"This spirit of levity," I said, frowning.

"So unsuited to the approach of the festive season," murmured Angela.

I allowed my brow to relax.

"How would you like to take part in the ceremony of bringing home the Yule log?"

"How is it done?" asked Angela cautiously.

"Well, first of all we go up the hillside and select a well-matured log."

"Matured in the wood?"

"Obviously."

"And then?"

"Then, Angela, we show the village that the spirit of Merrie England still lives."

"Does it?"

"Of course it does. The great heart of England is still sound—all politicians are agreed on that."

"Then it must be true. How do we show it?"

"By making merrie. The old ceremony of bringing home the Yule log was invariably attended by merrie-making."

"I expect the weather was better then," said Angela.

"There were appropriate folk-songs, for instance, and the village humourist, in cap and bells, bestrode the Yule log on its triumphal progress through the village."

"How nice for you!" said Angela. "And won't the village love it!"

"I was not proposing to allot that part to myself."

"I'm sorry," said Angela. "I'm afraid the village will expect it. What else is there?"

"Oh, a tabor and a pipe and so on."

"What's a tabor?"

"These are questions of detail which can be settled later," I said hurriedly. "The great thing is that there should be—er—merrie-making and dancing and so on."

"I'm glad there's going to be dancing," said Angela. "There's nothing like a good vigorous charleston for keeping you warm, and you'll need *something*—especially if you've got nothing on but red-and-yellow tights and little bells," she added.

"The dances will be folk-dances," I said. "Please be period, Angela."

"But I am," protested Angela. "This is a 1926 Yule log we're bringing home, not a 1626 one."

"The ceremony is traditional," I said.

"Oh, well," said Angela, "I don't suppose it matters much what the village thinks as long as we pay our bills." And she left me.

* * * * *

I found a very nice Yule log, about eight feet long and two feet thick. It was just the sort of log to drag through the village in a ceremonial procession. If there had been any other way of getting it through the village it wouldn't still have been where it was.

Angela was difficult about it.

"We couldn't possibly burn it, even if we could get it home," she said when I showed it to her.

"Why not?"

"Because the fire-place in the cottage isn't eight feet wide, for one thing," she said. "Firewood like this may be all very well for baronial halls and places like that, but they've gone out."

"Never mind," I said, for the jovial spirit of ye olde tyme Christmas had got hold of me; "the great thing is to bring home the Yule log. Once you have got it there it doesn't much matter what becomes of it."

Angela walked round the Yule log and tapped it with her stick.

"Then you'd better order the traction-engine early, dear," she said. "They're sure to be busy just about now."

I must admit that the response of other persons whom I approached with the view of enlisting their help was equally disappointing. The Vicar liked the idea, but resolutely refused to play either the tabor or the pipe. His mind seemed to run on girl guides and garlands; I think that in some dim way he confused the Yule log with the May pole. The Doctor was even less helpful. When I suggested to him that he should assume the character of the jester, and bestride the Yule log through the village with merrie quip and jest, only the fact that I am secretary of the golf handicapping committee prevented him from becoming abusive.

"A nice fool I should look," he said.

"You would," I agreed, misunderstanding his drift for the moment. "A ripping fool. You've got just the right face for it."

The Doctor glared.

"And you could easily read up a few merrie quips," I added. "The chief thing is to shout and sing a good deal."

"If you imagine," said the Doctor, speaking very distinctly, "that I am going to make an exhibition of myself for the benefit of all the loafers in this village, you're not only mistaken, but you'd better take the part of the fool yourself. You've qualified."

The only real offers of help that I received were from Miss Weatherspoon, who suggested that she should lend her



Estate Agent. "BY THE WAY, THERE ARE SOME ROMAN REMAINS AT THE SOUTH END OF THE PROPERTY."

Buyer. "OH, IS THERE? WELL, SEE THAT YOU 'AVE 'EM CLEARED AWAY BEFORE I TAKE POSSESSION."



IN SEARCH OF SUNSHINE.

"SO THIS IS ALGIERS!"

harpsichord as soon as I mentioned folk-dances, and from the assistant at the bank, who worships Angela from afar.

It was a great pity, and it saddened me to think of what the village had missed. But we got our Yule log all right.

I happened to mention to old George that I had intended to get this particular log down, and a couple of days later it arrived prosaically in a cart, neatly split up into faggots. It cost me a lot of money, and I didn't really get any fun out of it; but Angela was pleased. She seemed to think that it was so much more useful like that. L. DU G.

Our Psychological Footballers.

"The work of Connon and McLean was grand, while the wingers responded in fine fashion to the promptings of their respective insides."—*Scots Paper.*

"PREBENDARY CARLILE TELLS OF A SUDDEN CONVERSION.

'The most striking case I ever met,' he said to-day, 'was that of a drunken man who, mistaking me in my surplus for a ghost, "went straight," and helped us for 30 years till he died.'"—*Evening Paper.*

Mr. CHURCHILL has hopes of converting the National Debt when he can show it the ghost of a surplus.

"ROOT."

(To J. J.).

"ROOT" is a Dachs of noble stock,
A pedigree chip of an ancient block,
And a most distinguished chip of it,
With his sleek black coat and his long straight nose,
Lovely brown eyes and ebony toes,
And a whip-like tail that emotion shows
By a comical twirl in the tip of it.

"Root," as I learn from his mistress, Jane,
Harbours an aristocratic disdain
For the arts of the kitchen-cadger;
And for menial tasks seems so unfit
That it baffles my fancy and passes my wit
To think of him ever turning a spit,
Or even drawing a badger.

He eats and enjoys three meals a day:
He has a deep melodious bay;
His temper is sweet and gentle;
And the only fault that I have to record,
Though it cannot be altogether ignored,
Is due to his being so much adored—
He is rather too sentimental.

"Root," when one comes to catalogue
His accomplishments, is a gifted dog,
For he understands jobations
Expressed in English, plain and correct,
And also the marvellous dialect
Which his human relatives all affect
In their canine conversations.

Wonderful names his pedigree deck—
"Berolina" and "Rolandseck"—
Famous in song and fable;
How, then, did his sponsors refuse
To follow these fine ancestral clues—
How in the world did they come to choose
"Root" as his permanent label?

For it wasn't suggested by Punch's salute,
It wasn't borrowed from "Rootitoot,"
Nor was it, as some might believe, a
Compliment paid, on politic grounds,
To the land of dollars from that of pounds,
To the eminent jurist whose fame resounds
From Washington to Geneva.

Yet when I tell you the reason why
The name was given, you can't deny
It's a regular top-holer;
For whether he walks or runs or begs,
As sure and certain as eggs is eggs,
"Root" swings both ways and has four short legs,
Like his namesake, the famous bowler.



"MUMMY, I HAD NO IDEA FATHER KWISMUS WAS TWINS."

THE HEROINE'S BATH.

As an earnest student of magazine stories I have made three important discoveries about the heroine.

The first is that she never uses a handkerchief of ordinary size; it is always "ridiculously small," "totally inadequate" or "an infinitesimal scrap of lace."

The second is that she never has thick ankles. Her eyes may be "set a trifle too close together," or her mouth "too large for perfect beauty," but her ankles are *always* slim, trim, dainty or slender.

The third and most remarkable characteristic of the short-story heroine is the fact that she never has a bath. "Nonsense!" you protest; "it is prepared and perfumed for her by Célestine her maid, and we see her going to the bathroom wearing a distractingly pretty boudoir cap, with a bewitching wrapper drawn round her graceful figure."

Quite. But have we any evidence that she actually has a bath? Are we ever allowed to accompany her any further than the bathroom door? Never. And not only do we never see her in her bath, but we never hear her there.

What a contrast to this suspiciously silent affair is the hero's bath! He splashes and sings, whistles, swears and bangs things about, thereby proving beyond doubt that he really gets into the water.

What is the reason for the novelist's reticence about the heroine's bath? We may dismiss as trivial the suggestion that it arises from any delicacy of feeling on his part; such an explanation is contrary to the spirit of modern fiction.

The reason is far less worthy, and can be traced to the attitude of mankind in general to the subject of bathrooms. Men undoubtedly think that they should have the monopoly of these places, and that women are trespassers, interlopers and perfect nuisances if they show any desire to go near a tap.

I am not a feminist, but I assert without fear of contradiction that the sight or thought of a bathroom brings out all that is base in a man's nature, and reduces him to a mere brute. Kind husbands and considerate brothers become selfish fiends and stony-hearted scoundrels the moment they penetrate a bathroom. Once let a man get inside and the wails and entreaties of wife or sister hammering on the door are drowned by the monster's merry songs and joyous sluicings.

Many an unfortunate woman is in an early grave to-day as the result of pneumonia contracted while she waited for hours, lightly clad, for her wretched husband to condescend to come out. Many a sister has gone to a dance a nervous wreck, uncreamed and half-powdered, as the result of similar brutal treatment at the hands of a callous brother.

The male writer of course knows that women are thwarted by his own sex in their desire to bath in comfort, and are adjured to "buck up," "get a move on" and "not stay in there all day." So, when he has described all the preliminaries and cleverly suggested that the heroine is about to enjoy a prolonged and luxurious bath, his conscience smites him. Rather than tell a lie or hold as it were a rosy and enchanted mirror up to nature, he lapses into silence until the slim figure emerges from the bathroom.

"But why," you may ask, "do women writers of fiction also ignore the most important phase of this subject? Why do they not assert the rights of their sex by making their heroines have proper baths?"

The reason is to be found in the suffering which they have themselves ex-

perienced from the conditions I have described. Driven from the stronghold of her male relatives, hounded from the landing, cowed and mortified, the writer finds the subject a painful one. Having wistfully touched the fringe of it she shrinks into wounded silence.

Sometimes perhaps her feelings are tinged with bitterness. Why, she asks herself, should a heroine be allowed to soak and wallow in hot water for an hour or so when this luxury is denied to her creator?

Finally, let me say that I should like to remind men that women are now practising as doctors, lawyers, architects, and, I believe, steeplejacks; and I hope that the time is not far off when father, brother and husband will, in fiction as well as fact, bruise their knuckles on the bathroom door while a heroine splashes and sings, whistles and swears on the other side of it.

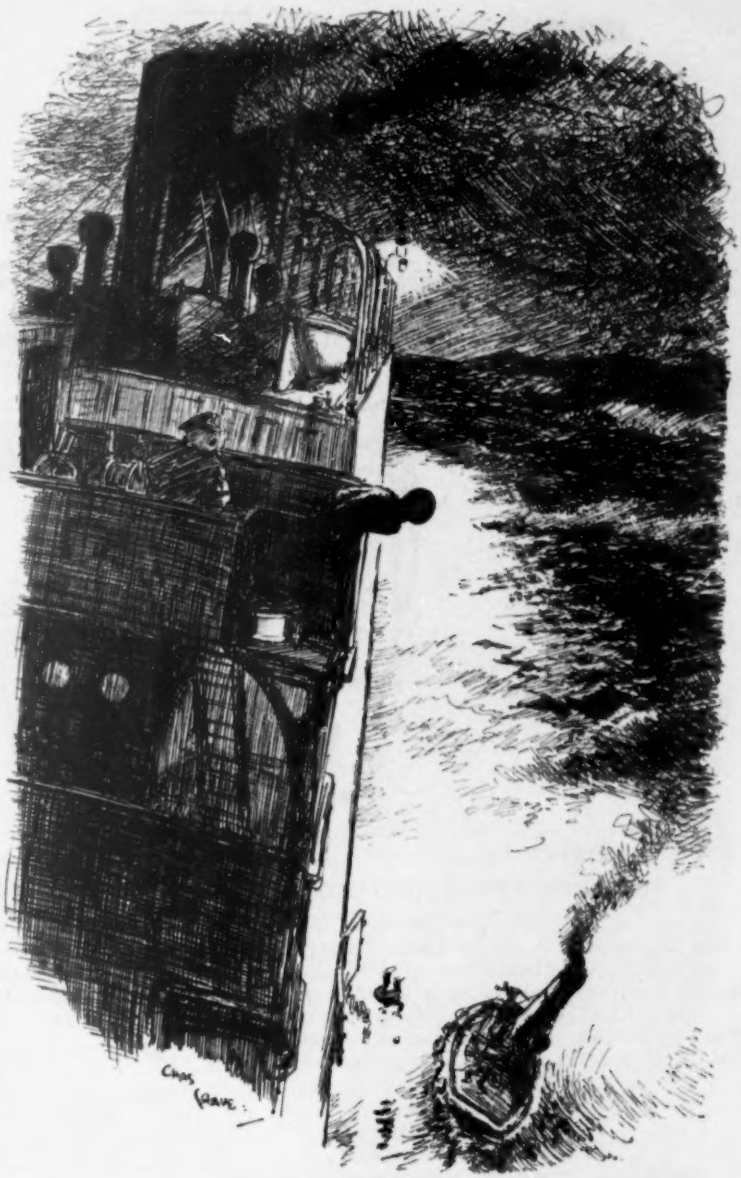
A PLEA FOR HOME ORATORY.

THINGS in the City to-day would be much brighter if men who propose and respond to toasts had acquired the rudiments of the art. It is in the home that improvement should be sought, and no better opportunity will be found than at this season of the year. A little oratory in the home would surely make this a different Christmas for some of us.

Picture the scene. Towards the end of breakfast, Father will bang a spoon on the table—on an unoccupied space, for preference—and will then rise, pulling down his waistcoat, smiling from right to left, and saying, "My dear wife, my dear children, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, I wish to express, very feebly and very imperfectly I fear, my heartfelt and most sincere thanks for the very beautiful patent cigar-lighter which I find on my plate this morning. As we are gathered at the breakfast-table I recall the story of a nervous curate who, while breakfasting with his bishop——" and so on.

Another bit of heavy spoon-play will herald Mrs. Wenceslas, father's dear wife, who, in a graceful little speech thrilling with womanly feeling, will shyly return thanks for the hot-water-bottle.

Then Mr. Harold Wenceslas, a slender boyish figure of twelve years of age, will assure his hearers that this will not be the Christmas he anticipated, for little did he think—neither perhaps did he deserve—that his interesting-looking parcel would contain half-a-dozen most useful handkerchiefs. If asked whether the gift itself or the spirit which prompted it is to be the more esteemed, he will unhesitatingly reply the latter.



Impatient Captain. "IS THE PILOT OFF YET?"
Officer. "WE 'VE JUST DROPPED HIM, SIR."

And one after another the children will voice their gratitude, until it comes to the turn of little Muriel. She will say, "I rise in response to your all-too-generous invitation, both the last and the least of the speakers this morning, to try to express what I feel about this remarkable doll. Had the choice of a gift been left to me I might have preferred one of those quaint stuffed dogs that are so popular just now. It is well that Christmas presents are selected for us by others, for one cannot begin too early in life to learn how to keep a stiff upper lip in the face of disappointment. In the years to come I shall, I am confident, be a better, stronger woman because of this doll. BROWNING has put the matter very truly, and, I may add, very ably, when he says, 'We fall to rise, are baffled to fight better.'"

"FRENCH RECIPE,
MARCONI AU GRATIN."—*Scots Paper.*
We sometimes take ours with a pinch of salt.



Wife (to defeated Pugilist). "THE PAPER'S SENT YOUR ARTICLE BACK, BILL. YOU KNOW—THE ONE ABOUT 'WHY I AM BOUND TO WIN.'"

BALLADS FOR BROAD-BROWS.

THE PROLETARIAT.

I WAS playing darts in the old "Blue Dragon;"
There was young Bert Baxter and a little friend of Jane's,
Harriet and Albert, that works on the railway,
And old Bill Mortimer that works upon the drains,
When up jumps a lunatic and starts a little chat,
And he calls us "Members of the Proletariat"!

Oh, we DID laugh!
Oh, we DID laugh!
Ha! Ha! Ha!
Well, it knocks a fellow flat!
And I said, "Well, boys, what d' you think of that?
Fancy me a Member of the Proletariat!
Fancy me and you,
And Harriet and Hugh,
All these years, boys, and, Lord, we never knew
We was all life-members of the Proletariat,
The Proly-oly-roly-poly-proly-tari-at!

Well, I said, "Long words never lined a bread-box,
But a nice long word is a comfort all the same;
You can say what you like about the language of SHAKESPEARE,
But this here mouthful puts the man to shame;
For you do feel good, and there's no denying that,
If you speak about a plumber as the Proletariat!"

Oh, we DID laugh!
Oh, we DID laugh!
Ha! Ha! Ha!
Well, it knocks a fellow flat!
And Bill said, firm-like, he didn't mean to be
Not an economic pawn, nor a bond-slave—see?
So I held Nell's hand,
And we all felt grand,
And we gave three cheers for to Socialise the Land,
And we took a season-ticket for the Proletariat,
The Proly-oly-roly-poly-proly-tari-at!

Then I went out, and I said to a policeman,
"Comrade, Wage-slave, ain't it very strange,
These here capitalists don't want to nationalise
The Means of Production, Distribution and Exchange?
If you ask me, Constable, I'm taking off my hat
To the Nancimancipation of the Proletariat!"

Oh, he DID laugh!
Oh, he DID laugh!
Ha! Ha! Ha!
Well, it knocks a fellow flat!
So he said, kind-like, "Come along of me!"
But I said, "What about Solidaritee?"
And Bill said, "Shame!
Solidarity's the game!"
But he took me off to the station just the same,
Though we're both life-members of the Proletariat,
The Proly-oly-roly-poly-proly-tari-at! A. P. H.

Muscular Christianity.

"The Bishop, with the Minster Curate (Rev. —— ——) carrying the pastoral staff, clergy, churchwardens, and the choir, walked in procession from the Church House, singing a hymn."—*Local Paper.*

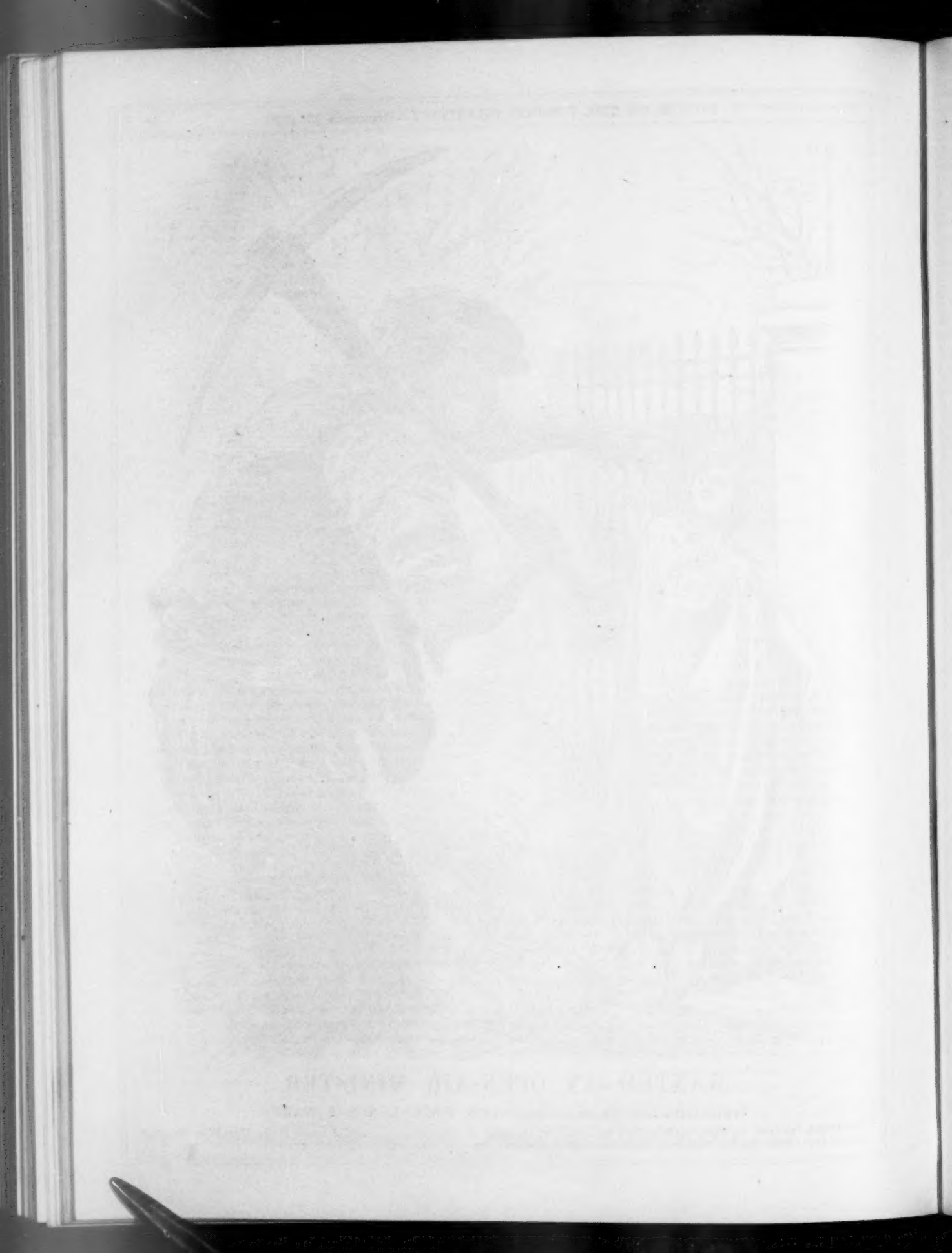
Obviously a misprint for "monster curate."



WANTED—AN OPEN-AIR MINISTER.

SPECULATIVE BUILDER (*to London*). "IT'S YOUR LUNGS I WANT!"

[Public protests are being made against the rumoured intention of converting the beautiful estate of the Foundling Hospital into a new Covent Garden Market or otherwise building over this fine open space and its adjacent squares.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 6th.—On the odd occasions when it falls to the SPEAKER to say a few well-chosen words, he declares, following a time-honoured formula, that, alike in brilliance and behaviour, the Members in being are in every way up to the standard of their predecessors. Wild horses would not drag from Mr. WHITLEY what he really thinks of it all. Nevertheless the mellowing influences of a Savage Club dinner have extracted from him the important admission that only a Speaker who can see the funny side of things can hope to retain his sanity.

The following embodies the gist, as caught by one present, of Mr. WHITLEY's remarks:—

As day after day
I sit in the Chair,
While the Clydesiders bray,
And the Radicals blare,
And the twitter of tedious Tories is more than a mortal can bear,

I am fed to the teeth,
I am bored to the bone;
On my headstone the wreath
Would long since have been strown
If it weren't that I pass the time thinking up bright little jokes of my own.

As glum as the tench is
And solemn as owls,
Behold the Front Benches
Ignoring the howls
Of the wild men of Wales, the Diehard Conservatives' Russophobe scowls.

My nerves it would blight,
My mind it would shatter,
To sit there all night
And give ear to their chatter;
If it weren't for my own little jokes I should soon go as mad as a hatter.

Ask me not *who* is it
Moves me to jest;
"WINNIE-the-Pooh" is it?
Is it the chest
Of KENWORTHY (Lieutenant-Commander), the sat-on but never suppressed?

Does mirth fill my bones,
Till the canopy rocks,
At the face of JACK JONES,
At the voice of LANE-FOX,
At the manners of Comrade BUCHANAN and BRITTAIN's incredible socks?

Who shall reveal them,
My wheezes? Not I.
In my breast I conceal them,
And shall till I die,
All the japes that I make on the Members, and which are my targets, and why.

Those in charge of a Brighter Parliament movement are engaged, one understands, on a suitable vote of thanks to the Marquis of LINCOLNSHIRE. Scorning the more conventional arguments that have been advanced in support of the Small Holdings and Allotments Bill, that venerable but intrepid nobleman astonished the House and created a magnificent precedent by bursting into song. It was the Liberal Land Song of an older day (not Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's, which is in the nature of a swan-song),



A LILT FOR THE LORDS.
(THE MARQUIS OF LINCOLNSHIRE.)

and the noble Marquis threw such emotion into the music that their Lordships hastened to give the Bill a Second Reading without a division.



THE RETURN OF THE CRUSADER.
(COLONEL WEDGWOOD.)

A rose by any name smells as sweet, but Commander BELLAIRS thinks it most unfair that any body whose own name has perhaps become malodorous should be entitled, for a small fee, to smell more sweetly under a name already legitimately worn by others. Captain HACKING, for the Home Office, doubted whether the far-reaching legislation necessary for the purpose would really achieve the desired end.

The House in Standing Committee considered the Rural Housing Bill. The MINISTER OF HEALTH rejected a proposal of Mr. EDWARDS, the representative of Bedwellty, that no assistance should be given unless the landlord agreed to put in a bathroom and a fixed bath; and thereby destroyed the hon. Member's hopes of going down to posterity as the Member for Bath and Bed-wellty. What, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN asked (with all the townsman's ignorance of the countryman's resourcefulness), would be the good of a fixed bath in a cottage which had no water laid on?

Mr. RYE wanted the Bill to ensure the preservation of all that was beautiful or historic in country cottages and their settings. Mr. PALING smelt snobbery in the proposal, but was tersely reminded by Mr. SKELTON that Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD had himself objected to steel houses because they would tend to destroy the "amenities" in question.

The Bill was finally read the Third Time.

Tuesday, December 7th.—In the struggle *à outrance* between things æsthetic and things material, all that is dear to the champions of the former is comprehensively embraced, for Parliamentary purposes, in the word "amenities." Having boiled one of the great factors of existence down to a single word the utilitarians have little difficulty in brushing it from their ruthless path.

To-day, during the Lords' discussion of the Electricity Bill, Lord MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU made the admirable proposal that local authorities should be able to object to overhead electric lines if they spoiled the scenery, their objection taking the form of an appeal to the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS, who should have power to order the offending cable underground. Viscount PEEL, resisting the Amendment, cynically doubted whether the public attached enough value to beauty to be prepared to pay for it. The argument seems to be—why preserve the scenery on the off-chance of the public learning to appreciate it by-and-by?

The House gave a Second Reading to the Sale of Food (Weights and Measures) Bill. Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER's speech certainly could not be described as a "Song against Grocers," and Mr. GEORGE HARVEY's declaration that the Bill proclaims that "grocers and butchers

are dishonest people who want watching" did not impress the House.

It would be more judicious to say that the Bill proclaims grocers and butchers to be honest people who want watching because it is so easy for that *rara avis*, the wicked grocer, to give his innocent fellows a bad name.

The most noticeable thing about the Bill is that it does not cover cheese. It appears that cheese evaporates, whether covered or not. The ripe Stilton that weighed fourteen pounds when you led it from the cheese-fancier's may have shrunk to a bare twelve after you have had it on the chain for a couple of weeks.

Mr. HARVEY declared that meat evaporates too. We know it does when the butcher's boy leaves it on the step without ringing the bell, and the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE is all against our pound of steak weighing only fourteen ounces when removed from last Sunday's leading article.

He admitted that certain goods must be weighed in the paper if the grocer is to be able to get on with it, and explained that a legitimate percentage of paper had been agreed to, ranging from two to four-and-a-half grammes per pound of food wrapped.

Apart from Mr. HARVEY the Bill had no opponents, though one or two Members thought it ought to go much farther. Mr. MORRISON wanted it to include soap, but the DEPUTY-SPEAKER thought that the New Health Society should be left to handle that end of the food problem. Earlier in the evening Mr. MORRISON had asked if the Food Council were entitled to examine into the coal trade.

The House also gave a Second Reading to the Palestine and East Africa Loans Bill, after Mr. MORGAN JONES, of Caerphilly, who had failed to catch the SPEAKER'S eye when cheese was before the House, had insisted that the interests of the native must be paramount; and Mr. WEDGWOOD, lately returned from Palestine, had explained why in the nature of things a zealous Zionist and a blossoming desert must involve a diminished Bedouin and a shrunken sheikh.

Wednesday, December 8th.—It is not often that a Government gets the happy opportunity of deftly turning a Motion of Censure into a well-delivered Vote of Censure on the Opposition. That, however, is what Mr. BALDWIN did on this occasion. Not only did this wicked animal defend itself when attacked, but it inflicted devastating discomfiture on the attackers.

Mr. MACDONALD and his colleagues obviously had no stomach for the fight. They would have been content to leave the final apportionment of blame for the coal dispute to "the rebellious prickings of human reason and the rugged tuition of hard facts," as the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER put it.

Mr. MACDONALD led the "beating of the tom-tom and the strident calls to the faithful behind him." He accused the Government of playing the mine-owners' game. The PRIME MINISTER, in reply, charged the Opposition with failing to control Mr. COOK, and devoted the rest of his speech to showing, mostly by quotations from Labour organs, just how uncontrollable Mr. COOK had been. He even quoted the words in which Mr. COOK told Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD that the miners did not want him to come to their assistance. Mr. COOK was still on the warpath, he reminded the Labour Party. While they were cursing him (Mr. BALDWIN) in the House, COOK was cursing him in Moscow.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE devoted some time to explaining why, although he thought it had been all the Government's fault, he could not vote for the Motion of Censure.

Mr. CHURCHILL, who "replied to the debate" (another way of saying that he came in and swept up the mangled remains that strewed the arena), enforced the PREMIER'S arguments, by pointing out that Mr. MACDONALD had waited until Mr. COOK was in Moscow to call him incompetent. The Labour Party had dragged British industry into the political arena and allowed Russia to come in and foment class-warfare. They had embittered the country's industrial life with politics and had staged a general strike and a prolonged coal-stoppage, and the nation was the stronger for knowing that neither could break down the life and organization of the country.

The Motion was handsomely defeated.



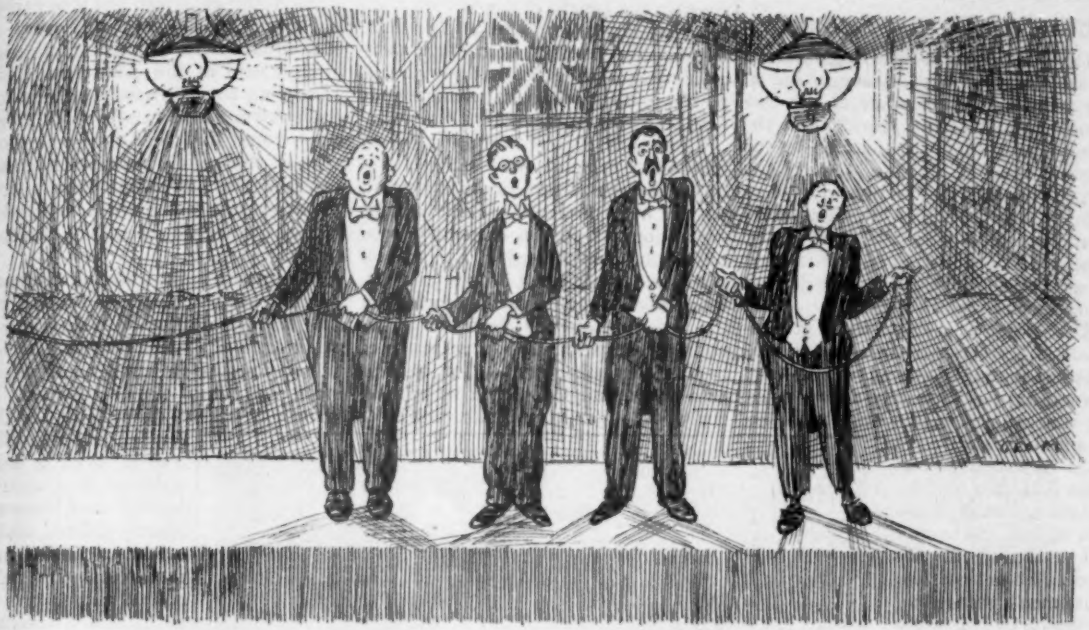
THE BEWDLEY BADGER.

"Cet animal est très méchant;
Quand on l'attaque il se défend."

Thursday, December 9th.—Mr. DAY is anxious that Captain HACKING should do something to deprive the Alsatian dog of its first bite. Captain HACKING cautiously replied that he had no power to take any special steps in the matter, an answer which recalls that of the boy who was asked, as a test of intelligence by a prospective employer, what steps he would take if he was walking down the road and met a lion. "Mighty long ones, Mister," replied the youth after a moment's rapid thinking.

The House discussed the Palestine and East Africa Loans Bill again, and the main theme of argument was the condition of the poor native. Should he be compelled to work, or is the possession of an able-bodied wife (or wives) sufficient to absolve him from expiating the curse of ADAM in his own person. Is the Government taking care of him or permitting him to be ruthlessly exploited by the settler, as Labour Members alleged? It was left to Mr. SOMERVILLE to put the matter in a nutshell. What Mr. DALTON and Mr. MORGAN JONES should do, he suggested, was to go to Kenya and preach the emancipation of women there. They would not be very popular and he advised them to take a bodyguard of the sort of stalwarts who had been so much in evidence in the Hull election.

In Committee on the Sale of Food Bill an amendment was passed requiring butchers to deliver with boned or dressed meat a statement of the net weight on which the price is fixed as well as of the actual net weight. As a steak is merely a piece of meat from which the rest of the ox has been removed, the butcher may be involved in some lightning calculations.



OUR LOCAL QUARTETTE GIVES A RENDERING OF "THE VOLGA BOAT-SONG."

THE F.W.S.

AT a time when associations and clubs and federations and leagues are being formed on all sides, it is odd that so little has been heard of the F.W.S. It merits notice because it is perhaps the only purely altruistic body in the world, with no other motive than the well-being of others, even to the extreme discomfiture of its members. The F.W.S., or, in full, The Friendly Warning Society, exists solely that other people may not fall into our own mistakes, and we who belong to it are pledged to do everything in our power to that end.

For example, when we are in restaurants we must spare no trouble to prevent fellow-guests from suffering our disappointments. Either in personal conversation or by means of a written message we must point out to newcomers meditating upon the menu that the fish might be fresher, the beef less tough. According to our temperaments do we carry out this good work. If we are shy and diffident, we say it with the pencil. "Forgive me for appearing to be impertinent," we write on the back of a visiting-card, "but you will be wise if you give the soles a miss. I have just had to send mine away." Or, "Pardon this apparent intrusion, but it is well-meant. The *plat du jour* is better left alone. I have tried some and can therefore speak with feeling."

There are different ways in which these communications are received, but surprise is always the first emotion—surprise on the part of the simple, surprise that anyone should be so kind as to go to such trouble about them; on the part of the chronically suspicious, surprise at our infernal cheek. The simple, having grasped the fact that we have no ulterior motive, that we are wholly benevolent and disinterested, smile and nod their gratitude; the cynical scowl but take our advice.

To write the warnings is, however, not always possible, or at any rate practicable. In an old-curiosity shop, for example, it would be very difficult to save another customer from disaster by first inditing and then handing him a note. Too conspicuous. So conspicuous, in fact, that, if the dealer knew what was happening, the Friendly Warner might find himself in the gutter. Here then the voice is best, and the voice discreetly modulated too. "I should not buy that Queen Anne chair before consulting an expert," we murmur to one customer, or darkly remark to another, in passing, "COROT rarely signed in blue in the top right-hand corner."

I should explain that, although the first function of the Friendly Warning Society is to warn, its members are not debarred from helpful suggestions too. We do not, for instance, consider our duty necessarily completed by dissuading the stranger from one dish; should it be possible we go on to recommend another. But the more cautious and self-protective members prefer to remain Warners, and Warners only, because when one recommends one is immediately suspect.

I can best illustrate this peril by exchanging meat problems for those of wine, for we have to be equally vigilant for victims of the vintage too. If the wine-list has, so to speak, bitten us, we are pledged to do our best to see that it shall not bite others.

Here, again, writing is, to my mind, the better way. "Forgive me," says our note, "but if you should be meditating claret I advise you to choose the Mille-fleurs rather than the Château Vinaigre." Or, "Pardon a stranger butting in, but, if you care to profit by my own unfortunate experience don't try the Maison Bilge '17. It is thin and acid. The Popinjay '19 is much to be preferred."

You appreciate the difference between the wine list and the menu? There is no compulsion to add a constructive counsel to any of our warnings, but the impulse to do so is stronger, is more natural, when it comes to wine. But the risk of being misconstrued is enormous, because, although it is possible to recommend a joint without being suspected of being a butcher or of forwarding any financial interest, if you urge a certain brand of champagne or claret upon a total stranger, his first idea is that you are the wine-merchant who supplies the restaurant, or a friend of the house in one way or another.

But no one who is afraid of being misunderstood must ever belong to the F.W.S.

E. V. L.

GAMES AND DEMOCRACY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Having observed recently in your pages a suggestion of the manner in which some of the customs and institutions prevalent in the New World might be adapted to the needs of the Old, and admiring as I do, Sir, the sound reasoning and philanthropic motives which unfailingly inspire your correspondents, may I for the benefit of my countrymen be permitted to expose a theory of my own derived from the same hemisphere?

The scene was a golf club in California. My lady-partner and I had obtained a number—twenty-three—and were waiting at the caddy-master's box for the calling of this number, when we should be allowed to walk to the first tee, some half-mile distant, and start. Twenty-three was at last announced and we moved off. Behind us we noticed two gentlemen proceeding evidently to the same destination. We arrived at the tee together. We asked them their number and they answered "Twenty-three." We explained that there must be some mistake as we were also twenty-three.

Now, Sir, comes my point. There was no mistake. We were intended to share the number twenty-three, and go round, the four of us, together. We could play as we chose, one foursome, two separate singles, or four separate onesomes. We could use any number of balls we chose up to four. The management was extremely reasonable and made no attempt to force our hands in this respect. Only for the good of the community we were obliged to go round, the four of us, together.

I feel convinced, Sir, that you will share my admiration of this scheme, and reverence the master-hand of true democracy as seen at work in this ruthless sacrifice of private selfish ends to the welfare of the public at large. What were my motives? To enjoy the society and improve the acquaintance of my companion, to the accompaniment of a little gentle recreation. What were her motives? I trust the same. What were the motives of the powers that ruled the golf club? Democratic: Golf Links for Golf, and Golf for the People. To afford as many persons as possible the benefit of a round on their course in the minimum time. Incidentally, in this case, the democratic principle was served by the extension of the pleasures of female society from the one (me) to the many (the other couple).

There are to my mind, Sir, other reasons of principle why this scheme should be considered an improvement on our own methods. Golf has the reputation of being an extremely good school for the control of one's baser passions. But I can assure you, Sir, that the scope our methods provide for the exercise of this restraint is as nothing compared with that provided by the American system. Consider the case of two singles played simultaneously. To have two balls, with the success or failure of which one is not concerned, continually mingling with one's own, and to wait constantly for two strangers, in whose performance one takes no interest, to play a stroke, is a lesson in composure which surely the most conservative of our players will agree with me we can ill afford to neglect.



THE CAROL.

Further, I feel convinced, Sir, of the great benefit that some of the other games dear to the heart of the Englishman would derive from the application of the same democratic principle. For instance, the poverty of the attendances at our football matches must have caused anxiety to many of those good democrats who love the game for the spectacle's sake. I read that the attendance recently at one of the leading centres of this great game was actually recorded at something below forty-three thousand. But if the various clubs would entertain the idea of planting a goal in the centre of every side of a square field, of placing four teams in that field at the same time, and of increasing the allowance of balls from one to two, a black and a white, I think they would find that the game would attract the public interest it merits, and that the individual players would acquire the sound market value which is the proper object of the directors' activities.

Then there is the question of croquet. I know well, Sir, that, in hinting that this fine game could in any way be brightened or that any alterations could possibly add to its excitement, I shall meet with a storm of disapproval. My answer, with the example of the Californian golf club before me, is that I decide without hesitation to face it. And I herewith openly submit that in order to make more room on the public courts and to give the many thousands of holiday-makers a chance of enjoying their share of this popular pastime, two or even three games should, and could, be carried on simultaneously upon the same court.

Moreover, I understand that the skill with which this game is at present played by some experts will often place an opponent in the ignominious and degrading position of having the number of his strokes limited to one, or at the most two, during the match. Thus the youth of England are frequently denied the exercise and excitement for which they take up the game. As a remedy for this evil, Sir, I would suggest that the Croquet Federation of Great Britain should emulate the excellent example set them by the billiards authorities and insist on one or more cannons being made between every series of, say, three consecutive hoops. With some dozen balls on the lawn there should be plenty of opportunity for cannons, and the breaks would be shortened by the liability of a player at any moment to have his ball struck in the course of a cannon by a participant in another game. Thus in a short time we should see in this country much the same number daily figuring upon our croquet-lawns as the Americans can boast upon their golf-courses. "Croquet for the People," Sir, should be our motto.



Blacksmith (Chairman of Village Concert, to stranger who has obliged with his only song, "The Village Blacksmith"). "CAN'T YOU SLIP IN ANOTHER VERSE, SIR, AND SAY I LET OUT BICYCLES ON SUNDAYS?"

The Chess Union, again, might well reflect on the advantages that would follow the democratisation of their game. How meagre, for so great a sport, is the complement of two players which it now employs at one board! But, by the use of four sets of chessmen of different colours and of such a size that two pieces could be accommodated on a single square, not only would this defect be remedied, but the vast chess-going public, with increased scope for its enthusiasm, would, to the incalculable benefit of the nation, become vaster still.

Let these examples suffice. To go further, Sir, and illustrate the application of this beneficent principle to other national sports would be to insult an intelligence on which I confidently rely for the support that will ensure its rapid adoption. Believe me, Sir,

Yours obediently, BENEFACTOR.

"The Hawkridge stag killed by the Devon and Somerset early in October has been described as being 'as fierce as a tiger and as strong as a bull,' and this 15-pounder killed one valuable hound, injured another badly, and put several more temporarily out of action."

West Country Paper.

Your 15-pounder stag is a terrible wild-fowl.

AUTHOR TO ENGLAND.

A DEDICATION.

Oh, where is the public,
So wise and so true?
Has anyone seen it?
And what does it do?
Not easy to hoodwink,
Not lightly misled—
I doubt its existence;
I think it is dead.

Can that be the public
Out there in the street,
So nasty to look at,
So filled with deceit?
It moves like the locust,
It makes no pretence
Of asking the whither,
Of minding the whence.

Eternally pampered
And endlessly told
Of its sense of proportion,
It grew uncontrolled;
The heart that was generous,
The mind that was clean,
Are hopelessly altered
From what they have been.

No longer it questions,
No longer delights
In freedom and justice
And other men's rights;
My curse on the public
Whose feet have forsook
All the paths of the righteous
I place in my book.

It laughs at my sermons,
For evil prevails;
But even its laughter
Won't damage my sales;
For there 's never a public
Too lost to admit
That, if *that* is the public,
They cannot be it. EVOE.

From a law report:—

"The American publishers, he said had put a note at the end of the book, 'The author has used a synonym, but we know who he is.'"

Sunday Paper.

People are getting so clever in these crossword days.

"'It is flattering to me to hear that the world's champion heavy-weight boxer is coming expressly to Europe to pay a visit,' said Mr. George Bernard Shaw to me to-day."

Provincial Paper.

To right-minded visitors, of course, G. B. S. and Europe are very much the same—especially G. B. S.

AT THE PLAY.

"LIDO LADY" (GAIETY).

IN the old days the visitor to Venice, when exhausted by its beauties, would take a gondola across the lagoon to seek an afternoon's relaxation in the ugliness of the Lido. Since its discovery and exploitation by the snapshot Press, the terribly mixed bathers in this Margate-*de-luxe* of the Adriatic regard Venice as a mere suburb, the resort of curious highbrows. But the scene-painters of *Lido Lady* felt that Venice ought to receive more recognition than that, so they shifted their island a mile or so west, placing it in the vicinity of S. Giorgio Maggiore, and giving us the Campanile and the Doges' Palace (barely visible from the actual Lido) as a near background for the pyjamas of the chorus. I should like to hear Signor MUSSOLINI'S views on this disturbance of his geography. For the rest there was nothing Venetian—or even Italian—in the whole show; and I should like to hear his views on that too.

However, the *mise-en-scène* never mat-



LEADING LAD AND LIDO LADY.
Harry Bassett . . MR. JACK HULBERT.
Fay Blake . . . MISS PHYLLIS DARE.

ters very much in a musical comedy, and any *plage* by any other name would have served as well for the exhibition of these not very attractive *costumes de bain*. I say "*bain*," though nobody ever entered the water, with the exception of one man who fell in (OFF), and another who rescued him—both by prearrangement.

The authors seem also to have decided, rather cynically, that any sort of plot would do to keep us going between the songs and dances. So they made one out of a recipe for a tennis-ball of synthetic rubber. This was carried about in somebody's pocket and coveted by the villain (disguised as a tennis-champion from South America), who secured it and at once set sail for New York with his spoil. Why the retention of the original document was so essential, when he could easily have made a copy of it, was never shown, but it provided an excuse for a fresh setting in the Third Act, with the whole company, Lido ladies and gentlemen, embarked in the liner *Futuria* ("golly! what a name!")—some of them because they wanted to recover the stolen property, and the rest because they didn't like to be left out of the picture.

Meanwhile there was the love-affair of the hero and heroine to be straightened out. *Harry Bassett* was no good at any manly exercise (unless you count dancing as one of them). This defect threatened to spoil his chance with *Fay Blake*, and he had set himself to correct it. First he undertook to defeat an expert pugilist, having previously arranged to be allowed to win. This collusive scheme failed owing to his opponent's taking a sudden dislike to him, and *Bassett* was knocked out. He then undertook to beat the Dago tennis-champion. Here, to the general astonishment, he succeeded, but only to have his triumph dashed by exposure of the fact that his victim had never won championship honours—or any other—at the game. But *Bassett's* personality was undefeatable, and in the end it was impossible for the lady to resist his gay resilience after each discomfiture.

Mr. JACK HULBERT was delightful as this unheroic hero. There is nobody on the stage quite comparable with him for delicacy of humour. He never relies on buffoonery; his fun is always understated; and nothing ever disturbs his smiling serenity. He can laugh at himself too, an admirable and peculiarly English accomplishment.

Miss PHYLLIS DARE made him a most attractive partner. Light-fóoted in the dance, she can afford to dispense with high-kicking; her voice has quality; and to the commerce of love she brought a note of sincerity unusual in this kind of entertainment. On these two in chief the play depends for its success.

I am not forgetting Miss CICELY COURTNEIDGE in a grotesque vein as a film-star greedy for publicity—a very clever performance and a courageous one too, for not every actress on the right side of maturity would care to sacrifice her feminine graces on the altar of Comic Art; and not everybody takes pleasure in witnessing the sacrifice. She has a natural sense of the absurd, but her methods were liable to lose their piquancy by repetition: she insisted, for instance, too much on that yodelling trick. Still I pay my



THE QUEEN OF SHEBA IN GALA DRESS.
MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE.

most respectful compliments to her devoted self-effacement.

Nobody else seems to call for particular mention except Mr. ARLINGTON, who played *Bill Harker*, a lovable American buffoon; Mr. HAROLD FRENCH in the rather colourless part of the gentleman who lost the recipe; and, as a Lido lady of no importance, the charming Miss PHYL ARNOLD.

The dancing of the chorus, male and female, was above the average. There was a very pretty interlude in the lounge of the liner—a dance of "Atlantic Blues," done by Miss PHYLLIS DARE "and Girls," and designed to reproduce the sound and movement of the sea.

As for the book, it kept up an even excellence without deviating into exceptional brilliance or dulness. Over some patches of it the brainwork of all those authors may have seemed to be spread a little thin, but it afforded a pleasant and restful relief after a surfeit of revues, where the variety—if not the quality—of detached ideas makes it impossible to escape a certain amount of mental stimulus.

There were at least two effective songs, "To-morrow the Skies may be Grey" (a good lyric this) and "It All Depends on You" (with "permissible" sung as "permissable," to rhyme with



North-country keeper (exasperated by hesitating sportsman). "SHOOT, MAN—SHOOT! T' CRACK 'S WORTH T' MONEY."

"kissable"); and if they don't become fixed in the popular ear it will not be for want of reiteration, vocal and orchestral. There was no getting away from one of them even in the interval. A gramophone (wisely concealed) was throwing it at you in the vestibule.

O. S.

"THE MAN WHO ATE THE POPOMACK" (FESTIVAL, CAMBRIDGE).

The new or, rather, radically reconstructed Festival Theatre at Cambridge has been made possible by the zeal and generosity of Mr. TERENCE GRAY, Egyptologist by trade and theatrical *entrepreneur* by deferred but unmistakable vocation. It has admirable practical qualities, a steep rake, which prevents the inconvenience, so common in London, of finding that the head of the man in front of you blots out something like twenty-five per cent. of the centre of the stage; it is decorated in a free but not too *bizarre* manner; it has a series of broad steps leading up to the stage proper, shrewdly designed both for classical and modern experimental work. The stage is roomy, and equipped with the solid plaster back-screen and lighting batteries of the Schwabe-Hasseit system. The scene is capably set with the help, without affectation, of screens after GORDON CRAIG'S general formula. There are also many amenities—a row of pegs in the foyer on which you can hang your coats; caviare sandwiches and a special hot spiced brew, a sort of refined negus, to be appreciated these wintry nights between the Acts at a friendly bar; a programme which can be read in the dark (and not so well in the light perhaps!); a special row of seats for late-comers, to which I only see two objections—one that they are about the best seats in the theatre; the other, that there is no *oubliette* at the end, down which the noisy and unashamed, as distinguished from the unfortunate and apologetic, late-comer can be tactfully pushed.

The little theatre opened successfully with the *Oresteia* of ÆSCHYLUS. Its second entertainment, to which I was bidden, was *The Man who Ate the Popomack*, by Mr. W. J. TURNER. Of course the *Oresteia* was, it is well to note, a modernist play in its time, but not of the same category as Mr. TURNER'S, which might be aptly described as an intellectual farce—a novel and attractive business.

One can easily imagine the more obvious ways of working out a typical farce of which the main theme is that the man who ate this rare Oriental fruit stank, to put it plainly, so foully that no one could approach him, and also, a minor but still disconcerting enough matter, went black or blue-black all over. Mr. TURNER does not take, needless to say, any of the obvious ways, though he very properly allows himself a few tactful jests about his savagely-perfumed hero, lost, no doubt, he should be open to the charge of too high-browed a detachment. There were in fact two men who ate the popomack. *Sir Philo Phaoron*, the Egyptologist, who, being married to a tiresome wife, took the matter philosophically, provided himself with a diver's dress and stumped about his friends' houses shouting cheerily through a megaphone, and hearing the replies with difficulty or ease at choice. With *Lord Belvoir*, a devout lover, it was far otherwise,

and with his *fiancée, Muriel*, who made a vain effort to overcome her repugnance, and her father, the rather brutal *Sir Solomon Raub*, who, though the purchaser of the popomack and the cause of *Belvoir's* bizarre misfortune, does not disguise the inevitable implications of it so far as marriage is concerned.

The author in fact cleverly treats his ingenious joke as a secondary matter and interests himself in the states of mind of his queer people, introduces a frank and witty disquisition on love between *Sir Solomon* and three Chinese gentlemen, pokes fun equally at modernist pictures and their spleenful uninstructed critics, and generally enjoys himself and diverts us in complete disregard of any recognised rules and conventions of play-making.

It would not be fair to the Puckish author to explain by what devices he makes his witty absurdity plausible. An audience composed largely of undergraduates took the points quickly and quite evidently enjoyed itself. A picked audience, no doubt; but I see no reason at all why this amusing fantasy should not keep a London playhouse full of ordinary citizens agreeably entertained. It does not need to be understood, only to be laughed at. I wasn't at all sure what deep design in insult or reproof the author had in his mind. Possibly he had no other purpose than the providing of a lively jest. This he has triumphantly accomplished.

The players—a repertory company—hard-worked and eager, did their work with credit, notably Miss DORIA PASTON (*Muriel*), Mr. MAURICE EVANS (*Lord Belvoir*), Mr. RODNEY MILLINGTON (*Sir Philo*), and Mr. TORIN THATCHER (*Sir Solomon*), Mr. ARTHUR JEFFRESS (a friend of *Lord Belvoir's*), and Mr. MICHAEL HAMPTON as *Nosegay* (his lordship's valet). The production of Mr. HERBERT PRENTICE was intelligently conceived and capably carried through. T.

THE CHELSEA CHIMNEYS.

THE consternation with which I read the cold-blooded newspaper announcement that the famous chimneys of the Chelsea power-station, a favourite subject with countless artists, had been condemned to demolition is even surpassed by my amazement that the perpetration of this act of vandalism has evoked no storm of protest from the artists themselves, the Press or the public. I can well understand that the artists themselves are too aghast, too stunned for articulate remonstrance. The Press and the public are, of course, notoriously apathetic in regard to such matters until they are given a lead. That lead therefore I will now attempt to give, in the hope of rousing such a tempest of popular opinion as shall compel the restoration of what has been, far more than a conspicuous feature of the London riverscape, a landmark—a milestone, I might say—of British Riparian Art.

We need a RUSKIN, but I will do my best.

As those who have closely followed modern æsthetic developments are aware, with the electrification of London that heralded the straphanger, a new era dawned in more worlds than one, and the upspringing, from the site of old Cremorne, of the four great chimneys of the power-station against the ever-changing sky was to the riverside art-mind as a clarion call. Thereafter, that group of chimneys dominated the riverside art-mind as the one thing static in a whirl of "isms." In all those years no exhibition of the Royal Academy was opened from which scores of representations of those chimneys had not been excluded. In all those years no artist was considered to have established his or her footing in Chelsea until he or she had painted, drawn or etched those chimneys at least once. And now the riverside art-mind is to be adrift, rudderless, anchorless, without a beacon.

Many artists indeed have specialised in the power-station. From these I select the representative name of Ernest Albertson. But merely to say that he specialised in it is inadequate. How then shall I convey what that noble group of chimneys meant to him? There was once a Japanese who painted a hundred views of Fujiyama. Far more were those chimneys to Ernest Albertson than Fuji was to that old Jap. They were more to him than EMMA, Lady HAMILTON, was to GEORGE ROMNEY; more even than Sir WILLIAM ORPEN has been to himself.

Ernest Albertson's whole artistic being was centred in those chimneys. He had depicted them in every known medium, from every possible point of view, in all conceivable atmospheric conditions and many that were inconceivable. He had no thought of ever depicting anything else. It was his ambition that his name should be for ever inseparable from the chimneys that were the be-all and end-all of his career. And now, at a blow, his very *raison d'être* as an artist is destroyed.

Often I wonder how Albertson is taking it. I picture him crouched on the Battersea bank, disconsolately contemplating a Chelsea that, deprived of its chimneys, is as unthinkable as AUGUSTUS JOHN without a beard. In darker moments I fancy him gurgling his despairing last in those very waters wherein his beloved chimneys were wont to be reflected. In which event his death will almost literally lie at the door of the electrical authorities, and his ghost will assuredly haunt them—a ghost with little side-whiskers and a funny tie.

But, be he alive or dead, there can be no peace for the spirit of Ernest Albertson till Chelsea arises in its wrath, crying, "Give us back our chimneys!"

INOCULATED INSPIRATION.

(*By a Student of Eugenics.*)

THE remarkable case, recorded in the Press, of the schoolboy, aged eleven, who wrote an operetta while in bed with chicken-pox has attracted considerable attention, but the psycho-pathological issues involved have not yet been fully realised.

The charges so frequently levelled at British composers on the score of the inferiority of their works to those of foreigners may or may not be justified. But there can be little doubt that a way of remedying the disparity, if it does exist, is now available by the inoculation of promising musicians with the specific bacilli proved by experiment to stimulate inspiration in various branches of composition.

The experiments which have been carried out at the research laboratory of Professors Wragg and Freake are most significant and promising. Baboons inoculated with the virus of the *Tarantula gigantica* have shown a marked tendency to indulge in syncopated rhythms both in their gestures and cries, and a young chimpanzee, as the result of the same treatment, now gives vent to prolonged ululations, in which Professor Wragg has detected unmistakable metrical affinities to the most advanced type of *vers libre*. These have been carefully recorded by a leading gramophone firm, and a phonetic transliteration will appear in the January issue of *The Botulist*, the official organ of the Toxicological Society.

The prospects, as I have already stated, are distinctly encouraging, but I am bound with all the force at my command to inculcate caution and to impress upon enthusiasts the desirability of confining themselves at the outset to minor ailments as incentives to inspiration. Mumps are to be preferred to measles, chicken-pox to beri-beri. As Professor Wragg, with admirable candour, has remarked, "it cannot yet be categorically declared that every person inoculated with the scarlatina bacillus is *ex ipso facto* a potential SCARLATTI. And," he adds, "there is always the bare possibility that the melody might be worse than the malady."





NOAH'S NIGHTCAP.

["Noah's Nightcap—the plant Eschscholtzia, with reference to the conical buds."—*Concise Oxford Dictionary.*]

WHEN NOAH went to bed at night
He was an awe-inspiring sight;
Upon his head so old and hoar
A curious kind of cap he wore.
As he lay sleeping on the billow,
His white hair streaming o'er the pillow,
Upon his head there perched a cone
So stiff that it could stand alone.
Of orange hue it was, so bright
It put to shame the candle-light,
And when he wore it in the dark
Startled the creatures in the Ark.
Discomfort great he nightly bore
When this odd pyramid he wore;
I can't think what he did it for.

One day the window he leaned through
To watch the mighty eagle, who
Was vigorously doing "cabby"
For fear his muscles should get flabby;
A gust his nightcap whirled away—
It was a very windy day.
The stick he held, as was his habit,
Was not quite long enough to grab it.
Poor NOAH sought with might and main,
But never found his cap again,
And, though he made much fuss and bother,
He was obliged to buy another.

So that posterity might see
What headgear NOAH wore at sea
The vanished nightcap then became
A flower that bore his august name;
And when in gardens you shall find
A flower that's swayed by every wind,
With tight peaked buds, so silken soft,
Remember NOAH up aloft.
Eschscholtzia is its name in all
The standard works botanical;
But, though the plant is just the same,
"Noah's Nightcap" is a better name.

The moral of this little verse
Is here appended, plain and terse:—
"When winds begin to rage and roar
'*Ne pas se pencher au dehors.*'"











Tutor. "THE SECRET OF GOOD PUTTING IS NEVER TO LIFT YOUR HEAD UNTIL YOU HEAR THE BALL RATTLE IN THE TIN."
Pupil. "THAT'S SILLY. YOU CAN'T KEEP GAZING AT THE GROUND FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF I set myself to defend contemporary fashions on the ground that a light application of woad and very little else was the traditional costume of British beauty, I should not look for any particular gratitude on the part of my clients. I wonder whether Signor GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI will reap more for having maintained, in his extremely interesting book on *Fascism* (METHUEN), that Italy has never really emerged from the *condottiere* stage and that popular responsibility and constitutional freedom are entirely foreign to her spirit. Fortunately, perhaps, his book is not addressed to Italians. It was published in Paris in 1925 for the impartial enlightenment of outsiders; and Miss KATHLEEN MACMILLAN, its English translator, has contributed an excellent chapter bringing it up to date. Its author's low estimate of his countrymen is largely due to his youth. He belongs, as his translator makes him say, to "the last," meaning, I think, the younger, generation—a generation brought up when "parliamentary institutions had reached the maximum of discredit" and plunged at a critical age into the War. Allow his premises, either out of conviction or for the sake of argument, and you will find his book informative and reasonable. He describes the "intellectually and morally impoverished atmosphere" in which Fascism grew up, the torpor of the authorities, the impunity of the mob, the regional problems that confronted the Black-shirts. *Fascismo* is envisaged less as a programme than as an improvisation; and the careers of the *improvvisatori*, MUSSOLINI, FARINACCI, "DUMANI, twelve times a murderer," and the rest, are handled one by one, like the *Lives of the Troubadours*. IL DUCE'S achievements in foreign and domestic policy are well summed up; as is also the beginning of that "campaign of normalization" which Miss MACMILLAN'S chapter reduces to so tragic a Moscow.

Mr. EIMAR O'DUFFY is another of our modern Juvenals. He comes from Ireland, which makes things easier in many ways. It appears from *King Goshawk and the Birds* (MACMILLAN) that the *Wheat King* had promised his wife that she should have all the song-birds in the world for her very own; and, being the *Wheat King*, *King Goshawk* was enabled to buy them up. At a later stage he decided to buy up all the wild-flowers of the earth and transfer them to his own domains. To resist him there was born, of a mortal mother, *Cuanduine*, the son of the Irish hero, *Cuchulain*, who was the son of *Dechtire* and of *Lugh of the Long Hand*. This gentleman, after many surprising adventures in Dublin, came to London, and, helped by the daily papers, was something of a popular success until he disclosed the real objects of his crusade. After that the Press grew stern, as thus:—

"Mr. Cuanduine's latest effusion can only be described as a violent attack upon the rights of property and the freedom of the individual. It is nothing less than a proposal to tax the provident and efficient for the benefit of the thriftless and idle. Briefly his policy is the forcible expropriation of the birds and wild-flowers in private ownership and their transference to communal control, when their enjoyment will of course only be permitted on a dead level of equality."

And again, "What incentive do we offer to industry and enterprise if the financier or monopolist at the end of a lifetime of toil is to be allowed no more of melody and perfume than a tramp lying by the roadside?"

Finally *Cuanduine* makes an expedition to the South of Europe, where he fights a duel with some foreign autocrat

passing under the curious name of *Nervolini*, and, after disarming him, spanks him.

Mr. O'DUFFY writes in a style which curiously mingles the diverse modes of RABELAIS and Dean SWIFT. He escapes, I think, any peril under the Emergency Powers Act in this country, though not by too much. How it would fare with him in other lands I cannot say.

In Those Days, dear Sir or dear Madam
(JOHN MURRAY has published the work),
Tells the story of *Tommy Macadam*
In the land of the terrible Turk,
For he 's sent, a mere child who must choose an
Employment, to relatives there;
Thus he meets with his sweet cousin *Susan*,
Young, wealthy and fair.

And *Susan* loves *Tom*; detrimental
Young *Tom* loves a Turkoman maid,
Dark *Hasneh*; the veiled Oriental
Puts golden-haired *Sue* in the shade;
Yet *Sue*, to secure *Tom's* survival,
Succumbs, for she gets in the way
Of the charge meant for *Tom* by his rival,
That hound, *Nouri Bey*.

Well, that 's the main thread in the tissue;
The book, though I 've found it indeed
Too plaguily full of side issue,
Is pleasant and easy to read;
Young *Tom*, wed to *Hasneh*, lives very
Content with the pearl he affects;
And the author, one WILLIAM R. BERRY,
Has earned my respects.



Generous Lady. "THERE NOW—I 'M SURE I 'VE FORGOTTEN SOMEONE!"
The Beast of Burden. "HASN'T THE CHARLADY GOT AN AUNT, LOVE?"

One of the most amusing points about HENRY JAMES was the pains he took to get into English society at the beginning of his exile from America, and the pains he took to get out when he had hived all the honey he needed. At forty-three he was not only ready but anxious to be "dropped and cut and consummately ignored." "I believe only in absolutely independent, individual and lonely virtue, and in the serenely unsociable (or, if need be at a pinch, sulky and sullen) practice of the same." This attitude, carried into more or less consistent practice at Rye and Chelsea, leaves JAMES'S biographer little material, save letters already published, for an intimate life. And I warmly applaud Mr. PELHAM EDGAR'S decision to cut the cackle about *Henry James, Man and Author* (GRANT RICHARDS), and give only such biographical details as help to explain the writer. Him Mr. EDGAR ranks very highly. "By any standard of appraisement, save that of consistent clearness, he is one of the great masters of our English speech." Personally I should not go so far. Apart from his lack of lucidity, JAMES is hardly an inspired prose-writer. He is a prose-writer of extraordinary taste, and, for all his Micawberish lapses, one of the rarest in that obviously second-rate category. As for his manipulative skill, you can appreciate some of its virtues in Mr. EDGAR'S summaries of the stories and novels. But, though these are copiously and cleverly given, they are not the justification of the book. This I find in the chapter on Letters, Prefaces and Literary Criticism, and such of its comparative and analytical overflowings as irrigate the remaining sections. Here both JAMES and his *entrepreneur* are at their best, and the result should not be missed by any lover of English letters.

In *The Fortunes of Hugo* (HEINEMANN) Mr. DENIS MACKAIL quits the realm of idyll, which he explored so successfully in *Greenery Street*, for that of social satire veiled by a cloak of extravagance. *Hugo Peak*, a young man of more means than intellect, is a variant on the "fall guy" we have recently seen on the stage; but there is nothing tragic about his consistent failures. He is engaged to his cousin *Sally*, daughter of *Lord Biggleswade*, a newspaper proprietor, who refuses his consent until *Hugo* has justified his choice of the journalistic career by getting into print and being paid for it. *Hugo's* efforts are invariably defeated, but his soul is unconquered and his cheerfulness inexhaustible. The narrator, an industrious author who begins by resenting

Hugo's intrusions, is rapidly fascinated by the spectacle of his misapplied energies and his intoxicating geniality. The "serialisation of *Hugo's* life-story" affords Mr. MACKAIL abundant scope for indulging in his misoneism at the expense of journalistic "stunt merchants," publicity agents, egotistic actors and singers and bogus schools of journalism. The sketch of the prima-donna's husband who adored his wife but hated music arrided me extremely; and there is a mordant study in "As you were" of the crypto-egotist who illustrates the paradox that "above a certain level of fame the more you avoid advertisement the more it is forced on you." In the end *Sally*, "the girl in a million," saves the situation—a young lady who had a smile "so fresh, innocent, gay and utterly to be mistrusted, that it might have drawn tears from the old, sighs from the young or prayers from the middle-aged." The scheme and its treatment remind one at times of Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE; but Mr. DENIS MACKAIL "drinks in his own glass," and the vintage is always clean and refreshing.

The Home University Library continues to keep all seekers after tabloid knowledge—and even more serious persons—in its debt. *Drama* (WILLIAMS AND NORGATE) has been fitly entrusted to Mr. ASHLEY DUKES, critic, playwright and more than ordinarily zealous student of the theatre, past and present—with an alert eye too on the theatre of the future—English, European and American. Mr. DUKES is stimulating, if a little vague, in his earlier chapters of analysis of the essence of drama and in his categories and classifications. A conveniently compressed summary of the history of the theatre in various countries is followed by five entirely admirable practical chapters—"The Actor," "The Producer," "The Scene," "The Playhouse," "The Audience"—which set forth with lucidity and insight the functions of the various contributors to that complex thing which is The Play. Our author shrewdly points his doctrine with instances ancient and modern, carries his learning with a modest air, and lets you see his friendly bias towards the Romantics as against the Realists. A bibliography so complete as to be almost forbidding is not the least valuable part of a competent and well-planned book. Playgoers will find their pleasure much enhanced if they will but put themselves to the pleasant trouble of reading these two-hundred-and-fifty short packed pages.

Valancy Stirling, the heroine of *The Blue Castle* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), comes out of the very same box as the Emilys and Annes of Miss L. M. MONTGOMERY'S earlier novels. Like them, she finds a refuge in a dream-world of her own fashioning from the dull realities of life in a Canadian "small town," and, when the local doctor informs her that she has only a year to live, she proceeds to throw her bonnet over the church steeple and ask a young man to marry her—on the understanding, of course, that she is going to die according to schedule. Needless to say, if *Valancy* had received a proper grounding in the rules of sentimental fiction, she would have guessed—as the reader does—that the doctor's verdict would turn out a mistake, and that her temporary husband would have conveniently fallen in love with her during her allotted span; but one of the restrictions of her "small town" existence having been a ban on novels she cannot be expected to know this, and the requisite game of cross-purposes ensues until the time is ripe for a happy ending all round. The plot is as threadbare as could well be imagined; the odd thing is that in the telling it acquires a surprising semblance of freshness, thanks to that particular quality of naïve zestfulness which is the speciality of more than one popular Transatlantic novelist.



Sportsman (adrift in fog). "HERE, I SAY! I STARTED THE AFTERNOON IN A RUGGER MATCH."

The Glass-Mender, and Other Stories (HEINEMANN) is a baker's dozen of fairy-tales by Mr. MAURICE BARING. Some of these tales are original and some are translations. Mr. BARING is one of those peculiarly happy mortals who combine the gift of tongues with that of invention. He has also a third gift, a prose style so delicate that the "horns of Elfland" are in every line of it. There is little that is new in the design of these tales, and that is just as it should be, for, as Mr. BARING knows very well, there are only two fairy stories in the world—one being of the king who had three sons, and the other of the princess to whose christening a certain fairy was not invited—and both these stories must have the same ending. But even within these limits Mr. BARING has contrived such a variety of treatment and of incident as to make every tale seem new. A delightful book to read by the fire now that one has it again; and, with Christmas not so very far away, a book which should solve the difficulties of many uncles and aunts.

I am not disposed to envy *Dick Prescot's* experiences as a guest at Blatchington Towers. In the morning after his arrival he went for an early bathe, and as he returned to the house through the windows of the library he came into contact with a corpse. On hearing footsteps, he went back into the garden, and met a man who was stark naked. After two such incidents you will not be expecting a very restful house-party, and you will be right. *The Blatchington Tangle* (COLLINS) takes place in a single day, but in those few hours G. D. H. and M. COLE crowd enough suspicion and mystery to last humdrum people for a lifetime. This tale is most liberal both in the number of its characters and in the surprises which they produce from their united sleeves. But to me the greatest shock of all was the conduct of a man called *Wicks Ellis*, who found leisure, in an environment that can only be described as hectic, to dress himself "in full dinner panoply." This really scared me.

CHARIVARIA.

AN outbreak of influenza among turkeys is reported, but it is not regarded as sufficiently serious to warrant the postponement of Christmas.

* * *

If the police weren't so clever at discovering missing novelists we know of several who should be encouraged to disappear.

* * *

We understand that, in the event of D.O.R.A. following the present vogue and disappearing, no bloodhounds or divers will be put on her track.

* * *

Mr. CHARLIE CHAPLIN is getting so much notoriety from his wife's threatened divorce proceedings that there is some talk of his going on the films.

* * *

Among useful Christmas novelties we note some little gaily-painted clips for bills, labelled "To Be Paid." It is to such seasonable bright thoughts that we owe that festive feeling.

* * *

What a man should do whose wife gives him cigars at Christmas is a question of etiquette that is often asked. One man so treated is said to have given a piercing shriek and rushed out of the house. When last seen he was trying to bite a gasometer.

* * *

One of the prizes at the Christmas draw organised by the London Young Liberal Federation is a basket of apples from Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's allotment at Churt. This is a nasty knock for those who declared that nothing would come of his Land policy.

* * *

Lord GREY's declared inability to keep step with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is not surprising in view of the EX-PREMIER's tendency to step off with the extreme Left.

* * *

The Daily News is to give a series of articles dealing with Mr. HENRY FORD. We understand that the title will be "The Dawn of the Tin Elizabethan Period."

* * *

It is rumoured that the Chicago authorities contemplate holding a "No Murder Week."

* * *

Mr. Justice MCCARDIE has ruled that a man is twenty-three until he reaches his twenty-fourth birthday. On the other hand, of course, a woman is twenty-three until she is about forty-five.

* * *

We are glad to find ourselves in agreement with Sir REGINALD BLOMFIELD when he says, "The short cut has no place in our very complex civilisation." That is our view of the Eton crop.

* * *

In future Italy will be able to intervene in Albania in the event of internal trouble. With castor-oil?

* * *

The Superintendent of the American Methodist Episcopal Church in the Transvaal says he has seen the Charleston danced by savages. So have most of us.



"PLEASE, MUM, THE DUSTMAN WOULD LIKE HIS YULE BOX."

When Mr. BALDWIN said he had a contempt for Socialists who pose, we hope he wasn't thinking of EPSTEIN's bust of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

* * *

The young lion at the Zoo, which is being fed on porridge, is said to have a peculiar roar. Possibly it is trying to say "Hoots!"

* * *

A statue recently exhibited of a mother with a child in her arms is said to be very modern. Then why isn't she nursing a small dog instead?

* * *

A gossip-writer has discovered that ANTHONY TROLLOPE wrote from Switzerland on notepaper bearing the heading of a well-known London club. Our feeling is that no useful purpose is served by these scandalous revelations.

* * *

A musician summoned for debt recently complained that the concertina had gone out of favour. But a man with training like that ought to make a superb cocktail-shaker.

* * *

It is now being rumoured that the recent avalanche at Cresta was started by an Englishman who went ski-ing in a bowler hat.

* * *

Attention is drawn to the growth of vegetarianism in the Labour Party. It is still unsafe, however, to offer nuts to an extremist.

* * *

The wife of an ex-sergeant-major has been granted a separation order against him because of his violent temper. The question arises: Should sergeant-majors marry?

* * *

At the classes held by the Liberal Speakers' Training Association heckling and booing are permitted in order to accustom the pupils to speak in electioneering conditions. Nothing is said about eggs and tomatoes.

* * *

"Some people can look ahead further than others," observes a writer. But who is far-sighted enough to imagine the time when Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS' two-seater taxis will have become obsolete?

* * *

The extraordinary electrical storms which have been experienced in America lately are regarded as superior to the old-fashioned steam ones.

* * *

We hear that a lady who was buying Christmas presents last week, on being told that she ought to have shopped earlier, retorted that she was dealing with Christmas 1927.

From a War Office circular:—

"Army Form B 199A . . . should include any information which, although apparently irrelevant at the time, might under certain circumstances be of value as regards posting or placing an officer. No limit is placed to the facts which may be included under this heading, and entries such as 'Unionist M.P. for Blankshire Constituency, 1899-1902,' 'Played Rugby football for Scotland, 1904-1926,' may be made."

We do not care for the officer who throughout the Boer War sat at Westminster, instead of serving his country in the field; but we agree that we could never know too much about the hero who played for Scotland over a period of twenty-two years.

THE DOG IN THE HOUSE.

WE are thinking of an Airedale, because Major HARDING COX wrote so charmingly of Airedales in one of our shiny-papered weeklies. It is a mercy that he did not write about St. Bernards. I have had the greatest difficulty in persuading Barbara to give up her idea of one of these very large dogs.

"A St. Bernard," I said, "is all right in its proper environment. With a Mont Blanc in the background a St. Bernard can be drawn to scale; but not in a Council house, B–4 type."

"Then why don't we have a larger house?"

"Because," I explained, "there are no unoccupied houses in between the B–4 type and the large ancestral mansion, with hereditaments and a hundred and forty-four acres one rood three perches, or thereabouts, of park land."

"Ancestral mansions are quite cheap—relatively."

"Relatively?" I echoed.

"We needn't pay for it, you know," she tempted. "Nobody pays for things nowadays. Just a deposit and it 's yours, with an insurance policy on your life. The house will be conveyed (that is the legal word, I know) in a plain van immediately. Oh, I shall love to scamper in the park with my St. Bernard! You can come too, of course."

"Thank you," I replied; "I shall be busy working off the mortgage. But do be serious. We can't buy a house to fit the dog; it will be easier to buy a dog which will go inside the house. Even so there will be difficulties. We hardly want a dog whose nose peeps through the letter-box while his rudder scares the birds in the garden."

"That 's the worst of these compact bijou residences," she sighed. "I did want a St. Bernard. Think how useful he would be if you were lost in the snow."

"There is every indication of a mild winter," I pointed out, "in which case his special qualities would be wasted."

Barbara sighed again.

"Of course, as you make so much fuss about it, he needn't come indoors. We could have a kennel——"

"Would a mere kennel meet the case?"

"Well, a lean-to, then."

"It would be more reasonable for us to occupy the lean-to and give the house to the St. Bernard."

At this point we reached a deadlock. We failed to find a formula or build a bridge. And then Major HARDING COX showed us the way out by writing so charmingly of Airedales. Barbara knew at once that she would love an Airedale.

"Haven't they nice faces?" she exclaimed.

"Surely the question is, what is their cubic content?"

"Not so big," explained Barbara.

"And their velocity?" I inquired.

"What has that to do with dogs?"

"A great deal in a B–4 house. The cubic content of a dog gives a rough idea of how much of the domestic hearth the dog will occupy. But dogs do not spend all their time on the hearth. They rush about. One dog of sufficient velocity can upset me while I am fastening my collar, trip you up as you leave the bath-room, and send Cook sprawling with the breakfast—all in the space of two seconds. Consequently to discover how much space a dog occupies one must multiply his cubic content by his velocity."

"We should only have him in occasionally after dinner," said Barbara, adding, with a woman's logic, "when your velocity is practically nil."

But I am not quite sure of Airedales and have made exhaustive inquiries. True, they are not large, but they are rather leggy, and their velocity is dangerously high. I don't think a B–4 house will be quite comfortable if an Airedale shares it.

I wonder if Major HARDING COX, in next week's issue, could be persuaded to write charmingly about Pekinese.

BALLADS FOR BROAD-BROWS.

STORIES.

In the café or the club,
At the palace or the pub,
You are sure to meet a genial soul
Who apparently devotes
All the day to anecdotes
And has very little self-control.
In a minute you 'll have heard
About the Bishop and the Bird,
And the liner and the Lord-knows-who,
And in very little more
You 'll be thinking, "What a bore!
I shall have to tell a story too."
But I never can recall
Any anecdote at all,
Whether drawing-room or otherwise,
So, when anyone begins,
"Have you heard about the twins?"
I delicately thus replies—

"Everybody tells me stories,
But I never know any stories;
So don't you tell me a story,
For I can't tell you a story;
I don't want to tell you a story,
You don't want me to tell you a story,
So, if you don't tell me a story,
Then everything is quite all right."

Nothing daunted, he proceeds
To enumerate the deeds
Of a gentleman who owns a Ford,
And continues with a short
But scandalous report
Of a very, very well-known lord;
While I wonder in despair
What the witticisms were
That were whispered in my ear last night—
That extremely funny yarn
Of the Banker and the Barn—
I remember little bits, not quite;
But, at any rate, I 'll miss
Not a syllable of this,
And I listen as the children do.
Am I feeble in the head?
By the time I go to bed
I have quite forgotten that one too.

Everybody tells me stories,
But I don't know any stories;
I don't want to hear good stories,
For I can't remember good stories;
I don't want you to tell me a story,
For I can't tell you a story;
But, if you don't tell me a story,
Then everything is quite all right.

How I wish I had a brain
That was able to retain
All the captivating things one hears!
How I wonder who invents
All the spicy incidents
That are common in the lives of peers!
How I envy all the men
Who have heard about the hen,
And can tell you how the Scotsman dined;
Though I very often tries
To pretend that I despise
This extraordinary kind of mind.
For you 'll find that, when a bloke
Always knows the latest joke,
There is very little else he knows;
So I 'd rather give the time
To the Cult of the Sublime,
And whenever he arrives I goes.

Everybody tells me stories,
But I never know any stories;
I 'll shoot if you tell me a story,
For I 'll have to tell you a story,
And I can't tell you a story,
And I don't want to tell you a story!
But, if you don't tell me a story,
Then everything is quite all right.

A. P. H.

Our Candid Officials—The Last Word.

"Referring to my previous application for land-tax, I would ask that you would kindly send same by return, as you cannot appeal against this ass."

From a publisher's notice:—

"A sumptuous large paper edition, limited to 700 copies, at $35 the copy, each copy signed twice by the author, has been printed on hand-woven Javanese fish-food and the type shot from a gun."—*American Paper.*

British publishers of a certain class of fiction please note that that 's the stuff to give 'em.



THE PEACE QUARTETTE.

ALL TOGETHER. { "GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN!
NOËL! NOËL! NOBEL!"

[The Nobel Peace Prizes for 1925 and 1926 have been divided between M. BRIAND, Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, Herr STRESEMANN and General DAWES.]



THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

FATHER CHRISTMAS AT THE EVERGREEN CLUB.

WINTER SPORTS.

II.—STIRRING THE PUDDING.

"WOULD you like to stir?" asked Angela, popping her head inside the study door.

"No, thank you," I said. "I'm very comfortable as I am."

"Not for luck?" said Angela.

"Not for anything," said I.

Angela laughed, a silvery happy little cascade of a laugh.

"Silly," she said; "I mean the pudding."

I looked up. It was a very efficient, very aproned, very housewifely Angela who stood before me in snowy white cooking-sleeves and a sort of bib. Her hands were white with flour, and even the tip of her nose had somehow managed to enter into the spirit of the thing. I gathered that Christmas festivities were in the making.

"As master of the house——" I said.

"Oh, no, hardly that," said Angela.

"I beg your pardon. As a privileged associate in the domestic *régime*——"

"That's better," said Angela.

"—I suppose it is my duty to take some share in the Christmas pudding."

"You'll do *that* all right," said Angela.

"The point is, what share ought I—?"

"About seven-eighths, I expect," said Angela, beaming at me. There is a sort of domestic joke about my appetite. As a matter of fact Angela eats far more than I do, but there is another domestic joke about *her* appetite. These things grow with the passing years.

"What I mean is," I continued, "do I, by stirring the pudding, make myself in any way responsible for the ultimate result?"

"Not if you stir it properly," said Angela.

"I see. Then if anything goes wrong with it——"

"It can't; but if it does I'll forgive you."

"To stir is human, to forgive divine," I murmured. "You have a beautiful nature, Angela."

"It's a beautiful pudding," said Angela.

"I haven't a doubt of it," I said, and I rose to accompany her to the diminutive apartment which she is pleased to call a kitchen.

There was just room in it for Angela and the pudding and me at the same time.

At a first glance I was disappointed in the pudding; it didn't *look* like a pudding at all to me. It was simply a crumbly collection of various odds and ends in a big yellow bowl.

"There," said Angela proudly, "isn't that a beautiful sight?"

Angela did not mean this as a question; it was an expression of faith.

"It looks rather—er—*bitty* to me," I said. "Mind you, Angela, I don't set up to be an authority on puddings, not at this stage, anyhow, but——"

"*Bitty!*" said Angela. "What do you mean by bitty?"

"You know—with bits in it."

"Of course it's got bits in it."

"What of?" I asked, anxious to show a friendly interest. Angela took a deep breath.

"One-and-a-quarter pounds of raisins, one pound of currants, one pound two ounces of suet, one pound two ounces of breadcrumbs, two-and-a-quarter ounces of citron, a quarter of a nutmeg, an eighth of a——"

"Good heavens!" I said, "what is all this?"

"The recipe," said Angela. "An eighth of a teaspoonful of cinnamon, three ounces of orange-peel, three ounces——"

"Peel?" I said, looking closer. "Why, so there is;" and, salving an awfully jolly-looking bit, I popped it into my mouth.

"You mustn't do that," said Angela.

"Why not?"

"That 's not to be *eaten*."

"Oh! Then what is it for?"

"I mean, not now. Seven eggs——"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said seven eggs," said Angela.

"Why?"

"Because there *are* seven eggs. Three-quarters of a gill of brandy——"

"What?"

"Two-and-a-quarter gills of porter——"

"I say!"

"Half-a-gill of rum——"

"It 's an orgy!"

"It 'll be a jolly good pudding."

"I believe you," I said. "Is there anything else?"

"Two ounces of sugar and a little salt."

"You disappoint me. No magnums of champagne or kegs of whisky?"

"I 'm afraid not," said Angela. "Now will you stir it?"

"Ought I to? I mean, won't it mix its drinks rather?"

"Just for luck," said Angela.

I took the wooden spoon in my hand, but, as I held it poised over the basin, a thought occurred to me.

"Whereabouts is the cinema-man concealed?" I asked. "I should like to face him if possible. I always think these topical films would be——"

"What are you talking about?" said Angela."

"Surely this, if any, is an occasion. You don't mean to say that there are no cinema-men?"

"Not one," said Angela.

"Not even a Press photographer?"

"No," said Angela. "I 'll fetch my Kodak if you like," she added; "but there aren't any films in it."

"It doesn't matter," I said, and I turned moodily to the task of stirring the pudding—for luck. I hate to see opportunities wasted.

The pudding stirred uneasily—intelligent anticipation, I suppose.

"There 's rather a lot of it for one meal for two persons, isn't there?" I said.

"Good gracious, yes! It 's for *twenty* persons," said Angela.

I let the spoon drop from my suddenly nerveless hand.

"Who are they?" I said. "Angela, you 've been keeping something from me."

"But it *says* for twenty persons in the book."



Customer. "HAVE YOU A TOY SUITABLE FOR A LITTLE BOY WHOSE FATHER HAS CHILDISH TENDENCIES?"

"Then the book is taking a very great liberty. What right has the book, or *any* book for that matter, to invite twenty persons to come and eat my Christmas pudding? And I warn you, Angela, that if Miss Honeybunch is to be one of them——"

"She won't be," said Angela. "Besides, it 's going to be six puddings. Now, just give it one more stir."

"There," I said, handing back the spoon.

"Thank you," said Angela. "That will be one-shilling-and-sixpence."

"One-shilling-and-sixpence?"

"Yes, please. In threepenny bits."

"What for?" I asked.

"Just to go in the pudding," said Angela. "They 're for luck too."

L. DU G.

[The above recipe may be used without fee or licence. The pudding should be boiled for eight hours. Mr. Punch accepts no responsibility for the result.—ED.]

A LADY AND HER GARDEN.

PATH paved; lawn shaved;
Trim cypresses, stiff-tipped;
Shrunk shrubs in tubs;
Gaunt privet-screen, close-clipped;
Twin cocks in box;
One peacock, hacked from yew;
Elm, pollard;
Lime, pollard;
Ash, pollard;
One lady, pollard too.

"Landor's 'Sentimental Journey,' phantasy though it may be, is yet based obviously on truth."—*Literary Paper.*

On STERNE reality, in fact.

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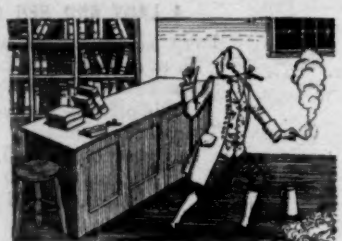
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"A sumptuous work."—*Whitechapel Echo.*

PRESENTS OF POETRY

GREEN MELANCHOLY.

—

BITS FROM BEELZEBUB.

—

SCUM O' THE SLOUGH.



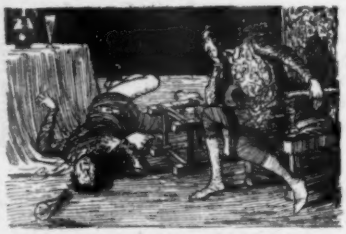
MIRABEL GRIPE, THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG AUTHORESS OF "SCUM O' THE SLOUGH," NOW IN ITS SECOND HUNDRED.

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"This sparkling series."—*Loamshire Beacon.*
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"Better than *Cranford*."—*Mr. Arnold Bennett in The Evening Standard.*
"Took my breath away."—"*Sociable Grosbeak*," *in The New Statesman.*
"Faugh!"—*Mr. James Douglas in The Sunday Express.*

1. CESARE BORGIA.



"HE WATCHED HIS VICTIM WRITHING CONVULSIVELY ON THE FLOOR."—*From the "Magnificent Murderers" Series, No. 1.*

2. MESSALINA.
3. IVAN THE TERRIBLE.
4. WANG-WU.

"'Wang-Wu' is a revolting book."—*Church Times.*

"What is so nice as a nice chair and a nice book?"
Rebecca West.

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The "FAMOUS MALEFACTOR" SERIES.—*Ten full-page Coloured Plates.*

POPULAR POISONERS
AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CUT-THROAT
TWO FASCINATING FORGERS
A PRINCE OF BLACKMAIL

AN INTERESTING REVIVAL.

(From a Press Notice of 1936.)

THE Aldershot Show, which is being held for the first time for several years, opened yesterday under ideal conditions before a large and distinguished gathering of spectators. The new show-ring is a quarter-of-a-mile in diameter and is picturesquely situated in the middle of Laffan's Plain. The popularity of the revival was apparent from the number of smart regimental and club charabancs, while everywhere was the pleasant buzz of internal combustion and the healthy odour of oil. The arrangements for the comfort of the spectators were admirable, lubricants of all the best makes being obtainable from the numerous pumps and over the counters of the refreshment-garages. It was a thoughtful act on the part of the Committee of Management to provide such a comfortable park where engines which had come some distance could cool down and rest in such peace and quiet.

The Tank-Marshal officiated as steward of the ring, while the Dragon-in-Chief and the First Mechanical Lord were the principal judges. The splendid six-cylinder band of the Nuts and Bolts Regiment (Bracebit's Own) played selections at intervals. It was interesting to note that the bandmaster was only assisted by one mechanic, whose duty it was to see that the machine was properly fed with music.

The Officers' Chargers Class attracted some excellent entries, and several laps of the track were completed before Colonel Gunn-Cotton's handy cocktailed whippet, "Manhattan," was ordered to turn in. This little machine is beautifully put together, slightly short in the caterpillar but well sprung and painted service colour, with his name blazed in white on the dumb-iron. The intelligent little fellow positively pinked with pride when the first-prize rosette was riveted on to him, and he left the ring in top gear with his gallant owner in only partial control.

As usual, the jumping attracted by far the most attention. The new course is a very exacting one and calls for great skill on the part of the driver and ready obedience from his mount. Captain Fulminate's "Miss Behemoth" was a strong favourite, but developed such a bad knock that it was only by repeated slipping of the clutch that her driver was able to get her out of the ring at all. There was also an untoward incident at the barbed-wire entanglement, where Major Pebble-Powder accidentally let in his reverse and became unseated. To the consternation of everybody present he was slowly but surely run over. So well is the weight of the modern vehicle distributed, however, that the Major escaped with a cracked watch-glass and a dented cigarette-case.

Lieut.-Colonel Blastine, after a no-fault round, was unlucky to have a misfire at the canal jump. Showing exemplary patience and tankmanship he circled left, patted his throttle and made much of his magneto, but was only rewarded for his trouble by a second misfire. It was found subsequently that the Colonel was not wearing a licence, so that in any case he could not have won.

Entries by officers of other armies are always welcome, and the performances of the French competitors evoked unbounded enthusiasm. Capitaine Lebleu d'Horizon, driving his one-litre "Félix Potin," made a great bid for victory, but was unfortunate in developing slight strangles in the carburettor and was obliged to retire "very highly commended."

The jumping will be continued to-day, other interesting events being the Ladies' two-stroke hackneys and heavy shire tractors, to be followed by section jumping and trade tank turn-outs.

The Committee is rightly enforcing very strictly the rule that any machine likely to back-fire or to be otherwise dangerous to its comrades is to display a red tail-light continuously.



First Boy. "WOT 'S THE GOOD OF GOIN' ROUND SINGIN' YET? WE DON'T KNOW 'ARF THE CAROL."

Second Boy. "DON'T BOTHER ABOUT THAT. MY EXPERIENCE 'AS ALWAYS BEEN THAT THEY DON'T LET YOU FINISH IT."

"I think there will be hardly anybody saying: 'I would really like to buy something from you, but your assortments are too shallow!'"
Dutch Bulb Catalogue.

We know nobody who would say a thing like that.

THE RETORT IMAGINARY.

(In any Golf Club.)

Sir, for the information you've imparted,
The prompt outspokenness of your reply,
Ranging from that fine drive with which you started
To the long putt by which you won the bye,
With details of the bunkers, whins and banks
Which you surmounted, pray accept my thanks.

I've no excuse now, with the facts before me,
For ignorance, no reasonable ground
For doubt as to the hole that saw you dormy,
Or where your victim finally was downed.
'Twas kind to give a confidence so free
To a mere casual listener like me.

You've told me of the pair in front that beckoned
For you to pass, then found the ball and played
(At the fourth hole), which made you miss your second;
You've told me of the stymies you were laid,
And indicated just exactly where
You lifted from the ground under repair.

That chip that got a bad kick at the seventh;
The ninth (the short hole), where you hit the pin;
That run-up shot that won you the eleventh;
The thirteenth, where the ball just trickled in—
You've made it all quite clear, and it was nice
To know you've cured that tendency to slice.

I'm quite convinced you've done the best you can, Sir;
Ungrudgingly you've given me, I know,
A comprehensive categoric answer
To my brief question of an hour ago;
But it was mere politeness, all the same,
That made me say, "Well, Jones, how goes the game?"

THE HUM OF THE HIVE.

To Startle the States.

The much-discussed visit to New York of a party of young Englishmen of good standing, some of them bearers of historic titles, as guests of the famous exclusive "Four Hundred," seems to have inaugurated a new era in Anglo-American social relations. Not to be outdone, several prominent Chicago hostesses, of whom Mrs. Canning Steers is the acknowledged leader, have now combined in extending an invitation *en bloc* to the exuberant coterie known as the "Bright Young People," to whose unflagging zeal and ingenuity in devising romps, surprise parties and practical jokes London is indebted for no little distraction from the anxiety of the last few months.

It is confidently expected that their activities in Chicago will provide a long-needed counter-excitement to the daily affrays between rival gangs of gunmen, of which the second city in God's Own Country has now become *blasé*, as well as demonstrate to untravelled Young America that in "lil old Yurrup" nowadays the highest spirits are not incompatible with the highest breeding.

Among those who, I hear, have already accepted this invitation are The Ladies Hilaria and Gladiola Ragge; Sir Lazarus Schnorrer's vivacious daughter, Rowena; young Lord Gallowglass; Captain Alaric Binge, Heavyweight Dancing Champion of the Brigade of Guards; the irrepressible "Pogo" Corusco, of the Illyrian Legation, who has been readily granted leave of absence, and that popular former ornament of the Foreign Office, "Reggie" Moron. As a witty American has expressed it, they are certain to put both the "chic" and the "go" into Chicago.

The S.I.D.I.

The increasing practice of affixing tablets to the houses in which celebrities have lived is an admirable one as far as it goes, but there is a widespread feeling that in its limitations it is unfair alike to living notabilities, who surely deserve something more than the prospect of this posthumous form of recognition, and to the many thousands who, it is deplorable to think, constantly pass and repass, without knowing it, even the residences of such popular idols as, say, Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Gilbert Frankau.

And, to view the matter in a more commercial light, it is manifestly an injustice that writers and artists are denied a means of advertisement that is enjoyed by doctors, dentists and solicitors.

It is satisfactory to learn, however, that all this is likely to be rectified by the newly-organised Society for the Identification of the Domiciles of Intellectuals, some of the members of which have been prompt to set the example that, it is hoped, will shortly be followed in the case of every living man and woman of genius. To give instances: "High Brow," the Hampstead house whose secret has hitherto been known to few but the intelligentsia, now bears a plaque on which those who don't run too fast may read that Torquil Freake, Man of Letters and Publicist, lives there; and passengers on Chelsea bus-tops who are blessed with good sight will have little difficulty in distinguishing the second-floor flat that is the abode of Ivo Scrannel, Poet.

The Lido in London.

The Lido cult would appear to have taken a hold on London that is not likely to relax yet awhile, and the latest and most significant manifestation of it is the wonderful and delightful Lido Lounge, within a stone's-throw of Piccadilly Circus, for which those who are tied to Town just now have to thank an enterprising syndicate inspired by the genius of Giuseppe Isazzo, to whose *flair* for supplying current needs so many of our favourite resorts have owed their success.

On entering the Lido Lounge one has the sensation of having been magically transported from wintry London to the summer glow of the Adriatic shore. The walls of the large inner hall, painted by the gifted artist, Linsidi, are a marvellously realistic panorama of Venice and the neighbouring coast, under a typically blue Italian sky, and at the far end, its surface level with the floor, is a swimming-bath filled with warm sea-water, to which the cleverly-painted walls that bound it give the effect of extending to a far horizon. The deep sand that covers the floor is kept heated by an ingenious special process, and Giuseppe's patrons, in their bathing-costumes of many hues—which are *de rigueur* for both sexes, by the way—complete the brilliant illusion as they lounge and sprawl luxuriating in the artificial sunlight with which the place is illuminated, chatting over their cocktails and listening to Cimpanzi's concealed band, or even take an occasional dip in the water.

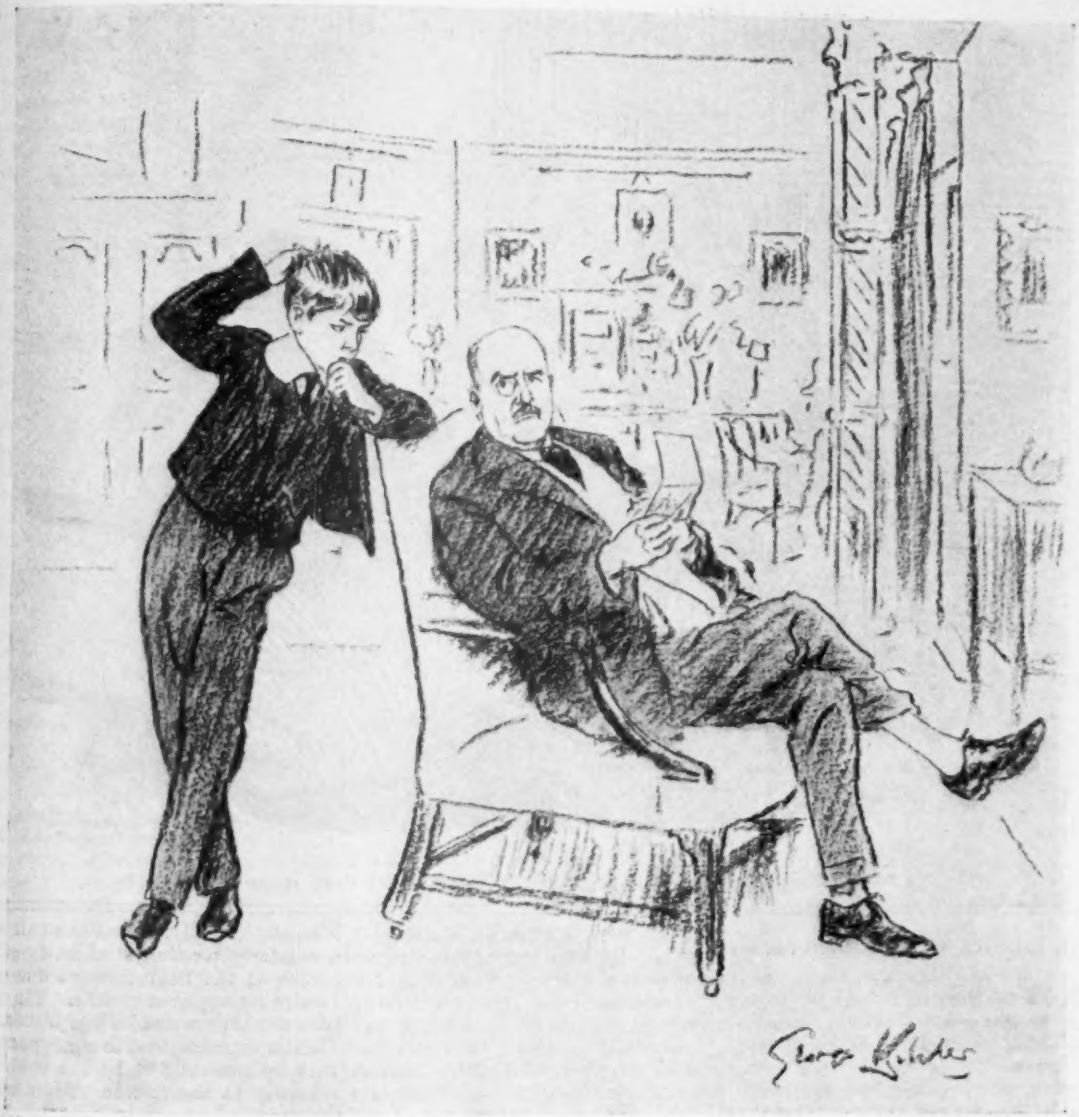
Giuseppe assures me that his one misgiving is that those who have only known the Lido in London may find the real thing a little disappointing.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

From a Kent guide-book:—

"Visitors who may be attracted to this interesting locality will find the aspect of the country greatly changed since the time of St. Augustine's landing."

"British gumboots have been compelled to reply to attacks upon them from the banks of Yangtse-Kiang river."—*New Zealand Paper.* This action of the gumboots seems to have been a permissible form of sabotage.



Son (after reprimand for poor School Report). "WELL, I CAN'T HELP IT, DADDY. ISN'T THERE ANYTHING I COULD TAKE UP INSTEAD OF SCHOOL?"

DIALOGUE IN DECEMBER.

Mr. Man. On, Mr. Thrush, what a song you sing!
Never a passer-by but cocks his
Eye to the orchard which you ring
With a roundelay
On a winter day
As if you 'd springtime over the way
And little Miss April had come to stay
With her green and her gold band-boxes.

Mr. Thrush. But amn't I right to sing a song
When the days are dark and a song amazes?
Don't the gold ghost daffodils chime ding-dong
In each bubbly note
Of my bursting throat
Till you catch the rustle—not too remote—
Of little Miss April's petticoat
And the chink of her chain of daisies?

Mr. Man. Good Mr. Thrush, but of course you 're right,
And a song sung now finds a thousand thankers
For one who 'll turn when your orchard 's white;
So lift your head
To our skies of lead
And fill 'em with gold to wake the dead,
Or little Miss April a-bed, a-bed,
Her daisy-chain down at her bankers.

P. R. C.



Oculist (*handing sight-testing card*). "I WANT YOU TO READ THIS, PLEASE."
Old Lady. "WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO READ IT FOR ME? MY SIGHT IS NOT VERY GOOD."

OFFICERS *v.* SERGEANTS.

IV.—HOCKEY.

OUR football-match with the sergeants is, of course, such a serious business that it is practically a religious ceremony; our annual hockey-match with them, however, provides merely comic relief. It is, in fact, treated so lightly that the men are not even given a half-day off to watch it. This means that your touch-line audience is confined solely to those men who are either sick, excused duty, just off duty, just about to go on duty, on duty nearby, or merely happen to be passing. In fact a bare two hundred, instead of the usual two hundred-and-thirty.

The standard of play among the members of the two teams naturally varies considerably. On the one hand there is Lieutenant Holster, a star player, who wears a shirt like a coat-of-arms, canary-coloured gloves turned back from the wrist, and white tape round his stick in no fewer than three places; while in contrast to him is Sergeant-Major Magazine, who thought hockey was a game till he was given a stick to play it with. Between these two extremes are players of every degree of skill, such as Lieutenant James, who plays fairly regularly; Captain Bayonet, who hasn't played since school; Quartermaster-Sergeant Fourbytwo, who knows the rules but can't play the game itself; Sergeant Grenade, who can play the game itself but doesn't know the rules, and Lieutenant Swordfrog, who can obviously play golf. Then there is Sergeant Haversack, who has a stick but can't play, and there is Corporal Foresight, who can play but hasn't a stick, a deficiency due to his having been raked in to complete the officers' team at the last minute in place of an absentee. It results in his being put in goal, where he is allowed to kick. Finally there is Lance-Corporal Scabbard, who has been appointed referee, more by virtue of a very powerful whistle than because of any deep knowledge of the laws of the game.

With a mighty blast like a factory signal, play begins, and the forgetful Sergeant Grenade, omitting all formalities of the bully, drives the ball with a masterly tee-shot straight from the centre of the field through our goal. Deafening applause results. Ten minutes are then wasted while Lieutenant Holster explains, first to our opponents, that by the rules it isn't a goal, and secondly to the referee. After which five more minutes pass while the referee explains to the touch-line crowd. The impression finally left on the touch-line is that it is rotten luck on Sergeant Grenade and that there is some sort of a clique against him led by Lance-Corporal Scabbard. Being very tenacious of the right of free comment on all matters of public interest they refer to this belief throughout the remainder of the game.

Play is uneventful for some while after, till Lieutenant James, stopping a high one with his hand in front of our opponents' goal, drives it through about two inches from the goal-keeper's head and at thirty miles an hour, a magnificent scoring shot. A piercing blast from Lance-Corporal Scabbard's whistle, however, announces it as a free hit to

our opponents for "hands." When the matter has been adjusted the officers demand another referee, while the sergeants demand another goal-keeper, Sergeant Haversack having left a message to say he has suddenly remembered he is orderly sergeant and has had to go. Captain and Quartermaster Ledger comes forward and says he can just spare the time to referee; and after a hot meeting of all the sergeants the junior lance-sergeant present "volunteers" for the vacant position in their goal-mouth.

Further play up to half-time consists of a series of brilliantly-organised movements by Lieutenant Swordfrog, Lieutenant Holster and Captain Bayonet, all of which are foiled by Sergeant-Major Magazine at right back. Sergeant-Major Magazine has spent most of his spare time going about swinging his stick at the end of a long arm, like a Neanderthal man called out to defend his home, and his tactics when at close quarters are somewhat primeval. His method of stopping a rush seems to be (*a*) to step on the ball and sink it deeply into the ground, (*b*) to sweep his attackers' legs from under them with his stick, and (*c*) to fall over on top of them afterwards. Any purely technical brilliance on the part of his opponents is thus apt to be dimmed, for Sergeant-Major Magazine is no gossamer. Counter-attacks by our less conscientious members on Sergeant-Major Magazine's shins are without effect. He is discovered afterwards to have been wearing a pair of bayonet-scabbards under his stockings.

The score at half-time is two goals to the officers and one to the sergeants, the latter scored by Sergeant Grenade, who swept the ball up into his midst at the half-way line and by a magnificent rush bore it with him through our goal, and incidentally through the net, no one having been able during his advance to penetrate his protective screen and take it from him.

Midway through the second half a very knotty point arises. During a *mêlée* in our goal-mouth Sergeant-Major Magazine, who has broadminded ideas on the position of right-back, drops his stick. It is at once picked up by Corporal Foresight, the officers' goalkeeper, who has not got one. Sergeant-Major Magazine demands it back, but Foresight, throwing discipline to the winds, asserts that possession is nine sections of the Army Act, and that he has won it in fair fight.

Sergeant-Major Magazine puts him under arrest. Corporal Foresight appeals to Lieutenant Holster. Sergeant-Major Magazine thereupon puts him further under arrest, and Foresight appeals to Captain Bayonet, his Company Commander. Captain Bayonet sends off for a copy of King's Regulations to find out what to do—or rather, since nothing is just *done* in the Army, what action is to be taken or procedure to be adopted—in the case of hostile weapons captured from the enemy during battle. The Adjutant gives it as his opinion that it is a nice point; Lieutenant Swordfrog is appointed Prisoner's Friend, and we are just about to unravel the affair when a whistle-blast announces that Captain and Quartermaster Ledger has decided it is time. Thereupon the whole question is at once complicated by Private O'Jector, who timidly appears from the crowd and asks for his "stick back, plase, Sorr—the wan which the Sar'nt-Ma'er borrered from my kit."

The inquiry is therefore adjourned for further witnesses to be called and for the completed evidence to be reduced to writing.

A. A.



Ex-Petty Officer. "WAVES A HUNDRED-FOOT HIGH! WELL, I DONE TWENTY-TWO YEARS IN THE SERVICE, AN' I NEVER SAW WAVES A HUNDRED-FOOT HIGH."
Sailor. "AH, BUT DON'T FORGET, THINGS 'AVE GONE ON SINCE YOU WAS AT SEA."



Small Boy (enviously). "OH, MUMMY, LOOK AT THAT LUCKY MAN!"

MRS. HASH.

(A Serial Drama of the utmost importance. Begin at once, and buy the back numbers.)

VIII.—THE GAMBLER.

"Mrs. Henn said she'd look in this evening, Mr. Treasure. It was her that brought us together, you might say, because she was the one that wrote my little bit in *The Marriage Mart*."

"Well, she's all the more welcome."

"Thank you, Mr. Treasure. But the fact is, if you'll pardon the liberty, I made out you was a bit wild."

"Wild, Mrs. Hash? I don't know that I gave you any cause to say that."

"No, you didn't. But she seemed to expect it. So I said you was a regular whirlwind; passionate, you know, and throwing the money about; women and wine and that. And what I thought, perhaps you wouldn't mind keeping it up? In conversation, I mean."

"Glad to oblige, of course, Mrs. Hash, but it won't come too easy."

"Haven't you got no vices at all?"

"Horses is my *bête noire*, as you know, Mrs. Hash, and always has been. I'm what they call an invertebrate gambler."

"'Veteran,' you mean, don't you?"

"No, Mrs. Hash, invertebrate."

"Well, that will do, whatever the word. You make a lot of that. Spring her a few 'naps' and 'doubles.'"

"I don't know about 'naps,' but I've got three tickets in the Tasmanian Sweepstake on the Melbourne Cup."

"Well, that ought to fetch her. What's the prize?"

"I stand to win twenty thousand pounds."

"Twenty thousand——! Well, you've kept it pretty dark, I must say."

"I'm not so very proud of it, Mrs. Hash. I've done it once a month for years and never drawn a horse. But this time I'm sure to have some luck."

"Well, if you tell Mrs. Henn about this she'll take lodgings on the doorstep. She's a vulture, that woman, and don't you forget it, Mr. Treasure. You keep your eye on the spoons."

"You ought not to say a thing of that kind without you've foundation."

"When Mrs. Henn goes out of a person's house they're lucky if she leaves the foundation. I think I'll put the cold sausages away. And, speaking of sausages, here is the lady. Evenin', Mrs. Henn. Well, this is a treat!"

"Evenin', Harriet. You're a sight for sore eyes. And this is Mr. Treasure?"

"The same. Sit down, my dear, and I'll make the tea."

"Well, Mr. Treasure, I've heard so much about you, and now you don't look a bit like what I expected."

"What's the difference, Mrs. Henn?"

"It's hard to say. He looks quieter."

"He hides his light under a bushel—don't you, Mr. Treasure?"

"In my way of life, Mrs. Henn, it very often comes in useful to wear a mask."

"The lion laying down in lamb's clothing, that's what he means, Mrs. Henn."

"Go on!"

"Dodging detectives and thwarting these race-course gangs—that's his life."

"You don't say! I thought he was butler here."

"In his spare time, Mrs. Henn. Mr. Treasure's an invertebrate gambler."

"You mean 'veterate,' don't you?"

"No, my dear, invertebrate. And he's backing horses all over the world; one day it's Doncaster, Tasmania the next. Is that right, Mr. Treasure?"

"That's right, Mrs. Hash."

"Tasmania? Where's that?"

"New Zealand, dear. He pulled off a double in Canada last week, and now he stands to win twenty thousand pounds in Tasmania."

"Twenty thousand! On a horse-race?"

"It's a sweepstake, Mrs. Henn. I'll

go and fetch the tickets, then you can see."

"Much obliged, Mr. Treasure."

"What a man, Mrs. Henn! Reckless? Reckless isn't the word for him."

"No, I dare say not. He don't look it certainly."

"That 's his cunning. You don't suppose he 'd go about with an advertisement to say he 's the champion gambler of the world? He 's shrewd, Mrs. Henn, as shrewd as he 's daring. That man, he 's got the demon of sport in his veins. There 's nothing he won't bet about. He 'll bet about the number of bites in a cherry or how many spoonfuls in a cup of tea. Tasmania or Horsemania, it 's all one. And generous with it all. Half what he wins he gives to the poor, Mrs. Henn. That 's the only reason he 's in this kitchen to-day."

"Well, you seem to have struck it lucky, Mrs. Hash. And me being the one that introduced you I suppose I 'll be coming in for a little commission."

"Don't be too hasty, dear. Nothing has passed between Treasure and me in the way of love, except what you might call a few sympathetic references. Ah, there you are, Mr. Treasure. I was just telling Mrs. Henn how you can't look at a person without betting on the number of hairs in her head."

"That 's right, Mrs. Henn. I 've got it in the blood. Well, here 's the tickets—three of them, you see, 90,001 to 90,003—and there 's 100,000."

"And all of them standing to win twenty thousand pounds?"

"That 's right, Mrs. Henn."

"Cost one pound two-and-six each, I see. It 's a lot of money, Mr. Treasure.

"Not to him, Mrs. Henn."

"I suppose one of these tickets is yours, Mrs. Hash?"

"Not that I knows of, dear."

"Well, now it 's been mentioned, Mrs. Hash, I 'd be very glad if you 'd accept one of them. Suppose you took number 90,002 for your own?"

"Oh, Mr. Treasure, I couldn't hear of it. Oh, well, if you insist—but of course I 'll pay you for it."

"Don't you trouble yourself about that, Mrs. Hash."

"Oh, we 'l, it 's very handsome of you, I must say."

"What about the other ticket?"

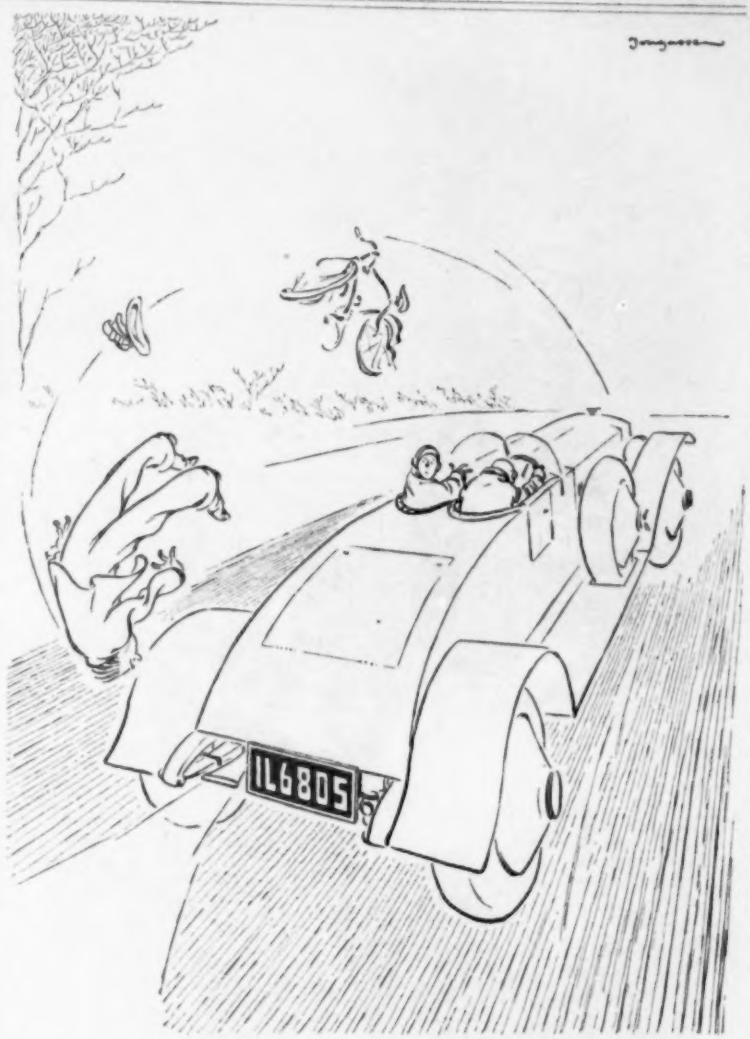
"What about it, Mrs. Henn?"

"Well, what were you thinking of doing with it?"

"What should he do with it but hold on to it and pray?"

"Well, I was wondering, dear, whether he wouldn't like me to take it off his hands, perhaps."

"Now, Mrs. Henn, I won't hear of him disposing of another."



"WELL, ANYHOW, I 'VE GOT HIS NUMBER—S 08971."

"Think you 'll have luck this time, Mr. Treasure?"

"Well, I fancy it 's about my turn."

"A hundred thousand is a lot of people, Mr. Treasure."

"I trust my star, Mrs. Henn."

"Well, if you 've got a star, Mr. Treasure, you 'll win anyhow, if you only have the one ticket, whatever it is. And then it will only be an extra expense your having the two."

"There 's something in that, Mrs. Hash."

"There 's nothing in it, Mr. Treasure."

"But if you *should* be unlucky, and you 've got rid of one of them you 'll only be out of pocket for the one."

"That 's true enough, Mrs. Henn."

"Well, what about it, Mr. Treasure? I don't mind obliging you—and cash paid, of course."

"It 's very civil of you, Mrs. Henn, but I don't know that I want to part."

"And I know very well he doesn't."

"I wasn't referring to you, my dear. Well, Mr. Treasure, I 'll bet you one pound two-and-six you won't sell me that ticket—there! And with all that sporting blood in your veins you can't very well refuse."

"It 's difficult, certainly."

"Now look here, Mrs. Henn——"

"Don't interrupt, dear. Well, Mr. Treasure, is it a bet?"

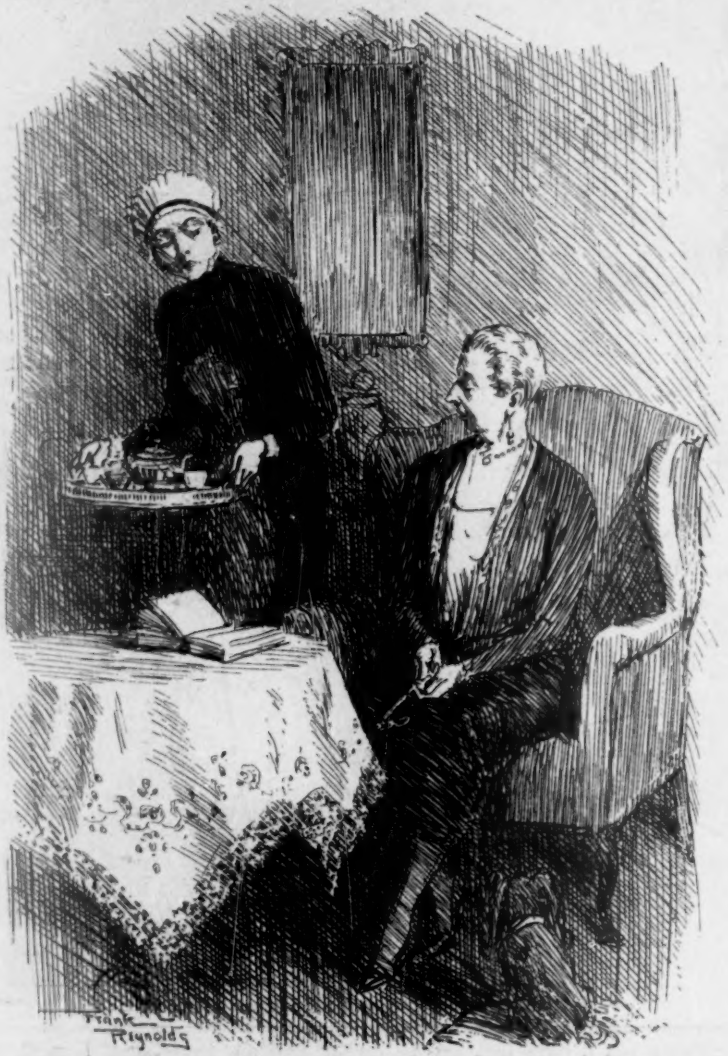
"It 's a bet, Mrs. Henn. My blood is up."

"Spoken like a man. Well, here 's my money for the bet."

"And here 's the ticket, Mrs. Henn."

"And now I owe you another one pound two-and-six for the ticket."

"Oh, well, I don't know that I can take your money twice over——"



Lady (to new Parlourmaid). "HAVE YOU BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO ADDRESS YOUR MISTRESS AS 'MADAM' OR 'MA'AM'?"
Parlourmaid. "IT HAS GENERALLY BEEN 'MILADY.'"

"Oh, my uncle!"

"What did you say, Mrs. Hash?"

"Nothing, Mr. Treasure."

"Well, Mr. Treasure, it's as you please. But of course I'd prefer to pay."

"No, Mrs. Henn, I wouldn't hear of it."

"Well, I would. Now look here, Mr. Treasure, if you'll pardon the impertinence, if you let that woman go off with that ticket it's a mountain to a mouse that that ticket will win the prize, because I know her, and that's the kind of woman she is."

"I don't know that it's any affair of yours, my dear."

"No, Mrs. Henn, perhaps it isn't. But I'm telling Mr. Treasure that, if that ticket's going into your hands, he'll be wise to keep a share of it."

"Well, that's very reasonable. Shall we say five per cent., Mr. Treasure?"

"I was thinking of fifty per cent."

"Five per cent. seems reasonable enough, Mrs. Hash. It's Mrs. Henn's ticket, after all."

"Well, shall we split the difference and say ten, Mr. Treasure?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Henn. That's very handsome of you."

"Oh, my departed uncle!"

"Well, now I'll be slipping home. Thank you, my dear. And much obliged, Mr. Treasure. Good night, all."

"Good night, Mrs. Henn."

"Mr. Treasure?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hash."

"What you want is a nurse."

"Maybe, Mrs. Hash."

"I bet you won't marry me, Mr. Treasure."

"Bet you I will, Mrs. Hash."

A. P. H.

SOME FISHES.

THE roach is rubicund of fin,
Which shows the temper he is in;
Forbid your children to approach
Too closely to an angry roach.

The perch prefers me not to touch on
The bars which lie on his escutcheon;
I would not for the world besmirch
The reputation of the perch.

The carp is diffident and shy—
It's hard to say exactly why;
A tune upon the Jewish harp
Will frequently attract the carp.

The pope is much inclined to roam,
He hardly ever stays at home;
But wholly innocent, I hope,
Are all the motives of the pope.

The bream is very good to eat,
But you should follow this receipt:
Some vintage port, a pint of cream,
And (if you must) a little bream.

The pike is not at all refined;
I do not wish to be unkind,
But on the whole I never like
To be familiar with a pike.

The trout eats Blue and Olive Duns,
He will not eat méringues or buns.
There's little more to learn about
The habits of the common trout.

The salmon's food for kings and queens;
The cod for those of modest means;
So in the restaurants of Mammon
They cannot serve both cod and salmon.

"HOUSES FOR THE POOR.

In the Borough Medical Officer of Health's report it was stated that there were 919 occupied houses that were deemed unreasonably fit for human habitation."—*Provincial Paper.*

He seems hard to please.

"Gifts to members of the family or to friends arouse kindly, gladdening remembrances of the giver. SOME GIFT SUGGESTIONS:

Father—Cheque Blotter."

Christmas Catalogue.

Father *will* be pleased.

Headline of an article on exhaust gases:—

"POISON THAT DOGS THE MOTORIST."

Daily Paper.

A pedestrian writes to point out that the sentiment is excellent but the grammar faulty—"dogs" should be singular.



THE FIRST CALL; OR, THE CHIMNEY THAT MATTERS MOST.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 13th.—The House of Lords is jealous of its privileges—or what is left of them—and of these the most cherished is the traditional practice of making haste slowly. No wonder Earl BEAUCHAMP asked for a precedent when their Lordships heard themselves being invited to give a First Reading to the Judicial Proceedings Bill on the last day but one of the Session and to put the Bill through all its remaining stages on the day after.

Lord DANESFORT cherishes the firm conviction that the Hibernian subsists by borrowing money from the Saxon to repay what he owes him and then using the money to buy another horse or a new gun. Suspecting that something of the sort had been happening in respect to Irish land-purchase annuities he asked for papers. Lord CLARENDON, however, assured him that the Free State Government had been exhibiting no disquieting feats of financial legerdemain, and that the position as regards the land-purchase payments was completely satisfactory.

Returns showing the number of times the House of Commons was moved to adjourn on matters of public importance, the number of hours it sat, the number of Private Bills it disposed of, and how in general it behaved itself during 1926, cost £67 9*s.* to print—and cheap at the price, Captain FITZROY thinks, for such a large quantity of interesting reading matter. Mr. H. WILLIAMS thought the nation might do better with sixty-seven pounds nine shillings' worth of something else. Mr. THOMAS thought the public purse would be heavier if there were not so many of Mr. WILLIAMS's speeches to report, and Captain FITZROY urged the House to seek economy by having fewer divisions.

As a division costs nine pounds—enough to maintain the London Hospital for thirty-six minutes—it does seem as if there ought to be some cheaper method of recording the Opposition's technical presence than an endless procession through the Lobbies.

The co-ordination of effort between the Berkshire and Surrey county police forces is not closer, it appears from an answer of the FOREIGN SECRETARY to Mr. TREVELYAN, than that between the various police forces, Chinese and foreign, that formerly enabled Tientsin to boast that an edible puppy could walk from one end of the town to the other without fear of molestation. The answer explained how, why, when and where inflammatory persons, complete with literature, had been arrested in the British quarter of Tientsin at the request of the Chinese authorities, and was so long that even Mr. TREVELYAN could not excogitate an "arising out of that."

Sir W. DAVISON asked the inevitable question whether the humble disciple of LENIN, who is now in Moscow becoming more discipular and perhaps more humble than ever, would be allowed to return to this country. Captain HACKING assured the House that the situation was being carefully watched, whatever that may mean. He also explained that a Russian gentleman, named HYMAN MARLICK COHEN, is still among us, although three times recommended for deportation, because the Soviet Government refuses to recognise him as a Russian citizen. The possibility of effecting an exchange suggested itself to the prehensile mind of Colonel HOWARD BURY.

The Sale of Food Bill passed through the Committee and Report stages, but not until the sausage, enacting the *rôle* of the defunct *Tarquin* in the "Battle of Lake Regillus," had provided the nucleus of an epic encounter, Mr. *Titus* HENDERSON pulling him by the heels and Sir *Aulus* CUNLIFFE-LISTER pulling him by the head. Mr. HENDERSON pleaded that the sausage was a "common" article of food and should be sold by net weight. The PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE insisted with equal vigour that the ambrosial bag of mystery had been recommended by the Food Council for "special treatment." The latter won, and the butcher can continue to sell the sausage by weight, by the bunch or by the litter.

Tuesday, December 14th.—Lord BURNHAM, describing himself as a "melancholy survivor of the newspaper proprietor," damned with the faintest of praise Lord DARLING'S "Secret Divorce" Bill, whose provisions, he said, would merely enhance our international reputation for smug self-satisfaction.

As an ancient monument the House of Peers deserves more respect than it gets. Lords BANBURY and CARSON had nothing much against the Bill, but they damned the Government in no uncertain terms for using the Upper Chamber as an eleventh-hour high-speed legislative sausage-machine instead of treating it with the deference due to a "revising body." Lord PARMOOR with judicial impartiality damned both the Government and Lord DARLING. Other speakers deplored the manner in which the Bill was being rushed through, but, having fortified their position *in modo*, proceeded to abandon it *in re* by passing the measure through with all the repulsive haste required.

Lord WEIR moved "That this House do now produce peace in industry," or something to that effect, and proceeded, with some inconsistency, to urge employers and employed alike to take as their slogan, "For industrial recovery put not your trust in politics." Lord CECIL tried to modify the inconsistency by pointing out that, as there were, "to his deep regret," no sons of toil in their Lordships' House, and very few employers, the Peers could properly undertake to give wise and impartial advice to both sides. His own view was that a sense of co-partnership should replace the relation of employer and employed. Lord THOMPSON would have none of this. The working man, he announced, loathed the idea of working for profit. To make him a partner would be to make him a conspirator of the bloated capitalist. Over his dead body first—



A PRIZE FOR GOOD CONDUCT.
MR. ORMSBY-GORE AND LORD BUXTON.

and (one gathered) Lord THOMPSON's second!

Once upon a time, it is said, an ingenious merchant started to import live fish in tank-cars from the Pacific coast to New York. The fish arrived alive, but their demeanour was lethargic and they were found when cooked to be soft and lacking in flavour. The merchant was at a loss until some intelligent person suggested the introduction into the travelling-tank of a catfish. The catfish, so the tale runs, kept the tank in such a commotion that at the journey's end all the occupants were found to be in the best of health, strength and flavour.

What the House of Commons needs to-day is some human equivalent of the catfish. There was a time when the Irish Members served the purpose and served it very well, but they are gone—all except Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, who still purrs on occasion, but as a militant has long since forsaken the title—and the present Oppositions have not the art of imparting stingo to the Parliamentary ginger-ale. The Clydesiders give intermittent imitations of the wild cat deprived of its young, but that is because something makes them wild. The Irish catfish was wild from sheer *joie de vivre*.

The last day of the Session might have gone out in a blaze of fireworks. Instead, the House polished off at a high rate of speed and with only a mild protest against the Increase-of-Penalties-now-called-the-Penal-Servitude Bill, all the measures that are to crown the arduous labours of a praiseworthy but by no means hectic session. To the Penal Servitude Bill last-minute exception was taken. Sir HENRY SLESSER said it *was* a Bill to increase penalties, and the Lords had changed the name because the Government were ashamed to let the public know they were stuffing a brick into the toe of the poor criminal's Christmas stocking. Others said the same thing, including one Labour Member, who claimed to know more about the difference between hard labour and penal servitude than any other living Member of Parliament.

Then came the debate on the Motion to Adjourn. The subject selected was the Distressed Areas. It enabled Mr. GRAHAM to make an admirable speech, but it gave no opportunity for seasonable fun, as a debate on the failure of the Government to subsidise the Pantomime or a vote of censure on the Department of Agriculture for the high price of turkeys would have done.



Both. "WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAT?"

[Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN is taking the duties of Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS as Home Secretary, and Sir JOHN GILMOUR, Secretary of State for Scotland, is acting as Lord BIRKENHEAD's substitute at the India Office.]

Even Captain WEDGWOOD BENN's long-anticipated interpellation regarding the proposed intention of the Mandates



"AND SO TO BED."
MR. SPEAKER.

Commission of the League of Nations to consider whether it will receive delegations from the mandated territories failed to engender mirth. Nor, after Mr. ORMSBY-GORE—his ears burning fiercely with the pretty things that were being said about him by Lord BUXTON in another place—had explained the actual position, did it seem to matter very much.

Wednesday, December 15th.—The House of Lords, having decided to leave off on the right note, discussed the emission of sparks and noxious vapours—not, however, from Parliaments, but from steam-lorries, which Lord DENBIGH complained had on more than one occasion nearly deprived their Lordships' House of his services.

Lord PEEL said he hoped there would be fewer sparks and less smoke when there was more and cheaper coal. He thought the existing law was adequate. "A most unsatisfactory answer," declared Lord NEWTON. Lord DENBIGH, now convinced that lorries are not the only things that disappear in a cloud of black smoke, agreed.

At 2.30 the Royal Commission gave the Royal Assent to thirty-two new Acts of Parliament.

In the Commons the AIR MINISTER informed Mr. DAY that the Cooke-Schilovsky Turn Indicator had undergone satisfactory tests. This gyroscopic fog-indicator is not to be confused with the Cook-Bolshovsky Revolution Indicator now under consideration by the Home Office.

Mr. TREVELYAN complained that the British Museum had been closed on account of a quite trifling amount of fog, its fog-indicator having presumably over-gyrated; and Mr. HUGH O'NEILL learned from the PRIME MINISTER that Parliament is to have a new name, to wit the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. And so to bed.

But first the PRIME MINISTER explained that during the Recess there would be some further Ministerial deputising. The SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA, who was deputising for the HOME SECRETARY, has himself gone to Madeira, where the cake comes from, and his position as deputy is assumed by Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, while the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR SCOTLAND will deputise at the India Office.

Asked who would look after Scotland, the PRIME MINISTER said that he had rather hoped Scotland could look after itself over the New Year. The same to all of us!



SENSATION AT A MEETING OF A CHRISTMAS SHARE-OUT CLUB WHEN IT IS DISCOVERED THAT THE TREASURER HAS *NOT* ABSCONDED.

THE NEW CRUSADER.

[The Film correspondent of *The Evening Standard* announces, on Mr. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS's personal authority, that he (D. F.) "is now preparing a screen play outlining the progress of Christianity." No definite details have yet been decided upon, but it is stated that he "exhaustively studied the subject before making up his mind to undertake this very spectacular and costly production. Christianity will be treated in relation to the history of civilisation." The surprise felt by some of his greatest admirers as to the decision and to his ability to adapt his "unquenchable spirits" to so serious a theme is admitted, but "perhaps the Fairbanks of to-day is a little changed by his recent European tour, when he was much impressed by the serious endeavour of Continental directors. He even planned an association with Eisenstein, the Red director of the much-discussed 'Potemkin.'"]

As down Time's gulf we backward fly, our memory faints and fades
When we attempt to conjure up the scenes of the Crusades;
The cries of Cross and Crescent are irrevocably mute—
There are not any records of the tunes of BLONDEL's lute.

Of RICHARD and of SALADIN but little stock we take:
We never talk of Saracens but only of the Sheikh;
And as for poor old PETER, the famous warrior-monk,
With FORD we relegate him to the realm of utter "bunk."

Yet now we have authentic and authoritative news
That "DOUG," the greatest votary of the Tenth and silent Muse,
Most agile and athletic of the followers of the Gleam,
Proposes to revivify this mediæval dream.

Details as yet are lacking of this enterprise immense,
But this we know for certain that, regardless of expense,
He means to stage this "costly and spectacular production,"
And correlate religion with historical instruction.

'Tis true in certain quarters that misgivings are expressed
As to how he can accommodate his genius to the test,
How temper his unquenchable exuberance of soul
To fit the high requirements of his new crusading *rôle*.

The millions who adore him may let fall some natural tears
At the temporary passing of the Prince of buccaneers,
Who abandons, though 'tis only for a very little while,
His panther gait, his Sherwood state, his devastating smile.

But the latest information of his European tour
These timorous and suspicious minds must tend to reassure,
For the Continental magnates, even in their reddest "reel,"
Have impressed him very deeply by their spiritual zeal.

And his late "exhaustive studies" are the surest guarantee
That naught will be neglected to enable us to see
The routing of the Paynims by the most prodigious smacks
That ever Paladin or Peer dealt with his battle-axe.

The gloomy Dean may ban the screen or at its teaching rail,
But wiser and more tolerant minds the glorious tidings hail
That he, who long the lawless life has boldly glorified,
Comes down with a resounding bang upon the angels' side.

In fine, the gain outweighs the loss, for nothing can detract
From the supreme significance of this momentous fact
That DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has resolved to "feature" Christianity
As forming part and parcel of the progress of humanity.

"There are, of course, powerful arguments in favour of reticent divorce. In many countries already this class of litigation is treated as a mainly private matter, not to be thrashed out *coram populo*."—*Evening Paper.*

In those countries, of course, such cases are heard "*in camera*."

From a police-court report:—

"The Vicar of —— Parish Church said the girl had previously been employed by a lady who trusted her with considerable sums of money and found her unscrupulously honest."—*Provincial Paper.*

"And faith unfaithful made her falsely true."

HOW TO BRIGHTEN OUR PANTOMIMES.

IT has long been agreed that the pantomime is an amusement to which benevolent children may bring their parents. But now that the children's plays, such as *Peter Pan* and *Treasure Island*, are an accepted institution at Christmas, no child need go to the pantomime, and this hallowed tradition may be dedicated entirely to our adults.

In old days many concessions were made to grown-ups at the pantomime, and a host of irrelevant scenes and characters were introduced into the old nursery-tales, while topical allusions and highly-spiced jests were thrown out to enliven weary parents whose sense of duty had brought them there.

Now there is a chance for further improvement in this direction and the old stories may be brought up to date by some modern touches, such as the bedroom scene and the use of the telephone. Two specimen scenes are here suggested for the brightening of such time-worn dramas as *Cinderella* and *Bluebeard*.

SCENE—*A hotel where* Cinderella *and her family are spending a week-end. No, it does not matter why they are there or whether hotels were invented in their day. Pantomime audiences accept any improbability without question. The room is expensively furnished with a porcelain wash-hand basin and brass taps, a night-bell and some smart furniture.* Cinderella *is discovered in bed. She is apparently asleep in spite of a blaze of green limelight that plays on her face. Presently the light shifts to the door, which slowly opens, while a furtive hand creeps round it and feels for the electric switch. Enter the* Prince *disguised as the Hotel Boots. He is carrying a glass slipper.*

Cinderella (*in her sleep*). My Prince!

[Prince *starts guiltily and drops the glass slipper with a crash on the floor.* Cinderella, *wakened by the noise and the electric light, sits up and stretches very prettily. Seeing an intruder she with a stifled scream buries her head under the clothes.*

Cinderella (*in muffled tones*). Dastard! Why are you here?

Prince (*recognising her*). Cinderella . . . I beg you not to make a noise. I was only returning the boots. And I'm very sorry that I broke your glass one. By the way I can't find its fellow.

[Cinderella *leaps out of bed to examine the fragments. She is wearing pyjamas of palest ashes-of-roses ninon, caught in at the wrists and ankles with Kolinksky fur. The pockets are ornamented with diamanté bijouterie, and the low neck is outlined by a band of chiffon velvet. To this is added a little Juliet nightcap of seed pearls and gold tissue.*

Cinderella. Oh! my lost slipper. I dropped it at the ball. The other is in my suit-case.



Barbara. "MUMMY, IF SANTA CLAUS IS REALLY A SAINT, HOW IS IT HE KNOWS SO MUCH ABOUT LADIES' STOCKINGS?"

Prince. Ah, ha! I've caught you, my angel.

[*He seizes her in a rough embrace.*

Cinderella. Help! Let go! I shall scream—I shall ring the night-bell, just as *Mrs. Cheyney* did.

Prince. But reflect before you do it. (Cinderella *is slowly approaching the bell.*) Your sisters are sure to say unpleasant things.

Cinderella (*haughtily*). What can they say? My reputation has always been worthy of my godmother.

Prince. They will say you rang the bell for your boots, and it is only three o'clock in the morning.

Cinderella. You appear to be the Boots, but you remind me strangely of the Prince with whom I lately danced the Charleston.

Prince. I am he.

[*He flings off his hotel uniform bit by bit and appears in perfect Prince's costume. Producers may interpret this as they please.*

Cinderella (*impulsively holding out her hands*). My Prince!

Prince. My Cinderella!

[*After a passionate clasp* Cinderella *returns to the bell.*

Cinderella. All the same I'm going to ring it.

Prince. Why? It will wake everyone up.

Cinderella. I hardly know why, but I feel impelled to do so.

Prince. Then I shall have to ask you to marry me.

[*This decides* Cinderella *to ring the bell. She does so. There is a noise of hurrying feet and loud thumps on the door.*

Voices Outside. What's wrong?

Enter in different sorts of night-gear Cinderella's Father *and* Sisters, *followed by the* Night Porter *and* Manageress.

All. What is it?

Two Sisters. There—I'm not surprised. The virtuous Cinderella!

Prince (*stepping forward among them*). Silence! I accept the blame entirely. This scene is due to me. Cinderella has behaved in a manner that sets her on a level with Cæsar's wife, whom I hope she will shortly be.

Father. Sir, explain yourself.

Prince. I am the Prince and there is the glass slipper. I called on your daughter to propose for her hand. I happened to be returning from a fancy-dress ball. That is my dress on the floor, and I thought, as I was passing, I would just ask your daughter to become my wife. Her virtue is such that she resented the place and the hour.

Father. You leave the stage without a stain on your honour.

And so on. The idea may be easily brought into line with the latest fashion in bedroom scenes. W. M. L.

(*To be continued.*)

"Ruler, good tradesman, permanency, suitable man."—*New Zealand Paper.*

We should not recommend the Exile of Doorn to apply. New Zealand has an unhealthy climate for autocrats.

"After the luncheon Mr. Churchill and M. Poincaré had a very cordial chat lasting nearly half-an-hour. It is understood that the talk never went beyond general ties."
Provincial Paper.

Surely hats were mentioned!



Girl (shopping in large drapery establishment with her mother and fiancé). "POOR JACK HAS NO HEAD FOR BIG SHOPS."

THE ESCALATOR.

(A Christmas Shopping Tragedy.)

OH listen whilst the tale I tell
Of how—life happens so—
I came across my Amabel,
My loved of long ago.

We met—one passing glimpse, no more;
We stood, but might not stay:
The inevitable onrush bore
Our fleeting lives away.

We met; 'twas in a world of cares
Each burdened by a load;
We met upon the moving stairs
At Tottenham Court Road.

We met with no renewed delight
Our wandering ways to crown,
For she stood on the upward flight
While I stood on the down.

We passed in silence like two ships;
We made no facial sign:
She held her ticket in her lips
And I my pipe in mine.

We made no gestures that might bring
The old dead years alive;
I had twelve parcels tied with string,
And she had seventy-five.

Wedged tight as mortal souls may be
Where none may start nor stir,
My Amabel rolled up to me
And I rolled down to her.

Mutely I stood, with straining eyes
That bridged the gulf between,
Whilst she went upward to the skies
Conveyed by the machine.

My Amabel! the same, unchanged—
Except, of course, her clothes—
Since those fond days when we arranged
To plight our mutual troths.

My Amabel! the same, the same!
No doubt the glorious hair,
Though less of it since shingling came,
Substantially was there.

The same two orbs, the lustrous deeps
On which my soul had fed,
Were there; and I remembered heaps
Of things that we had said.

Did she remember too what was,
What had been, but had died?
One could not tell, of course, because
Her face was occupied.

* * * * *

I reached the foot, I fought like hell,
I scaled the ascendant track:
And halfway up, lo! Amabel
Came lightly rolling back.

She too had seen, she too desired
To tell me for my good
Where, since the old days had expired,
We two precisely stood.

One distant cold salute she gave;
I raised my hard felt-hat;
The untiring staircase, wave by wave,
Went on, and that was that.

* * * * *

Once more we turned, once more we passed,
Each to our several train;
I looked the third time and the last—
She froze me with disdain.

EVOE.

A PLEA FOR THE TOPPER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Though you have at different stages of your long career spoken disrespectfully of the tall hat, I feel sure you will not endorse the ferocious attack made upon it at a recent meeting of the Parents' Association by Dr. BELFRAGE. He there described it as "an abomination with no redeeming feature." Overstatement invariably provokes reaction, and intemperate abuse of an opponent frequently causes public opinion to swing round from the side of the assailant to that of the assailed. I have no desire to belittle this distinguished physician as an authority on hygiene, but in this particular instance he seems to me to invite the criticism, as *Mrs. Gamp* would have put it, of "bats in the belfrage."

Rational dress is an excellent thing, but it must not be forgotten that the beaver hat, the forerunner of the silk

topper, was introduced in precisely that century, the eighteenth, which was known as the Age of Reason. I am willing to admit that it is not suitable for every occasion, and to acquiesce in its abandonment by cricketers and skaters, though I have pleasant recollections of the grace with which it was worn at the London Skating Club's rink in the days of VANDERVELL and WITHAM, as late as the 'eighties. I waive the question of its dignity and impressiveness, and prefer to base my defence on its utility and convenience, and its value as an emblem of civilisation.

First and foremost, then, I would point out that its introduction is an infallible sign of progress in all subject races. The tall hat appeals with irresistible force to the noble savage. Throughout the length and breadth of the great African continent it is beloved by sable potentates and is an indispensable part of their uniform on all ceremonial occasions.

Secondly, I would remind Dr. BELFRAGE that again and again its use by foxhunters has saved them serious or even fatal injuries when they have been pitched on their heads.

Thirdly, it cannot be denied that in moments of ecstasy, when *esprit de corps* and the desire to exult over the defeat of rivals has been wrought to the highest pitch, as for example at the Eton and Harrow match in its palmy days, it afforded an absolutely perfect target, while at the same time protecting the wearer from actual comminution of the cranium.

Fourthly and lastly, it provides the whole tribe of conjurers, whose beneficent activities are so much in evidence at this festive season, with a perfect receptacle for the concealment of their live-stock and the fostering of illusion. Take away the tall hat and conjurers would perish and magic disappear.

To conclude, I maintain that it is a monstrous libel to say that the top hat has no redeeming features. On the contrary, it simply bristles with them; it is an Imperial asset, the joy of youth and the crown of age. Did not Mother SHIPTON prophesy:—

"England will come her final cropper
When she gives up the tall silk topper"?

I am, dear Mr. Punch,
Yours faithfully,
BENCOLN LINNETT.

"Describing the ranch house Lady —— said there was no lavatory, bathroom or water supply. She had a small boy from the grocer's for a wash-stand."—*Provincial Paper.*

Few of the small boys we know will stand for much washing.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE WHITEHEADED BOY" (CRITERION).

THE Irish Players are one of the few obvious links we still have with their distressful country, and perhaps the unvarying warmth of their welcome here may do just a little to hasten the day when rose and shamrock may be happy again in the same nosegay. Mr. LENNOX ROBINSON is obviously Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS' opposite number. *The Whiteheaded Boy* has already had its enthusiastic reception. One sees it again with no sense of staleness, but with heightened appreciation. And one can pay a less divided attention to the superb technical mastery and CO-operAtive sense (as *Aunt Ellen* would say) of this admirable company of vagabond mummers.



A VIRGINAL CIRCE.

Aunt Ellen . . . . MISS MAIRE O'NEILL.
John Duffy . . . . MR. ARTHUR SINCLAIR.

Those who give the stage a place in their reflections when they have left the theatre will find it instructive to compare the formula of Mr. ROBINSON with that of Mr. PHILLPOTTS in the seemingly eternal *Farmer's Wife*.

Mr. ROBINSON extracts his fun from his countrymen's rather more unpleasant racial foibles—greed for money, combativeness, taradiddling, dissimulation. Both extract fun out of the universal quality of snobbishness. But while Mr. PHILLPOTTS' rustics are dull and kindly by nature, Mr. ROBINSON'S are more lively and more cruel. There is more friendly humour in *The Farmer's Wife*, more malicious wit in *The Whiteheaded Boy*. Both plays keep the house in almost continuous merriment, but there is a certain secondary flavour of bitterness in the laughter caused by the jests of the Irish author.



THE GENTLEMAN LABOURER.

Denis . . . . . MR. FRED O'DONOVAN.
George . . . . . MR. SYDNEY MORGAN.

As to the players, Sir BARRY JACKSON'S well-trained team cannot compete with their Irish rivals in experience and technical accomplishment. One has to admit that these "colonials" have a natural turn for the drama, for which, one would perhaps suggest, their daily lives are a perpetual rehearsal. We achieve our results by prayer and fasting.

What could be better than Miss MAIRE O'NEILL'S elderly virginal *Aunt Ellen*, her disapproving sniff, her prim disciplined mouth, her occasional outbreaks of bubbling laughter, her sense of pleasure in others' misfortunes? Or Mr. ARTHUR SINCLAIR'S tight-lipped, avaricious, blarneying *John Duffy*, Chairman of the R. D. C.; or Mr. SYDNEY MORGAN'S harassed and exasperated *George* (head of the family which has sacrificed itself to the whiteheaded boy, *Denis*, to whom a pal sent the wire, "Geoghegan's Hope also ran," to announce the result of his third attempt to pass his medical), with his bursts of rage, and his stern resolution to have done with *Denis* and rueful compromises; or the unscrupulous favouritism of Miss SARA ALLGOOD'S doting fussing mother

of the paragon; or Miss CATHLEEN DRAGO'S lively *Baby*, Miss MOLLIE MACKAY'S patient resentful *Jane*, and Miss VERONICA TURLEIGH'S flattened KATE, all of whose chances have been sacrificed to their mother's darling?

Not less effective, because apparently without flaw, were Mr. HARRY HUTCHINSON'S half-witted *Peter* and Mr. J. A. O'ROURKE'S *Donough Brosnan, Jane's* constant and constantly-thwarted lover, both sacrificed to the spoilt, idle, extravagant *Denis*. Mr. FRED O'DONOVAN, the Whiteheaded Boy, had the only part which did not "play itself," and conveyed with great skill and plausibility the more complex character of this pseudo-swan among geese. Nor was Miss MOYNA MACGILL'S charming little study of *Duffy's* daughter, *Delia*, who gives the impression that, in spite of her seeming simplicity, she will stand no nonsense from *Denis* or *Denis's* family, a whit less competent. A monotonous series of verdicts, I am afraid, but demanded by strict justice. T.

"THE GOLD DIGGERS" (LYRIC).

The "gold diggers" in question were ladies of the chorus, *Mabel*, *Violet*, *Sadie*, *Trixie*, *Dolly*, *Gypsy* and *Jerry*; and the gold mines were *Stephen Lee*, *Wally Saunders*, *James Blake* and *Barney Barnett*. The game is played without fixed rules. It is the general purpose of the former to extract from the latter motor-cars, lunches, flowers, jewels, clothes and houses and at best, in the opinion of *Mabel*, the most adroit digger of them all, alimony. It is the object of the latter to get as much in the way of consideration for value received as they can contrive. The gold-diggers always win.

Do not suppose, however, that all the diggers are merely mercenary, all the mines soulless votaries of purchased pleasure. Little *Violet* is an innocent who believes in love for love's sake. Young *Wally*, heir to five million dollars, will blithely sacrifice them all for his shy fragrant *Violet*. But *Wally's* uncle and trustee, *Stephen*, who knows what ladies of the chorus are, refuses his consent to the marriage of these babes, and *James*, his lawyer, is called in to help rescue the ingenuous *Wally* from the clutches of his siren. *James*, for the Goldmines Protection Society, suggests that they had better study the question at first hand. *Jerry*, who has a heart of gold rather than of a gold-digger, devotes herself to the conversion of *Uncle Stephen*. Her plan is to pretend that she is *Wally's* young woman and to behave in so outrageous a manner as to make the stern guardian accept little *Violet* for his ward out of sheer relief at the escape from so vicious a type.

So far from being repelled by the assumed rapidity of *Jerry*, the poor boob falls flat for her (and she for him,



A HEART OF GOLD.
Stephen Lee . . MR. IAN HUNTER.
Jerry Lamar . . MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD.

of course), while *James* the lawyer allows himself to be fleeced by the unscrupulous *Mabel*. Net result: *Wally*



STAKING OUT HER CLAIM.
James Blake . . MR. FRED KERR.
Mabel Munroe . . MISS JOBYNA HOWLAND.

and *Violet*, *Stephen* and *Jerry* honourably paired, and *Mabel* provided with her alimony at no sacrifice of virtue.

This ingenuous New York idyll was very much better in its parts than as a whole. Miss TALLULAH BANKHEAD could, I think, carry on her shoulders to success a much less diverting affair than Mr. AVERY HOPWOOD'S latest comedy, and kept us happy with her charming muffled voice, her vitality and her lithe dancing. There are dull and bald patches, and too much irrelevant padding, but there is an air of expensive high spirits, night-clubs, gaiety, pyjamas, flowing bowls and tactfully-concealed fleshiness which serves to pass most of the time pleasantly enough for the worldly-minded.

Mr. IAN HUNTER acts with an easy assurance the impressionable *Stephen Lee*, and Mr. FRED KERR as *James Blake* wags an apprehensive head and makes his points with finished skill. Mr. HUGH WILLIAMS gave us an attractive study of the guileless *Wally*, and Miss JOBYNA HOWLAND diverted us with a broadly-played burlesque of *Mabel*, the avaricious but of course essentially golden-hearted blonde—a well-written part.

Mr. CHARLES CARSON, who was the only gold-bug who really knew what he wanted in return for his bribes, and of course didn't get it from the virtuous *Jerry*, had little to do to prove his capacity. I was unable to place the clever young lady who entertained us by her chewing-gum technique, her shrewd humour and the uncomfortable physical effects of her first ride. I am glad that she allowed us to hear more of the racy idiom of her countrymen than her companions. It is a misfortune to miss any of it, for it is a perpetual delight to students of philology.

The play was well-mounted, well-dressed, well-lighted and well-received. T.

"Tokyo will be the first city of the Far East to have a subway. Work on the project is now well underway."—*Technical Paper*.

That is as it should be.

"Another man told us that in some of the mining areas 'if it had not been for the women, children would have come into the world without a stitch of clothing.'"
Trade Union Paper.

Well, that's how we came.

From *His Other Wife*, by ROY VICKERS:

"It was the year I had to come down from the Varsity. I was nineteen. . . . I was steeped in Ovid and Lucullus."

Though we do not remember to have read any work by this distinguished gourmet, we are not surprised that an undergraduate "steeped in Lucullus" (apparently as early as his second year) "had to come down."

PERFUME PLAYS, LTD.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The appreciation by your critic of our Quintessence Symphony has, we trust, put an end to a long conspiracy of silence on the subject of our achievements. As our productions are, almost without exception, the fragrant exhalations of Sir Otto Stenk, a short description of a first-night of his play *The Emir* will afford a typical illustration of the scope of the New Drama and the difficulties of presenting it.

Opening with massed dish-smells, damp cigar exhalations and faint trails of spearmint, the scene was easily located by the first-night critics as a New York *cafeteria*. Thence the usual face-powder sex-index accompanied one through smells of gasoline, yielding to a stale greengrocery odour, upon which a smoky atmosphere with a saline tang impinged. Then salt-damped wood and quickly succeeding heterogeneous smells forced their way through the sea air. Still the face-powder index. "Girl going to landing-stage or docks" was the whispered interpretation of the critics.

Then the smells of cut-flowers and chocolates added themselves. Clearly the usual farewell gifts to a girl starting on an ocean voyage.

Salt air again, but clean and crisp this time. She 's gone on deck and the ship must be under way. Cigar, stronger and weaker, stronger and weaker. Very strong smell of face-powder. She has observed the cigar-smoker walking up and down past her chair and war-paint is being renewed.

Pipe, cigar, pipe, cigar, different cigar, first cigar again, same cigar, same cigar . . . he 's ridden the others off. What 's he going to do now? Smell of hair-oil. He 's raised his hat! Match-striking smell, smoke of scented cigarette. But who on earth smokes scented cigarettes these days? She must be playing the man-eating vamp, and the match was of course an easy introduction.

Shipboard flirtations followed, as indicated by the recurrent cigar-smoke. A tropical harbour by night, the going ashore, the visit to native bazaars, the desert expedition with its succeeding smells of train, sand, horses, hot pig-skin saddles and the rifle-oil of the escort—all these items got across to the audience successfully.

Suddenly arose the hot acrid fumes of cordite and nitro-powders, the smell of rifle-oil heating up, of camels and old-fashioned black gunpowder, and then the unmistakable odour of fresh human blood. That it was the Emir himself who secured the fair prize of the raid was made clear by the gentlemanly mildness of the "bouquet d'Afrique" which, stimulated by the heat and the exertion, now mingled intimately with the face-powder.

Bouquet d'Afrique, face-powder, bouquet d'Afrique, face-powder, dusty dry heat, camel and damp goat-skin water-bottle smells . . . on and on they rode over the unchanging desert.

But then, as those of us who were there remember, the desert did change. Damp muggy heat like that of a steam laundry arose. Was it an oasis? It was not. It was the moisture of the overcoats of the audience (there had been rain outside) evaporating under the persistent heat of the desert. The organist operated his dry air stops—but in vain. A steam laundry on a camel in the desert was all we could perceive.

Nobly Mr. Stenk (as he then was) rose to the occasion. The straight desert drama of sheikhs and passion had succumbed. It must be turned into a dream from which this was the awakening. With one movement he swept the organist off the stool on to the leek-onion-garlic group of pedals and began to improvise. Dashing the tears from his eyes, he discarded the now useless score of who knows what scenes of Eastern courts, glamour of palm-trees and oases, and started a masterly run on cabbage, cauliflower and broccoli steam. From her dream of sheikhs the girl of the face-powder was waking to her surroundings in the *cafeteria* and her neglected duties. A distinct odour of dollar bills. The girl was being paid off. Dismissed? A faint touch of tear-gas confirmed this view, as the door of the *cafeteria* opened on motor and street smells and closed on that of the neglected cabbage.

This open admission of the difficulties under which we labour in our productions will, I feel sure, if you will kindly give it publicity, obtain more sympathetic collaboration on the part of the public.

Should they wish still further to assist the Neo-Nidorian movement, may one point out the gain which would accrue if such notices as NO POWDERING and GENTLEMEN ARE REQUESTED NOT TO REMOVE THEIR HATS were more carefully observed?

Finally, may I point out that patrons will no longer be subjected to the inconvenience and scandals which arose, we regret to say, from their attendance at *The Vamp* and *The He-Man*, since deodorising lounges are now provided at the more modern theatres for the use of patrons after the performances?

Yours truly,

PERFUME PLAYS LTD.

Another Exchange Problem.

"Wanted, three Half-Sovereigns. Will give 8/-."—*Tasmanian Paper.*

TO A BICYCLE BELL.

ALAS, how many years have flown
Since first your silvery note I sounded,
And on a cycle of my own
First o'er the bumps in boyhood bounded,
And felt, like Icarus, the delight
Of suddenly acquiring flight.

The roads were peaceful then; no noise
More strident than your ring intruded,
And bells of other little boys
Who also cycled (as a few did),
And those of elder people who
Sedately pedalled two-and-two.

But the inventive brain of man,
As restless as the winds that fan it,
Is always making some new plan
To work commotion on our planet;
Especially it thinks we need
Devices for increasing speed.

So motors came, and all was turned
From peace to uproar in a twinkle;
The tempest blew, the waves were churned;
Your modest and melodious tinkle,
Where hooters hoot and Klaxons squall,
Can scarcely now be heard at all.

Lorries and motor-buses dash
Along the road which was my cycle's,
And charabancs about me crash,
Sounding a trump as loud as Michael's;
Amid the din it is absurd
To try to make your tinkle heard.

When in the future I retire
(So runs my fanciful reflection)
And find some land of heart's desire
Where everything will be perfection,
Motors shall vanish like a dream
And cycles be once more supreme.

Then once again, my bell, you 'll serve
To warn pedestrians encroaching
Upon my path. You 'll not unnerve,
But sweetly hint that I 'm approaching,
Nor, like the horn, instil dismay
Into the people in the way.

Gently I 'll pedal through the town
And down the flowering lanes and by-ways,
And nobody shall fly or frown
At meeting me upon the highways,
And even sergeants of police
Shall smile upon my wheels of peace.

And children, looking close, will tell
From signs beneath my looks seraphic
That, DANTE-like, I 've been in hell—
The hell of England's post-war traffic;
And they will make it extra nice
For one returned to Paradise. G. B.



by George Belcher.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh.

All classes, from duchess to tweeny,
All sexes are one and the same
In their love for the art of IRENE,
That matches her pearl of a name;

As we laugh, or resort to our hankies,
At a cue from our Comedy Queen,
We rejoice that she's not as the Yankees,
Who call it "Ireen."

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—XXXII.



Lady at Cinema (to neighbour). "EXCUSE ME—COULD YOU TELL ME, HAS SHE MARRIED HIM YET? YOU SEE, I 'VE BEEN ASLEEP."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

LIKE Father RONALD KNOX I hate reading the newspapers unless there is a headline upside down opposite me in a railway-carriage. Still I will say this for the more literate portion of the daily Press: it does keep alive, and very healthily and happily alive, the raciest and most central type of English essay. Of this type, which selects an every-day theme and illuminates it and adorns it into significance for the average man, Father KNOX himself has now republished twenty-nine examples. *An Open-Air Pulpit* (CONSTABLE) is a little book of ideal pocket format; and the interior lives up to the companionable professions of the outside. Occasionally it does more. Paragraphs in succession rise to the classic BACON-LAMB-HAZLITT-R. L. S.-at-his-best level; but there is not, I feel, a single essay which, like the ladies eyed by *Ferdinand* in his pre-*Miranda* period, has not some defect in it. This, because I believe it to be ascribable to Father KNOX's diffidence rather than to his incapacity, I should like to stress. He does not think "Concerning Bells"—a beautiful thing in its inception and masterly in half its execution—worth a coherent and graceful close. I do. Then take "Time, Change and Easter." There is nothing in it exactly of a piece with that Elian passage about the coach-and-four. Having made this protest in hopes of securing a collector's piece next time, I shall go back and re-read "London's Stations," "The Traveller's Bible," "These Motorists," in fact quite three-quarters of the book, with renewed gusto. Its crowning merit is its naturally differentiated outlook; and "those of us who are provincials at heart" will note with pleasurable malice how much of this is due to its writer's detachment from London.

To most of its readers Lord OXFORD's *Fifty Years of Parliament* (CASSELL) will prove a little disappointing. There is very little of Lord OXFORD in it, and those who know that astute and mellow statesman and have naturally expected the Lord OXFORD of this book to be the Lord OXFORD of the Lobby and the dinner-table will be the most disappointed of any. It seems that he is now engaged on an autobiography which will no doubt be immensely readable, but this will not comfort those who have paid their fifty shillings for a work whose title they not unnaturally construed to mean "Fifty Years of Parliament as I Saw It." The personal aspect being carefully eliminated, these formidable volumes must be judged on their merits as history, as to which it may be briefly said that, while Vol. I., which deals with a Parliament of which the author was a sort of spectator, is cogent and impartial, Vol. II. is steeped—in respect of events and policies if not in respect of persons—in the spirit of Liberalism at least to the mild extent that its author is. Still, as history, the earlier chapters are so good that the reader finds himself regretting that the whole work is not in the same vein, and that Lord OXFORD did not begin with the accession of QUEEN VICTORIA and throughout survey, in his smooth, scholarly and judicial way, events

in which he himself played no part. Then we should perhaps have had more political philosophy, more weighing and sifting of causes and effects, a keener analysis of personalities and less narrative, and fewer inverted commas.

In *A Pensioner's Garden* Lord DARLING resumes,
Though his manner perhaps more ornate is,
The pungent satirical style that illumes
The works that he wrote in the 'eighties;
For, while there are pages in which in the main
His mood is both genial and placid,
He does not dispense with or wholly refrain
From comment incisive and acid.

Old customs and manners, new platforms and "planks,"
Which he clearly regards as unstable,
With "comrades" and cranks and self-satisfied Yanks,
In fantasy, forecast or fable
Portraying the noon, drawing ever more near,
Of the day that is dawning so redly
In politics, letters and art—all appear
In this misoneistical medley.

In his verse, like the bee which, to furnish its combs,
All blossoms impartially rifles,
From elegy, ode and from sonnet he roams
To the lightest of lyrical trifles;
And, though one can hardly apply to his Muse
The saying of "little, but roses,"
He has managed for HODDER AND STOUGHTON to choose
Quite a number of elegant posies.

He's never at loss for a suitable saw
From legal or classical Latin;
On French he is notably given to draw,
And DANTE he's perfectly pat in;
And yet in this sprightly though erudite book
One bloomer at least I have spotted,
Where (page 73) in the name of VON KLUCK
The U incorrectly is dotted.



Boy (after purchase of toy mo'or). "AND WHEN CAN I EXPECT DELIVERY?"

There are several volumes in the new *English Men of Letters* series that I feel it would have been entertaining to take on, but I do not envy Mr. OSBERT BURDETT his task of coping with *William Blake* (MACMILLAN). BLAKE'S literary work, his poetry, philosophy, and art criticism, are the necessary backbone of a volume in this edition; his engravings, "frescoes" and water-colours are side issues. This is doubly hard on Mr. BURDETT, for BLAKE'S literary work (rate it as you will) is anything but a well-articulated backbone to anything, and Mr. BURDETT himself believes BLAKE'S designs superior to his lyrics. Given these two drawbacks, one necessary and one adventitious, it is difficult to see how the book could be bettered. The modest and heroic life, its inspiring and bewildering output, are discussed with a perfect equipoise of sympathy and discretion; the character of the period is most carefully indicated to the point where BLAKE'S genius quits it at a tangent; and the intellectual chaos towards which he was heading (a chaos whose present realisation affords an argument for modern estimates of BLAKE as a "thinker") is suggested with a humanist's distaste. The humanist, I feel, is right when he maintains that BLAKE approached religion mainly through the art that was his real occupation. Like MILTON, who almost wrote an epic on *King Arthur* instead of *Paradise*

Lost, it was not a purely interior call that determined his bent. To prove this thesis Mr. BURDETT lays considerable stress on BLAKE'S upbringing by "enthusiasts" and his recluse apprenticeship to drawing among the tombs of Westminster Abbey. But he is equally interesting on the poet's old age, when patrons—good and bad, but, at any rate, men of the world—sustained, even when they exploited, the artist's interest in his craft.

Splendid Joy (METHUEN) may prove a popular novel. True, it is almost undiluted sentiment, and there may be some who find this rather cloying to the palate. But Miss MARGUERITE WILLIAMS (presuming her to be an unmarried woman) is so firmly posted on the side of the angels that I can forgive her if she occasionally seems rather to force the note, though I must raise a gentle protest against her men. They are too obviously the creatures of a cloistered imagination. Here, for example, is that celebrated novelist, *Mostyn Royce*, one of those intrinsically noble characters who suffer from a strain of harshness, no doubt induced by the hardships they have suffered wrestling with publishers and an unappreciative public. I suppose it was essential for the purpose of her moving story that he should have quarrelled with his charming and Griseldalike wife, *née Clare Chalmers*, but I think Miss WILLIAMS should have managed to make him a shade less incredibly suspicious. After all, *Mostyn* was a novelist himself, and should have acquired some knowledge of the world. Then there is the invalid schoolboy, *Jim Cavendish*, whom everybody loves, including the author herself, but who is so clearly predestined to figure in an emotional death scene that the experienced reader mistrusts him from the start. And his brother *Wilfred* bears even less relation to real life. That a man should have returned to his native land after "five years of lonely farming in the States" only to behave in the hysterical fashion attributed to this unfortunate young fellow I must politely refuse to believe. For all that, this is a readable novel with a moral that is quite unexceptionable.



Angry Gentleman. "I DON'T LIKE YOUR SINGING OUTSIDE MY HOUSE."
Wait. "SORRY, MISTER, MUVVER DOESN'T LET US GO INSIDE."

OSCAR WILDE once said that nature imitated art. It is one of the remarks, worn trite by repetition, on which his reputation rests. But you need not hope to be regarded as an epigrammatist if, after reading the history of *Billy the Kid* (BLES) as told by WALTER NOBLE BURNS, you let fall the observation that life in New Mexico in the 'seventies forestalled the movies. The thing is too obvious. If ever there was a film hero in three dimensions it was *Billy*, who lived for twenty-one years and killed a man for every one of them, not counting Indians. His adventures would seem incredible even for the Wild West were we not assured that they are true, and were not many of them presented to us in the words of those who had their part in them and by a happy chance survived the hail of bullets which marked the *Kid's* progress. To his deadly skill with the six-shooter he added an equal competence in "rustling" cattle and packing the cards. Sharping indeed seems to have been his chief means of livelihood, when he was not engaged in the more congenial exercise of killing his fellow-men. That, however, he hardly regarded as a serious occupation; it was at once too easy and too much a thing of course. He was not a homicidal maniac, but provocation had no need to be pushed to the extreme before he pulled the trigger. Withal, he was a charming fellow, courteous and affable, handsome and shapely, with singularly small hands and feet. He was in great request as a dancing-partner. Many a damsel lost her heart to him, and many a tear was shed when, as inevitably happened, he "became shot" himself, to use the tactful phrase of the Preferred Blonde. Mr. BURNS has been equal to his theme. He tells his extraordinary tale with cinematographic vivacity and his pages bristle with captions. It cannot be many months before the film is released and drawing crowded houses. Meanwhile there is the book.

The stories which Sir HUGH CLIFFORD has christened *In Days That are Dead* (MURRAY) are concerned mainly with men who carry out the duties of empire in distant and lonely places. Without hesitation I can choose three of these tales as the best in an excellent eleven. "Cast" is perhaps the most appealing. Here Sir HUGH tells the history of an able and brave man who for his country's sake worked himself nearly to death before he was even middle-aged. The contrast between *Simon Strange's* position in the East and his life in a "cheap and nasty" London suburb after his health was ruined is vivid enough to haunt my memory for many a day. "In the Heart of Kajamantan" and "Greater Love," whose theme is courage or the lack of it, are also full of good matter and sound meaning, though the ending of "Greater Love" is a shade too sentimental for my taste. In this volume Sir HUGH does not make any notable pretence to humour, but "The King of the Sedangs" is a diverting story, which may be described as the googlie member of this remarkably sound team.

In *A Cornish Droll* (HUTCHINSON) Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS finds abundant opportunity to indulge in the brand of humour of which he possesses so inexhaustible a supply. *William Chirgwin*, who beguiles his old age by telling the story of his life, was the son of a stone-breaker and the husband of a woman whose views of matrimony were elastic. The stern critic might argue that no man except a born fool could continue to believe in the virtue of a woman who was constantly disappearing; but a childlike simplicity contributed much to *William's* quality of quaintness. In short he really is a droll, and worthy of a place among the creations of the author of *The Farmer's Wife* and *Yellow Sands*.

CHARIVARIA.

LORD BEAVERBROOK'S articles on "Splendid Failures" help us to realise that brilliantly gifted men often lack just the little something more that makes the successful newspaper proprietor.

* * *

In view of the alleged perilous state of St. Paul's Cathedral it is urged that Scotsmen assembling outside it on New Year's Eve should not sing *Auld Lang Syne* above a whisper.

* * *

A scientist predicts that it will not be long before television will enable the LORD MAYOR of London and the MAYOR of New York to see each other as they converse over the telephone. It will of course take longer to make this possible between more obscure persons.

* * *

The ukelele is now made with a single string. A useful little device to promote enjoyment at a party is a pair of pocket wire-clippers.

* * *

To celebrate his sixty-eighth birthday a Surbiton resident went for a forty-mile walk. There is a feeling amongst better-class motorists that he should be declared out of bounds for life.

* * *

The news that a puma has arrived at Signor MUSSOLINI'S private Zoo reminds us that his collection is said to include a lion so fearless that it will put its head into the DUCE'S mouth.

* * *

In a wrangle between two German professors of palæontology, both of whom were members of the Steel Helmet Association, one struck the other on the head with a bunch of keys and injured him so severely that he had to be taken to hospital. That ought to teach him to remember to wear his steel helmet when discussing contentious topics with a colleague.

* * *

The secretary of the Artisan Golfing Association states that he knows of several workmen who walk miles for a round of golf before breakfast. We ourselves hear of a plumber who, after taking a look at the links, goes a long way back to fetch his clubs.

* * *

It was this same plumber who decided that the only practicable way to get his ball out of a bunker was to take the bunker to pieces.

* * *

With reference to the modified interpretation of the three witches in the latest production of *Macbeth*, it is now supposed that the contents of their cauldron were really the original ingredients of haggis.

* * *

Our opinion about the cinema organ which imitated the bagpipes is that it is in the worst taste for one instrument to mock the infirmities of another.

* * *

In Abyssinia, according to a traveller, it is the custom to chain a debtor to his creditor. We are pointing out to our tailor that he ought to be thankful he isn't an Abyssinian.



Photographer of Local Paper. "THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN; AND NOW I SHOULD LIKE TO TAKE ONE OF YOU ALL SMILING—ON THE OFF-CHANCE OF A WIN."

The greatly increased size of *Who's Who* for 1927 makes more than ever apparent the need for a handier volume entitled *Who's Not Who*.

* * *

A gossip-writer has noticed a miniature fire-brigade on the Twickenham Rugby football ground. This precaution, we understand, has been adopted ever since the memorable international match when play became so hot that both teams burst into flames.

* * *

Miss HELEN WILLS is alleged to have written a book of poems. Every tennis champion has her faults.

* * *

A boxer who recently crossed from America to England remarked on the roughness of the sea. Nothing annoys a boxer more than to be attacked below the belt.

* * *

At Leicester a man knocked down by a motor-car received the car as compensation from the driver. It must hurt the feelings of the owners of toy two-seaters to see pedestrians ignoring them and deliberately loitering in the path of Rolls-Royces.

* * *

An authority says that it is impossible for a woman to buy a frock in ten minutes. Many a man will feel relieved at this. If it were possible, think what she could do in an eight-hour day.

* * *

Suggested penalty for these radio pirates:—make them walk the aerial.

* * *

This new rat fur is said to keep the wearer very warm; in fact it 's so cosy that the original owner simply hates to part with it.

* * *

Various proposals for reforming the House of Lords are being put forward; but, before we go too far, we should pause to ask whether a reformed Lord will be of any use to the film people in Hollywood.

* * *

Sir W. ARBUTHNOT LANE says that fair-haired women seem better able to fight against disease than dark ones. Perhaps the reason is that as invalids they don't look so interesting.

* * *

An American writer says that the English girl is like a thoroughbred racehorse. Possibly he took one look at her clothes and then felt like putting his shirt on her.

* * *

A railway accident was caused at a French station owing to the train arriving two minutes before scheduled time. No such risk is run on one South-Coast line we know.

* * *

It is stated that forty thousand persons leave Golders Green Tube station every day. We don't see what else they could do with it.

* * *

A West-End tailor writes to the Press to say that with all future clients he intends to ask for cash on delivery. Of course there is no harm in asking.

"HAVE YOU

Rolled, renovated and killed all weeds on your garden paths and walks?"

Gardening Paper.

The answer is in the negative.

THE PACIFIST.

Ponsonby is the secretary of our local branch of the League of Nations Union and an indefatigable worker in the cause of universal peace. The season of Christmas naturally always finds a responsive welcome in Ponsonby's heart, and his nephews and nieces benefit.

"I want a nice present for a small boy of about—er—eight," said Ponsonby when at last he had managed to pin down an assistant in the large toy-shop.

"Certainly, Sir," said the assistant. "Something mechanical?"

"Yes, I should think so," said Ponsonby. "What do you suggest?"

The assistant dived at a counter piled with painted clockwork.

"This is the very latest thing, Sir," he said; "a model tank complete with a small quick-firer. When wound up it will travel across the nursery floor, firing as it goes. A most amusing and instructive toy."

"No," said Ponsonby. "I disapprove of tanks."

The assistant glanced at Ponsonby and decided that he must be a retired colonel of the Royal Horse Artillery or something of that sort. They disapprove of tanks quite a lot.

"Certainly, Sir," he said soothingly. "Nasty things, really, tanks. Knock all the sport out of war, I always say. Perhaps this would be more acceptable—a complete battery of field-guns, with horses and drivers complete, in box, one guinea?"

"No," said Ponsonby.

"We have a large assortment of very excellent lead soldiers of all regiments," said the assistant hopefully. "We guarantee the details. Or mule batteries with guns which take to pieces—a very popular present for young boys."

"I don't want anything military," said Ponsonby.

The assistant had another good look. Ponsonby resembles a retired admiral even less than a dug-out colonel, but the assistant was not a psychologist.

"This," he said, "is an exact model of the latest battleship, with gun-turrets complete. The ammunition-hoist works whilst the ship is in motion. Or perhaps a model submarine would be more——"

"No, it wouldn't," said Ponsonby. "I don't want anything to do with the Navy."

The assistant wiped a little perspiration from his brow. Ponsonby looks least of all like an intrepid bird-man, but the assistant's job was to sell him *something*.

"Certainly, Sir," he said. "What about a model aeroplane?"

"That's better," said Ponsonby. "Links of Empire, and all that."

"Quite," said the assistant. "This is a very fine model, guaranteed to fly a hundred yards in any direction. You will notice that it is fitted with bomb-racks and a supply of bombs, which explode harmlessly but with a sharp report. A very amusing toy, Sir."

"Look here," said Ponsonby, "haven't you got anything which isn't connected with slaughter?"

The assistant looked round vaguely; the question was new to him.

"We—er—perhaps—er—a model farmyard?"

"I'll take it," said Ponsonby.

* * * * *

A few days later he called to see if his selection had proved satisfactory.

"I hope I got the right present for George," he said to the boy's mother.

"He simply loves it," she said. "It fits in so well with his other presents. Come and see."

Ponsonby ascended to the nursery. In the middle of the floor stood the model farm, its windows filled with miniature sandbags and its wooden walls loopholed for rifle fire. A company of khaki-clad soldiers was in possession, with a model ambulance detachment to the rear. Some yards away a battery was engaged in putting down a hot barrage, under cover of which more infantry, prone on the floor, were wriggling to the attack. From the further corner a tank advanced, firing as it came.

"Isn't it ripping?" said the nephew of the apostle of peace. L. DU G.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

[It is proposed that all articles written by medical men for the Press on matters of health shall be unsigned and submitted in advance to a committee of censors.]

WHEN I am told to take more exercise,
Or quaff each morn the lemon's potent juices,
That aches will not assail nor pains surprise
One who his daily pabulum reduces,
Omitting beef-steak pie and currant duff,
I like to know who's peddling out the stuff.

The great physician, Dr. Bedside-Manner,
The famous specialist, Sir Harley Street,
When for a modest twopence or a tanner
They tell me what to drink and wear and eat,
Pack, as they say, a punch in every par
Because the paper tells us who they are.

In my case their authoritative views
Are academic, I am glad to mention;
No daily salts preserve me from the blues;
My liver calls for no undue attention;
I have a constitution like a horse,
And punish every meal without remorse.

But then you never know. Misfortune's knout,
Or some base microbe with abhorréd nippers,
May lay me low and leave me flattened out,
With no more constitution than a kipper's,
Yet ignorant as are the fowls of air
Of what to eat or drink or smoke or wear.

Wherefore, while still robust I like to learn
About each fell complaint that does not rack me,
That being forearmed with wisdom I may spurn
The several maladies that *may* attack me
When I am old, or have amassed the wealth
Without which no one can enjoy ill health.

But would I read the cold and cautious screeds
That fill the B.M.A.'s terrific *Journal*,
Or scan the lines with which *The Lancet* leads
To light and learning those whom our internal
Troubles intrigue, who find it lots of fun
To think up Latin names for every one?

Unsigned, anonymous and vouched for by
A secret caucus, harsh, inquisitorial—
Who will peruse such articles? Not I.
What papers print or lavish editorial
Praise on such screeds? Not one. The world wants dope,
Simple, convincing and replete with hope.

The pictures of large-hearted human men,
Their name and fame—these things we think a lot of,
Knowing that so much comes within their ken
That ordinary doctors do not wot of;
If they are silenced we shall soon hark back
To that superb word-wizard, Dr. Quack.

ALGOL.

"——'s new sports hats have turned-down brims, and are of speckled felt like a thrush's egg."—*Fashion Paper.*

Many thrushes, however, keep to the old-fashioned shell.

"At the annual dinner in connection with the —— Fat Stock Show, Mr. W. ——, who presided, said that the time of dual purpose breeding had gone. They should breed for milk and for beer separately."

Provincial Paper.

It is never wise to mix them.



CHANGING GUARD.

PRIVATE 1926 (*under his last breath*). "FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS!"



"SHALL I CALL UP THE CHIMNEY TO FATHER CHRISTMAS, BETTY?"
"*Do*, MOTHER—IF IT AMUSES YOU."

A NICE CHRISTMAS STORY.

THREE or four years ago I advocated the filming of poetry and attempted to show the way in which I thought Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD'S *Sea Fever* might be successfully filmed. The other day I actually saw a poem filmed. It was *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, by S. T. COLERIDGE, a very nifty photo-play, featuring the Albatross, Death, Life-in-Death, the Lonesome Spirit from the South Pole, Polar Spirits, fellow-Dæmons, the Invisible Inhabitants of the Element and other well-known and world-popular stars.

But that was not all.

Speaking casually, I should have been inclined to say that the plot of *The Ancient Mariner* was one into which one could not drag very much of the sex interest; the number of girls in it, I should have said, was rather few, and those not of the chorus-lady type. But I should have reckoned, in saying so, without my film-producer. Love, he argued, comes into the poem. It starts off with a wedding, and it says:—

> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small;"

and, where you have love knocking about, hang it all, you want plenty of girls.

We started with a simple woodland scene. A man of rather villainous countenance, in tight knee-breeches, was shooting fawns. At least they seemed to be fawns. A beautiful girl was pottering about the wood in high-heeled shoes, and one of the fawns was shot while she was feeding it. After that the fellow went from bad to worse. Noticing a ptarmigan, or some such fowl, roosting on a tree-stump, he took a pot-shot at it sitting, with the result that he got a back-fire and damaged his eyes. It is scarcely necessary to remark that in falling he rolled over a cliff. I cannot conscientiously say that I have seen any villain fall in a film without rolling over a cliff. He was saved by a tree growing half-way down, and by using the rope thoughtfully provided by the film-producer. The girl came down, also using the rope, saved his life, nursed him to recovery, and fell in love with him.

You remember the plot of S. T. COLERIDGE'S *Ancient Mariner?* Quite. Then we will get on.

Becoming convalescent, he showed her the furniture and curios (so-called) in his house, and the sight of some Venetian glass so affected her that she was ready to run away with him, deserting the simple young man of her rustic love.

There had, however, all this time been lurking in the background an old man with flowing white locks and large sorrowful eyes, an old man dressed a little like a schoolmaster, a little like a priest, and a little like a commissionaire. He buttonholed the villain on the pretence of showing him more curios, took him to his house, gave him a glass of wine, rebuked him for his conduct, and proceeded to tell him—you will never guess what. Why, an old story

about a sailor and an albatross, all in rhyme. Sometimes the rhyme appeared on ordinary coloured backgrounds, and sometimes in the sea, just under the moon. Sometimes you got a whole stanza complete, and sometimes parts of a stanza. And the rhyme was illustrated.

Here again I had underestimated the film-producer's powers. The polar regions traversed by the *Ancient Mariner's* ship contained caverns more full of dancing-girls than I should have thought possible. Half-naked, too. I should never have thought of that. They were lady-dæmons, I imagine, of the polar seas. Nice girls. And there was a kind of Polar King who travelled about mainly under water, and a pantomime Polar Queen covered with glittering stars and carrying a wand. There were also penguins, seals, and men dressed up as polar bears.

The *Ancient Mariner* now shot an albatross. This occurs in the actual poem. After that we followed the course of the narrative with a certain degree of accuracy. We burst, for instance, into a silent sea; the bloody sun at noon right up above the mast did stand, and the albatross was hung about the *Ancient Mariner's* neck. It had every appearance of being a real albatross.

At this point again I should have said that the sex motive was working a little thin. But I had forgotten the phantom ship.

"I bit my arm; I sucked the blood,
And cried, 'A sail! A sail!'"

The black hulk arrived, with the sun burning through it, right enough, like a dungeon grate, and there was *Death* on board. There was also *Life-in-Death*. She too was a nice girl. Not shingled, of course, for the date was too early for that (we were quite in the costume period), but fair-haired, as the poem says, and very attractive indeed. She won her throw at dice and came right on the ship, took the *Ancient Mariner* by the arm and peered into his face. Mariners prefer blondes. There was no close-up of her hand, so I could not tell whether she was manicured. If I had been producing the film I should have insisted upon this. But she had long hair rippling to her feet.

After this girl had gone right away we got back to the ordinary story again. The crew died, the deck rotted, ghosts arose, there may even have been water-snakes. At any rate a spring of love gushed from the *Ancient Mariner's* heart:—

"The albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea."

After which it rained—film rain—there is no fiercer kind.

The story was hurried to its close. The villain's heart was softened by it, though, since he apparently loved the girl whom he was going to carry away into guilty splendour, and she also loved him, and was waiting by an old tree during the whole time that the poem was being recited, his conversion struck me as a thought improbable.

Converted, however, he was. He drove away in his motor-car—we saw him doing this. Winter, spring, summer, autumn passed, and winter came again. 'Twas Christmas. He had returned from Europe and was sitting by his fire. Enter the girl's young lover.

"*It would make her happier if you came to see her.*"

Why, goodness knows. But he went and found a party going on. Dressed as Father Christmas, the old, white-haired, hollow-eyed poetry-reciter was distributing presents to the tiny tots, and the reformed villain joined the hands of the two young people by the side of the Christmas-tree. There was not even a stuffed albatross on the top of it.

Oh, sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me
To watch the men that make the films
Improving poetry.

EVOE.



THE LANGUAGE OF THE FILM.

Husband. "I CAN'T AFFORD ANY MORE PRESENTS—AND IT'S NO GOOD GISHING AT ME."

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Lord Elgin, who saved the marbles of the Pantheon."—*Morning Paper.*

OFFICERS *v.* SERGEANTS.

V.—THE RANGES.

IN the spring—or preferably in the summer, because the rain is warmer—we take on the sergeants at cricket and rifle-shooting. The cricket-match I have already described elsewhere, and the two should always be kept separate, whatever opinion one may hold as to the integrity of Sergeant Haversack as umpire.

Our rifle-range competitions, since guns and bullets and dangerous things like that are employed, have far more of a military atmosphere than, say, our hockey-matches. Somebody definite has to be in charge, and there is a lot of giving of commands in husky voices like the skin of a cokernut, and a great deal of marching and countermarching and so forth. The warrant officers and sergeants, always sticklers for disciplinary etiquette, even go so far as to march down from their Mess in fours, under command of the Regimental-Sergeant-Major. This is a fine sight. You don't often get a chance to see a "formed body of troops" consisting entirely of warrant officers and sergeants. It is, to say the least, uncommon, like a liftful of multi-millionaires, or a soup-plate of caviare for tea, or a double-huddle of black swans. Nor do you often see an R.S.M. on a parade with anything less than three-quarters of a battalion under his charge, including officers.

There are two features of almost equal interest in our annual range competitions. One is, of course, the progress of the shooting, and the other is the gradually intensifying strain between the officer who is in charge of all competitors at the firing-point and the officer (usually a non-combatant, like Captain and Quarter-Master Ledger) who is in charge of the party of markers at the butts. This latter party, by the way, is composed of privates, and therefore benevolent neutrals—benevolent, unless watched, to the side which carries their money. There is also a sergeant with Captain Ledger, nominally to help, but actually to keep a close eye on him and on any other known adherent to the officers' cause. It is remarkable how easily a lead pencil, surreptitiously jabbed into the bull, can make a plausible bullet-hole.

However friendly the Butts officer and the Firing-Point officer may be at the commencement of the competition, diplomatic relations will have been severed, even if open war has not been declared, by the end. It subsequently appears that one of them is a biassed and blundering half-wit, whose men can't find bullet-holes in targets and can't signal them properly when they do; while the other is an impatient and disbelieving maniac who labours under the delusion that he is either the Deity or a Major-General. In fact they don't seem to like one another, and much badinage to give effect to these diametrically opposed points of view is hurled back and forth over the range-telephone, which, like all range-telphones, takes a hand in the game by:—

(*a*) Clicking, guzzling, burbling and singing at intervals in a loud voice.

(*b*) Humming the rest of the time under its breath.

(*c*) Ringing both bells very persistently for several minutes on end.

(*d*) Going on strike completely.

(*e*) Transmitting only Captain Ledger's remarks, so that the Firing-Point officer is given the impression that it is in perfect working order, while Captain Ledger is given the impression that the firing-point has been struck dumb.

(*f*) Reversing the above.

The progress of this feud is watched with interest and partiality by all; but throughout everything the firing goes on quite happily, since everybody privately keeps his own score. Sergeant Grenade, we note in particular, finds this bit very easy, because he knows quite positively that, if he can't *see* when his shot has gone in the white, it 's in the bull, which is black.

The sergeants' team keeps ahead of the officers' on the whole, particularly in the slow-firing phase, for a sergeant's build is usually more convenient for lying down. In the running and firing from point to point over rough ground, however, the officers prove the better. The rough ground is very rough—in fact, one year, Quartermaster-Sergeant Fourbytwo, not being fitted with caterpillar tracks, got badly bogged and had to be rescued under fire.

During our last competition the liveliest firing by all sides occurred quite unexpectedly towards the end at the six-hundred-yards' point, when a misguided dog (owner and breed unknown, and looking like one of the things at the latter end of a Noah's Ark queue) decided to run from left to right along the hundred-yards' point. The appearance of a moving target across the line of fire proved too much for everyone; the markers at the butts thought a machine-gun had been brought into play; and, though the dog was unharmed (but puzzled) the number of ricochets and misses over the top of the butts was incredible.

After this the competition was hurriedly concluded, for stray bullets among the English peasantry make the soldiery unpopular. In Ireland of course it is a different matter; they merely think it is an argument between gentlemen up the road and therefore private.

Last year, after adding up, it was decided that the sergeants had won one part of the competition, while the Butts officer, Captain Ledger, was adjudged the winner in the other—the range-telephone stakes. We are all practising hard for next spring, and Lieutenant Swordfrog, who is to be officer-in-command of the firing-point, trains daily on the Mess-telephone.

A. A.



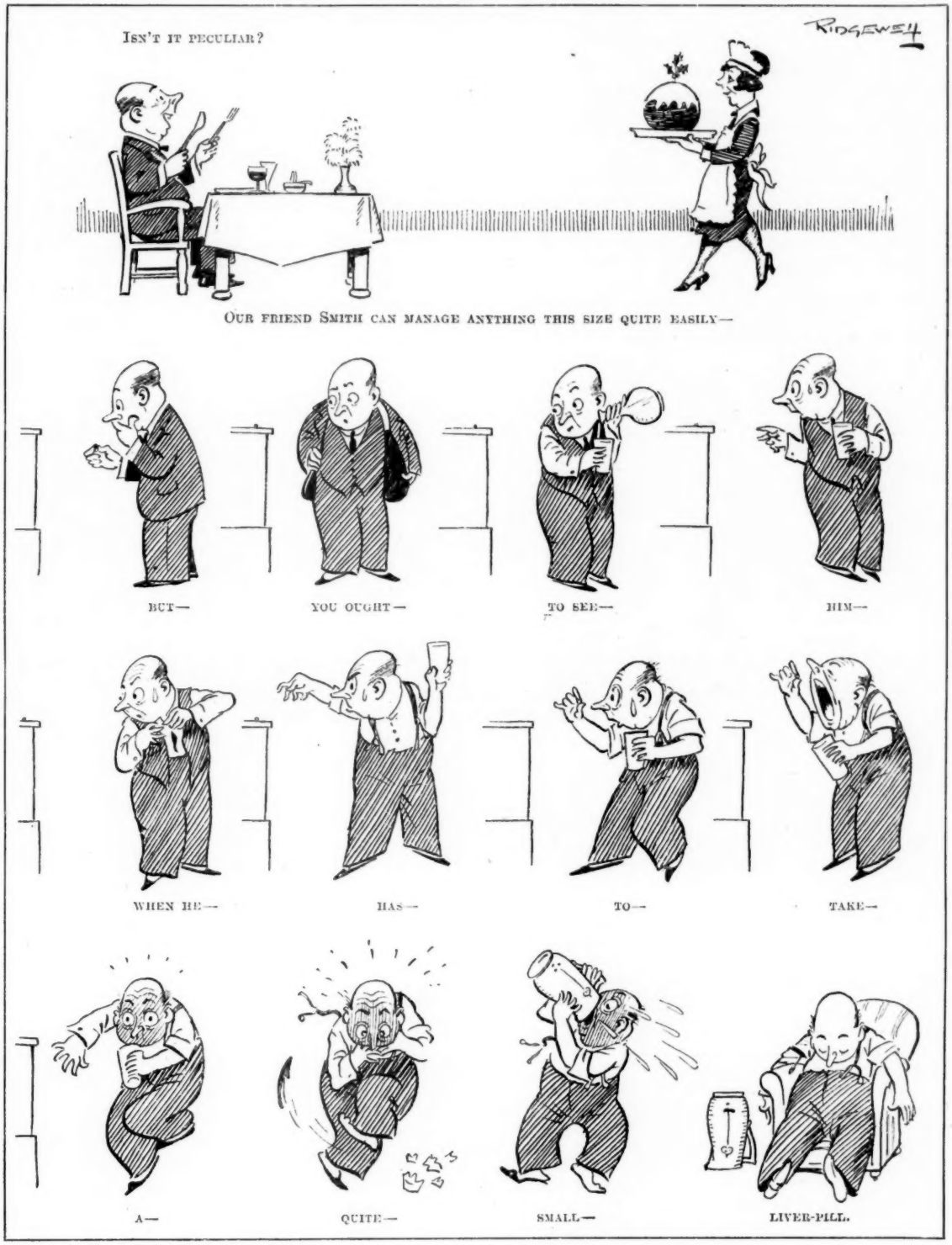
Host. "MY WIFE GAVE ME THESE CIGARS. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THEM?"
Guest. "OH, I DON'T MIND THEM. YOU SEE, I WAS GASSED TWICE."

From a description of a performance of *Hamlet* at the State Theatre in Berlin:—

"The Court of Elsinore becomes the Court of the ex-Kaiser, complete with Prussian uniforms and decorations. King Claudius is the ex-Kaiser, and the Queen, who wears long white gloves, is said to be an early imitation of the late Kaiserin. Polonius is Bethmann-Hollweg. The words are from the English."
Daily Paper.

By SHAKESPEARE, of course, the well-known Englishman.

STRAINING AT A GNAT.



THE DIFFICULTIES OF LIFE.

"LIFE," she said to me gravely, "is becoming more difficult every day."

"More impossible," I corrected her. "You will scarcely believe me when I tell you the committee have taken a stroke off my handicap, and I suppose there never was a season when so many outsiders no one had ever heard of romped home at a hundred to one. And to make a declaration at bridge when one never holds a card——"

"Why," she interrupted indignantly, "only last night, when we were partners, you put down a hand that had ace, king and queen of every suit except clubs."

"It was when," I sighed, "you went three in no trumps because you had none of the suit I had called—it was spades—and so let in Tom to make eight tricks in clubs straight off before you got the lead."

"But those are things that don't really matter," she declared. "Anyone can do without golf and bridge and racing, can't they?"

"I did hear of one man recently," I confessed, "who grew so desperate he gave them up altogether and took to watching live dogs chase a tin hare. A sad end to an otherwise ill-spent life; but they say he seems happy, though he eats none but tinned foods."

"And then, I suppose," she sighed, "he has to open them, and the tin-opener never to be found and no good when it is."

"Like my new safety-razor blade when I want to use it a second time. It is all very difficult and tiring."

"When I'm shaving," she said carelessly, "it doesn't tire me a bit, and that just shows what humbugs men are. The fuss they used to make, pretending it was so mysterious and difficult, when it isn't a bit, and making stupid jokes about our sharpening pencils with razors when everyone knows the carving-knife is ever so much better."

"We are a simple sex," I told her, "and it was only to create a feminine interest in our manhood that we ever pretended shaving was so dark and strange a deed, even though the back of a neck is never quite the same as the angle of a chin. Yet, though the mystery of shaving is now no more to you than to us, and cocktails and cigarettes even less so, we remain the only sex who can really grapple with the difficulty of knowing which way to move the hands of the clock when summer-time comes in and out."

"Tom," she answered disdainfully, "said that once, and I told him it was silly to talk like that, and so he said he would leave it to me next time."

"And did he?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, "so I put the dining-room clock forward an hour, and the drawing-room clock back. I forget which one was right, but one was; and Tom had to admit it too."

"Serve him right," I said severely.

"Didn't it?" she asked, pleased. "And then he was quite cross next morning simply because we had breakfast by the kitchen clock, which I had forgotten all about."

"Another instance," I said with sympathy, "of the infinite complications of the life of to-day."

"Well, things," she declared, "have got to be made easier or I don't know what won't happen. Last week, for instance, there was, on one afternoon at the same time, a wedding I absolutely had to attend because it was friends; and a reception I couldn't afford to miss because simply everyone was going; and ever such an interesting matinée we had been given free tickets for—and it's so *awful* not to use a free ticket when you do get one; and a private mannequin-show I felt I must go to, because such a hateful woman was getting it up and she would have thought I was jealous if I had stayed away; and a charity bazaar it was a positive duty to attend; and a wonderful piano recital you had really got to be seen at to show you were one of the few who really understand . . ."

"Which seems," I mused, as she paused, breathless, "not one difficulty, but six."

"Seven," she corrected me, with a heavy sigh, "for there was also the difficulty of knowing what to do."

"And what," I asked with interest, "did you do?"

"Well, first of all we cut out the matinée, because that was only pleasure, and we had to think of duty first."

"It is," I said, "the spirit of the Age."

"Then," she went on, "I told Tom he must go to the wedding by himself, because when they saw him they would be sure to think I was there too."

"I see," I said. "And what did Tom say?"

"Nothing," she explained, "because I said it first and quickest. Then next I gave up the reception, because every one would be there, and in the crush no one would ever notice I wasn't; and the recital, because no one would be there, and so no one could know I wasn't; and then I gave up the charity bazaar because, though that was a sort of duty, one has to think of a little pleasure sometimes."

"It is," I said, "even more the spirit of the Age."

"So that left," she continued with a touch of triumph in her manner, "only the mannequin-show; and I was so glad to be able to go there, because I did so want to tell the horrid woman who was getting it up what a success it had been, and how we had all enjoyed seeing those lovely gowns all over again."

"And did it work out quite well?" I asked.

"Well, not altogether," she admitted reluctantly. "When I got to the mannequin-show I found it had been held the day before, so as not to clash with anything else, and then it was too late to do anything but go on to the matinée. And what do you think? Tom was there too."

"Extraordinary," I cried. "I *am* surprised."

"He said he had forgotten which church the wedding was to be at," she explained, "and so of course I asked him why he hadn't 'phoned; but just then he noticed my hat, and he asked me if I didn't think I ought to have a new one; and I knew it was a perfect disgrace, so I said perhaps I ought. So then we got talking about where to go for a new one, and I forgot to say anything more about his missing the wedding, though I was sorry."

"At any rate," I said, "I hope it was an interesting matinée?"

"It was lovely!" she cried; "and the very moment it was over we went to a shop, and Tom bought me such a darling hat. I never enjoyed an afternoon more! Only Tom said it was the most expensive matinée he had ever been to; and how could it be when we had had free tickets given us?"

"I don't know," I said; "I expect Tom was just making conversation."

E. R. P.

The Wisdom of Henry Ford.

Paris may have been worth a mass, but America is the only country worth mass production.

* * *

A cool engine is better than a hot dog.

* * *

Englishmen can no longer afford castles, but any American can afford a Ford.

* * *

There are no bees in my bonnets.

* * *

Travel is an education, but I do not wish to "know the land where the Citroëns bloom."

* * *

Heaven is paved with good inventions.

"CHILD SWALLOWS HALFPENNY.

He was removed at once to Aberdeen Infirmary for an operation."—*Scots Paper.*

Other papers, please jest about this.



Small Convalescent (to Lady Visitor). "HOW OLD ARE YOU?"
Lady Visitor (facetiously). "I'M A HUNDRED-AND-ONE."
Small Convalescent. "THAT'S NOT AN AGE—THAT'S A TEMPERATURE."

MRS. HASH.

(A Serial Drama of the utmost importance. Begin at once, and buy the back-numbers.)

IX.—NIRVANA.

"WELL, Treasure?"

"Well, Harriet?"

"You don't say much."

"I'm happy, Harriet."

"Anyone would think you was in your grave. That elephant's gone by seven times since you passed your last remark."

"When a person's happy they don't need to talk about elephants, Harriet. I've got my Nirvana."

"Of course, if you're thinking of another lady——"

"'Tisn't a lady, Harriet. It's a spiritual state, like, and it's all come over me since I got you."

"Flattered, I'm sure, Mr. Treasure. What sort of a state?"

"It's a state of spiritual satisfaction, Harriet, like lying in a hot bath with the eyes closed. Perfect tranquillity, if you get my meaning, an inward peace, Harriet. I don't seem to want to say nothing or do nothing, but just bask in the sunshine of your society, like a lizard on the wall."

"Well, I never heard it called Nirvana before. What book have you been reading, Treasure?"

"It's a Buddist invention, Harriet. A kind of paradise on earth, you see."

"Well, if our marriage is to be a Buddist invention I'd better be looking round for something else, perhaps. I was thinking of a Christian wedding, Mr. Treasure, with a few flowers and



First Sportsman. "THAT'S YOUR OLD HORSE SCENE-SHIFTER, ISN'T IT?"
Second Ditto. "YES—ALTERING THE LANDSCAPE, AS USUAL."

the gramophone. And in my idea of paradise, Mr. Treasure, there's quite a lot of conversation."

"What's your idea of paradise, Harriet?"

"My idea of paradise is you and me and a few friends sitting round a good fire on a winter's night and talking."

"Well, I'm not saying anything against your talking, Harriet. I like to hear you talk."

"That's what Hash said when *we* was courting. But we hadn't been married a fortnight before *he* went Buddist. And a person can't talk to a stone wall if it *has* got Nirvana."

"Perhaps I didn't mean so very much, Harriet. But I generally fall into a meditation at the Zoo. There's nothing like it for making a man think. Do you see that elephant?"

"I can just make it out, Mr. Treasure."

"That's my ideal of what a man should be, Harriet. Strong as you make 'em, but kind with it, wise as you could wish but fond of a little game, dignified too but never stands on his dignity, always thinking of others, don't mind doing any little job that comes his way, and what he does he does as well as he can do it, if it's only picking up a pin."

"Here endeth the First Lesson!"

"The elephant, Harriet, is the King of Beasts by rights. It's my opinion the lion is an over-rated creature, with unpleasant habits. Let's walk along to the Aquarium."

"Very well, Treasure. I was never much of a one for lions myself. But I don't know that I want to marry an elephant. Is the elephant your ideel of a husband, Treasure?"

"The ideal man should make an ideal husband surely."

"Well, there you're very much mistaken. You couldn't have wanted for a better man than Amos Rudd, yet what that poor woman had to put up with—I declare he'd have sold the rags off her back if he'd have thought it would benefit the working-classes, and she couldn't hardly take the Sunday dinner out of the oven before he'd be giving it away to the first scallywag that knocked at the door. No, Mr. Treasure, ideels is all right for elephants, but give me a husband that knows which side his wife's bread is buttered. No one wants to have breakfast with an archangel, Mr. Treasure, and Mrs. Rudd used to tell me it made her feel that inferior having a man like that about the house she was half-afraid to do the washing-up without singing a hymn. And as for elephants, they're a bit too quiet for me. It looks to me as if your elephant's got his Nirvana, Mr. Treasure."

"I dare say he has, my dear, if the truth were told."

"Well, he can keep it—see? Now what's this Aquarium? Goldfish, eh? What monsters!"

"Beautiful colouring."

"Quite a picture, with the green stuff and that."

"It's funny to stand here looking at 'em through the glass, and them not knowing anything about us—like looking into another world, like."

"Yes, it's like Lord BIRKENHEAD looking through the area-window at you and me, I suppose."

"And I dare say he don't know anything more about us than what we know about them fish."

"Funny the way they open and shut their mouths. Breathing, I suppose."

"Not breathing, Harriet. They breathe through the gills."

"Yawning, then. It looks a bit slow, I must say."

"That's what Lord BIRKENHEAD might say if he looked through the

area-window. But what does he know about it? I should have said those fish was the happiest creatures in London."

"That your idea of paradise, Mr. Treasure?"

"Pretty near. They 've got everything they want and nothing to do."

"Sounds like the Idle Rich, and we know they 're miserable."

"Ah, but that sort are always wanting to be in somebody else's tank. These fish can't see into the next tank; they 've got a little world of their own—see?—and nothing to envy. They couldn't be better looked after if they was in a state of nature; they get their food regular, they 've got no enemies, no change of weather, no noise——"

"And nobody talking to them, I suppose you 'd say?"

"Nobody to bother them, certainly. It 's like as if you and me was shut up on an island flowing with milk and honey and didn't see the newspapers, Harriet."

"Well, I wouldn't mind that, it 's true, Mr. Treasure, provided you wasn't too Buddist. But it seems to me all your ideas of happiness come back to the same thing. You ought to live in a glass-case, Mr. Treasure, and have yourself labelled 'The Silent Gentleman, don't touch the glass, he 's got Nirvana.'"

"Well, say what you like, Harriet, there 's a great deal in silence. I often think, if I was free to meditate silent for a year or two, I 'd get everything clear in my mind, like this H. G. WELLS I 'm reading. Speech is silver, I always say——"

"And silence is a goldfish. Well, it 's me for the sea-lion. Let 's move on a little. They give me the creeps."

"These sticklebacks are interesting. It says the male parent builds the nest, does all the housework and looks after the young."

"Now there 's some sense in that. That 's what I call Nirvana, if you like."

"I used to keep newts when I was a boy. Did you ever see a newt courting?"

"And what 's put that into your head, Mr. Treasure?"

"I was wondering when you were going to name the day, Harriet."

"Well, *I* was wondering, after what you 've said, whether we were quite as well suited as we thought perhaps. Would you mind telling me, Mr. Treasure, if there 's any particular part of the day when a few stray words from your wife would be welcome?"

"Well, I 'll be frank with you. I 'm not one for talking before breakfast, and I 'm not one for talking at breakfast, and, generally speaking, I don't want to talk after breakfast——"

"That don't leave much of the day, do it?"



THE PERFECT FLOOR.

STUDY OF TWO ENTHUSIASTS IN BAULK.

"But when I 've had my pipe and the day 's well under way I don't mind exchanging a word or two on a serious subject, provided nobody don't talk to me while I 'm washing, or while I 'm meditating, or while I 'm taking a nap, or while I 'm reading, and I read at meals, and I like reading in bed."

"Well, all that 's reasonable enough, there 's no accounting for tastes, they say, but in that case what do you want with a wife?"

"I put 'reticent' in my advertisement, as you may remember, Harriet——"

"And what 's 'reticent,' when it 's at home?"

"'Reticent' is not talking more than is necessary."

"Then I 'm not reticent and never shall be, not if I live to be a hundred."

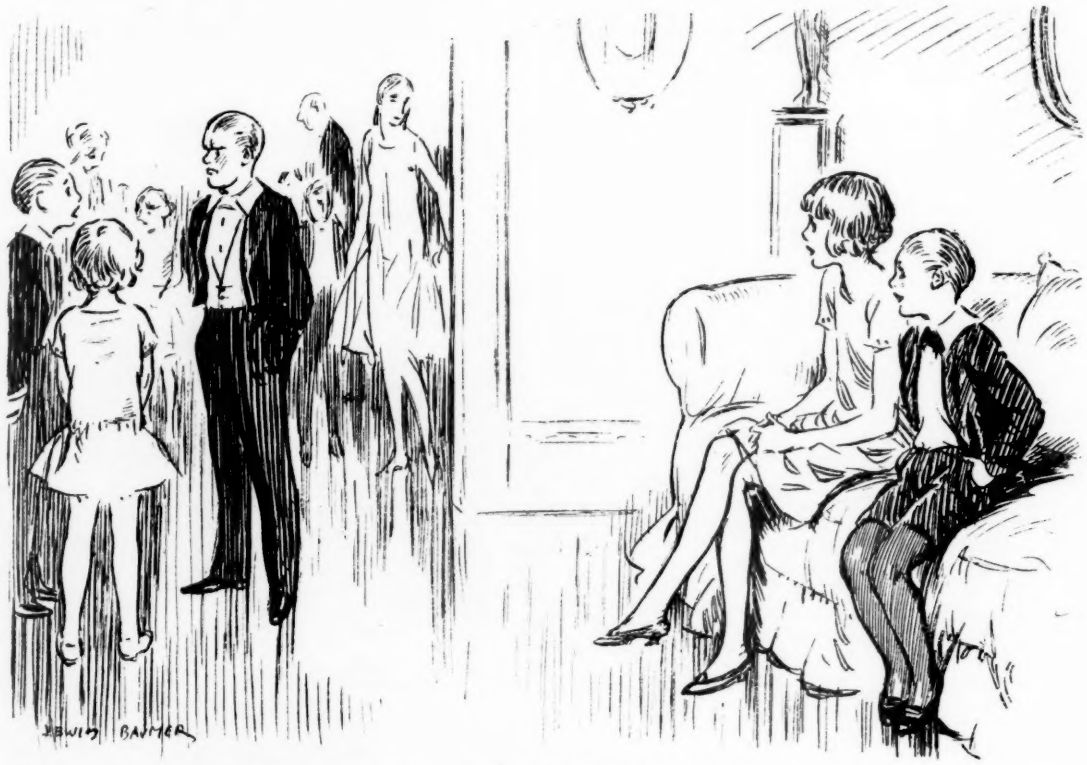
"I knew that, Harriet I knew that the moment I saw you, but then you see——"

"Yes, Mr. Treasure?"

"Then, you see, I was carried away. The fact is, a man may have his ideals, but he don't always live up to them. And so, as I said before, well, what about naming the day?"

"Well, I feel a bit reticent about that, Mr. Treasure, not to say Buddist, and I 'll think it over. But meanwhile I 'd like to remark first, last and once and for all, that it 's no use your marrying me if it 's a gold-fish you want; and I shan't want too much of the elephant from you. What you want to keep in your mind is the stickleback, Mr. Treasure, with a dash of the kangaroo, perhaps."

"Very well, Harriet." A. P. H.



Elder Sister. "SO THAT 'S SMYTHE MAJOR, IS IT? I THINK HE LOOKS A NASTY CROSS BOY."
Small Boy. "WELL, HE *IS* RATHER A BEAST; BUT I 'VE KNOWN HIM GET QUITE MELLOW AFTER HIS THIRD GINGER-BEER."

HOW TO BRIGHTEN OUR PANTOMIMES.

NEXT we will take *Bluebeard* and see how the telephone touch can enliven this old drama.

SCENE—*A turret chamber in* Bluebeard's *Palace. A telephone is fastened to the wall.* Ann *is frantically searching the telephone-book as the curtain rises, and* Fatima *is busy tearing her hair.*

Fatima. Sister Ann, Sister Ann, can you not find our brother's number?

Sister A. He will be at the Vizier's office, Fatima. I know he will. I must look for V. Where does it come in the alphabet? I never can think.

Fatima. R S T U V.

Sister A. Perhaps it 'll be under G, for Grand Vizier—or perhaps it 'll be in State Department, or under Baghdad Corporation.

Fatima. Oh, be quick! Be quick! Bluebeard is coming. (*She goes to the window.*) I can see him coming. He is on his white Arab, the horse that won the Damascus Stakes at a hundred to one.

Sister A. Ah! I 've found it under Vizier—plain Vizier. Here we are—Baghdad 600331.

Fatima. Don't say it wrong. Quick! Quick!

[Sister Ann *takes up the receiver and waits. There is a tense silence.*

Sister A. It 's buzzing a lot, but no one answers.

Fatima. Oh, click the top, Sister Ann! Quick, Sister Ann!

Sister A. Ah! Baghdad 600331, please . . . No, not 9. 1 at the end . . . yes.

Fatima (*at the window*). Bluebeard is nearer. I can see the gleam on his scimitar. Has no one answered?

Sister A. Hulloa! Hulloa! Is that 600331? Grand Vizier's Office? What? You 're 600339? The Torture Chamber? Oh! thanks; wrong number. Hulloa! Hulloa! Exchange! You 've given me the wrong number. I didn't say 9. Yes, but you should listen. I don't care; I shall ring up the supervisor in a minute. Well, put me on at once then.

Fatima. Bluebeard is at the half-mile bend by now, but he has met a friend and speaks to him. There yet may be time. Sister Ann . . . Sister Ann! Have you got your number?

Sister A. Hulloa! Is that the Grand Vizier's office? Thanks. Well, I want Mr. Ibrahim Hadjiz, please. Hadjiz. I *am* speaking plainly. Listen! Had—jiz. Oh, yes, I 'll spell it. Are you attending? H for haddock, A for ass, D for donkey, J for jackass, I for idiot, Z for zany. You 're not sure where he is? Well, please send for him. He 's at tea? Yes, but it 's most important. His sister Fatima is expecting to be murdered at any moment now, when Bluebeard comes home. Yes—say Miss Ann Hadjiz is speaking. Yes, I 'll hold on.

Fatima (*hoarsely*). Bluebeard is coming at a gallop.

Sister A. (*excitedly to telephone*). Hulloa! Hulloa! Yes, it 's Ann. You must hurry up, Ib. Get the car out and your sword, and don't mind police-traps. If you 're not here in ten minutes Fatima will be a murder case in *The Evening Mail.* Right-o!

[*She hangs up the receiver and turns to* Fatima, *who is fainting on a divan.*

This treatment may be applied with the happiest effect to any of the old stories.

W. M. L.



BUSINESS AS USUAL.

OUR MR. BULL (*Commercial Traveller, to China*). "DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT; I'M ONLY HERE FOR OUR MUTUAL BENEFIT; I'M NOT THE 'BULL-IN-A-CHINA-SHOP' THAT YOU TAKE ME FOR."



WHAT OUR GOOD KING WENCESLASES HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

CROWD OF "POOR MEN COME IN SIGHT, GATHERING WINTER FUEL" ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE KIND ACTION IMMORTALISED IN THE WELL-KNOWN CAROL.

BALLADS FOR BROAD-BROWS.

ONE OF THE MUGS.

LONG, long ago we were taught by our mothers
There's two kinds of people, the Mugs and the Others;
And, since I was promoted from bottles to jugs,
I've known very well that I'm one of the mugs.

I'm one of the mugs. Are you?
I'm diddled whatever I do.
I'm a mug, I'm a mutt, I'm a bat-head, a boob,
I buy all the things advertised in the Tube;
Put my shirt on a horse, it lies down on the course.
I'm one of the mugs. Are you?

It's seven to one, if I meet with a stranger,
His little girl's ill and her life is in danger,
His purse has been stolen, his home is at Ryde,
And he's longing to get to the little one's side.

Well, I'm one of the mugs, I know,
But trouble unmans me so;
He's sure to be wearing the old college tie,
So I float him a loan and I kiss him good-bye,
And then I sit down and I have a good cry.
I'm one of the mugs. Are you?

I long for some dashing affair of the heart,
But a dear little dog is my usual part;
I fetch her umbrella and carry her bag,
And my dear little tail has a permanent wag.

I'm one of the mugs, I am,
A poodle, a pet and a lamb.
For seven long years I've been nice to her mother
While over my shoulder she ogled Another,
And now it turns out what she wants is a brother.
I'm one of the mugs. Are you?

I'm constantly spoiling a Treasury note
For those healthy tobaccos that cure a sore throat,
Those magical systems that double your wits,
And gargles and dopes for the nerves or the nits.

I'm one of the mugs, you see;
They're mainly invented for me.
If you want an infallible thing for the hair
Just look in the bathroom—they're all of them there;
But you'll notice my innocent boko is bare.
I'm one of the mugs. Are you?

I'm much in request with old ladies and vicars;
I'm seen a mile off by the confidence-trickers;
And, though my finances may leak like a sieve,
It's a comfort to think of the pleasure I give.

I'm one of the mugs, you see;
They're all of them looking for me.
The bookmaker's children are crying for bread,
And they murmur a Thank-you to me if they've fed.
But I wonder, I own—am I really alone?
I'm one of the mugs. Are you? A. P. H.

A Hint to Poultry Farmers.

Letter lately received from a firm of provision-merchants:

"We shall be glad if you will allow your fowls to remain sitting on the eggs a little longer, if it is possible to get them larger, as customers are complaining that, at the price eggs are now fetching, they are very small for the money. Yours faithfully, —— & Co."

PERCY THE IRREPRESSIBLE.

IT was on a December evening in 1900 that I first saw Percy. I shall never forget it. I found him on page 347 of Messrs. Harridgeley's Winter Catalogue, attending a large and rather Bohemian dinner-party. Immaculately dressed in a tail-coat, with a four-inch collar and a black bow tie, he was leaning airily back in his chair, smiling into his moustache.

Some fun was afoot; you could not help seeing that. Although there was a certain pretence at conversation every mouth was twisted in an expectant smirk, and every eye was fixed sidelong on Percy.

Sitting beside him was a peculiarly-shaped lady in a remarkable frock. Her eyes bulged and her hands were upraised. With lips agape she was staring in horror at her plate, which was tilted. Percy was watching her slily. In his left hand he held a bulb, connected with a rubber tube which passed under the table-cloth. As he squeezed this bulb her plate rose and fell.

Something in the easy impudence with which he took liberties with such a formidable lady kindled my admiration. My heart went out to him at once, and from that moment I followed his career each year with never-flagging interest.

Even as a boy I realised that Percy was a remarkable man. He seemed to spend his life attending parties and receptions, and in the persistence and variety of his practical joking he had no equal. How people ever sat through any dinner that Percy attended I cannot think. He never gave them a moment's rest. Did the lady beside him so much as turn her head, Percy would slip on to her plate a dummy sausage filled with water. The next moment he would call loudly to the butler to remove a splash of artificial gravy from the table-cloth, and before people had finished drying their eyes at the joke he would blow a cloud of sneezing-powder through his napkin-ring and have them all behaving as if they had hay-fever.

But how they all loved him! They could not take their eyes off him, especially the little boy in the sailor-suit who followed him about from party to party long after he should have been in bed. I sympathised with that little boy. My own fondness for Percy in those days amounted almost to hero-worship.

Years passed. I began to grow up. Then suddenly my friendship with Percy suffered a shock. One December day, when I opened Messrs. Harridgeley's Winter Catalogue I found him doing something which was simply inexcusable. He was sitting at a tea-party, and he had so far forgotten himself as to slip down the neck of his hostess some powder described in a footnote as "Russian Fleas." A growing suspicion of mine was confirmed. I could no longer evade the conviction that Percy was not *quite* a gentleman.

Before you condemn me for this, remember that I was only eighteen, with a schoolboy's acute consciousness of what constituted good form. For several years there was a distinct coolness between us. Not until I was twenty-one and a man of the world did I finally forgive him.

Came the War. Percy, I need hardly tell you, was one of the first to volunteer. By the winter of 1914, with the rank of major, a row of strange decorations and a uniform with a marvellous waist, he was in the firing-line offering the General an explosive cigar. In another picture the Divisional Staff were enjoying the joke uproariously. The General was looking as if he might enjoy it at some future date.

But apparently he didn't, for next winter I found Percy, reduced in rank but still cheerful, taking his Colonel's photograph with a camera which housed a large flying snake. The battalion had stopped fighting to see the fun.

I think after this the War Office felt that Percy ought to be given a special rank of his own, for next winter I saw him, with three stars and a crown, projecting a jet of water from his button-hole into the inspecting Brigadier's eye. He must have come off badly in the subsequent court-martial, for in 1917 he was only a colonel. He was amusing his battalion with a luminous electric nose.

It was not to be expected that a man of Percy's popularity would be allowed to remain in the Army when once the War was over. By the end of 1918 he was back home again in mufti, a little broader in the chest, perhaps, his moustache clipped a little closer, but otherwise precisely his old pre-war self, and not at all abashed by his recent trying experiences. He had just tipped the butler at a dinner-party with a counterfeit half-crown (attached to Percy's cuff by a piece of elastic), and you could see by the general merriment that he had lost nothing of his old reputation.

And now from winter to winter Percy pursues his gay career. Never a New Year passes without my eagerly scanning Messrs. Harridgeley's catalogue for news of his whereabouts. Time passes, but Percy never ages nor flags in verve or ingenuity. Whether he is depositing an imitation cinder on the billiard-table of his host, imitating the sound of tearing fabric at a dance or releasing a clockwork mouse at a reception, there is always the same infectious impudence in his demeanour. Cool, debonair, smiling, a little lacking in breeding, perhaps, but secure in the knowledge of his unbounded popularity, he goes down the ages pursued by shrieks and laughter. Never failing, never tiring, he is ever eager in his zest to bring sunshine into the homes and happiness to the hearts of a grateful and admiring public.



Husband. "GOOD HEAVENS, A BLUEBOTTLE! RATHER LATE IN THE YEAR FOR HIM TO BE OUT."

Wife (grimly). "OH, I'VE NO DOUBT HE'LL HAVE SOME PLAUSIBLE EXCUSE WHEN HE GETS HOME."

The New Mathematics.

À *propos* of the Liberal dissensions:—

"It is difficult, as Euclid says, to make two parallel straight lines meet, and the only feasible solution is to 'split the difference.'"
Daily Paper.

From a motor-car advertisement:—

"Consumption varies between 34 and 38 miles per gallon, and I can average 26-38 miles per hour without exceeding 35 miles per hour at any time."—*Weekly Paper.*



FLORAL TRIBUTES MAY BE MORE PICTURESQUE; BUT MANY A POPULAR IDOL WOULD PREFER GIFTS OF A PRACTICAL NATURE.

A SMOTHERED GRIEVANCE.

WERE it not that this is the ancient season of rejoicing and goodwill, I should feel obliged to call attention once again to the EDGWARE–HIGHGATE–MORDEN branch of the so-called Electric Underground Railway.

If it were not that at this very moment, in the tiny village of Morden, nestling amongst its immemorial trees, the old squire is going the rounds, bestowing gifts on the apple-cheeked country-folk, and joining with them in the simple wassail-bowl—if it were not for the fact that even now, in that other old-world hamlet of Edgware (N.W.), the Yule log is being dragged home and the merry mummers are performing their masquerades, I should feel compelled to mention what happened to me upon the platform of a certain intermediate Northern station about a fortnight ago.

How I came down and stood on that platform, desiring to go to Charing Cross, and how a train arrived, marked clearly on its front, and in letters of fire, MORDEN. I let it go. I did this because trains marked MORDEN branch off into the City, and by circuitous ways dive under the river, proceeding thence to the heart of rural Surrey, where the lady-novelists live. Trains marked KENNINGTON, for no understandable reason, travel to Charing Cross. A second train came in marked MORDEN also. I let it go. A third train came in marked MORDEN. I let that go as well. But I spoke to the man who was busy sweeping crumbs on the station when this occurred. I asked him how long I should have to wait before I got a train to Charing Cross.

"Why, you could have got one," he said, "two trains ago."

"No," I said. "The last three have all been City trains. They were all marked MORDEN in front."

"Ah," he said with the infinite pride of a man who has achieved a great dialectical success, "you're thinking of two days ago, before we had our Balham station opened. Some of the trains marked MORDEN go to the City, and some of them go to Charing Cross now, since we've got the Balham station opened. It's the busiest station on the line, Balham is, nowadays."

He spoke as a man who took the local politics of Balham seriously to heart and meditated much upon its active bustling ways. He spoke as a man who loved Balham well. He could not have spoken with more pride if he had been Balham's ass.

It was nothing to him that there was an electric indicator on the platform designed to show whether trains were going round to the City or not, and that this indicator was not being used. It was nothing to him that there are hardly any conductors on the trains to tell anybody whether they are going to Surrey *viâ* the Bank or to Exeter *viâ* the North Pole. It was nothing to him that the simple device of stating *in*side each of these abominable trains exactly where it is going to, so that passengers may study as early as possible the caprices of the addlepates and half-wits who mismanage the line, and get out at the next station if they find they are going wrong, has never yet been thought of or employed. Puffed up with the importance of civic life in Balham (Surrey) he stood there, sweeping crumbs in Middlesex, as if all the world was going well.

I repeat that if it were not Christmastime I should feel compelled to call attention to these things.

I should have to go on, speaking again as a Middlesex man, to point out how unfair is the accusation, sometimes made in the London Press, that no great crimes are committed south of the river Thames. Great crimes *are* committed south of the river Thames. The

most heinous, the most unpardonable, are as follows:—

KENNINGTON
CLAPHAM
BALHAM
TOOTING
MORDEN.

And the greatest of these is BALHAM.

An underground line that once conveyed the noblest and best residents of the nearer Northern suburbs to their duties and pleasures has now been expropriated for the benefit of agriculturalists in Morden and Balham and the uneducated yokels of Edgware. In the place where I live it is used only by confirmed optimists and lovers of practical jokes. As there are no motor-buses nearer than three-quarters-of-a-mile to the place where I live, the value of house property must be declining considerably. But why should the Directors of the Underground Railway, full of their dreams of Morris-dancing, care? We only need another switch to Banbury and Oxford *viâ* Hemel Hempstead and Aylesbury to let the whole jungle in upon the town.

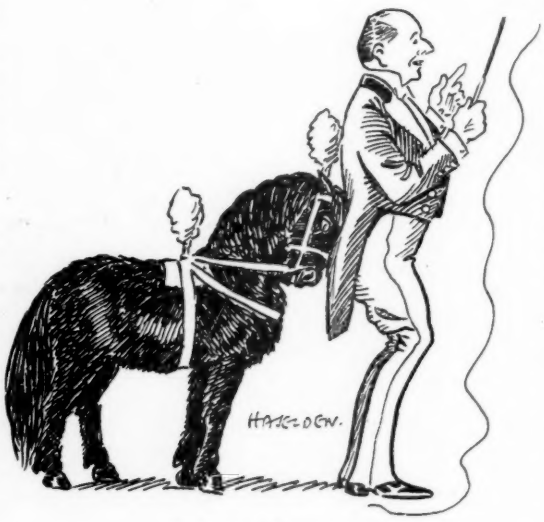
Because it is Christmas-time I shall not say those things which I might have said. But a time *will* come—for even the most long-suffering man may find his patience overtaxed—when I shall really be forced to complain. Till then I wish the Underground Railway a merry Morden and a happy Edgware.

EVOE.

AT THE CIRCUS.

(OLYMPIA.)

MEN have been made knights and baronets for much less in the way of public service than Captain BERTRAM MILLS'S contribution to the serious gaieties of Christmas and his sporting attempt, with, let us hope, abiding as well as obvious temporary success, to keep a place in Merrie England for the gallant brotherhood of the tent, the waggon and the sawdust-ring. I made a point of looking round and noticing the rapt faces of grey-haired men and matrons, abandoning any attempt to appear as if they had only found themselves there on their young friends' account. For myself I recaptured, as I had not thought would be possible, a great deal of the sense of the old magic of childhood's memories. True, it would need more than Mr. DE LA MARE'S elaborate art to make me quite happy looking upon CHAFFER'S Thirty Midgets, tactfully as they were presented, and dainty as was their appearance. If one could only forget things one wants to forget! True also that the handsome but too thoroughly tamed and bored lion who rode the white horse and leapt back and forth in the great cage with such unseemly skill prevented me from remaining to see the rest of the famous HAGENBECK team. I found it too embarrassing to meet the eye of that brave king of beasts in such pathetically reduced circumstances, though I can quite well imagine him saying, "My dear sentimental Sir, don't distress yourself. Believe me, there's a good deal to be said for a quiet life of peaceful dozing and regular meals as a relief from big-game hunters and other hazards of the jungle."



The Pony. "EXCUSE ME."
MR. ERNEST SCHUMANN.

It is good to think that the real authentic circus turns remain the best. Surely the standard of equestrian feats has been raised. To see four members of the accomplished CASI family leap at the same time into standing position on their circling horse, or three of them into the saddle, or the whole eight of them, one after the other, on to two superbly-trained steeds was never possible in our youth. Surely no trapeze and ring artist did such graceful or such incredibly daring work as BARBETTE, "the supreme sensation of Circusdom," who also, I think, successfully deceived the whole circusful in a manner I may not disclose. Nor do I think I have ever seen a better clown than CHARLIE, whose gymnastic variations on the eternal theme of the little slouching man of genius were in themselves a new work of genius (this category, it

A New Motoring Menace.

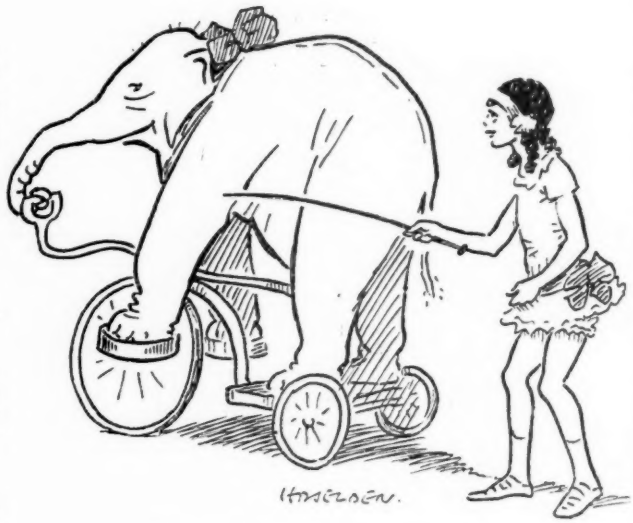
"WAYNESBURG, PA.—Chief of Police Davis, of Waynesburg, has received a report from the Bureau of Animal Industry at Harrisburg that the car which hit Forrest E. Cowan, of Holbrook, last week was suffering from rabies."
American Paper.

"Lady, who requires Washing, undertaken privately."
Advt. in Local Paper.

We respect the advertiser's delicacy.

"I jump on to the 'bus to get to the station and hand the conductor a two-shilling piece for a penny fare. I receive in exchange a black look and eleven pennies."
Evening Paper.

We should have returned the black look and asked for a shilling instead.



BABY JUNE, THE SCORCHING PACHYDERM.



Wife (in throes of packing for the Riviera). "JACK, IT'S NO USE JUST *sitting* ON IT. BOUNCE!"

is to be understood, being here employed with deliberation).

Then there was the clever prancing team of Mr. ERNEST SCHUMANN'S eight beautifully-matched black geldings and the superb *haute école* technique of Mr. SCHUMANN himself. And can anyone ever before have shown such delicate mastery of the whip? The Seventeen Chinese Sensationalists' dynamic juggling; the herculean KATIE SANDWINA supporting on her body a whirling merry-go-round with six men upon it, or twisting strip-iron as if it were lead; LOYALS' Dogs, who appeared to enjoy their clever turns (one at least, the clown-poodle, had obviously a highly-developed sense of humour), while the horsedogship of the clever Alsatian rivalled that of the CASIS themselves; the Fifteen CHAVALLIS whirling dangerously above the arena—all these turns make one realise with gratitude that, though England—Captain MILLS and Lord LONSDALE honourably excepted—has rather let down the circus-folk and followed after strange new gods, other nations have been more sanely conservative—to our gain.

One word only of criticism. It is surely a fallacy to think that fifteen clowns at one time are better than one or at most two; or for that matter that fifteen acrobats doing more or less isolated movements simultaneously can be really enjoyed by anyone who has not a dozen eyes. The outstanding triumphs of BARBETTE and "CHARLIE" should prove this point sufficiently.

In conclusion all I can say is that, if any parent, aunt or uncle, guardian, tutor or nanny does not see that all



THE WEAKER SEX.
MME. SANDWINA.

young folk in his or her charge appear at least once in this next three weeks at Olympia, I hope they may grow prematurely old and disgruntled! I can't say fairer than that. T.

BIG GAME AT BEACHY HEAD.

THE need of deporting undesirable aliens has already engaged the attention of our legislators. But it would appear from a recent episode that the restrictions which the Statute Book now imposes on the movements of undesirables should be extended from the human species to animals *feræ naturæ*.

The annals of Beachy Head are not devoid of tragic incidents, but as a rule disaster has been confined to those who go out of their way to meet it. Some years ago, while on a visit to Eastbourne, I was informed by my host that a London visitor who had ventured down the cliff until he found himself unable to go up or down, was rescued, not without considerable difficulty, by a coastguard. When my friend asked the rescuer whether he had received any reward for his services, "Yes," was the answer; "he gave me a —— ninepence." Such episodes must be expected to recur so long as humanity remains prone to run unnecessary risks, though it is not likely that many persons will estimate the value of their lives at a figure at once so precise and so negligible.

But the amenities of Beachy Head are now threatened from another quarter. Coastguards may be counted on to cope with the vagaries of Cockney trippers, but it does not fall within their province to protect the neighbourhood from the incursion of such a portent—*grande*

et conspicuum nostro quoque tempore monstrum—as that which confronted a farmer near Beachy Head on Sunday week. Its head resembled that of a rat or, according to another report, "it was rather like a bear." It was like a Manx cat in that it had no tail. It had "short legs," presumably four, but no number is specified; and it had four teeth, two in the upper and two in the lower jaw. Its claws were large, and its capacity for furtive approach was increased by the fact that its feet were padded. One zoological expert hazards the suggestion that it might be a marsupial bear from Australia, "a very rare creature," while Mr. TYRRWHITT-DRAKE, the ex-Mayor of Maidstone, who owns a private menagerie, told *The Daily News* reporter that he thought the animal might be a wombat, "a shy and gentle vegetarian creature." These conjectures, however, are difficult to reconcile with the formidable measurements which are now available. It was no less than 2 ft. 7 ins. in length and nearly 15 ins. across the back—slightly larger than a spaniel; and it turned the scale at about 40 lbs.

The Chimæra itself was a fool compared with this extraordinary animal, combining the attributes of a bear, a rat, a cat-burglar and a spaniel. And the mystery and horror of the situation are enhanced by the fact that no such animal had escaped from the Zoo or any private menagerie. Hence the wild surmise that it may have got free from some steamer "and, after dashing overboard, may have swum to land." One is tempted to repeat the comment of the old Scots woman when a preacher suggested various alternatives in his account of Jonah's experiences: "Aiblins it was a whale." Anyhow, such speculations are rendered otiose by the grand consoling fact that this certainly very rare and probably shy and gentle vegetarian creature is no more. At Beachy Head it will be possible, when the incident is suitably commemorated, to inscribe on the memorial the words of EMERSON, with only one letter omitted:—

> "Here once the embattled farmer stood
> And fired the shot heard round the world."

For, according to the report given by *The Daily News*, the owner of an adjoining farm "saw the creature run out of the bushes near his cottage, and, fearing that it might do some harm to his flock, he got his gun and shot it." If EMERSON'S verses are deemed unsuitable, the following might serve as a substitute:—

> Upon this spot, in single combat,
> A Sussex farmer shot a wombat;
> Though possibly it was that rare
> Creature, the small marsupial bear;
> But anyhow the monster's dead;
> Peace reigns once more on Beachy Head.

THOSE LEATHER THINGS.

AFTER having been taken from the kennels when he was a few weeks old he was sent back to them six months later as a boarder while his master and mistress were in the South of France.

When he had first come away he was all legs, and very insecure legs at that, crashing, when the floor was slippery, like a spatch-cocked fowl; he returned a huge lion of a dog, tawny and formidable. Not that he had yet developed any of the sinister hostilities of which his breed, the Alsatian, has recently been accused, but, in an impulsive storm of frolicsome gaiety, affection or greeting, he could easily knock you down, and he had a way of suddenly extending a paw towards the face of the beloved which, such was the length and sharpness of his claws, as yet not worn down by enough running on hard roads, might lead to a scratch and even a gash. Alsatians must be kept in order—that is all; and that is why Warder of Aldingworth—for that was his imposing name—had been sent to his old home, where a little more discipline was to be had.

The first person he met after he had been set at liberty was an old and dignified Alsatian matron, who, after subjecting him to careful study, remarked, "Aren't you Warder?"

"Yes," said Warder; "but who are you? And how did you know my name?"

"I'm your mother," she said.

Warder was delighted. It was his first happy moment since he had left his master and mistress.

"I'm sorry you didn't recognise me," she continued. "But it's always like that; we remember, you don't. Once a mother and her puppies are parted they might as well never have been nursed by her. What brings you here, anyway? You haven't been returned to be sold again, I hope. They haven't seriously faulted you? You haven't done anything disgraceful? That would be hard to bear."

Warder told her as much as he knew.

"But it's one of the bores of being a dog," he added, "that we know so little. We're not in their confidence. These people of mine are the kindest things ever, but they're always going away."

His mother sighed. "Ah, yes," she said, "that's the besetting weakness of all of them; they go away. It's always the same. We're all getting on so nicely and understanding each other and making good sound comfortable habits, and then they go away and everything is spoiled."

"I wouldn't mind so much," said Warder, "if one knew about it. But one doesn't; one has to nose it out. The only real clue is those leather things they put their clothes in. Directly I see one of those on the floor of their bedrooms my heart begins to sink. 'No more jumping on to master's bed in the morning,' I say to myself. 'No more tit-bits at meals. No more walks with him. No more lying on the hearth-rug before his fire.' Not that I'm starved in the kitchen; but it's not the same. Besides, servants, you know. Not for us!"

"No, indeed," said his mother. "But don't they ever take you with them?"

"They did once—to London," said Warder, "and once to the sea. London's interesting, isn't it? But I didn't enjoy it. No room to move. They've got what's called a flat there, and I was always on the lead. Nowhere to run, and, though there's plenty of company in the streets and the parks, I was always being tugged away from it. Do you know London, mother?" he asked.

"Yes, dear. It's no place for us. We must have space and freedom. But tell me about the sea. I've never been there."

"It means nothing at all to us," said Warder. "It's just cold wetness and never still. They tried to get me into it, but I knew better. And there is no other side. It begins and goes on for ever; and you go down to it over horrid hard stones. Still I would rather be at the sea with my master than be left behind."

"You like your master best?" his mother inquired.

"Of course," said Warder.

"But why?" his mother asked. "Isn't she nice?"

"Oh, yes, she's nice enough, but it's not the same. I should like him better whatever happened. He's perfect—at least he would be if he never went away, if he hadn't got any of those leather things. Why do they all have leather things, mother? Isn't it a pity?"

"Yes, darling. It's their greatest blot."

E. V. L.

Another Record Gone.

"Ariel's feat of casting a girdle round the world in a few moments is being virtually achieved to-day by the successful inventor."
Provincial Paper.

Puck, if we remember aright, never backed himself to do it in less than forty minutes.

From an article on Soviet politics:—

"Stalin's speech, of course, is political, has political motives, and may mean nothing, but it does indicate that he has to keep trimming his nails to maintain his supremacy."
Australian Paper.

Let's hope that Mr. COOK gave him a manicure-set for Christmas?

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Tenniel



JONES NORMALLY—



WEARS A SOFT HAT—



WHICH—



IS—



REMOVED—



IN THE USUAL MANNER;



AND THAT IS WHY HIS—



TALL HAT—



WHEN IT—



DOES APPEAR—



IS—

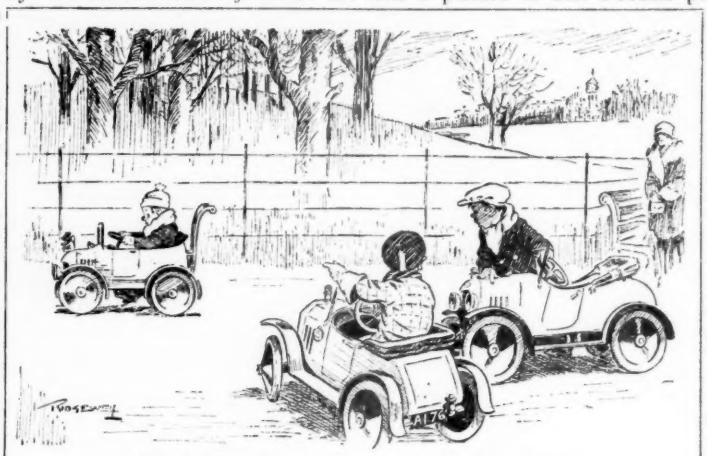


NOT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I REMEMBER being present in a house-master's drawing-room when the presiding feminine spirit, rather fatuously improving a Sabbath occasion, asked the assembled youth which of its modern idols it would, if it were given a chance, propose for canonization. A small boy replied, "ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON"; and, though he was promptly suppressed, he certainly voiced a sentiment not unshared by the world. There is a STEVENSON cult and there are STEVENSON relics in a sense quite foreign to the reputations and remains of most popular writers. I am not concerned to argue their validity. I merely remark that they exist, and that STEVENSON'S "GAMEKEEPER," Miss ADELAIDE A. BOODLE, has just contributed an interesting addition to both. For all its cumbersome title ("lifted" from an inscribed copy of *Rab and His Friends* presented to the STEVENSONS by Dr. JOHN BROWN) *R. L. S. and His Sine Qua Non* (MURRAY) is in many ways an engaging book. Miss BOODLE will always be remembered by lovers of STEVENSON'S letters as the friend of his "Skerryvore" days; and when "LOU-US" and "FANNY" left for Saranac "THE GAMEKEEPER" was charged to watch over their cats and pigeons, and Mr. and Mrs. GRAHAM BALFOUR were charged to watch over "THE GAMEKEEPER." The dawn and high day of the intercourse to which this was, save for twelve letters, the dusk, are here vividly described. Mr. AUSTIN STRONG provides a chalk drawing and a pen portrait of the authoress; Sir GRAHAM BALFOUR congratulates her on having so admirably re-echoed the voices of his cousins. From a literary point of view her memories of lessons in the art of writing, sternly administered by R. L. S. himself, are the best things in the book. I do not feel she has quite succeeded in conveying the STEVENSON glamour, but she has certainly left no doubt that it existed.



"GREAT SCOTT, ERIC! LOOK—QUICK! HANDLES!!"

The Goose-Feather Bed (PUTNAM) deals with life behind the scenes in a travelling circus and is by Mr. E. TEMPLE THURSTON, which is as much as saying twice over that it is a thoroughly readable book. Through the artful scheming of a theatrical agent, *Chikka*, the barebacked equestrienne of Ablett's circus, is lured up to London to become a bareback chorus-girl. She leaves behind her the broken-hearted *Kit*, who, unlettered gipsy though he is, follows her up to town and even hires a dress-suit in order that he may watch her from the stalls. But *Kit's* luck is out, and *Chikka* gives her hand to a rich young baronet. The reader, knowing his latter-day THURSTON and having all his money on *Kit*, is not likely to be deceived by this preposterous engagement. Nevertheless the excitement is well maintained, and not until the appointed wedding-day does the call of the blood bring *Chikka* back to the circus and to *Kit*. The middle chapters of this book are the weakest, if only because there is really nothing new to be said about the life of a chorus-girl in London; or, if there is, Mr. THURSTON has not attempted to say it. But the circus chapters are admirably done, and they are the making of the book. And as a piece of character-drawing Mr. THURSTON has never done anything better than the old showman, *Chikka's* grandfather—a convincing and attractive picture.

I cannot but think that Mr. GUY POCOCK'S preface to *The Little Room* (J. M. DENT), which, he says, is "by way of disarming criticism" on the part of persons whom he describes as "highbrows, experts or connoisseurs," is a trifle gratuitous. For these essays are agreeably written in what may be called the colloquial style, informed with knowledge and inspired with a sincere appreciation of good things in life and in books. Moreover, Mr. POCOCK is himself dealing in criticism, and he cannot reasonably object to the exercise of that occupation by others. His range is wide and varied, including a disquisition on the furnishing of his study, which is hung with "common tea-chest paper"; observations on fairy tales; on the modes of the eighteenth century; on the proper way to compose a picture; on music, with a picture of Mr. POCOCK playing on his piano in the room hung with tea-chest paper; some severe remarks upon Lord BYRON; and a rather pathetic description of a tea-party given to poor children by the author, also in the room hung with tea-chest paper. The whole book, indeed, mysteriously exhales the comfortable atmosphere of a suburban tea-party, genteel, a little unctuous and confidential. It is the more disconcerting to discover the amiable host suddenly describing the author of *The Life of Samuel Johnson* as "the prince of toadies and most ridiculous of men," who had "no reticence, no shame." Here, in justice to the memory of that great artist and good man, the late JAMES BOSWELL, I beg leave to part company with Mr. POCOCK.

They are a fortunate race, these novelists of ours who elect to deal with the outposts of Empire, for in that setting they can be as primitive as they please without incurring reproach from more than one or two scattered and carping critics. About *The Broken Silence* (GEOFFREY BLES), which is a South African story by one who has already made something of a reputation in that field, I find a disarming simplicity. Miss F. E. MILLS YOUNG makes no pretence. Not for her the modern subtleties of psychological analysis. She just takes a few well-worn characters, places them in the neighbourhood of some small township in the Transvaal, and contrives a plot of the good old kind, wherein virtue and villainy are rewarded duly in the last chapter after a certain amount of hardship, false accusation, suspicion and suspense. Interwoven with her story is the Goedkoop Winkel, a solitary and out-of-the-way store run by a character known in the district as *Dumb Yelland*, and it is he who ultimately, when the liberty of his friend and assistant, *Cunliffe*, is threatened, breaks his self-imposed silence and so provides the author with a telling title, as well as a mild surprise for her conclusion. The villain of the piece, one *Gurney*, is a



Girl. "GOOD HEAVENS! THERE'S FATHER, AND I PROMISED I WOULDN'T COME HERE AGAIN. WHAT ON EARTH SHALL I DO?"
Her Partner. "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT; JUST ASK HIM WHAT HE MEANS BY BEING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS."

rascally attorney from the nearest town (the obvious sort of villain for these primitive surroundings), and there is one quite satisfactory knuckle-fight between him and *Cunliffe* before the car accident which leads by a sinuous path to a happy conclusion. In fine, an eminently readable novel, with a special appeal to those who like to read of modern colonial life treated by one who knows her subject.

The Giant of Oldborne (from HEINEMANN'S house)
Was as tall as a mast and as meek as a mouse,
And the tale that JOHN OWEN embodies him in
Is, taking it broadly, as long as it 's thin.

The giant 's a morbidly sensitive soul
Who 'll writhe with dismay if you mention a pole,
A lamp-post or flagstaff, and, if you inquire
If it 's "cold up aloft there," he 'll nearly expire.

He 's hopeless at clerking—he hasn't the brain;
He 's useless at labour—he can't stand the strain;
But he feels that he 's bound to find something to do
To help his old mother, who 's keeping the two.

So, spite of his shyness about his physique,
He hires himself out as a travelling freak—
A life which depresses him, early and late,
And the reader gets into a similar state.

In short, all his thoughts and reactions are such
That life and the giant are never in touch,
And the author tries vainly our interest to win
By telling, re-telling and rubbing it in.

The name of Major FREDERICK RUSSELL BURNHAM may mean little to our younger generation, but I can remember the time, some twenty odd years ago, when England was thrilled by the tales of his wonderful courage and resource; so I am not in the least surprised to hear that persistent efforts have been made to persuade him to write his life's story. Now, at the instigation and with the help of MARY NIXON EVERETT, he has begun with *Scouting on Two Continents* (HEINEMANN), a book that I commend warmly to students of history as well as lovers of adventure. Major BURNHAM'S life on the American frontier had already been an amazing experience when the glamour of CECIL RHODES'S personality drew him away from the land of his birth, and his record as a scout with the British began. Of his services to our armies it is impossible to speak in detail, but perhaps the finest and certainly the most dramatic was his tracking of the M'Limo to his cave, for with this man's death the second Matabele war fizzled out and a situation of the gravest peril was saved. Major BURNHAM was in the Klondike when the Boer War broke out, and he received the following cable: "Lord ROBERTS appoints you on his personal staff as Chief of Scouts. If you accept, come at once—quickest way possible." Within an hour he had started again for South Africa, where times without number the Boers had good reason to wish that he had stayed in the Klondike. A volume of extraordinary and sustained interest, whose only defect is the lack of an index.

"Mr. ——, who has had wide experience in other parts of the world as a leading Shakespearean actor, will be seen as the Melancholy Dame. His acting shows him to be endowed with the highest talents."—*Australian Paper.*

It seems a pity that a man of such distinction should have to descend to pantomime.



ECHOES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

A Cynic. So we have made an end, Mr. Punch, of the Coal Strike—or the Lock-out, as it was humorously called by the men's leaders, when there was always an open door for the men to go through to their work.

The Sage. Let us call it the Stoppage, and then we shan't be accused of partiality—a thing abhorrent to my nature. The most bitter extremists on both sides will not dispute the statement that there has been a Stoppage. And let us be glad that peace and goodwill have been established in time for the season associated with these amenities.

Cynic. Peace by exhaustion, I am told, and goodwill pending the next chance for badwill or worse.

The Sage. No decent person derives any satisfaction from the thought, whether based on fact or not, that the miners surrendered to physical necessity. But that is a risk which the men's leaders are bound to face in any industrial war, just as the other side have to face the risk of commercial starvation, involving misery for the many who have put their savings into the industry affected—bloated capitalists, as they are described.

As for the renewal of badwill at the first available opportunity, that is a threat which comes naturally enough from Mr. COOK in the hour of his defeat. The old discredited slogans have to be replaced by a new one—"A TIME WILL COME!" Meanwhile, in his spiritual home at Moscow he must get what solace he can from the enemies of England for the failure of his attempt to proceed, by way of an immediate subsidy, towards ultimate nationalisation.

Cynic. If he never succeeds in nationalising the coal industry, he has at least succeeded in nationalising the suffering that comes from a stoppage of it. That surely is something for him to set against the charge, reluctantly admitted by his political chief, of incompetence. Indeed he seems to have a strong claim on our respectful wonder as a man who contrived, practically alone, to hold up the country for nearly thirty weeks. Or perhaps we should reserve our wonder, amounting almost to stupefaction, for the country in which he could do such a thing; for it is certain that he could have done it nowhere else.

The Sage. I think that some of our wonder should be kept for the thick-skinned intractability of the owners' representatives; and a lot of it for the loyalty of the men—a loyalty that seems to be independent of any personal merit in their leaders. I am not prepared to say that it is not, in part, an expression of that kind of gratitude which embraces a sense of favours to come, for it must be remembered that hitherto they have

invariably gained something by a stoppage of work. Nor can I say whether their loyalty to Mr. COOK will survive the reflection that the terms which they have now got are not so good as they might have got at an earlier stage of the stoppage. But one thing is certain, and that is that they are at last up against hard facts, having all this while been fed on soft words. They have never heard the other side. They have read, I must suppose, their *Daily Herald* and their *Workers' Weekly*, but they didn't find it there. And they listened to no one but their leaders or delegates, who were not likely to tell them much about it. You might have expected them to get it from their fellow-workers in other trades who were thrown out of employment by the stoppage in this one industry; but these others were too loyal to the common cause of labour to say what they thought; and, anyhow, the miners, living, as they do for the most part, in isolated communities, seldom come into contact with anyone whose views differ from their own.

Cynic. Then it was the business of the general public—not of the Government, which would have been charged with partiality, but of the general public which is permitted to have opinions of its own on matters which affect its existence—to take active steps to bring home to the miners the economic facts of the situation. But the general public has been so heavily complimented on its patience and self-restraint during strike after strike that it was content to fold its hands again and take this stoppage lying flat on its back.

The Sage. But surely these excellent qualities served the public well in the case of the General Strike?

Cynic. In the General Strike the country *did* something. It carried on with the essential services. Here, in this coal stoppage, which by its protracted length has inflicted far more damage on our trade than the General Strike, it has done nothing. It has shown no sign of initiative, no trace of imagination. Was any attempt ever made to get into touch with the miners and correct their ignorance of the elements of economics?

The Sage. To judge from the attitude of Labour extremists, at Smethwick and elsewhere, towards the right of free speech, one doubts whether your preachers of the truth would have had much of a hearing. They might even have incurred a certain amount of intimidation at the hands of peaceful picketers.

Cynic. If it was a question of safety first, they might have adopted the method used so effectively by our propagandists in the Great War and dropped illuminating literature from aeroplanes. An almost laughably obvious idea, but, being an idea, it occurred to nobody, or, if it did occur, was instantly rejected because we dislike ideas. And so nothing was done. We just lay down and revelled in our reputation for passivity.

The Sage. I myself confess to a certain remissness in disseminating the truth; and, in view of Mr. COOK's threat to renew the struggle at his earliest convenience, I have already contemplated a method of making good. I am no flier—at my age the required intrepidity is lacking—but I propose to penetrate a few selected coal-pits and distribute literature conducive to reasonableness.

Cynic. Would it not be a pity to interrupt the men's labours? They have a good deal of ground to make up.

The Sage. I had thought of that; and my idea was that while any student is occupied in perusing the printed word I should take his place at the pick-handle.

Cynic. And what precisely may be the nature of the literature which you propose to distribute? Is it by any chance the Royal Commission's Report?

The Sage. It seemed to me that it would be well to combine with my instruction a little more entertainment than is provided by that admirable brochure. At the risk therefore of being regarded as deficient in modesty, I have allowed my choice to fall upon the philosophy embodied in my own

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